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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

COLLECTIONS AND RESEARCHES

MADE BY THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

INCLUDING

REPORTS OF OFFICERS AND PAPERS READ

AT THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF 1890.

VOL. XVII
SECOND EDITION.

M. AGNES BURTON, Editor.

LANSING, MICHIGAN
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PREFACE

The Committee of Historians take pleasure in presenting to the public this the seventeenth volume of the "Collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society" believing that its contents will be found to be as fully up to the standard in interest as that of the previous volumes.

The papers have been prepared with much care and research, and the committee most gratefully acknowledge the assistance of those who have contributed to its pages, and tender to them the thanks of the Society for the able manner in which they have forwarded its aims.

These papers will upon examination be found to be not only interesting to the reader of today, but as time rolls on they will, as records of the past, become of much greater interest and value.

This volume contains the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of 1890, and the papers read at that meeting, together with others received at former meetings, omitted from previous volumes for want of space, but well worthy of a place in the "Collections."

One of these papers is a reprint from the "Friends Miscellany," giving an account of an expedition in 1793, from Philadelphia to Detroit, by three commissioners of the United States, and six members of the society of Friends (Quakers), who came to this State in the interest of peace with the Indians.

The manner in which this journey was made partially by water communication in navigating the Mohawk river up to a point west of where the city of Utica now stands, will of itself, aside from the interest in the object of the journey, be found to be very interesting when considered in contrast with the manner in which the same trip can be made at the present day.

PREFACE TO VOL. XVII.—SECOND EDITION

Believing that the value of historical reproduction lies in the exact imitation of the original, the editor has very closely followed the original in this reprint. The style, diction and phrasing except in one or two instances has been kept as it was and only those apparent errors of printers or copyists are corrected.

The confusion of names is one of the problems of manuscripts of this early date, especially of French and Indian names. When we consider the spelling of the former was almost entirely governed by sound and that the Savages had no written or printed language we realize that mistakes must occur. The names have been left unchanged except where they could be positively identified.

The paging has been preserved to avoid the necessity of a new index. A few explanatory notes have been added hoping thereby to bring out new or additional points of historical interest. The short notes are placed at the bottom of each page, the longer ones in an appendix at the end of the volume.

M. AGNES BURTON,
Burton Library, Detroit, July 1910.

CONTENTS

	Page
Preface	iii
Preface to Second Edition	iv
Contents	v
List of Officers Elected June 12, 1890	vii
List of Members Continued From Page 196, Vol. 14	ix
Minutes of Annual Meeting, 1890	1
Report of the Recording Secretary	19
Report of the Corresponding Secretary	21
Report of the Treasurer	23
Report of the Committee of Historians	24
Report of the Memorial Committee:	
Allegan County, by Don C. Henderson	25
Bay County, by William R. McCormick	29
Branch County, by Harvey Haynes	32
Calhoun County, by John F. Hinman	39
Cass County	77
Eaton County, by David B. Hale	80
Genesee County, by Josiah W. Begole	84
Ingham County, by C. B. Stebbins	95
Ionia County, by A. Cornell	104
Jackson County, by Josiah B. Frost	110
Kalamazoo County, by Henry Bishop	128
Kent County, by Thomas D. Gilbert	131
Lenawee County, by Francis A. Dewey	132
Montcalm County, by Joseph P. Shoemaker	138
Muskegon County, by Henry H. Holt	140
Oakland County, by O. Poppleton	143
Ottawa County, by Rev. A. S. Kedzie	161
Saginaw County, by Charles W. Grant	162
Shiawassee County, by A. H. Owens	183
St. Clair County, by Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	184
St. Joseph County, by Calvin H. Starr	187
Tuscola County, by Enos Goodrich	189
Washtenaw County, by Ezra D. Lay	195
Wayne County, by J. Wilkie Moore	203
Letter from Dr. Oliver C. Comstock	212
Memoir of Hon. Talcott E. Wing, by Hon. Harry A. Conant	212

PAGE

Memoir of James Knaggs, by May Stocking Knaggs 217
Reminiscences of Pioneer Ministers of Michigan, by Rev. R. C. Crawford 226
Michigan in Her Pioneer Politics; Michigan in Our National Politics, and Michigan in the Campaign of 1856, by A. D. P. Van Buren 238
The Making of Michigan, by Hon. George Willard 295
New England Influence in Michigan, by Rev. Wolcott B. Williams 311
Development of Western Michigan, by Thomas D. Gilbert 319
Some fragments of Beginnings in the Grand River Valley, by Albert Baxter. 325
Incidents of Pioneer Life in the Upper Peninsula, by John Harris Forster .. 332
Reminiscences of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, by Hon. Elias S. Woodman 345
The President and Some of the Other Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, by Judge Albert Miller 351
Public Service of Hon. Sanford M. Green, by Thomas A. E. Weadock 357
The Press of Kalamazoo, by George Torrey 369
Bench and Bar of Berrien County, by Damon A. Winslow 391
Early History of Clinton County, by David Scott 410
Early Atlas—A Pioneer Sketch, by Enos Goodrich 413
History of Pulaski, Jackson County, by Hon. Hiram C. Hodge 416
History of Shelby, Macomb County, by George H. Cannon 419
Early History of St. Clair County, by Mrs. B. C. Farrand 430
Recollections of the Saginaw Valley, Fifty-two Years Ago, by E. L. Wentz .. 440
Saginaw One Hundred Years Ago, by Judge Albert Miller 446
Condensed Early History of Washtenaw County, by Ezra D. Lay 450
My Old School Rolls and Schoolmates of Half a Century Ago, by A. D. P. Van Buren 462
Old Settlers From European Countries, by Jacob DenHerder 474
Pioneer Sketch of Moses Goodrich and His Trip to Michigan in February, 1836, by Enos Goodrich 480
Reunion of the Goodrich Family on the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Settlement in Michigan, by Enos Goodrich 490
Historical Sketch of Medina, Lenawee County, by G. W. Moore 508
Historical Poem on Medina, Lenawee County, by N. C. Lowe 520
Semi-Centennial Celebration at Deerfield, Lenawee County, Aug. 25, 1876. Address by L. Ormsby 528
Laying the Corner Stone of the Allegan County Court House, Aug. 29, 1889. 538
Expedition to Detroit in 1793, From Friend's Miscellany 565

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF THE STATE PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY ELECTED JUNE 12, 1890

PRESIDENT

Hon. John H. Forster ..... Williamston

RECORDING SECRETARY

Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney ..... Lansing

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

George H. Greene ..... Lansing

TREASURER

Merritt L. Coleman ..... Lansing

VICE PRESIDENTS

Allegan	Don C. Henderson	Allegan
Barry	David G. Robinson	Hastings
Bay	William R. McCormick	Bay City
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Center
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell
Clinton	Samuel S. Walker	St. Johns
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling
Eaton	David B. Hale	Eaton Rapids
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint
Grand Traverse	Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City
Hillsdale	F. M. Holloway	Hillsdale
Houghton	Thomas B. Dunstan	Hancock
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing
Ionia	A. F. Morehouse	Portland
Iosco	Otis E. M. Cutcheon	Oscoda
Jackson	Josiah B. Frost	Jackson
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo
Kent	William N. Cook	Grand Rapids
Lapeer	Joshua Manwaring	Lapeer

Lenawee	Francis A. Dewey	Cambridge
Livingston	Charles M. Wood	Anderson
Macomb	Harvey Mellen	Romeo
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette
Monroe	J. M. Sterling	Monroe
Montcalm	J. P. Shoemaker	Amsden
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon
Oakland	O. Poppleton	Birmingham
Oceana	Oliver K. White	New Era
Ottawa	A. S. Kedzie	Grand Haven
Saginaw	Charles W. Grant	East Saginaw
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron
St. Joseph	Hamden A. Hecock	Centreville
Tuscola	William A. Heartt	Caro
Van Buren	Theodatus T. Lyon	South Haven
Washtenaw	Mrs. Mary E. Foster	Ann Arbor
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Judge Albert Miller	Bay City
Stephen D. Bingham	Lansing
Rev. R. C. Crawford	Grand Rapids

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS

Michael Shoemaker	Jackson
A. D. P. Van Buren	Galesburg
Harry A. Conant	Monroe
Edwin C. Hinsdale	Detroit
Mrs. H. A. Tenney	Lansing

LIST OF MEMBERS OF MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

[Continued from Page 196, Vol. XIV, Pioneer and Historical Collections]

Number	Names	Place of Birth		Date of Birth			Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan				Present Residence	
		Town or Village	State	Month	Day	Year	Town	County	Date	Year	P. O. Address.	County
735	Hiram Draper	Vershire, Orange Co.	Vermont	Nov.	16	1808	Colon	St. Joseph		1835	Colon	St. Joseph
736	Asher Bonham	Flemington	New Jersey	Oct.	27	1808	Nottawa	St. Joseph		1835	Nottawa	St. Joseph
737	William L. Worthington	Bainbridge T'p	New York	Nov.	24	1823	Flowerfield T'p.	St. Joseph		1837	Centreville	St. Joseph
738	Jeremiah H. Gardner	Elba T'p	New York	Sept.	4	1818	Lockport	St. Joseph	Sept. 20.	1836	Centreville	St. Joseph
739	Joseph Russell	Dayton	Ohio	June.	24	1816	Nottawa	St. Joseph	April.	1835	Leonidas	St. Joseph
740	Lewis H. Beeson	Niles	Michigan			1850	Niles	Berrien		1850	Niles	Berrien
741	William A. Heartt	Troy	New York	July.	17	1822	Detroit	Wayne	July 24.	1840	Caro	Tuscola
742	John A. Crossman	Peacham	Vermont	Sept.	18	1819	Lima	Washtenaw		1833	Lansing	Ingham
743	D. C. Walker	Clarendon	Vermont	July.	17	1812	Romeo	Macomb		1836	Capac	St. Clair
744	William S. Turck	Port Hope	Ontario	Aug.	7	1839	Union	Isabella	Oct.	1860	Alma	Gratiot
745	James H. White	Whitesboro	New York	April.	28	1822	Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	Nov.	1844	Port Huron	St. Clair
746	Daniel Striker	Rose	New York	April.	9	1835	Concord	Jackson	Aug.	1835	Hastings	Barry
747	Mrs. Sarah E. Striker	German Flatts	New York	Nov.	2	1839	Hastings	Barry	Jan.	1855	Hastings	Barry
748	Hiram C. Hodge	Stratford	Vermont	Feb.	22	1821	Pulaski	Jackson	Sept.	1837	Concord	Jackson
749	William N. Cook	New Hartford	New York	May.	13	1821	Detroit	Wayne	May 20.	1843	Grand Rapids	Kent
750	John A. Fairfield	Livonia	Michigan	April.	2	1840	Livonia	Wayne	April 2.	1840	Grand Rapids	Kent
751	Joseph Estabrook	Bath	New Hampshire	July.	3	1820	Clinton	Lenawee	March.	1839	Olivet	Eaton
752	Jacob DenHerder	Bozselle	Netherlands	Jan.	11	1834	Zeeland	Ottawa	July.	1847	Zeeland	Ottawa
753	Jesse Eugene Tenney	Ormell	Vermont	July.	23	1816	Homer	Calhoun	April 1.	1854	Lansing	Ingham
754	D. B. Cook	Goshen	Connecticut	Jan.	1	1815	Pontiac	Oakland	Nov.	1836	Niles City	Berrien
755	Cornelius S. Barrett	Commerce	Michigan	Oct.	13	1842	Commerce	Oakland	Oct. 13.	1842	Lansing	Ingham
756	Oliver P. Arnold	Unadilla	New York	March.	16	1816	Florence	St. Joseph	Oct. 7.	1839	Constantine	St. Joseph
757	Johnston Bennett		New York			1830		St. Joseph		1840	Three Rivers	St. Joseph

MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 11 AND 12, 1890

Lansing, Wednesday, June 11, 1890.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in the Senate chamber at 2 o'clock P. M.

The President, Hon. O. Poppleton, called the meeting to order, and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music: Hymn—"Blest be the Tie," was sung by the audience.

The following officers were present:

Ex Presidents—Albert Miller, F. A. Dewey, Col. M. Shoemaker, M. H. Goodrich, and Henry Fralick. *President*—O. Poppleton; *Recording Secretary*—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney; *Corresponding Secretary*—George H. Greene; *Executive Committee*—Albert Miller, Rev. R. C. Crawford, and S. D. Bingham. *Committee of Historians*—M. Shoemaker, J. H. Forster, A. D. P. VanBuren, and H. A. Tenney. *Vice Presidents*—M. D. Osband, C. B. Stebbins, F. R. Stebbins, F. A. Dewey, O. Poppleton, A. H. Owens, J. Wilkie Moore, Mrs. Helen W. Farrand, and Thomas D. Gilbert.

The annual reports of the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries and the Treasurer were read, and on motion were accepted and adopted.

Music: Violin solo was rendered by Mrs. Ella W. Shank.

The report of the Committee of Historians was read by Col. M. Shoemaker, chairman, and on motion was adopted.

Thomas D. Gilbert, of Grand Rapids, said: "Mr. President, and fellow pioneers—I have been aware for a number of years that our Historical Society has been doing a vast amount of good work in the way of collecting and preserving the early history of Michigan. And especially

has this been the work of the Committee of Historians. And I know that whenever I have been in attendance on these meetings of the Pioneer Society, and have heard their reports, and have looked into the work that they have been doing and the researches that they have been carrying on in connection with their labors, I have been struck with the great value of the results of their work, and the vast amount of work necessary to secure such results. And sir, I move a hearty special vote of thanks be tendered by this society to the Committee of Historians, who have had the collection of historical matter, ancient records, etc., for publication in the volumes of our society's history." Motion seconded, put to vote, and unanimously carried.

Col. M. Shoemaker, chairman Committee of Historians, said: "Mr. President—I wish to say one word in relation to the Historical Society of Michigan. It has done a great deal of work. And it has done a larger amount of work for less expenditure of money than any historical society in the United States. The only expense that has been incurred in the collection of the material, and its preparation, for the fifteen volumes already published, and for the material for the five or six which we have among our papers, has been very small. The expense of a proof reader, a small expense in preparing the papers, and the expense of getting the papers which we have had from Canada, and that comparatively a very small one. The only expense of the committees has been merely their traveling expenses and their hotel bills when they came to Lansing. And while the work has been done at so little expense, it has been well done, and has been done very cheerfully. I wish to say this for the committees."

Music: Piano—six hand (Chasse et Marche), by Misses Marie Stephenson, Juna Todd, and Nellie Hasler.

The chairman of the Memorial Committee, George H. Greene, called for the reports by counties, and the following were received from Allegan, Bay, Branch, Calhoun, Eaton, Genesee, Ingham, Ionia, Kent, Muskegon, Oakland, Ottawa, Saginaw, St. Clair, St. Joseph, Lenawee, Shiawassee, Tuscola, Washtenaw, and Wayne counties.

Music: Solo—"Fiddle and I," was sung by Maud Brown, with fiddle and piano accompaniment by Mrs. Ella W. Shank and Mrs. C. B. Hyatt.

A memorial on the death of Hon. Talcott E. Wing, President of the Society, June 1887 to June 1889, was read by Hon. Harry A. Conant.[1]

President, Hon. O. Poppleton, said: "An opportunity will now be offered to any of you who wish to say a word in regard to our lamented president, Talcott E. Wing."

[1]Son of Dr. Harry Conant, who came to Michigan in 1816 and settled first at Maumee and then at Monroe, Mich. Pion. and His. Colls., Vol. XXVIII, pp. 630, 631.

Hon. E. S. Woodman, said: "I shall occupy but a few moments of your time. I feel like taking the time this afternoon, for I don't know how long I shall be with you. I wish to say a word regarding my old friend, Judge Wing. I formed his acquaintance some forty years ago. I was then a small farmer, drawing my produce from the farm to Detroit as a market. I became acquainted with him in those early days, and the better I became acquainted with him, the better I liked him. I found him a man. He was an intimate friend of those connected with the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and he was associated with me in that same Constitutional Convention. It was a great privilege for me to chat with Judge Wing, and I consider it a great privilege to have known him as a friend, for he was a true friend, and an earnest Christian man, interested in every good work brought before him; as such I am glad to have known him, and to give him my tribute, and I leave him with other friends. But before I take my seat, I must add my testimony to the life of Ezra D. Lay, (for many years Vice President of the Society for Washtenaw county.) I formed his acquaintance fifty-two years ago in his nursery. I think it was about fifty-two years ago last November. He is said to have had the first nursery in Michigan. This fact is well known to my friend Fralick. My old orchard was put out fifty-two years ago from Mr. Lay's nursery. I there formed his acquaintance; and there was not a year—only four years when I was absent in New York state—that I did not see him. I have been sick since the last meeting of this Pioneer Society. I was confined to my house. I never expected that I should be around again, or that I should ever be able to attend another pioneer meeting here at Lansing with you. One day the Free Press came, and my wife was reading it to me, and she came to this name, and she said "another pioneer friend of yours has gone;" and so it was; one less to meet here at the pioneer meeting where he loved to come. But God has mercifully lengthened my life, so that I am able to be about again, and to be with you here today. I am glad to be with you once more. But my friend Moore's words were true. Life does not consist in length of days, but in what we can do, and in being prepared for life or death. All the time prepared for what must come to us all. In January I did not expect to be here, and I should do myself an injustice did I not speak of the mercy which has preserved my life and brought me here again; and I should do myself an injustice if I did not speak a word in praise of these pioneer friends, who have passed away, my old friend Judge T. E. Wing, always a kind friend to me, and Ezra D. Lay, whom I can

indorse as one of nature's noblemen. Their chairs are vacant here among us now."

Col. M. Shoemaker said: "Mr. President—I was acquainted with Judge Wing's father and uncle. I have always known him, and was associated with him during his entire connection with this society. And I wish to say that in all of my associations with Judge Wing—here and everywhere—he was a gentleman, intelligent, true to his duties always, in every walk of life, and he made friends with every person with whom he came in contact. We honor his memory, and shall miss him in our society. I also wish to say that we have always regarded as one of our most valuble members, Ezra D. Lay. He was always here and ready for duty. And no man was more respected, or will be more missed from our meetings."

Mr. D. C. Walker.—"Mr. President. I want to join in what is said here of President Wing. I knew his father and uncle in the early days in the early settlement of the country. I have always found him a fine, courteous gentleman, as was said by our friend Col. Shoemaker. I have been associated with him in the society, and always found him efficient to do the duties assigned to him. I think he was one of the class of men we desire to perpetuate—the memory, the character, the principles, and to endeavor to have his example followed by the rising generation, to inculcate his principles in them, and undertake to teach them to admire his character and his performance of the duties of life. A good and true man has gone to his rest."

Hon. O. Poppleton said: "Mr. President—I wish to add a few words in commendation of the character and services and memory of our departed friend Judge Talcott E. Wing. My acquaintance with him began a little earlier than did that of my friend from Wayne. It occurred upon his return from Williams College, in the latter part of August or forepart of September, in the year 1840. He was on his return to his home at Monroe. I was on my return from New York, where I had been on business. At that time there were no railroads west of Auburn, New York. At that point we were fortunate enough to take a coach together for Buffalo. At that time I formed my first acquaintance with Mr. Wing. We left Auburn, New York, in the evening, arriving at Canandagua the next morning for breakfast. During the night we called at Geneva, and a stranger came aboard, and before daylight left the coach. These coaches were run by Sherwood & Co.[1] Upon Mr. Wing's coming out of the breakfast room, he stepped to the counter to pay for his breakfast, and he found himself minus his pocketbook, for his pocketbook and all his money had been stolen during the night.

[1] See appendix.

A search was made in the coach; no pocketbook was found, and no money was forthcoming. The conclusion was that the stranger had quietly picked his pocket during the journey from Geneva to Canadagua. I was at the counter at the time the loss was discovered, and tendered him the money to reach home with. He had his ticket on the boat, but there were other expenses. But at that instant Col. Dent, who had been formerly, I believe, a Consul to Spain, learned of the theft and of the predicament of Mr. Wing. It was said that the influence of his father had procured Col. Dent this position of Minister to Spain; and any way, he insisted on furnishing the money to young Wing to reach home, and I yielded him the privilege, and Mr. Dent furnished the money.

Our acquaintance in consequence of our meeting under those peculiar circumstances, was very close during the balance of his journey. It was a season of mutual enjoyment to us, I believe; but from the time that he left the boat at Detroit—he had come by way of Detroit to reach Monroe—I did not see him again for many years. I think it was not from that time until 1853, when we came to attend the first reunion of the early settlers. That occasion, I believe, was the first time that I saw him again to my knowledge. At that time we came together in the old Hall of Representatives. It was a most enjoyable reunion of old friends and acquaintances, who had come here in the early days to find homes, and clear away the forest; and from that time to the time of our meeting and parting a year ago here, we met very frequently, and our friendship was strongly cemented—as strongly I believe as that of brothers could be cemented. Our interests reached back farther than did the commencement of our acquaintance in 1840. His father in the very early days was sent as a member of Congress from the Territory, commencing at a very early date, and continuing until 1832. And the population of Oakland and Wayne counties was quite sparce at that time, and the fathers were intimately acquainted. They happened to be interested in the same side of the house in politics, and that accounted, perhaps for the intimate acquaintance and friendship of the fathers. And as I have told you, I have known Mr. Wing during all these fifty years. I am glad to add my testimony to the worth of his friendship and his high character; and I can indorse all that has been said by Mr. Conant in his paper, and join in the encomiums that have been repeated by those so intimately connected with him in the work of the committee, and in the general work of this Society for so many years."

Judge Albert Miller said: "Mr. President—My personal acquaintance

commenced with Mr. Wing with his connection with this society. I found him a man after my own heart, and our acquaintance ripened into friendship. I found him so genial and pleasant, and so interested in the work of this society, that I can but feel his loss a great one. I feel that his passing away was an irreparable loss to this society, and that we are so much better for his having lived and been connected with us as he has been. We shall miss him from our gatherings."

A. D. P. VanBuren said: "Mr. President—It seems that while those who knew Judge Wing so well, and for so many years—and who had such an intimate acquaintance with him have so far been the only ones to talk of him, that I also would like to say a word as to how he appeared to me in the acquaintance that I was privileged to have with him. For though my acquaintance with him was short as compared with theirs, I retain most pleasant memories of him. I respected the man so much that I shall think of his character as he appeared to me. It is said of Joseph Addison that one time when he was in London he read two or three pages of a book at a book stand, and that he liked those two or three pages so much that he bought the book—Baxter's Saint's Rest.—Now I only saw two or three pages of our friend's life in our society as he went and returned, but they gave me a high idea of his value. He was a man of few words. He had more than knowledge, he had wisdom. He was wise in his estimate of men and of events. His suggestions were valuable, and could be safely followed. I shall never forget when we had a little trouble, or thought we should have trouble—to get our appropriation. It was thought best to meet here. We came. I shall never forget how dark it looked for us to get the appropriation, and how strong and hopeful this man seemed. I found at that time the man was valuable as a member of our society, valuable to plan and suggest, with a noble, courteous address which only a real gentleman can display at all times and under all circumstances. I am glad that I had the pleasure of knowing him as I knew him, and that I can add my testimonial to his high character. I also want to speak a word of Ezra D. Lay. I knew him. I have talked with different ones who have procured their trees of him, or their seeds. A great many of the orchards in that part of Michigan were procured in the first place from Ezra D. Lay. We have been told that he was here fifty-four years ago. I know of a man at Battle Creek who said he got his apple seeds of him—all through Calhoun county the farmers got their fruit trees from him—and they all tell me that whoever got of him were sure to prove them to be good fruit-bearing trees. It is pleasant to us when our old pioneer

friends are gone to be able to give testimony to their high characters. I make these few remarks giving my feelings on the occasion."

Josiah B. Frost, of Jackson, said: "Mr. President: I see no member of Washtenaw county here, and I having been born there, and knowing Mr. Lay so well, I would like to add a word as one of his neighbors. We take pride in him as one of our citizens—a good citizen; and as a kind and considerate neighbor and friend—as a genial gentleman, as an enterprising and industrious citizen, we have good reason to feel proud of him and his life among us. I feel as though Ypsilanti and Washtenaw county generally, ought to say something in memory of Mr. Lay. I look back now to many incidents connected with him, though I have been away from there these many years. I look back to Mr. Lay as a member of the Presbyterian church where my father was an elder in the same denomination at that time. I know he is missed there. I have heard my father speak very kindly of him. And it seems to me that some of the old pioneers of Washtenaw county ought to be here to speak of him instead of the children of those pioneers. But after all, this only brings another link into this Society. By and by the old pioneers will all be gone, and their places must be filled by their children. Mr. Lay, as I said, was a member of the Presbyterian church, and his wife was a member of the Baptist church; but that did not make any trouble; they used to go along together. Mr. Lay got out at the Presbyterian church and his wife and daughter went on to the Baptist church, the churches both being on adjoining lots, he paying liberally to that church as well as to his own. It is a pleasant sight to see a family belonging to two different religious denominations, and who differ in their beliefs of religious doctrine going right along with pleasant, generous feelings towards each other. As our friend said of Mr. Lay, there was nothing dishonest about him. If you bought his apple seeds, they were sure to be good seeds; and if you bought his trees, they were sure to prove good fruit-bearing trees. There was no narrowness about him, but he was broad and liberal towards all who differed from him, liberal towards other parties and other denominations. He was broad in his views. He was quiet. He was always a gentleman, and I like to remember him. And I believe that sometimes when we are at a loss to know what is right between two things, it is good for us to look back to the example of such a man and see what he would have done. So I think the high character of such men is a rich legacy to all rising generations, and as one has said—Seeing we are encompassed about with such an innumerable company of witnesses, what kind of lives ought we to live?"

Mr. Fralick said: "Mr. President—In 1834 I became acquainted with Austin Wing and his family. That acquaintance I always kept up for half a century; and as I valued the acquaintance and friendship of the father, so I did that of the son. I always found our late president a gentleman and a true friend under every circumstance. I should not feel right here today on such an occasion, not to say a word in favor of such a gentleman and such a friend."

Hon. John H. Forster said: "In closing these feeling tributes, I would say a few words in regard to our late friend, Judge Wing. He was a lovable man. All who knew him, knew him but to admire and love him. He was genial and kind, always. I had known him many years, and had been much with him in connection with our Society. Last year when we were about to depart, we were talking together in the committee, and the conversation turned on how these old people were passing away, so rapidly, like autumn leaves. I said, 'Judge who is going next?' He said, 'My friend, I don't know. But this one thing I do know—the only thing for us to consider is whether we are prepared to go when the Master calls; to be ready for that call all the time.' I shall ever treasure the memory of this man. There is a warm place in my heart in regard to this man."

J. B. Frost, of Jackson, said: "Mr. President—I wish to say a word in regard to Judge Bunce[1] of St. Clair, of whose death at such an advanced age you all know. I have no doubt that others have spoken of him, but I wished to speak of a little incident connected with his life in which I had the pleasure of meeting him. We were many years ago on a journey leading past his place. We were two days on the road, stopping at Mt. Clemens all night, and hoping to reach Port Huron the next day. But before we could reach there, the horses were tired out, and the driver said that he could do nothing more without resting his horses. We drove up to a place; I supposed it was an inn, as in those days, almost all log houses acted in the capacity of inns. There was a whole stage load of us—a big lumber wagon load of us, and he entertained us most cheerfully and bountifully; and when we were through we asked him for his bill. He then said that he never took money for hospitality, and he refused to take any from us. And I was so impressed by his kindness and hospitality, that though I after moved into another county, I always remembered it. He was a man of kindness and generosity and he was facetious withal. On the day of his one hundredth anniversary there was a great time of rejoicing. Friends came from far and near. I went twenty-six miles to see him. Delegations from all directions came. The Judge had kind words from all. He replied cheerfully and pleasantly

[1] See appendix.

to all, and sometimes he made sharp and witty hits. I remember at one time Mr. Atkinson of Port Huron, who is a lawyer there and notorious for charging a big fee for his services. He said as Mr. Atkinson[1] was starting in to make a speech on this occasion—'Stop, stop, I want to know what your fee will be?' He was spared to live through many long and eventful years in the history of our great State, and his faculties were wonderfully preserved to him up to the very last of his life."

The President appointed Major Wyllys C. Ransom,[2] Albert Miller and M. D. Osband as a committee on the nomination of officers for the ensuing year.

The amendment to the Constitution of the Society proposed at its meeting in 1889, "That a fee of one dollar should be paid by every person becoming a member of this Society, and that hereafter annual dues should not be paid, was, on motion of Col. M. Shoemaker, adopted by the Society.

Music: Piano solo—"Rondeau," was rendered by Miss Juna Todd.

On motion the Society stood adjourned until 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 11

The Society was called to order by the President, and prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Brockway.

Music: Two part song (ladies)—"Ave Marie" with solo was sung by Mrs. Sophie H. Knight.

Mr. O. Poppleton, the President, begged the Society to excuse him from presenting the usual annual address of the President, as he had just risen from a sick bed, having had a severe illness lasting nearly six months, and he had not been able to prepare an address.

Hon. Thomas D. Gilbert read a paper on "The Development of Western Michigan."

Music: Guitar solo—Selections from Trovatore, was rendered by R. E. Brackett, and being encored was repeated in part.

A sketch of the life of Mr. James Knaggs, of Monroe was read by Mrs. May Stocking Knaggs.[2]

A paper on "The public services of Hon. Sanford M. Green" was read by Thomas E. A. Weadock.

At the close of the reading J. Wilkie Moore said: "Mr. President—I want to say that this paper, good as it is, is not able to tell all the goodness of Judge Green. It would take a volume to do it."

[1]O'Brien J. Atkinson, who bought Judge Bunce's home for a summer residence.
[2]See appendix.

Music: "Estudiantina" (Spanish student Song), was sung by Misses A. McNeil, L. Bailey, G. McKibben, Mrs. S. L. Wise.

"Early days on the St. Clair river, with some account of the Indians Okemos, Maconce, John Riley, and Mothers Rodd and Obeidig, chiefly from original sources," was read by Mrs. Helen M. Farrand.

Music: Solo—"Dear Heart" was sung by Miss Nora Towne.

On motion the Society adjourned until morning, at 9:30 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 12

The society was called to order by the President, and prayer was offered by Rev. M. M. Callen.

Music: Vocal solo—"The Pilgrim Fathers" was sung by Rev. M. M. Callen.

"Reminiscences of the Pioneer Ministers of Michigan" was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford, who prefaced the reading by saying:

"Mr. President, members of the Pioneer Society, and friends. I want to say that in the preparation of the subject assigned me, 'Reminiscences of the Pioneer Ministers of Michigan,' I had to depend almost entirely on my own recollections for facts. Of course, in presenting the paper including the Ministers of Michigan, I must overlook some names that may be familiar to you, that I shall not be able to present in covering such a territory. But I have given the sketches of those with whom I was personally acquainted, and listened to in my boyhood."

This paper of Mr. Crawford's was followed by remarks by a number of the pioneers present.

A paper on the settlement of the township of Pulaski was read by Hon. Hiram C. Hodge, who said before reading:

"By the request of the chairman of the committee of Historians, I have taken occasion to allude to a short history of the southwest town of Jackson county, where my father took his family, myself being a boy, fifty-three or more years ago."

Reminiscences of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and his Pioneer life in Michigan since 1837 was read, by Hon. E. S. Woodman, who said: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, fellow pioneers: Do not imagine for a moment that the title of my piece will keep you until two o'clock, for should I go into the details of my pioneer experiences since 1837, I surely would not get time to read anything about my Reminiscences of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, for I consented at the

urgent request of my fellow pioneers, our worthy President among the number, to give some such reminiscences. I expected then that I would be blessed with my usual health. But, man appoints, and God disappoints. On the 24th day of December my wife was thrown from her carriage, had her arm broken; was brought back and put under the care of Dr. Swift; and I took my bed and kept it most of the time until March—so you see we old pioneers cannot depend upon ourselves as we used to when we were young. When the secretary wrote me to prepare this paper, that it was expected, I wrote back that I was an invalid, and did not expect to ever attend another pioneer meeting. Not until April did I write a word, and then I had to depend upon the kindness of my daughter to write for me. If there are any of my fellow-colleagues of the Convention of 1850 here this morning, they will remember the fun we had because Governor John S. Barry sold the grass in the capitol yard, and paid the postage of the members, etc. I see two of those old colleagues, at least my friends Walker and Fralick. And I want to speak right here of one thing the legislature put in the constitution, and it remained there for more than twenty years. That the legislature should not pass any law authorizing the licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and as I say, it remained there for twenty years and more; and should it have remained there, as it ought to have done, we should today have been a prohibition State the same as Kansas and Iowa." [Cries of hear; hear.] "But it was finally taken out. Where are they all today? The members of that Convention. Only two are here in this Pioneer convention, and so far as I know, not more than twenty-five of the members of that Convention are now living."

C. B. Stebbins said: "Mr. President—I remember well how much fun they all made of Governor Barry's selling the grass in the capitol yard; there was as much sense in it perhaps, as in the democrats making fun of General Scott. I don't think anybody need glory much in converts made by such jokes. I want to say that Governor Barry's selling the grass made a precedent that was followed. I remember that when Gen. William Humphrey[1] was Auditor General, he bought the grass and paid forty dollars for it. He stored it, and I suppose he expected to sell it, but there came long rains, and he lost the most of it."

Music: "Scotch Ballad" was sung by Annie McNeil.

Hon. E. S. Woodman said: "I must have just a minute, Mr. President. I want to refer to the paper read by our good friend, Mr. Crawford, his reminiscences of the Pioneer Ministers of Michigan. He, unintentionally, probably, omitted to mention one of the most important ministers in my opinion, that Wayne county ever had—the Rev. Marcus Swift. I think

[1] See appendix.

the first time that I listened to him myself, was fifty-two years ago. I know he was the first minister who preached in some parts of the county of Wayne, and he was a man who did a great deal of good. I remember he spoke at different times in the towns of Plymouth, Nankin and Canton. I think now of the towns of Plymouth and Canton as being the pioneer posts of Methodism in that county, and he was one of the most important ministers in starting and carrying on this work."

Rev. R. C. Crawford said: "I wrote my paper from memory, as I told you. And my subject was the Pioneer Ministers of Michigan—not those of any particular part of the State. I was myself, a minister in the northern part of St. Clair county; but I considered that more as confined to a particular part of the State, while my paper called particularly for those whom I considered to be the pioneer ministers of the State of Michigan."

"The Press of Kalamazoo with its Early Writers," by George Torrey was read by A. D. P. VanBuren:

A paper on the "Early Settlement of the different towns, cities and villages of Washtenaw county," prepared by Ezra D. Lay was placed on file without reading.

Music: Duet—"Over the Stars there is Rest," was sung by Misses Laura Hull and Annie McNeil.

Dr. C. P. Parkhill read a paper on "Pioneer Life in Shiawassee county."

"Recollections of the Saginaw Valley" by E. L. Wentz was filed without reading.

Mr. O. Poppleton, the President said: "We have a little time now, and if you will excuse me, I have some matters which I would like to present to the Society. There will not perhaps be a better opportunity hereafter. Our sessions this afternoon and evening will doubtless be quite long. The matter I wish to present to you is with regard to some papers which I wish to pass over to the Society to be printed with the proceedings of the Society. They consist partly, of clippings which I have gathered the past year—though during my sickness many have doubtless passed my attention—articles that have been written concerning the Island of Mackinaw, and the upper country—some of them by 'Yusef,'[1] and some by other gentlemen. Some lives that were worth living. Another containing sketches of the lives of thirteen of Michigan's citizens, etc. I will not stop to name the papers and their titles now, but these are some of the papers, which, with others, I wish to pass over to this Society for publication, and I present them now to you for that purpose."

[1]Mr. Joseph Greusel of Detroit.

Mr. D. C. Walker[1] of St. Clair said: "Mr. President, if the Society now has a little time to spare, I would like to take two or three minutes of your time. I have not designed to annoy this convention at all, but a little allusion was made to the position that I formerly occupied, by my friend Woodman, and I wish to make a little explanation of matters. Now, in 1836 as you know, there was a general stampede from the States and from Europe to Michigan, for some reason. I think it resulted in part from the Michigan circulars which our young Governor Mason was sending out. I was caught by the enthusiasm of the moment, although I was offered at that time a position by a lawyer which might have led me to wealth—still, I could not resist the impulse. I was carried by the excitement to Wisconsin, and beyond it, and the recoil brought me back to Michigan. We have read of great emigrations all through the world's history. We read away back in the early history of our European countries, how from time to time whole tribes, and sometimes whole nations, emigrated. But there was some difference between those emigrations and the one of which I speak. We are told by history that great hordes of barbarians invaded Europe, and were only staid by the gigantic power of Rome with Julius Cæsar at the head—but that was far different from the immigration of 1836—then as I have said, whole tribes and nations came, in great bands—the men ready to fight and conquer the land, their women and children with them, and their penates—their household gods—they came down in great hordes to make a conquest of the land—to plunder and burn—to appropriate the lands of the conquered, with their flocks and herds. But not so these people who came flocking to Michigan in this great immigration of which I speak. They came to Michigan not to rob others of happy homes, and lands, and flocks and herds, but to take up for themselves the great forest land, and to clear away the giant trees of the primeval forest, and there to make homes for themselves and for their children. There to found schools and institutions of learning, and to plant the highest civilization of the age. Yes, this was different indeed from the old times of Roman conquest. Great times were those we had in those days. It is no wonder that the old pioneers meet to recall and to celebrate those days, and what they have been able to accomplish for the world. I was a fair sample of the young men of those times, a fair sample I say, of those who had energy enough to separate themselves from their old homes, come west, and hew out for themselves homes from the forest, to undergo the pleasures and the hardships, for we met with both, of frontier life. And for this reason, and in this way we had a more energetic and ambitious population than existed in the formation of any of the other states. It

[1] See appendix.

was a singular combination too. There were there those of foreign birth, from almost every nation. We had Englishmen, and we had Scotchmen, and we had Irishmen and Germans, and many other foreign countries were represented; we had these mingling with the people of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and many other states; it was a heterogeneous mass. They went to the land office, and then from the land office to the forest. They did not stop to see who would be their neighbors; they were there for homes, and that was what they gave their first attention to. And when they secured their papers and undertook to put up their cabins, they were not dismayed to find a Yankee on one lot adjoining them, and an Irishman on another; to find a Methodist on one side of them, and a Catholic on the other, and perhaps an infidel on another; and they all felt like a lot of hedgehogs that were being pricked on every side. Now out of that mixed state of affairs grew a peculiarly tolerative class of people. Soon it became necessary to have help to raise their log cabins. It was with some dismay that they approached their neighbors, not knowing what they should find. The Methodist didn't know whether to go to the Catholic, and vice versa; but necessity compelled intercommunication, and they soon found out that other people were as good as they were, and as much entitled to hold their own opinions; and the result was a system of toleration in the west that never did exist in New England, and that does not today exist there. People became tolerant of other people's opinions and notions; and I am inclined to believe that some of them discarded a part of their old notions, such is apt you know to be the result of such intercommunication, and such toleration. We are quite apt you know, to become one-sided in our views, and it does us good sometimes to mingle with those of different views, and learn the other side of the question. It does us good some times to discard even some of our old pet ideas. These are some of the influences which generated the present population of Michigan. And it was not only in the interchange of opinion, but in the intermarriage between the English and Irish, and other foreign classes with the immigrants from Pennsylvania and New York, and the New England States, it created a new class of society, and surely not a bad class of society, either. I want to pass a few remarks in relation to our fine school system. A sturdy class of citizens we had with a lot of girls and boys that they wanted to see educated. As time passed and the population grew and multiplied, we formed ourselves into territory with our legislature, and we came together in legislative halls to legislate for our new commonwealth. Here we had a heterogeneous mass together

again. Each one wanted to legislate according to the old ways of his own state, according to his own idea of things, and of course there was something of a struggle. But when we came to the subject of education, there was no pattern anywhere of a free school system. Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, the laws of all of those were that those who sent their children to school should pay the fiddler. I was a crank on that subject. I was in the legislature for this, I was there largely for that object. I was placed on the committee of education in the Constitutional Convention. But, in order to thwart me, the president of the convention gave me only one on the committee in favor of my views, and the other three against it. They would say to me 'That is very good. It is a very nice theory indeed; but you can't expect a man to educate other men's children if he has not any children to educate for himself. You cannot any more expect him to educate other men's children when he has none of his own, than you can expect him to furnish bread and butter for his neighbor's children.' And though I drew up a law—a resolution I would say—and asked the legislature to pass a law for free schools for Michigan, three of the committee would vote against us every time. And when I asked the assistance of men better able to advocate this idea than I, I could not get their assistance. They said 'Sometime it may come but not now.' And in spite of all my efforts, for my heart was in this matter, the best compromise I could get was—that it should be made the duty of the legislature within a certain time to establish a system of free schools. That was merely temporizing for they thought then that such a system of free schools never could be established. That is the connection that I have had with the free school system of the State of Michigan. My report was made at that time, and is now among the archives of Michigan, as contained in the reports at that convention. And whether it was good or not, for the state that I occupied that position, I leave it to you, and to future generations of our state to determine."

Ex-Governor Alpheus Felch said: "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, Pioneers of Michigan—I am not on the programme of this meeting to make a speech; and you know we have heard a caution this morning against talking too much—against making long speeches; and I should certainly tremble if any gentleman here thought I was going to trouble them with a long speech. I should regret it very much. Beside all that, I was reading in the paper this morning, that some of the good friends of ours in Washington, thought fit to make an excursion to the home of Judge Marshall. The President of the occasion was Judge Montgomery. He made a motion that if a man undertook to make a

set speech, he should be shot. Now I am not afraid of any such thing happening me here today, nor any other day, for I have always met with a warm welcome from my fellow pioneers. I have had too much forbearance in the past from the pioneers of Michigan to fear them even were I inclined to make a long speech. But I shall make a very short one, and it shall be spoken from the deep feelings of my heart. It will be, Mr. President, in acknowledgment of your kindness in asking me to say a word to the pioneers of Michigan. We come here as pioneers, when the occasion comes around every year. And we bring with us that which is of vast value to ourselves, and would be of vast value to the world, if they could only know the reality of it all, and all it means to us, and all it means to them. I mean this: we bring the memory, the history of, the recollection of a period of time extending over more than half a century that has passed over this commonwealth of ours. It is a rich treasure. It is a rich treasure, I say, which I would relinquish on no consideration that could be given me on this earth. The memory of men gone; men whom we loved; men worth knowing. The memory of the incidents that have happened here. The best years I ever spent. And I know it is so with you, friends. They were years put down with no parallel—not to be compared with anything that can be read in the history of the world. It is in the heart. It is in the memory. It is in that part of us which constitutes what we are, and, I may say, what we should be. We leave to others to enjoy what we have left. We have helped to make it. We are thankful we could do so. We have made of the state of Michigan, one of the most important states in the Union. And we are now about, we older ones, to leave it. We leave this great state to you. And we leave with you these memories, and these histories —a great inheritance which will be to you beyond all price—and the memory of which will never cease. Gentlemen, I thank you for this opportunity to say to you a single word, and I trust I have not trespassed too much."

A letter received from Dr. O. C. Comstock, one of the charter members and the second President of the Society, was read by Mr. George H. Greene.

Col. M. Shoemaker said: "Mr. President—I wish to say one word with relation to Dr. Comstock. He was one of the founders of this Society, and was a most valuable member. Prof. Holmes of Detroit, and Dr. Comstock, and Witter J. Baxter were for a long time the leading members of this Society. Some of them have passed away. We were very sorry when the health of Dr. Comstock failed him. He is now living in Massachusetts. But, sir, there should be none whose memory

should be more treasured. There are none whose services have been more valuable. He was a member of the Committee up to within the last two years. He was president of the Society at one time. He was always in his place, always ready to do his part, and, as I said before, he was one of the most valuable members of the Society. And it is gratifying to me, at least, that we should have a word from him at this pioneer meeting."

The Society then adjourned until 2 o'clock.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK

The President called the Society to order, and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music: Hymn—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," sung by the audience.

A paper (an original poem), "The President and some of the other Officers and Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society," by Judge Albert Miller, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford. At the close of the paper, Mr. Crawford said: "Mr. President—Since Judge Miller has spoken of good old Mother Hansom, I want to say a word with reference to what I remember of her, and of our being at her house. The old lady was very handsome in features—over the left. She was one of the homeliest women you ever saw, and to top it all off, she talked through her nose. We stopped there one time with father, on our way to Detroit. We put up there with our ox team, and right well she entertained us, too. And after we got through she said to me, "My boy, what is your name?" You see she took a real interest in boys. I told her my name was Riley Crawford—Riley Crooks Crawford. "Well," she said, "if you make as likely a man as the one you are named after, God knows you need never be ashamed."

The history of the township of Shelby, Macomb county, by George H. Cannon, was read by his son, Howard B. Cannon.

Music: Rondo—Violin solo, with piano (Mazas). Misses Mae Sipley, and Fannie Humphrey.

"Some incidents of Pioneer Life in the Upper Peninsula," was read by Hon. John H. Forster.

"Michigan in her Pioneer Politics, Michigan in her National Politics, and Michigan in the Campaign of 1856," was read by A. D. P. VanBuren.

A recitation, "The Necklace of Pearls," was given by Miss Julia D. Williams, of Detroit.

A paper on the "Making of Michigan," was read by Hon. George Willard.

Music: Baritone solo—"The Soldier's Dream" (Rodney), was sung by Mr. Charles Williams, of Lansing.

The Society then adjourned until evening.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The Society met at 7:30 o'clock, Mr. John H. Forster in the chair, as president *pro tem.*

Prayer was offered by Rev. W. B. Williams.

A paper on New England's Influence in Michigan was read by Rev. W. B. Williams.

Music: Tenor solo—"The King's Highway" (Maloy), was sung by Benjamin McGahen.

A paper giving the "History of the Graded Schools in Michigan" was read by Prof. Joseph Estabrook.[1]

Music: Solo—was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Genevieve Stealy, and encored and repeated.

On motion of Mr. A. D. P. VanBuren a vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. S. H. Knight for her kindness in providing such beautiful music for the annual meeting.

A paper, "Old Settlers from European Countries," was read by Hon. Jacob Den Herder.[1]

Music: Bass solo—"Daddy" (Behrend), was sung by Mr. L. A. Baker.

Several five minute speeches were made by pioneers present.

Music: Duet—"When Silence Doth Fall," was sung by Mrs. S. H. Knight and Miss Nora Towne.

The committee on the nomination of officers for the ensuing year made its report which was adopted.

Music: Song of the Old Folks—"Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the audience.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. H. Thompson, and on motion the Society adjourned.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

[1]See appendix.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY

The following report is submitted for the year ending June 11, 1890.

MEMBERSHIP

There are seven hundred and forty-one names enrolled upon the membership book of the Society. Since the annual meeting of 1889 the following names have been added. Merritt L. Coleman, Thomas Stears, James Yanney, Hamden A. Hecock, John Wolf, William Toan, Fred E. Fairchild, Reuben Goodrich, Moses F. Carlton, Joseph Gibbons, J. F. Hammon, H. A. Woodworth, Brackley Shaw, Alanson J. Hogle, Abel Whitney, Mrs. Sarah Ann (Budlong) Whitney, Hiram Draper, Asher Bonham, William L. Worthington, Jeremiah H. Gardner, Joseph Russell, Lewis H. Beeson, William A. Heartt.

There are three hundred and thirty deaths of members recorded upon the membership book, leaving four hundred and eleven members as still living.

The youngest member was born in 1850. The oldest member, William Hatch, was born in Salem, New York, August 27, 1789, moved to Homer, Calhoun county, this State, in April, 1850, and died April 20, 1885, at the age of ninety-six.

The oldest member born in Michigan was Alex. Odrien, born October 17, 1791, in Detroit, and died July 10, 1888, in California, Branch county, aged nearly ninety-seven years. Thirty-two members were born previous to the year 1800. Of this number twenty-nine are recorded as not living.

DONATIONS

Donations received are as follows:

Chicago Historical Society, April 26, 1890:
Early Chicago and Illinois, collected by.
Crossman, Daniel L., June 16, 1889:
Early French Occupation of Michigan, lecture by.
Felch, Alpheus, January, 1890:
Historical Atlas of Washtenaw County, Michigan, 1874.
Gironard, Desire, March 14, 1890:
Le Vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 aout 1689, par Desire Gironard, 1889.
Iowa Historical Society:
Iowa Historical Record, January, 1890.
Miscellaneous:
Annual of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society, 1887.
Choice Portions selected from the libraries of eminent scholars. Catalogues for July and September, 1889.
Exhibition of Books and MSS. by Bernard Quaritch, of London. New York, January 27 to February 17, 1890.

The Family Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court, with some account of the English rule in Aquitaine, by Montague Burrows. Advertisement.
List of fine works on Mediæval Costume: Bernard Quaritch, London, 1889.
Historical Sketch of Major Joseph Hawley, of Northampton, Mass., 1723-1788.
Journal of Harper Normal School and Business College, April, 1890.
List of those subscribing for a portrait of Judge Cooley, to be hung in Supreme Court room at the Capitol.
Local Government in Wisconsin, by David E. Spencer.
Old New York. A journal relating to the history and antiquities of New York City.

NEWBERRY LIBRARY ASSOCIATION:
Proceedings of the trustees of same for year ending Jan. 5, 1889.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES M., New York, June 5, 1890.
Constitution, By-laws, Membership of Society of Sons of Revolution, 1890.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY:
(a) Proceedings of Society at annual meeting, January 1, 1890.
(b) New England Historical and Genealogical Register for July, October, 1889, January, April, 1890.

NEWSPAPERS:
Bay City Tribune, August 29, 1889. "Old Time Printers." Presented by Don Henderson.
Detroit Journal, February 8, 1890. Benefits accruing to Detroit from the fire of 1805.
Kalamazoo Gazette, June 16, 1889. Pioneer Gleanings. Presented by Henry Bishop.
Kalamazoo Telegraph, May 26, 1890. Obituary of Henry Little.
Grand Rapids Current, January 29, 1890. Obituary of Ex-Senator Fitch Phelps.
Muskegon News, March 29, 1890. Glimpse at a Buddhist Book. Presented by H. H. Holt.
Topeka Daily Capitol, January 26, 1890. Kansas History. Col. W. A. Phillips.
Ypsilantian, May 8, 1890. Obituary of Ezra D. Lay.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, April 5, 1890. Collections of the Society for 1883 and 1884. "Kemble Papers." 2 vols.

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, Deerfield, Mass. History and Proceedings of, 1870-1879.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, June 3, 1890:
Washington the Founder of the Nation. Address by George M. Carpenter. April 30, 1889.
The Reform of the Civil Service. Address by George M. Carpenter. March 25, 1890.

SHELDON, GEORGE, Deerfield, Mass., June 13, 1889.
Narrative of Captivity of Stephen Williams, 1703-1704.

TOLL, ISAAC D., June, 1890. Petoskey Record, June 4, 1890. "Memorial Day in Petoskey."

The executive committee and committee of historians met in joint session on June 10, 1890. Important business was transacted as follows:

On motion of A. Miller, John H. Forster president of the society, and M. Shoemaker, chairman of the committee of historians were appointed a committee to prepare and present the usual appropriation bill to the legislature of 1891.

On motion of A. D. P. VanBuren it was resolved—that the local matter collected by the committee up to date be published in volume seventeen of the "Collections."

After the transaction of other business the committee adjourned.

The balance of the work accomplished during the year will be found in the minutes of the annual meeting and in the annual reports of the officers of the society submitted at this date.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

LANSING, *June 11, 1890.*

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Lansing, June 11, 1890

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

It again becomes my duty to make a report of so much of the society's doings as has been entrusted to me.

The file of letters and communications received within the year are herewith submitted, all carefully filed for easy reference.

I have endeavored to give prompt attention to all inquiries made of me, and to promptly acknowledge the receipt of all donations entrusted to my address. The proceedings of our last meeting, as published in the city papers, were forwarded to each member of the committees and to the vice-presidents. Also a notice to each vice-president of his election, and still a further notice to them, about a month in advance of this meeting, reminding them of their duties and requesting of them a memorial report for their respective counties. Many have responded with such a report, and others are here and will report in person. Notices of this meeting were mailed May 27, 1890, to every member of the society, members of the legislature, State officers, etc., and to all the leading newspapers throughout the State.

In addition to these the committee of historians had circulars prepared containing five questions designed to obtain more exhaustive history of the early settlers and settlements of this State, which were sent to members and old settlers as far as known and to the Judge of Probate of every county.

This has secured to us a large amount of early history and some valuable contributions.

I have to report the deaths of 17 members of the society who have died within the past year, as follows:

No	Name	Residence	Born	Died	Age	Came to Michigan
50	Henry Little	Kalamazoo	Apr. 29, 1797.	May 25, 1890..	93	1831
54	William S. Calkins	Lansing	Feb. 11, 1814	Nov. 8, 1889..	75	1836
73	Lilly Cook	Bridgeport	July 16, 1808.	June 12, 1889.	81	1839
111	Chauncey Joslin[1]	Ypsilanti	June 28, 1813.	Oct. 31, 1889..	76	1837
119	Ezra D. Lay	Ypsilanti	Dec. 6, 1807..	April 29, 1890.	83	1833
139	Townsend North	Vassar	Sept. 24, 1814.	June 12, 1889.	75	1836
148	George Sutton	Northfield	Feb. 17, 1810..	May 18, 1890..	80	1830
232	Josiah R. Hendryx	Decatur	Mar. 4, 1807..	July 15, 1889..	82	1839
270	John Geddes	Ann Arbor	Mar. 19, 1801.	Nov. 4, 1889..	88	1825
274	David Depue[1]	Pittsfield	Feb. 11, 1808..	Oct. 17, 1889..	81	1836
318	Columbus V. Tyler	Bay City	Aug. 13, 1825.	June 1, 1889..	64	1831
334	Samuel W. Hill	Marshall	Nov. 6, 1815..	Aug. 28, 1889.	74	1845
360	James V. Campbell	Detroit	Feb. 25, 1823..	Mar. 26, 1890.	67	1826
362	S. C. Coffinbury	Constantine	Feb. 26, 1809..	Sept. 20, 1889.	80	1843
457	Mrs. Almira North	Delhi	Nov. 29, 1815.	May 13, 1890..	75	1839
518	Talcott E. Wing	Monroe	Sept. 24, 1819.	Jan. 25, 1890..	71	1819
645	Benjamin F. Hinman	Battle Creek	Aug. 17, 1811.	Sept. 21, 1889.	78	1836

Also the following, whose deaths have not been heretofore reported:

No	Name	Residence	Born	Died	Age	Came to Michigan
41	Erastus Hussey	Battle Creek	Dec. 5, 1800...	Jan. 21, 1889..	89	1843
237	John W. Fletcher	Centreville	Sept. 18, 1806.	July 16, 1886..	80	1824
308	Edmund Stears	Centreville	July 12, 1821..	Oct. 17, 1883..	62	1837
412	John Hull	Florence, St. Jo.C	Feb. 6, 1816...	Dec. 21, 1884..	68	1837
661	James Gould	Jackson	Nov. 24, 1831.	Aug. 16, 1888.	57	1836

The sum of their combined ages is 1679 years. Their average age is 76 years. Number over 90 years, one; number between 80 and 90, nine; number between 70 and 80, seven; number between 60 and 70, four; number under 60, one.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

GEORGE H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

[1]See appendix.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

Lansing, June 12, 1889.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

The following report in account with the Society from June 12, 1889 to June 11, 1890, is submitted:

RESOURCES.

To balance on hand June 12, 1889		$329 02
Receipts for Membership fees	$25 00	
" from sale of Pioneer Collections, Vols. I and II	5 25	
" " General Fund for 1885	500 00	
" " " " " 1886	500 00	
" " Publication Fund for 1889	2,000 00	
Total receipts		3,030 25
Total		$3,359 27

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid from General Fund:		
For expenses of Executive Committtee	$25 90	
" " " Committee of Historians	85 30	
" " " Annual Meeting, 1889	52 25	
" postage, express and telegrams	52 77	
" filing and recording	25 00	
" Stenographer	49 60	
" proof reading	195 00	
" collecting of manuscripts	517 68	
		$1,003 50
Paid from Publication fund:		
To printers and binders	$574 64	
For portraits of Presidents	51 25	
		625 89
Total disbursements		$1,629 39
Balance on hand June 11, 1890		$1,729 88

Very respectfully presented by

M. L. COLEMAN,

Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS

Lansing, Mich., June 11, 1890.

To the Pioneer and Historical Society of the State of Michigan:

The Committee of Historians would respectfully report that since the last annual meeting of the Society, it has been very successful in obtaining historical material of great value, and of such volume that the publication in the collections of the Society comprise for this year but a small portion of it. The larger bulk of our acquisitions are carefully preserved in such manner as to be readily referred to, and will be published as soon as the finances of the Society, and the facilities extended to it by the State Printers will enable it to take up for publication the manuscript now necessarily reserved.

The Society has been able to procure the printing of but one volume since our last annual meeting—Volume XIV.

Volume XIV contains the proceedings of the Annual Meetings of 1888 and 1889, the reports of the officers of the Society, the memorial reports, and such of the papers read at the meetings as could be published in the volume of 668 pages.

These papers are all of great interest in connection with the settlement of the State, and give the history of quite a large portion of its territory, as well as the biographies of many of the pioneers.

Among the latter will be found those of Ephraim Longyear, Consider A. Stacey, Isaac E. Crary, Townsend E. Gidley and Randolph Manning.

Of the papers of marked historical value are the

History of the settlement of Silver Islet, on the north shore of Lake Superior, by John H. Forster.

Sketches of the North West, by Rev. E. H. Day.

The Pottawattomies, by A. B. Copley.

Pioneer days in Kalamazoo and Van Buren, by Edwin S. Smith.

The log school house era in Michigan, by A. D. P. VanBuren.

Michigan under the first and under the second Harrison, by J. Wilkie Moore.

History of the town of Commerce, by Dr. James M. Hoyt.

Recollections of Pioneers and Pioneer life in Nankin, by Melvin D. Osband.

The Willow Run settlement, by J. M. McMath.

Rivers of the Saginaw Valley, by Albert Miller.

How the last French claim to a Michigan farm was extinguished. by D. L. Crossman.

Early French occupation of Michigan, by D. L. Crossman.

There are many other addresses and sketches equally worthy of notice, and taken altogether go to make this one of the most interesting of the volumes published by the Society.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,
Chairman.

REPORT OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

ALLEGAN COUNTY

DON C. HENDERSON

Date of Death	Name	Age	Township
Sept. 15, 1889....	Anice Church	85	Allegan
May, — 1889....	J. B. Bailey	80	Allegan
April — 1889....	L. W. Watkin	72	Allegan
July, — 1889....	T. M. Thompson	76	Allegan
Aug. 18, 1889....	Ira Chaffee	77	Allegan
Aug. 22, 1889....	Fred Frank	58	Allegan
Aug. 31, 1889....	Minda Perkins	63	Allegan
Sept. 26, 1889....	E. M. Dawson	50	Allegan
Nov. 20, 1889....	Joseph Clark	88	Allegan
Jan. 25, 1889....	Cynthia E. Lyons	76	Allegan
Aug. 19, 1889....	George Muma	93	Allegan
Nov. 16, 1889....	Alpha Jackson	75	Allegan
July 27, 1889....	John M. Pierce	96	Allegan
Sept. 1, 1889....	William Daggett	85	Allegan
April 3, 1889....	John D. Smith	69	Allegan
March 25, 1889...	Carolina D. Wood	60	Allegan
Dec. 12, 1889....	Joseph Smith	64	Allegan
Jan. 15, 1889....	P. O. Littlejohn	80	Allegan
May 2, 1889....	Margarette Hamlin	70	Ganges

Date of Death	Name	Age	Township
March 3, 1889....	Sally A. Loomis	72	Ganges
April 13, 1889....	Zelda Morrison	62	Ganges
Aug. 28, 1889....	Thomas Wilson	60	Ganges
July 29, 1889....	J. W. McCormick	52	Ganges
Dec. 29, 1889....	Jacob Hogenhost	76	Fillmore
Jan. 8, 1890....	Aleyda S. Churman	74	Fillmore
June 30, 1889....	Thomas Dole	67	Saugatuck
July 22, 1889....	Joseph F. Dickey	70	Saugatuck
Jan. 12, 1890....	William B. Starkey	66	Saugatuck
May 21, 1889....	Robert N. Donald	69	Saugatuck
March 6, 1889...	Electa Finch	60	Saugatuck
Jan. 16, 1889...	William Corner	70	Saugatuck
Aug. 17, 1889....	John M. Lynch	69	Dorr
March 13, 1890...	Casper Thomas	86	Dorr
Nov. 25, 1889...	Anthony Bender	67	Dorr
July 30, 1889...	Henry Wagner	81	Dorr
Nov. 10, 1889...	George E. Breg	61	Dorr
Aug. 20, 1889...	John C. West	83	Pine Plains
Dec. 19, 1889...	Elizabeth Hodges	67	Hopkins
Sept. 2, 1889...	Lydia J. Gregory	66	Hopkins
March 17, 1889...	Laura Stearns	75	Hopkins
Feb. 15, 1889...	Tompkins Crable	70	Hopkins
Sept. 27, 1889...	Reuben Allen	69	Manlius
Dec. 19, 1889...	Lucia Campbell	76	Manlius
Dec. 28, 1889...	Esther Loomis	66	Trowbridge
Sept. 11, 1889...	Abigail Rose	86	Trowbridge
April 11, 1889...	Cynthia Bushe	67	Trowbridge
Dec. 25, 1889...	Caroline Moore	61	Martin
Jan. 10, 1890...	Maggie Wylie	47	Martin
Nov. 21, 1889...	Elizabeth Sturges	82	Leighton
April 14, 1889...	Phebe Robinson	77	Leighton
April 9, 1889...	Maria Nichols	84	Leighton
April 27, 1889...	Catherine Miller	73	Leighton
Jan. 17, 1889...	J. C. McCave	62	Monterey
July 23, 1889...	Lusina Chronkhite	74	Monterey
Oct. 16, 1889...	Sarah Gibson	73	Monterey
Jan. 8, 1889...	Garner Shank	62	Monterey
June 6, 1889...	Louisa Shipp	60	Monterey
Jan. 24, 1890...	John O'Brien	68	Monterey
March 16, 1890...	Matilda Curtis	78	Monterey
Nov. 5, 1889...	Hiram Sabin	74	Monterey
Feb. 24, 1890...	Stephen Thompson	82	Monterey

Date of Death	Name	Age	Township
Sept. 17, 1889...	Peter Deemer	87	Monterey
Feb. 2, 1890...	Magdlen Andigier	64	Salem
Feb. 2, 1890....	Elizabeth Miller	74	Salem
June 30, 1889....	Lydia Woodruff	63	Heath
Oct. 24, 1889...	Berend Jan Alferink	60	Laketown
Sept. 24, 1889...	Johannes Hock	66	Laketown
Sept. 18, 1889...	Koor Eleveld	67	Laketown

JAMES W. MC CORMICK

The sudden death of State Senator James W. McCormick, at his residence near the village of Fennville, in this county, on Sunday, July 28, 1889, was a source of regret and surprise to the people of Allegan county, in whose official circles he had moved so prominently for many years in various capacities, both municipal and legislative.

Mr. McCormick was born in Allegan village, February 22, 1838, and was educated at Michigan City, Indiana. He studied for and was admitted a member of the bar but devoted the most of his time to farming and fruit culture. He held the office of supervisor in the town of Clyde, this county, for fifteen years, was justice of the peace twenty-four years, and at his decease was State Senator of the 10th district of this State (Allegan and Van Buren counties). Prior to this he had been twice chosen to the lower branch of the Legislature.

In every public position he occupied, Mr. McCormick showed a thorough mastery of all the legal problems which were referred to him. Ever sincere and devoted to his friends, he was the secret enemy of no one. Frank and outspoken upon all public questions he had hosts of friends, not only in the western portion of the county, where he lived, but also throughout his district and the State.

He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss. In the hearts of his large circle of friends he was highly enshrined, as was evidenced by the large attendance at his funeral on Tuesday, by gentlemen and ladies of every creed and party—many of whom shed tears as they viewed his remains.

His success in political life is a bright example to the farmer boys of our State.

Mr. McCormick was ever a staunch republican in his politics. He never faltered in his adherence to the principles of the grand old party, of which he was one of the honored champions from the

Fremont campaign of 1856 to that of Harrison in 1888. His voice comes from his tomb bidding his political comrades to remain faithful sentinels on the watch towers of American liberty.

He is dead and gone. It seems but yesterday we received a letter (but it was three weeks ago) on public affairs from this loving husband, kind father and honored legislator, who now sleeps in the quiet city of the dead, near the village of Fennville, which he assisted to found. We shall see his form no more. His body is dead, but his soul lives on through all eternity. In the language of the poet:

There is no death; the stars go down,
To shine on a fairer shore.
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

The exercises took place at the Senator's residence, a short distance outside of the corporation limits. Some 165 carriages and wagons, filled with people, were on hand. The exercises began at 2:30 p. m. A home choir furnished the music. A beautiful address was delivered by Dr. C. A. Andrus, of Grand Rapids, in honor of the memory of the deceased legislator, whom he pronounced to be an honorable, earnest and fair man. This discourse was an admirable literary production.

After the funeral exercises at the Senator's home were over a procession was formed to the cemetery, at the west end of Main street, some 600 people being in line.

The exercises in the cemetery were under the charge of the Masonic fraternity, represented by seven members of the Allegan lodge, nineteen members of the Holland lodge (of which deceased was a member), and a number from the Douglas lodge, among whom we recognized Hon. D. W. Wiley, D. C. Putman, T. B. Dutcher, George N. Dutcher (of Chicago), and Messrs. Stock and Colson.

The pall bearers consisted of the following gentlemen: Cornelius Blom and Albert S. Tiedman, of Holland; T. B. Dutcher and D. W. Wiley, of Douglas; Dr. H. F. Thomas and A. W. Sherwood, of Allegan.

The beautiful services for the dead, of the Masonic order, were conducted by David L. Boyd, of the Holland lodge.

The editorial fraternity were represented by J. C. Holmes, of the Fennville Dispatch, Gerrett Van Schelven, of Holland, and D. C. Henderson, of Allegan.

Gov. Luce sent a letter of condolence to Mrs. J. W. McCormick.

BAY COUNTY

WILLIAM R. MC CORMICK

Name	Date of Death	Place of Death
Ebenezer J. Wright	February 13, 1889	Bay City
Alexander Folsom	May 5, 1889	Bay City
Mrs. John Oliver	January 11, 1890	Bay City
George Young	January 18, 1890	Bay City
Mrs. Amanda Westover	May 2, 1890	Bay City

EBENEZER J. WRIGHT

Ebenezer J. Wright died in Bay City February 13, 1889, in the 84th year of his age. Mr. Wright was born in St. Lawrence county, New York, May 24, 1805.

His occupation through his entire life has been lumbering.

He was married October 24, 1847, to Miss Julia F. Schofield of St. Lawrence county, New York, and soon after removed to Canada where he followed lumbering many years until timber became exhausted. He removed to Bay City in 1867 where he followed the same occupation only on a more extensive scale until his death.

He leaves a wife, two daughters and one son in comfortable circumstances.

He was a kind neighbor, a good husband and an indulgent father.

ALEXANDER FOLSOM

Alexander Folsom of Bay City, was the grandson of John Folsom of Hingham, England, 1756, who migrated to Hingham, Massachusetts, He was the son of John Folsom, Jr., born at Statford, Connecticut, and who found his way to Albany, New York, where he married Elizabeth File VanArmon, July 18, 1781. In 1806 he moved to South Glens Falls, where Alexander Folsom was born June 17, 1807. His father was a lumberman, manufacturer and farmer. He was a man of considerable wealth and great business enterprise. He was also a licentiate of the Presbyterian church, and often preached in the church of that order at Glens Falls. Alexander Folsom was the youngest of thirteen children, and was educated at private schools in Albany and Saratoga Springs. His pursuit was chosen him by his father, and he was engaged with lumber at Ticonderoga and other places in New York and Canada. In 1837 he went to Albany, his partner being Mr. G. G. Hawley. In 1850

he formed a partnership with B. W. Arnold, and continued in that relation until his death, moving to Bay City in 1868, and extended their business at a later date to Spanish river, Canada. Bay City became his home, though he was never married, and only became owner of a residence a few months before his death. He early became a member of the Presbyterian church in New York, but did not transfer his relations to Bay City until 1885. He was then elected an elder in the church and trustee, and held these offices while he lived. But his interest in the church of Bay City began with his coming, and he began giving to further its pursuits at once. He was a giver, constantly, for benevolent objects, in sums large or small, but in accordance with the Savior's rule, "not to let the left know what the right hand is doing." Besides his accustomed payments, Sabbath by Sabbath, for all benevolent boards of the church, according to the custom of the church in Bay City, the boards of home and foreign missions received sums of three, four and five thousand dollars at times, as special helps, but of which only the parties giving and receiving knew, from any word of his. One mode of benefaction, and seemingly original with him, was to leave in the hands of his pastor, in whom he had entire confidence, a sum of one thousand dollars a year to aid weak, and new churches, and men in ministerial service in his vicinity who were in want, according to the judgment of his almoner. His absorption in his large business did not leave him time to acquaint himself with the special merits of such case, and he trusted it to one whom he thought better circumstanced to know them. This custom was followed for six years, and the money thus distributed was an important factor in church development in the new counties of northeastern Michigan. Many weak churches owe the buildings in which they worship to the stimulus of moderate help this way. Alma college, in Gratiot county, received its financial start from a gift of fifty thousand dollars by him, made in March, 1886. This gift was to carry out a desire of the Synod of Michigan to found such an institution, to give educational facilities to the central and northern part of the State. It was met, September following, by a like amount, in grounds and buildings in the village of Alma, by Mr. A. W. Wright, and other gifts by various other gentlemen. Mr. Folsom, besides aiding the institution by many smaller sums, left it by his will thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Folsom was both an intelligent and cheerful giver. He sought opportunities for it. And though his bequests to various objects of religion and benevolence were many, and some of them large, he did not put off the work of benefaction to his decease. He gave as he went along; and he acquired money to use for good causes. He did not

understand the Savior's commendation of the widow's "two mites" as establishing a rule for all persons. He thought some people ought to be able to give more than two mites, and yet not at one time to give away "all their living," lest they should not be able to do more afterwards. Mr. Folsom was all his life a gainer of money, and always by honorable means. His mills were managed with economy, intelligence and kindness to employés; for to be employed in his mills was esteemed a piece of good fortune by workmen, some of whom were in his service over twenty years. His habits were of the Puritanic cast. He kept the Lord's day. No tool was lifted and men, animals and machinery rested. He took his rest in public worship, and in the Sabbath school with his bible class. As age crept on him, and his health gave way, he purchased a house, and died quietly at his home, May 5, 1889.

MRS. JOHN OLIVER

Ann Goodwin, wife of John Oliver, of Bay City, one of the early pioneers of Michigan, died in Bay City, January 11, 1890, in the 77th year of her age. Mrs. Oliver was born in the county of Kent, England, June 9, 1813; emigrated to America in 1830 and was married to John Oliver April 28, 1831, at Geneva, New York, and emigrated to Michigan in 1843. A great part of her later life has been spent in Bay City where she was widely known, surrounded by her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Mrs. Oliver was one of the noblest of women, a true christian and philanthropist. She was held in great respect by all classes. Some few years since she celebrated her golden wedding, on which occasion all the old settlers and prominent citizens attended to wish them a happy voyage in their declining days. She leaves an aged husband to mourn her loss.

GEORGE YOUNG

George Young, one of the prominent men of Bay City, died January 18, 1890.

Mr. Young was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, January 12, 1820, emigrated to America in 1839. Settled in the city of Albany, New York, where he was for many years engaged in the wholesale and retail grocery business. He was married June 15, 1846, to Magdalen Ann McCormick, by whom he left four sons, viz.: George H., cashier Bay City Bank; Charles E. and Walter D., engaged in the coal and vessel business, and William A., the youngest, in the lumber business with William Peter.

Mr. Young came to Bay City in 1870 and went into the banking business. He was for many years vice president of the Bay City Bank which office he held at his death; he was very successful in business, having accumulated a fortune. A man of strict integrity and universally respected by all classes of citizens.

MRS. AMANDA WESTOVER

Amanda Culver, wife of the late Luther Westover, one of the prominent men of Bay City, died May 2, 1890, at her home on Centre avenue.

Mrs. Westover was born in Norfolk county, Ontario, August 6, 1827 and married Luther Westover May 30, 1861. They emigrated to Bay City in 1865, where her husband was extensively engaged in lumbering and banking business.

Mrs. Westover left no family of her own except an adopted grandchild to inherit her wealth. She was universally respected by all citizens, a true christian woman, a member of the Baptist church, and will be sadly missed by the citizens, especially those who knew her best.

BRANCH COUNTY

HARVEY HAYNES

Name	Date of Death	Place of Death
George Tripp	September 11, 1889..	Kinderhook
Daniel S. Cornell	October 15, 1889....	Girard
Chester S. Tucker, M. D	November 1, 1889...	Coldwater
Daniel N. Wilson	December 4, 1889....	Coldwater township
Parley Stockwell	January 8, 1890.....	Coldwater
Mrs. Ruth Crippen	May 15, 1890.....	.....

GEORGE TRIPP

George Tripp, the oldest pioneer of Kinderhook, was called to his eternal rest Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1889. He was born in Decatur township, Otsego county, N. Y., April 10, 1809, having lived to the good old age of four score. Kinderhook, in its early day, was highly favored in having such a worthy, upright man for its fourth permanent settler, as was found in the person of George Tripp, who located there in the

year 1835, always living on the same farm till the death angel marked him for the better land beyond the river. He had the esteem and confidence of all who knew him, being chosen many times to offices of trust. In politics he was a staunch republican, and in religion a Baptist.

"A good man has gone from this strange world of ours,
No longer to gather its thorns with its flowers."

Years ago his name was recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life—that register of heaven—but not until last Wednesday evening did he answer to his name in person at the daily roll-call of the recording angel. As he came to this county in the early days to prepare the way for her who, through all the years has been his loving and faithful helpmeet, so now he has gone on, a little in advance, to that better country where she will soon join him, to go no more out forever. For eighty years he blessed the world with his good cheer and kindly deeds. He loved to live and to let live, and looked upon other's failings as a reflection of his own. Although outspoken against hypocrisy and double dealing, he was staunch in his integrity. He was "given to hospitality." Ministers' horses instinctively turned in at his open gate, for his was proverbially the "ministers' home"—a quiet retreat from the unsympathizing, critical world. This naturally cheerful spirit, overlaid with the christian graces—love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith—made him one of the Lord's representative men. For many years he was a prominent member of the Kinderhook Baptist church and contributed liberally toward building their present house of worship, and always lifted on the heaviest end in support of the gospel financially. But in the providence of God he has been taken from the "church militant" to the "church triumphant." Upon whose shoulders shall the mantle fall? He needs no marble nor granite to perpetuate his memory. Time lays his finger upon them and they crumble to dust, but good deeds—his most fitting monument—are immortal.

"His words were seeds of honest deeds,
His life a benediction."

DANIEL S. CORNELL

The announcement of the death of Daniel S. Cornell awakens a flood of reminiscences to an early pioneer, as Mr. Cornell's advent upon this field of human action was about the period of the early settlers. Mr. Cornell was the son of Daniel Cornell and was born in Hartland, Niagara Co., N. Y., May 20, 1815. In 1833, in company with his parents, he

came west, stopping one year in Ohio and two years in Lenawee county, Michigan. In 1836 they came to Branch county settling in Girard one and one-half miles south of what was then Orange Mills but now passes under the euphonious (!) name of Hodunk. His father died several years ago as did also his oldest brother, Job. But the settlement became known as the Cornell neighborhood and the school district bears that name to this day. They were all industrious men and Daniel S. Cornell was one of the most industrious workers in that pioneer time. By his labor and habits of saving he was soon able to purchase his first piece of land one mile south of Hodunk, which he improved and developed into a productive farm. In the summer of 1838 he went to Raisin, north of Adrian, and from Quaker settlement brought away as his bride, Miss Esther Bowerman who has ever since been his faithful and devoted wife, sharing in his hardships and in his successes. Mr. and Mrs. Cornell were both members of the Orthodox Quaker church and never changed their ecclesiastical relations, although there has never been a church of that connection in the county. In the early time the neighborhood about what is now Hodunk was settled by people who had been Quakers or were the children of Quakers. To Mr. and Mrs. Cornell have been born seven children, five boys and two girls. There are living of these Reuben, Orlando and Lewis and Mrs. William Hopkins, of South Haven, Mich. Mrs. Cornell survives her husband.

Perhaps no man in Branch county was better known to the farmers all around than was Daniel S. Cornell. For a great many years he was engaged in buying and shipping stock. During the war period he added to his farm by extensive purchases and built a fine brick residence which has ever since been his home. He has not been very well the past few years; and yet only a few days ago seemingly we saw him, asked about his health and he was then feeling quite well. He was sick but a little over a week. Mr. Cornell was a man who gave close attention to his business and was never engaged in any bickerings with his neighbors. Kind hearted, he was always ready to help another in need or in distress. The section where he lived has been greatly improved by his labors. Others shall enter into his labors but his works do follow him. We are sorry to record his death which occurred Oct. 15, 1889, as he was one of the last of a few pioneers who intimately knew the father of the editor of the Coldwater Republican; and often have we learned from his lips of recollections regarding a parent of whom our childhood memory could recall but little. Let us revere the names of these worthies of a bygone time!

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CHESTER S. TUCKER M. D.

Chester S. Tucker was born in Floyd Hill, Oneida Co., N. Y., February 3, 1809, and moved with his parents to Monroe county when quite young. He studied in the acadamies of those days and graduated from the Geneva Medical college. He began practice at Pike, Monroe Co., N. Y., but in 1835 he moved to Ohio near Cleveland where he was in active practice until 1844 when he moved to this county. He has lived here ever since except for a short period during the war when he lived in Fon du Lac, Wis., and won a place in the confidence and respect of the community as a conscientious and skillful physician. January 1, 1848, he married Miss Jane Cochran, who was then living with her uncle, Hon. Harvey Warner, and she has been his companion through the rest of his life and his faithful and devoted wife in health, in sickness and in death. Dr. Tucker was one of those men who when any difficult problem requiring determination and courage came up for solution was always turned to as a man to be trusted and the man for the time. It was so in our school experiences with him. Coldwater owes more to Dr. Tucker for the present proud position which her schools occupy than to any other one man. He it was who laid the foundation, as director, of the union school system here and brought order out of confusion. He is to be honored for it, and the records of the school district will attest the faithfulness of the man in his work. His mind was naturally questioning and suspicious; and in religious matters while profoundly reverent, he was ever studying to solve the deep problem of life as revealed in the Bible. Never ready to give up quickly any belief or purpose formed; he hewed out his way in all such matters just as the pioneer by degrees clears his land and puts it in a state of cultivation. Such men are like sturdy oaks; they withstand the blasts; rooted firmly, they rear their lofty heads into the sky, so that we scarcely notice them but when they are torn down they leave a vacancy that it takes many smaller trees to fill. So it is with many of these early settlers of our beautiful city, like Dr. Tucker, and as they pass away we miss them; the niche they have filled is empty.

DANIEL N. WILSON

Wednesday evening, December 4, 1889, Daniel Numan Wilson died at his home in Coldwater township, three miles south of Coldwater. He was born in Penfield, N. Y., January 9, 1813, where he was married to Miss Aurelia Crippen in November, 1834. In 1837 the young couple

emigrated to the wilderness of Michigan and settled on the farm where Mr. Wilson died, having lived there more than fifty-two years. He had done his part in causing the wilderness to melt away and give place to fields of rich golden grain; the almost impassable roads, which were but little better than Indian trails, converted into broad and improved highways; the log cabins give way to commodious farm dwellings; and comfort and plenty take the place of hardships and scarcity. There can be but one generation of pioneers in any country, and those of Branch county are mostly gone. To the earlier settlers Numan Wilson was as well known as any man in the county, especially to those whose way to the county seat was from the south. For years he kept a hotel, where in the early times the open fireplace was piled high with blazing logs to cheer and warm the winter traveler, while the well stocked kitchen and barn sustained both man and beast. For the last three months Mr. Wilson has been gradually failing, till finally nature yielded to the grim messenger. He leaves the wife of his youth and three daughters. Two or three years before his death he united with the M. E. church in Coldwater and the funeral services were held Friday afternoon at his home, his pastor, Rev. W. A. Hunsberger, conducting the services, and the remains were interred in Oak Grove cemetery.

PARLEY STOCKWELL

On Wednesday night, Jan. 8, 1890, at the county house Parley Stockwell passed away after many trials and tribulations at the age of 86 years. Parley Stockwell was born in Massachusetts in December, 1803, and in 1833 he came to Coldwater. He was the first man to make a clearing so as to get to the river and cross and made the first shaved shingle that was put upon the roof of the first shingled house in Coldwater. "Uncle" Parley Stockwell, as he was familiarly called, in company with fourteen others of the same faith and order on the evening of December 31, 1834, formed themselves into a Baptist conference for the purpose of being organized at a later date into a regular Baptist church, which said organization was perfected February 11, 1835. This is from the record of the church and thus Mr. Stockwell had been a member of the first Baptist church of Coldwater, including the conference, over fifty-five years, and was the last one of its original members. He was a very ardent abolitionist and during the Kansas troubles,[1] preceding the admission of that territory into the union, he raised what money he could and went there to help make it a free state. During those years of excitement and bloodshed he lost his property but Kansas was freed

[1]Kansas was admitted to the Union as a free state on Jan. 29, 1861, after a long and bitter struggle between pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties.

from the incubus of slavery which the south attempted to force upon her, Mr. Stockwell was ever since a poor man and increasing years brought him to the condition of a public charge. He was never married and life has been to him oftentimes dark and uninviting. But he had a tender heart which was touched by the gentler amenities of life. A few years ago a stranger called at Mr. Dorrance's, where Mr. Stockwell was stopping, and inquired if Mr. S. was there. Informed that he was he passed back, shook hands, visited with him a moment, again shook hands and went out. Curiosity led Mr. Dorrance to find out who he was. A tear stood in Mr. Stockwell's eye as he told him it was an old pupil of his when he taught school in his younger days and that as the stranger had left he placed a $5 bill in his hands. It was a kind remembrance that had touched Mr. Stockwell's heart and the tear could not be suppressed. This venerable gentleman was a self-denying christian man, poor, but rich in faith through our Lord Jesus Christ.

MRS. RUTH CRIPPEN

On the evening of May 15, 1890, about five o'clock the information was rapidly circulated that Mrs. Ruth Crippen had just passed away at her home on W. Chicago street Coldwater. Her disease was cancer which had finally touched the heart strings when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken. Her death had been looked for on several occasions within the past two years, but she would rally and again be able to enjoy communion with her friends. Last summer was the 80th anniversary of her birth which was celebrated by the associates of early days in Michigan and it was to her a very enjoyable occasion, because it was a sincere recognition of the kindly good will that existed toward her in this community. Mrs. Fisk, wife of Gen. C. B. Fisk, is her only living child and to her it has been a great privilege to smooth the dying pillow of a much loved mother. The following interesting sketch has been prepared by the Hon. Harvey Haynes which is but a deserved tribute to a beloved sister:

Ruth Haynes was born in the town of New Paltz, Ulster County, New York, July 31, 1809. Her parents were among the early settlers of that section of country, having settled there in the first year of the present century, where they lived twenty years on one hired farm.

When the then famous Erie canal was being built, Mr. Haynes concluded to move to the "Genesee country," and in the autumn of 1822 took a horse and light wagon and visited the state as far west as Roch-

ester. So well pleased was he with the country that he purchased a hundred acre farm in the town of Pennfield, eight miles east of Rochester, and in the following January, with sleighs, moved to their new home. Here Ruth grew to womanhood, enjoying herself on the farm, often assisting in outdoor work. On the 13th of December, 1827, she was married to Lorenzo D. Crippen, and in the following spring Harvey Warner, then a youth of twenty years, built them a small house into which they moved, and began, in earnest, the active warfare of life. A more active or energetic couple it would be hard to find, and each year added to their worldly treasures. When the great western fever began in 1835, they were among the great active band to start for the territory of Michigan, arriving in Coldwater on the 17th day of June, 1835. Here, to their great joy, they found Harvey Warner who had built their first little home for them and who had been here in the forests some four or five years when they arrived. They soon decided to make Coldwater their future home. Land was cheap, and everything looked encouraging to the pioneers of that year. But the years 1836, '37, '38, '39 and '40, were the trying and despondent years for pioneers. Many, very many, began to realize that but one Eden had been created, and that was not to be found in the wilds of Michigan. Sickness, privations, hardships, yea deaths, were almost of daily occurrence from early in July, until late in October. It was in these gloomy days that Mrs. Crippen displayed a moral heroism equalled by few, surpassed by none. When a young girl she took great delight in riding on horseback, and fortunate was it for the sick and lonely emigrant that she did so, else the good Samaritan could never have performed one-half of the work she felt it her duty to undertake.

There was no road through the country at that time save the Chicago road[1] which had been built by the general government; hence going from house to house with a wagon was an impossibility. An Indian pony was soon purchased, and mounted on "Sintosh" she would go from house to house usually carrying a basket on her arm filled with clean linen or food, medicine, or anything that would add to the comfort of the sick or despondent. Often she would be on the go from early morn till eventide, going as many as four or five miles sometimes, to render aid and smooth the dying pillow. They lived for a time in the first log house ever built in Coldwater. Allen Tibbits is the only person alive who was married and lived in Coldwater village at the time of their arrival here. Mr. Crippen was an active and untiring business man, but died in April, 1864, in the height of his usefulness. To them were born two sons and one daughter, James B., who died

[1]See appendix.

in 1869, long known as an active merchant, miller, farmer and general business man; Jay D., also well known, died in March, 1887. The daughter, Mrs. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey, is still active and doing good in the world.

After more than twenty years of widowhood, Mrs. Crippen married Philo H. Crippen, her first husband's brother and for many years his partner in business. He was also a pioneer of 1835, and well known in Branch county. She lived with him in happiness until his death, which occurred in March, 1890.

Thus has passed away one of the most active and untiring women of the early and trying days, feeling, as she neared the end of her earthly career, that she had, like one of old, "done what she could," and that her life and work had not been in vain.

CALHOUN COUNTY

JOHN F. HINMAN

Name	Residence	Age
Deaths in June, 1889:		
Mrs. Diana Gerow	Marengo	78
Mrs. Rachel VanVoorhees	Marshall	73
Mrs. Martin Hakes	Clarendon	.....
Mrs. Dr. C. H. Eggleston	Marshall	44
Lewis Wilmarth	Marshall	86
Deaths in July, 1889:		
Mrs. William P. Newell	Albion	66
Miss Sylvia Bolles	Marengo	69
Mrs. Mary E. Emmons	Homer	56
Mrs. Eli Balcom	Homer	67
Josiah R. Hendryx	Marshall	82
Deaths in August, 1889:		
Mrs. Philo Dibble	Marshall	.....
Chauncey M. Brewer	Marshall	75
Samuel W. Hill	Marshall	74
Theodore Mack	Albion	74
George Ballentine	Albion	79
Mrs. H. H. Henry	Albion	75

Name	Residence	Age
Ira Thomas	Homer	80
Mrs. Jane Palmer	Battle Creek	86
Mrs. Mary Cullom	Fredonia	79
Miss Eliza Murphy	Marshall	60
Mrs. Alvira Stout	Marshall	77
Macon Seymour	Battle Creek	65
Mrs. Julia A. Shotwell	Marshall	64
Joseph Smith	Penfield	67
Mrs. Dickinson	Emmett	60
Mrs. Charles L. Cox	Marshall	57
Mrs. Sylvester Considine	Marshall	58
Benjamin Clark	Albion	78
Wm. Simons	Athens	66
Deaths in September, 1889:		
Benjamin F. Hinman	Battle Creek	78
Augustus Dow	Battle Creek	53
Joseph B. Whitney	Battle Creek	56
Thomas Faulkner	Marshall	63
Christina White	Albion	80
William T. VanSickles	Marshall	74
Mrs. Susanna Hart	Athens	74
Mrs. Carscadin	Marshall	85
Daniel Wheeler	Homer	58
William Pease	Eckford	96
Benjamin F. Withey	Marengo	67
Mrs. Phebe G. Oakley	Clarence	93
Orlando Abbott	Newton	62
Mrs. L. P. Page	Lee	49
Mrs. Betsey Richmond	Albion	69
Miss Louise Bashford	Albion	60
Mrs. E. A. B. Hoag	Albion	60
Mrs. Mary Chase	Battle Creek	82
Deaths in October, 1889:		
William M. Pearl	Albion	83
Jacob Nichols	Clarence	90
William F. Hewitt	Marshall	55
Dr. James P. Greves	Marshall	79
Deaths in November, 1889:		
Mrs. Harriet Lothridge	Battle Creek	78
Mrs. A. J. Laraway	Marshall	60
Mrs. D. H. Albertson	Eckford	87
Wilsey G. Barnes	Battle Creek	55
William Collins	Convis	80

Name	Residence	Age
Barney Brogan	Battle Creek	71
Mrs. William R. McCall	Marshall	74
Mrs. Mary A. Stace	Marshall	77
Mrs. Julia B. Church	Marshall	87
Mrs. Ellen Martin	Marshall	88
James Reed (an old resident)	Eckford	.....
Mrs. H. Jones (an old resident)	Fredonia	.....
Deaths in December, 1889:		
Facheas M. Lester	Marshall	76
Mrs. Calista Sabin	Marshall	87
Mrs. Mary Twogood	Albion	76
Orville P. Dyer	Albion	73
Robert Huston	Marshall	82
Abial T. Vary	Marshall	82
Isaac Garratt	Pennfield[1]	99
Lucius S. Scott	Battle Creek	71
Deaths in January, 1890:		
Mrs. Mary Simons	Marshall	63
Mrs. Hannah Gurney	Albion	83
Mrs. Eber Shepard	Clarendon	69
Mrs. Joseph Snyder	Homer	54
Mrs. Tryphena Shelp	Homer	79
Thomas Ryan	Homer	45
Davis H. Wood	Lee	50
Mrs. Nancy J. Armstrong, (an old resident)	Albion	.....
Mrs. Lucia Dupark	Albion	63
Mrs. Mary D. Wallingford	Marshall	75
Thomas Lusk	Eckford	76
Edward J. Tillotson	Marshall	42
Mrs. Leman VanValkenburg	Ceresco	75
Allen Morse	Battle Creek	75
Henry Cooper	Battle Creek	65
Catharine D. Hughes	Battle Creek	77
Deaths in February, 1890:		
John Nover	Marshall	81
Samuel V. Irwin	Albion	.....
Samuel L. Parsons	Marshall	73
Mrs. Rebecca Pease	Marshall	84
William Rush	Marshall	73
Mrs. Magdalena Nelson	Marengo	88
Lewis D. Crane	Albion	73
Ira Shepard	Albion	77

[1]The township is spelled Pennfield and the village and postoffice Penfield, for identification, presumably.

Name	Residence	Age
Putnam Root	Fredonia	81
Mrs. George S. Woolsey	Marshall	43
Luther Mason	Athens	79
David C. Simons	Battle Creek	56
Josiah Gray	Marshall	82
John W. Carpenter	Convis	66
Miner S. Burell	Albion	79
R. P. Palmer	Homer	80
Mrs. Ann Caywood	Marshall	87
Asa Fellows	Bedford	87
Deaths in March, 1890:		
Mrs. Maria Boughton	Marshall	82
George R. McKay	Marengo	73
Charles H. Holmes	Marshall	53
Mrs. Sarah A. Hartley	Clarendon	82
Mrs. Cynthia Jones	Convis	86
Mrs. Anna Townsend	Battle Creek	69
Mrs. Deborah P. Stringham	Bedford	76
John W. Nichols	Clarendon	40
David Walkinshaw	Convis	82
Mrs. Cornelia Leggett	Athens	69
Deaths in April, 1890:		
Mrs. Catherine Segar	Marshall	75
Mrs. Harriet Marsh	Battle Creek	80
Mrs. Sarah L. Hamblin	Battle Creek	94
Mrs. Jane F. Spalding	Marshall	82
Henry M. Cronin	Marshall	54
Mrs. Thomas L. Hobbs	Marshall	.....
Mrs. Putnam Root	Fredonia	.....
John A. Crego	Burlington	74
Wm. W. Wickham	Emmett	58
Alexander Murray	Leroy	60
Thomas Reardon	Battle Creek	72
Mrs. Wealthy Morden	Bedford	75
William Lofthouse	Albion	59
Norris J. Frink	Marshall	48
Mrs. Caroline Decker	Penfield	50
Deaths in May, 1890:		
Reuben H. Hall	Marshall	50
Mrs. Mary J. Kesler	Marshall	56
Mrs. Mary A. Burpee	Marshall	80
Joab Perry	Convis	84

Name	Residence	Age
Frederick Karstaedt	Convis	73
William Newman	Battle Creek	82
Mrs. Sarah E. Booth	Battle Creek	50
Miss Ellen Thiers	Battle Creek	.....
Mrs. Harriet E. Barrenger	Battle Creek	81
Martin Johnson	Albion	80
William Brown	Albion	83
David S. Beach	Marshall	65
William Brown	Pennfield	65
Mrs. Anna D. Frost	Emmett	70
Mrs. A. E. Weber	Marshall	84
Mrs. Mahala Evans	Marshall	77
Deaths in June, 1890:		
Mrs. Margaret J. O'Toole	Pennfield	54

BENJAMIN F. HINMAN

The funeral of the late Benjamin F. Hinman was attended on Monday afternoon, September 23, 1889, at his late residence in Battle Creek, by a large number of relatives and friends—all the members of his own family, including his four grandchildren, his two sisters and two brothers. Reverend W. D. Simonds, the eloquent preacher of the Congregational church, officiating, and delivering some very appropriate remarks.

The music of the Congregational quartette was very fine and touchingly effective.

The numerous floral offerings of kind friends were elegant. A sheaf of wheat adorned the casket, which was borne by his friends, as follows: Judge B. F. Graves,[1] George E. Howes, Joseph M. Ward, Samuel L. Badgley, James L. Whitcomb and John C. Barber.

Mr. Hinman was born in Castleton, Rutland county, Vermont, August 17, 1811, and died at his residence in the city of Battle Creek on Friday, September 20, 1889. His ancestors were well known throughout New England—fourteen of them, descendants of Sergeant Edward Hinman, having served during the Revolutionary war: His great grandfather, Abijah Hinman and Abijah's son, Wait Hinman, were with General Stark at the battle of Bennington. His grandfather, Adoniram Hinman, was with Ethan Allen in his famous expedition and capture of Ticonderoga, and was also at the execution of Major John Andre—he was out and served during the entire seven years war.

[1]Judge Benjamin Franklin Graves died at Detroit March 3, 1906. See *Representative Men of Michigan.*

His father, Truman H. Hinman, read law with Hon. Chauncey Langdon—was quite a celebrated vocalist—and in September, 1814, volunteered with other Vermonters to go, and did go to Plattsburg and assist in driving Prevost and his army back to Canada. His grandfather on his mother's side, Reuben Moulton, kept a tavern in Castleton, and entertained Ethan Allen and Seth Warner over Sunday, when they were on their way to capture Ticonderoga. Benjamin attended the public schools during the winter, with the exception of one winter he attended the academy, or the "Rutland County Grammar School" as it was called. Solomon Foot, late U. S. Senator from Vermont, being the preceptor.

In 1827, when he was sixteen years old, he became a clerk in the store of the Messrs. Hyde at Castleton. In the fall of 1836 he came to Michigan and settled in Detroit. In January, 1839, he removed to Bellevue, Eaton county, where he and the writer had opened a store under the firm name of B. F. and J. F. Hinman. At this time Eaton county was little more than a wilderness, and a large majority of its inhabitants were Pottawatamie Indians. Where the elegant college buildings of Olivet now stand, was where this tribe of Indians lived, and it was called and known as the Indian village. Eaton county was so wild and new that the writer shot and killed a large wolf in the village of Bellevue in November, 1838.

At this time there was a small settlement at Eaton Rapids and also one at Vermontville, and a few scattering people in other parts of the county, but for several years people came to Bellevue for their blacksmithing, milling and other necessities. In 1845 we started a branch store at Battle Creek, under the firm name of Hinman & Co., having added to our firm another brother, Henry T. Hinman.

In 1846 the deceased removed to Battle Creek and continued in the mercantile business until 1877, when the business was discontinued.

In 1840 he married Miss Olivia Swallow, daughter of Nahum Swallow, of Windsor, Vermont, who died in Bellevue in 1846, leaving two daughters, Mrs. Mary J. Grandine and Miss Olivia Hinman.

In 1848 he married Miss Delia Byington. By this marriage he had two children, Charles H. Hinman and Miss Julia Hinman.

That he was a good citizen, the public trusts repeatedly conferred upon him prove. He was a man of decided opinions always freely expressed, and energetically acted upon. But there was no concealment in his nature. His opposition to men, or measures, was of the open, aboveboard kind which manly men respect, and doubtless all feelings of unkindness toward him have been long since forgotten.

When a boy in Castleton, he was the pride of the village, and any thing that "Frank Hinman" did or said, was looked upon as being correct.

Since the foregoing was written, the writer on looking through the eighth volume of the Pioneer collections, found on page 175 a brief account of James Mullett the father of Col. John Mullett, written by Mr. John H. Forster, which reads as follows: "James Mullett, the father of the subject of this memoir (John Mullett), was born in England, and came to America with Burgoyne's army of invasion, having been seized by a press-gang in the city of London and forced to serve King George III in the strife with his rebellious colonies. * * * * * * From that time forth he was lost to his parents and relatives. He participated in the battle of Bennington and was taken prisoner." Now, my reason for copying the above was this: Our great-grandfather, Abijah Hinman and his brother Wait Hinman, were expert riflemen, and were with General Stark at that battle, and, of course, assisted General Stark in capturing Mr. Mullett.

MRS. ABRAM BENNETT SR.

Rachel VanVorhees was the daughter of Lutitia and Abraham VanVorhees. She was born in the city of New York, April, 1816, and remained there until she removed to her western home in Marshall, Mich. She was united in marriage to Abraham Bennett, May 8, 1836. Five children blessed their home, two boys and three girls. The daughters, Ellen, Maria, and Carrie, have passed away and one son died in infancy, Abram Bennett, Jr., being the only survivor. Mrs. Bennett, though entirely unacquainted with the severe duties of farm life, and whose strength was scarcely sufficient at times for its demands, soon became a most efficient worker in every sense. She was endeared to all by her kindly, gracious presence and her helpful, neighborly aid was ever extended to the ill and suffering. For four years past she has suffered from that lingering disease, creeping paralysis, which at first became manifest in her throat, affecting her speech and gradually undermining her strength until she finally sank under its weight. It is rarely one's lot to part from a better neighbor, wife, or mother, than passed from our midst Monday, June 17, 1889.

MRS. CHARLES H. EGGLESTON

Regarding the death of this estimable lady, whose loss is not confined to her family but is felt by the large circle of dear friends which she had

drawn around her during her twenty years residence in Marshall, the Allegan Gazette says:

The death of this lady, which occurred at Marshall, Tuesday afternoon, June 18, 1889, though it for some days seemed inevitable, was yet a severe shock to her family and friends of that city, and the same to many Allegan people who, from acquaintance gained through her visits to her sister, Mrs. Edwy C. Reid, had learned to respect and esteem her for many admirable qualities. The funeral occurred from her late home, Thursday afternoon, the Rev. Marrell of Trinity church officiating. There was a large attendance of the prominent people of Marshall, and great profusion of floral offerings from many sources.

Mrs. Eggleston was born in Sodus, Wayne county, New York, July 25, 1847, and was educated in the academy at that place and a music school in the neighboring town of Lyons. Going to Marshall, Mich., in 1868, she in the following year married Dr. Charles H. Eggleston, and remained a resident of Marshall till her death. Her parents were Charles R. and Juliet Borradaile, of Sodus, N. Y., her father's family having been one of the oldest and best known in the county. Besides her husband and sister, Mrs. Eggleston left two daughters, Nina and Kittie, and a brother, Charles H. Borradaile, of Marshall, formerly of Allegan.

Mrs. Eggleston was to all who knew her, a friend untiring in friendship's offices; a woman always arrayed in the habiliments of the truest womanhood; or a wife and mother ceaseless in acts of duty, watchful in provision of comforts, abounding in cheerfulness, consistent and gentle in love. Always of great depth of religious feeling and developed in moral sentiment, she was latterly a Christian by open profession as she had always been in purity of life and exalted character. It was not given her to know of her impending death, nor could she assuage the grief of her stricken ones with a word or glance of farewell; but she left them the comfort of sweet memories of her virtue and the benediction of her life of love.

LEWIS WILMARTH

On Sunday, June 23, 1889, Lewis Wilmarth, one of the oldest residents of Marshall, died at Kalamazoo from the infirmities of old age, which for a considerable time had impaired his intellectual faculties, and of late gradually overcome his physical strength. He passed peacefully away, seemingly without disease and without pain. The remains were taken to Marshall for burial and funeral services were held at the M. E. church Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Elias Cooley. The

deceased was one of twin brothers born near Victor, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1803. February 15, 1832, he was married to Miss Angenette Rawson. They came to Michigan in 1836, and located in Adrian, where they lived for four years, and then removed to Marshall. Here he engaged as manager of a general store. Later he was associated with Asa B. Cook in the mercantile business under the name of Cook and Wilmarth, for a few years, when they divided the stock, and he continued the business alone. At one time Arzah Robinson, late of Eckford, was partner. From 1854 to 1856 the business was carried on by Wilmarth & Son. The latter taking up his residence in Grand Rapids, Mr. Wilmarth soon after retired from mercantile life and took up the insurance business, which he followed for several years, until incapacitated by old age from further active duties. He made a public profession of religion in youth and united with the M. E. church, of which he always continued a zealous and consistent member. The first Methodist church in Adrian was organized in his house, with less than a dozen members. In politics Mr. Wilmarth was an anti-slavery Whig, and after the breaking up of that party a Republican, but he was content to do his duty as a citizen and was never an aspirant for public office. In September, 1886, his companion who had stood by his side for fifty-four years, journeyed on before him to the other shore. Five daughters and one son are now living, namely: Mrs. Helen Gifford and Mrs. Marion Crowder, in California; Mrs. Jennie Mallett, in Nebraska; Mrs. Maria Crissy, in Illinois; Mrs. Sophia Bissell, of Albion; and Oscar R. Wilmarth, of Grand Rapids. These three last named were present at the funeral.

JOSIAH R. HENDRYX

Died at Decatur, in this State, July 15, 1889, Josiah R. Hendryx, aged 82 years.

Mr. Hendryx, or Capt. Hendryx, as he has been familiarly known in central Michigan for nearly fifty years, was born in Fairfax, Franklin county, Vermont, Feb. 10, 1807, and had only such advantages of education as were common to all at that early date. He first emigrated to Yates, Orleans Co. N. Y., where he married Eveline Downs, the eldest daughter of Lemuel Downs, in 1833, and in 1839 came to Michigan, settling upon the farm he occupied in Newton for a good many years.

Subsequently he was in the employ of the Michigan Central railroad in purchasing timber, etc., for that company, ending his work with the company in New York city as special agent for the business of that road west.

Later having disposed of his property in Newton, he went into Van Buren county and purchased a large tract of wild land in the town of Hamilton, which he brought into a fine state of cultivation. Of a pretty large family of children, only a son, Horatio J. Hendryx, survive.

Captain Hendryx was one of the most energetic and active men of the age, and was ever foremost in everything that in his opinion tended to improve the condition of the farmers and the laboring men of the country, and hence he was actively engaged in our county and State agricultural societies, in introducing improved horses, cattle and sheep into the county. He thus, later in life, became an active member of the grange and one of its most able speakers. Few of our pioneer settlers have exerted a wider influence in this direction than Capt. Hendryx.

JOSEPH SMITH

Joseph Smith died at his home in Pennfield Friday, August 2, 1889, of cancer. Mr. Smith was born in Elm, Cambridgeshire, England, February 25, 1822. In 1844 he was married to Miss Sarah James, the wife with whom he lived for more than forty years, or until November last, when she died. Two years after his marriage or in the summer of 1846, he came with his family to America, and in 1858 settled upon the farm he has occupied continuously since, which he by hard labor has brought to its present state of cultivation. Four children were born to him, two of whom survive. His two sons, John T. and E. J., gave their father every attention possible. One, and sometimes both were at his bedside every night, and looking after their farms during the day. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. E. Spafford at his late home Sunday, and his remains interred in the Hick's cemetery in Pennfield.

BENJAMIN CLARK

Hon. Benjamin Clark died at his home in Albion, Aug. 16, 1889, after an illness of only two weeks. His age was 78 years. He was born in the State of New York, and came here in 1852 to educate his children From that time until 1875 he never failed to have one or more of them in Albion College. Mr. Clark was a strong Republican, having been present at the birth of the party "under the oaks," at Jackson, in 1854, and in 1868-9 represented this district in the state legislature He was also an active member of the M. E. church, and for thirteen years superintendent of its Sunday school, serving also as a trustee of both the church and college. He leaves a widow, one son, and four

daughters, all married except one—Miss E. J. Clark, who is Professor of English Language and Literature in the College.

MARY CULLOM CHAMBERS

Died at her home in Fredonia township, Thursday, Aug. 8, 1889, Mary, aged 78 years, 8 months, 15 days, widow of the late Thomas Chambers.

Mary Cullom was born in Kent, England, December 24, 1810; was married to Thomas Chambers in 1827. In 1832 Mr. Chambers left his wife and two little girls in England to seek a home in America. In 1833 Mrs. Chambers crossed the ocean, in company with some relatives and joined her husband in Rochester, N. Y., and on the 3d day of July 1833, they arrived in Marshall, after many trials incident to the early pioneer of that day. After a year's residence in Marshall they removed to a farm in Fredonia, but in 1840 Mr. Chambers, with his family, moved to London, Canada. In 1845 they returned and settled on a part of the farm still owned by Mr. Chambers, now owned by Mrs. Bills. In December 1868, Mr. Chambers died, leaving a competency for his wife in her declining years. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers had five children born to them: Mary, who married Rufus G. Hartwell, of Marengo; Ann, now Mrs. George Bills, of Marshall; William Thomas, who was born and died in Canada; a son who died in infancy and John G., who was born and died in Fredonia; Mary and Ann were born in England. Mary died in 1861, Mrs. Bills being now the only living child.

But few women in the early history of this county endured more hardships and privations than did Mrs. Chambers, coming from a foreign country, among people whose ways and customs were strange to her, young and inexperienced as she was, but through it all she struggled without faltering, having a firm trust in that kind heavenly Father who always cares for his children. On August 8 she passed away after a short illness, without a struggle, like one folding her hands to sleep. She had been for many years a faithful member of the Episcopal church of Marshall, from which church she was followed to her last resting place in our beautiful Oakridge cemetery by mourning friends and kind neighbors who will miss her kind counsel and loving presence. Truly may it be said of her, "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

ELIZA MURPHY

Miss Eliza Murphy, aged 60 years, died of consumption, Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1889, at the residence of her brother, Simon Murphy, on

Exchange street, Marshall, with whom she had made her home for over forty years. The funeral was held at St. Mary's church.

CHAUNCEY MARBLE BREWER

Chauncey Marble Brewer, one of our oldest, best known, and highly respected citizens, died at his residence, in Marshall, at 4 a. m., Tuesday, August 20, 1889, aged 74 years, 10 months, 9 days.

Mr. Brewer was born Oct. 11, 1814, at Oneonta, Otsego county, N. Y., being the second child of Peter and Emma (Marble) Brewer. His father died when he was nine years old, leaving his mother with six young children. Chauncey remained with the family, on the home farm, attending district school winters, until March 1, 1827, when he went to the village and began work in a country store for one John Deitz. Those qualities which in after life made his financial success possible, were early discernable in the young man, for he was always at his post, and remained in the same store eight years and eight months. Nov. 1, 1834, being "of age," and having agreed with a school-boy-friend, Charles T. Gorham, that they would seek their fortunes in the west, he left his employers and in a few days started for Michigan. During the winter of '35-6 he had employment in a store at Clinton, Lenawee county. In the spring he was joined by Mr. Gorham, and the two made a somewhat extended tour of the southern portion of this state, finally deciding to locate in Marshall. In June, 1836, they opened a general country store on the spot which is now the southeast corner of Hon. M. V. Wagner's residence property, in a building the frame of which is now a portion of the frame of the "Marshall House,"[1] (near the Michigan Central depot) owned by John Hartman. In 1838 they bought land at the northwest corner of State and Eagle streets, and erected the first brick store building in the western part of the village. This partnership continued until 1840, when Mr. Gorham retired to establish himself in the banking business. Mr. Brewer took his brothers-in-law, Edward Butler and John Dusenbury, as partners, but they retired in 1845, and he continued it uninterruptedly until turning it over to his sons, Charles D. and Edgar G., in 1873, on the completion of the rebuilding of the old store, at which time he was the oldest merchant in Marshall, in point of continuous trade.

Oct. 15, 1840, at Binghampton, N. Y., Mr. Brewer married Miss Emily L. Butler, and brought his bride to his western home. To them were born six children, George and Emma dying in infancy; Mary Eliza (Mrs. Wheeler), Charles D., Edgar G., and Mark B., all of whom reside in our midst. Mrs. Brewer died Oct. 29, 1887.

[1]See appendix.

Mr. Brewer resided for many years at the corner where now stands the Presbyterian church, but in 1859 moved into the new and elegant residence at the head of Eagle street, since known as Oak Hill, which has always been one of the most hospitable homes of our city.

In politics Mr. Brewer was always a democrat. Upon the organization of the village in 1837, he was chosen village treasurer, and reëlected to the same office in '41, '49, and '50, and was village recorder in 1839, '43, '45, and '46.

Although prominent in the business circles of Marshall, yet it was in his home where he was best known. Always a kind and loving husband, and an affectionate, indulgent father, his memory will ever be cherished in loving remembrance by his children and intimate friends.

The funeral was held Friday afternoon at the family residence, Rev. H. M. Morey, of the Presbyterian church officiating, and a large concourse of people, among whom were an unusually large number of the older residents of the county, gathered to pay the last mark of respect to their departed friend and neighbor.

HON. SAMUEL WORTH HILL

Hon. Samuel Worth Hill, from the effects of a second stroke of paralysis, died a few moments after midnight, Wednesday morning, August 28, 1889, at his home, corner of Mansion and Eagle streets, Marshall.

Mr. Hill was born Nov. 6, 1815, at Starksboro, Addison county, Vt., the son of Richard and Betsey Hill, who continued to reside on their homestead until 1883 and 1881 respectively, when they passed over the dark river. When old enough Samuel began attending the district school near this home, under the shadow of the Green mountains. He early showed an aptness for mathematics which soon enabled him to over-reach his teacher, and at the age of sixteen he entered the Friends' school, paying his way by teaching winters, and graduated in engineering and surveying at the end of two years. He continued to teach school winters and work summers upon his father's farm until twenty-one years old, spending his spare time in pursuing his favorite studies. Having procured instruments he spent the next three years as a surveyor in his native State. In 1839, he spent some time with an uncle at Albion, N. Y., and in October of that year went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he taught school that winter. In the spring of 1840 he engaged in the U. S. public land surveys, and at the end of that year entered the corps of topographical engineers of the U. S. army engaged in the survey of the harbors of the Great Lakes. He remained with the

corps until 1845, being one year associated with Gen. J. D. Webster in the hydrographic survey of the lakes then just begun. In the spring of '45 he became associated with Dr. Houghton in the geological and lineal survey of the Upper Peninsula, having charge of the geological examination and survey of the mining region. The next winter was spent in Detroit working up his field notes into maps, diagrams, and explanations. Dr. Houghton died during this winter, leaving an uncompleted contract with the government, which contract Mr. Hill completed during the next season.

Being in love with the lake Superior country, he decided to remain there permanently, and continue his profession and examination of the metalliferous deposits until 1848, when he become associated with J. D. Whitney (now of Harvard college) and J. W. Foster in the government geologic survey of that region. The real development of the Upper Peninsula dates from the time of the adoption of the recommendation by this trio, in their report, that the mineral lands of that region should be sold to actual settlers at $1.25 per acre, the usual price of public lands, instead of holding them at $5 per acre as was previously the policy pursued.

Mr. Hill then engaged in copper mining, becoming interested with Eastern capitalists, and for seventeen years was the active head of some of the heaviest and most successful enterprises in that region, the disbursements made under his personal supervision often reaching $1,000,000 annually. It was he, who, in 1851 as a director in and superintendent of the Quincy copper mine, at Hancock, fathered the idea of cutting a canal from Portage lake to Portage entry, and which was carried out as speedily as possible, to the great advantage of every interest around that lake.

In 1873 he made a general geological survey of Isle Royal, and mining operations were begun. But as it was a long way out of the line of travel by boats, and the cost of transportation was thus augmented three or four times, work was abandoned. It has been resumed twice since with like result, but recently it has been taken up by a newly organized company and there seems to be better prospects of success.

It was Mr. Hill's fortune to be interested in the mining of the first ton of copper and the first ton of iron taken from the lake Superior region, and to have had a personal share in the development of those copper interests which have become the most extensive in the world, and to have had a hand in transforming that former wilderness into the present highly prosperous portion of our State, the importance of

which may possibly be better understood when we state that the freight tonnage of shipping passing annually from that region through the Sault Ste. Marie canal exceeds the total annual tonnage of freight received by vessels at the port of the great city of New York.

In politics Mr. Hill was an ardent Republican, being called upon to fill various local positions during the organization of the civil government of the lake Superior mining region, and was twice elected by his party to represent his district in the State Legislature, being a member of the House of Representatives during the sessions of 1867 and 1871.

July 16, 1851, he married Miss Susan A. Warren, formerly of Coldwater, a sister of Alderman P. S. Warren of Marshall, and whose parents were residents of this county. In 1844 Miss Warren was appointed by Rev. W. H. Brockway of Albion, who was then a home missionary of the M. E. church, as his assistant, and went with him to Fort Brady (Sault Ste. Marie) where she taught the first school established in the Upper Peninsula. Continuing as a teacher she afterwards went with a few others to the mining region in response to a call from that section when their first schools were being organized, and was engaged in teaching when she first met him who was to be her companion during thirty-eight years of their lives. Mrs. Hill survives her husband and has the sympathy of an unusually large circle of acquaintances, in this hour of her extreme sorrow.

PHEBE G. OAKLEY

Died in Clarence, Sept. 5, 1889, Mrs. Phebe G. Oakley, aged nearly 93 years. The deceased was born in Connecticut in 1797, removed to Cayuga county, N. Y., when young, where she lived until 1844. She was married to Benjamin Oakley in 1831; was left a widow in 1855; came to Michigan in 1844, and since 1855 has been a member of the family of her brother, the late S. R. Palmer. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. A. Kellogg, of Burlington, Iowa, who arrived just before Mrs. Oakley's death. The funeral was held at Clarence Center school-house, Sunday, Sept. 8, Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Albion, officiating.

THOMAS FAULKNER

Thomas Faulkner died at five o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, Sept. 16, 1889, in Marshall. He was born in Shawside, Lancashire, England, Dec. 14, 1826, and was the son of William and Jane Faulkner. He was married Jan. 24, 1846, at Manchester, Eng., to Miss Sarah Lowe, and came to this country in 1852. His father and mother and brother

John had preceded him, and were engaged in farming and lumbering at Lee Centre, in this county, and Thomas became the engineer for them as soon as he arrived. He remained there about one year, when he removed to Marshall and entered the employ of the Michigan Central in the repair shops at this place. After a short time he went upon the road as a fireman, and in time was given an engine, and continued in that capacity until about ten years ago. In the '50s and early '60s the great danger and responsibility of the men who run railroad engines was not appreciated by those who employed them—at least the small wages paid them was evidence of that fact, and the men were restive under what they regarded as a wrong. Marshall being the terminus of the Michigan Central eastern and central divisions, a large number of engineers and other train men resided here, and these engineers had, during the winter of 1862-3, many consultations. W. D. Robinson and Thomas Faulkner were leaders in the discussions, and finally, during the forenoon of the first day of April, '63, they, with John McCurdy, George C. Watrous, Henry Hall, J. C. ("Yankee") Thompson, Samuel Heath, Thomas Hayward, George Adams, Henry L. Lathrop, S. Keith, Otis Kingsbury, and E. Elwell, met by appointment in front of the old roundhouse, and adjourned to meet at the residence of J. C. Thompson in the afternoon. When the hour came they were all there and their deliberations resulted in the formation, at Detroit, on the 17th of the following August, of Div. No. 1, of Detroit, and Div. No. 2, of Marshall, of the Brotherhood of the Footboard (afterwards changed to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers), with W. D. Robinson as chief of Div. 1, and Thomas Faulkner chief of Div. 2. Mr. Faulkner was always a hard, conscientious worker, never shirking any duty which his superiors might require, and just why his services were dispensed with, by the management of the Michigan Central, without explanation, could not be understood by his friends.

Mr. Faulkner and his good wife were the parents of eight children. John and William H. were born in England—John died there before the family came to America; William died in Marshall, April 23, 1888; Joseph and Thomas C., of Jackson; James F., of Dakota; Frank W., of Muskegon; and Samuel A., Frederick L., and S. Jennie, of Marshall; all of whom but James were present at the funeral.

Mr. Faulkner had suffered for several years of Bright's disease, and finally had to give up work, making his last trip on the C., J. & M.[1] last January, since which time he has been looking in vain for restored health. About four weeks ago he went to Mt. Clemens, hoping to receive benefit from the mineral water and treatment at the sanitarium

[1]Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinac R. R.

there. But his symptoms continuing to get worse he returned home Saturday, Sept. 7, and died two weeks from the next Monday. It seems a singular coincident that the circumstances of his last home coming, the day of the week, the length of his last sickness, and the day of his death, should be identical with those of his son William one year and five months ago.

The funeral was held at the family residence on West Spruce St., yesterday afternoon, Rev. William Morrall, rector of Trinity church, officiating, and the remains were accompanied to their last resting place in Oakridge cemetery by a delegation of engineers from Jackson and several from the C., J. & M., by the members of St. Albans Lodge, F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member, and a large concourse of friends of the deceased and his family.

BENJAMIN F. WITHEE

Died, at the residence of his son, John R. Withee, in Marengo township, at 4 o'clock p. m., Thursday, Sept. 19, 1889, of bronchial pneumonia, Benjamin F. Withee, aged 68 years, 4 months, 9 days.

Mr. Withee was born May 12, 1821, at Norridgewock, Somerset Co., Maine, the third child of John and Polly Sha Withee. In 1826 his parents, with their family, removed to New York State, and in 1831 to Michigan, settling in Plymouth township, Wayne county. In 1845, he married Miss Emily Robinson, and returned to New York, taking up his residence in Manchester, Ontario county, where he followed the business of auctioneer, and was chosen deputy sheriff and court crier. In 1851, he became a merchant and stock buyer, which business he followed until 1867. In this latter year he sold out and removed to Missouri, but he did not like the country there, and the next year returned to Michigan, settling in Marengo township, in this county, where he has since resided and been a prosperous farmer. He was always a Democrat in politics, and as such was elected township treasurer and supervisor one term each. In 1876 he was the candidate of his party for judge of probate, but of course he could not be elected in this county, and suffered defeat with the others on the ticket. For five years he was secretary of the old Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, during which time he traveled with horse and carriage over the entire county hundreds of times, and secured an unusually large acquaintance among the farmers of the county, all of whom will be sorry indeed to hear of his death. He was one of the organizers of the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, being its secretary during the first year of its existence, and a director the second year.

Mr. Withee was the last survivor of his father's family of nine children. His wife and son John survive him.

That Mr. Withee was a good citizen, a kind neighbor, a steadfast friend, was abundantly proven by the large attendance at his funeral which was held at his late home Sunday afternoon. Rev. Elias Cooley officiated, and the remains were interred in Oakridge cemetery in Marshall.

JOSEPH B. WHITNEY

Capt. Joseph B. Whitney, who died in Battle Creek, Aug. 9, 1889, was born in Canada in 1833. He always loved to be on the water, and at the early age of twelve years began what proved to be his life work, by seeking employment on a vessel on lake Ontario, where his heartfelt earnestness for the work was duly rewarded by his promotion from one position to another, until, before the age of 20, he was given command of a vessel, which position he filled for over eight years, after which he was in government employ on the Mississippi and its tributaries until Sept., 1863, when he enlisted in the 14th Pennsylvania cavalry, and was with Sheridan during his famous raid in the Shenandoah valley. He was wounded at Ashby's Pass, Va., and taken prisoner and sent to Libby prison, but fortunately was soon exchanged. After the war he returned to the Mississippi, where he has been on a government boat nearly all the time since, until the middle of June when he was obliged to come home, hoping to regain his health. He had delayed too long; death had marked him for his own, and all the care of home and friends could not save him.

He leaves only his faithful and loving wife to mourn his loss, as by this sad bereavement she is left all alone, having buried all her children during the last seven years.

WILLIAM M. PEARL

William M. Pearl, of Albion, died Oct. 25, 1889, aged 83 years. He came to Michigan in 1833 and settled in Marshall, and kept the old Marshall House. He was among the first to cross the plains to California in 1849,[1] and returned to Albion and again crossed the plains in 1852, taking his family with him. After spending twenty years in California, he returned to Albion in 1872.

HON. WILLIAM F. HEWITT

Died, at his residence in Marshall, at 8:40 o'clock a. m., Thursday,

[1]See appendix.

Oct. 3, 1889, of disease of the brain, William Fletcher Hewitt, aged 54 years, 8 months.

Mr. Hewitt was born Feb. 4, 1835, at Byron, Genesee county, N. Y., the son of Joseph S. and Eliza Jenison Hewitt. In October, 1846, the family moved to Marshall and in a short time after settled upon a farm in the north part of Marshall township, where William grew to manhood. While still a young man he taught school in Marshall and Convis several winters, thereby gaining a very intimate acquaintance with the people of those townships.

August 30, 1862, he enlisted in Co. H., 2d Mo. Cav., afterwards well known as "Merrill's Horse,"[1] which regiment secured about 300 of the best sons of the western portion of Calhoun county. The regiment saw unusually active service in fighting the Confederate "guerrillas" in the Southwest, and there was not one of the boys more ready to always do his duty than Will Hewitt, until his health failed him in March, 1863. He was honorably discharged May 6th of that year, at Warrenton, Mo., and returned home in a very emaciated condition, being unable to stand. He always took lively interest in his old army comrades, and was usually at the reunions of the survivors.

May 26, 1864, he married Miss Clara M. Day, who survives him.

In politics Mr. Hewitt was a Republican, except for a few years when he affiliated with the National (Greenback) party.[1] He served Marshall township as supervisor five years in a very satisfactory manner, and as justice of the peace. At a special election held Feb. 23, 1874, to fill the vacancy in the State Senate, caused by the resignation of Hon. Philip H. Emerson (who resigned to accept the office of Judge of the United States Court of Utah Territory), Mr. Hewitt received 1308 votes to 1215 cast for his opponent, and immediately took his seat in the Upper House of the Legislature. Being a quick thinker and ready debater he soon took as leading a position as any new member well could. He filled the position with honor and ability.

In 1879 he left the old homestead, which he had operated since the death of his father, and, moving into Marshall, established himself in the commission business. Being a farmer himself, and knowing the desires of that large class, he sought to please them in every way possible in his dealings with them, and so well did he succeed that, during his sickness, it has been the common remark that scarcely any other individual could be taken from the community who would be missed more than he. He continued his business until stricken down in his office on the 14th of last June. For a long time he was probably the heaviest buyer of wheat for shipment from this county, having pur-

[1]See appendix.

chasing agents at Tekonsha, Homer, Eckford, and Wilderville, and himself buying at Marshall.

He leaves, besides his wife, three sisters, Mrs. Hon. H. M. Allen, and Mrs. Oliver Cleveland, of Bellevue, and Mira (a widow) in California.

JAMES P. GREVES

It is with deep regret that we today chronicle the death of Riverside's oldest citizen, Dr. James P. Greves, the venerable and respected "father of Riverside." For over nineteen years he has been closely associated with Riverside and her people, and there is not among us a citizen who can truly say aught against his character, nor one who will not recall with pleasure the thorough kindliness of his disposition. Failing health has for the past few years prevented active participation in public affairs, but he has always retained a deep interest in the city whose wonderful development and growth is in a measure due to his own efforts, and he leaves the scene of his many years' usefulness with the respect and love of all those with whom he was associated.

Dr. Greves was born in Skaneateles, Onondaga county, N. Y., in 1810. When a youth he was apprenticed to a printer in Utica, N. Y., and served four years. In 1828 he began the study of medicine, graduating in the spring of 1833. During the same year he was married to Miss Helen Sandford, a native of Ovid, N. Y., and moved to Marshall, Mich., where he followed his profession till the summer of 1845, when he removed to Milwaukee, and followed his profession there until 1859. That same year he went to St. Louis; late in the fall he went to New Orleans, and spent the winter of 1859-60; thence to Baton Rouge, with his brother, Samuel P. Greves, a lawyer, where he remained until June, 1860; thence to New York city. He remained there until March, 1862, when he went to Beaufort, S. C., in the employ of the government, having charge of the sick of the colored race, until August of the same year, when his health failed and he returned to New York. His health not improving he sailed in October, via Nicaragua route, to San Francisco, and went thence to Virginia City. In January, 1863, to Reese River, and stayed there until April, 1864. His health being much improved he returned to New York, and lived there until he returned to Washington, in 1867. From there he went to Knoxville, Tenn., in 1869. During all this time he was in pursuit of health.

On leaving New York, he and Judge J. W. North conceived the idea of a colony in Southern California. He spent the winter of 1869-70 in Marshall, Mich., where he got up an excursion trip to California in

April, 1870, composed of nearly 100 persons. Judge North, Dr. Sandford Eastman and wife, E. G. Brown, A. J. Topgood, and Dr. Greves proceeded direct to Los Angeles and explored that region for a suitable location for a colony. Not being satisfied, E. G. Brown and Dr. Greves visited the present site of Riverside, and being pleased, induced Judge North to also examine it. This was the 24th of June, 1870. Negotiations were commenced for the purchase of about 8,000 acres of land from T. W. Cover and others, and was concluded Sept. 13, 1870, and on the 19th of the same month Judge North and Dr. Greves arrived on the ground and camped in the open air west of the present location of Burt & Bros.' store.

Having found the long sought for health resort, he turned his attention to fruit raising with success. He was for five years the secretary of the Southern California Colony Association. He served as postmaster of Riverside from Sept., 1871 to Dec., 1881, and as notary public from 1875 to May, 1886.

Failing health induced him to give up all business in May, 1886. The doctor was 79 years of age, Friday, Sept. 6, 1889. Died Sept. 24, 1889.

Dr. Greves leaves two sons, James S. and Lewis S. Greves, who are established in business in New York City; two sisters, Mrs. A. G. McCullum and Mrs. Calvin Clark, who reside in Marshall, Mich., and one brother, Samuel P. Greves, of Baton Rouge, La., to mourn his death.

WILSEY G. BARNES

Wilsey G. Barnes died at the residence of his sister, Miss Hattie E. Barnes, No. 43 Green street, Battle Creek, Nov. 4, 1889, at 10 o'clock, a. m. of consumption, aged 55 years, 6 months and 19 days. Deceased was father of George S. Barnes, editor of the Michigan Poultry Breeder, and brother of P. H. and Charles E. Barnes. He was born in Canajoharie, N. Y., April 15, 1834, and at an early age moved with his parents to South Byron, N. Y. At the age of thirteen years he entered a general store and continued as a clerk for nine years, when he secured a situation as salesman in the wholesale grocery house of Slauson, Pick & Co., Rochester, N. Y. Subsequently he entered into the wholesale grocery business for himself. The greater portion of his life was spent in Rochester as an active business man, where he is well and favorably known. He was a member of Dr. Shaw's Presbyterian church and Rochester lodge, No. 660, F. and A. M. At one time deceased manufactured and sold the Spenser fruit jar, and for several years was the

sole proprietor of the "Trix" perfume manufacturing company. He sold out the latter business nine years ago on account of his health and moved to Lodi, Kalkaska county, Mich., expecting that the invigorating climate of northern Michigan would restore his health. At that place he opened a general store and was appointed postmaster, and continued in business until one year ago last July, when his health became so much worse that he was brought to Battle Creek by his brothers. Deceased has twice been married; both wives now being dead; his only survivor being his son George.

MRS. WILLIAM R. MCCALL

Mrs. William R. McCall, who has been in failing health for some time, was taken with congestive chills Friday afternoon and died at about 4 o'clock the next morning, Nov. 16, 1889.

Amanda Brown was born at Penn Yan, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1815. Her young life was not different from that of children of that period. When about sixteen years old she made a public profession of religion, uniting with the M. E. church at her native place, and about the same time began teaching school, following that vocation until her marriage to Cyrus Russell, at her father's home in Penn Yan, Feb. 8, 1838. In 1857 they moved to Plover, Wis., where Mr. Russell died Jan. 12, 1870, and three years later she came to Marshall to make her home with her sister, Mrs. Justin Bowman. March 21, 1876, she was united in marriage with William R. McCall, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, who died Sept. 13, 1883. Immediately after marrying Mr. McCall she transferred her church relationship to the Presbyterian church of Marshall, of which her husband had been a member since its organization. Of her eight children, four died in infancy; the others grew to maturity, but all died before their mother; John B., a union soldier in the war of the rebellion, was killed at Rappahannoc, Nov. 7, 1863; Henry C., a lumberman, was accidentally killed on a raft at Little Bull Falls, Wis., April 30, 1866; Mary Russell Walker, died at her mother's home in Plover, Wis., Dec. 12, 1862, leaving one son who is the sole living representative of her immediate family; and Mrs. Ada Russell Coddington, who died July 14, 1876. Of her father's family, Mrs. William N. Keeler, of Iowa, and Mrs. Justin Bowman of Minnesota, are the only ones to survive her.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, at the Presbyterian church, Rev. J. H. Tanner of the M. E. church officiating.

MRS. JESSE E. CHURCH

Julia Bailey Church died at the residence of her son Dr. William B. Church of Marshall, Nov. 20, 1889, in the eighty-eighth year of her age.

Julia Bailey was born in Oneida county, New York, Aug. 22, 1802. She was married to the Rev. Jesse E. Church in Chautauqua County, New York, the 30th day of March, 1829. They went directly to their new home in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, where were born unto them nine children of whom seven are still living. Of these Judge Church, C. C. Church, wife and son, of Illinois, Mrs. Thomas G. Emsley, and Mrs. Dr. Dakin of Iowa, and Dr. William B. Church and family attended the funeral. The other two children live in Fresno, California.

Rev. Jesse E. Church, with his family, came to Marshall in 1865, where they have since resided with the exception of two years' absence with their eldest son in Nebraska.

Father Church died on his way back to Marshall at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Dakin, at Mason City, Iowa. Mother Church went to her grave not only mourned by her children but by her many friends, especially those connected with the Christian church.

The funeral was largely attended. The sermon and all the services impressive and appropriate. The easy chair that had been provided for her use at the church for the past year was draped and ornamented with flowers. She had been an active and faithful member of the Christian church for more than seventy years. Her long life was full of wise and kind thoughtfulness for others. Whatever may be in store for those who live uprightly and unselfishly we may confidently anticipate for her.

MRS. ANDREW J. LARAWAY

Died, at her home in the town of Marshall, Calhoun county, Mich., on Nov. 25, 1889, Mrs. Sarah McCormick Laraway, wife of A. J. Laraway, aged nearly sixty years. Her faith in Christ whom she accepted as her only Savior in the early years of her life, was as an anchor to her soul in all the years that followed. Amid all the vicissitudes and varied experiences incident to a mother's life, in the rearing of a family, her religion served her well, affording peace amid toil and care, and joy in the midst of sorrow. The bereaved husband and children arise and call her blessed, witnessing to her faithfulness as a devoted and affectionate companion and wife, and loving and faithful mother. Her last days, although days of much bodily suffering were days of

rejoicing to her in that they were bringing her to the fruition of her hope, and when the final moment came she calmly kissed her loved ones good bye and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Her funeral took place on Wednesday, Nov. 27, at the home, conducted by Rev. J. A. Young. Sermon from II Timothy, 4: 6-8, after which the remains were taken to Jackson for burial, where her children and other relatives live.

ROBERT HUSTON

Who died at his residence in Marshall, Dec. 16, 1889, was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1807, the fifth of the eleven children of William and Mary Huston. In 1827 he came to Michigan with his parents, who settled in Canton township, Wayne county. While living there he married Miss Emily E. Hanford, and in 1834 bought a new farm in Lenawee county, which he began "breaking up," but sold to good advantage the next year, 1835, and immediately came to Marshall. He soon bought a farm of new land in Marengo, and began making himself a home there. During the next eight years he and his good wife endured their full share of the privations which fell to the lot of the pioneer farmers of those days, and in 1843 Mrs. Huston sickened and died leaving him one son, their daughter having died in infancy. In 1844 he sold his farm to Lewis Townsend, and removed to Marshall, where he has since lived, at the corner of Green and Jefferson streets. In 1855 Mr. Huston married Mrs. Harriet B. Hodge, who survives him.

In 1831 he united with the M. E. church near his father's home in Canton, Wayne county, and transferred his membership to the church in this place when he first came here, but in 1861 or '62 he withdrew and united with the Trinity Episcopal church, where he has since been a highly respected and honored member, and has been several times chosen a vestryman.

After moving to Marshall he was, for many years, interested with others in the hardwood lumbering at "The Junction" in Convis township, having personal charge of the mill and business, which, by his careful management he made very successful. While so engaged he became thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country, and was elected supervisor of the township in 1854; he was village treasurer in 1851 and 1852, and was supervisor of Marshall township in 1856 and 1857 when the village and township were one assessment district; was also chosen to the same position in the city in 1867, and re-elected continuously until 1875, holding the office eight terms. He was chairman of the building committee of the board of supervisors during the con-

struction of the new court-house. He was also a member of the school board eleven years continuously up to September, 1876.

The only surviving member of his father's family is John, of Canton, who is eighty years old and in feeble health, and therefore could not attend the funeral.

ZACCHEUS MEAD LESTER

Zaccheus Mead Lester who died suddenly of heart disease while ringing the bell in the Christian church, Sunday evening, December 1, 1889, was born in Duanesburg, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1814, being 75 years, 10 months and 27 days old at death. He was converted at the age of eighteen years and united with the M. E. church on probation, but before his probation expired he became acquainted with the Christian people and united with them in full fellowship. He came west in 1832 and settled in his first home near Marshall; and the whole of his subsequent life has been identified with the Christian church in Marshall, of which he was one of the nine original members. He was thrice married. Two sons were born of his first wife, one of whom, Z. Alton, died at the age of twenty-two years. The other, Stephen W., resides in Troy, Pa. Of Deacon Lester it can truly be said "he died at his post."

ISAAC GARRATT

Died, Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1889, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. W. Carpenter of Indianola, Iowa, Isaac Garratt, father of Caleb Garratt of Pennfield, aged 99 years 7 months and 26 days.

Isaac Garratt was born in Duchess county, N. Y., April 14, 1790. When three years of age, his parents moved to Canada where he lived till manhood. In the war of 1812 he was in the British militia, but never was in actual service. Shortly after he returned to N. Y. where in 1824 he was married to Esther Carman, with whom he lived nearly sixty years. Returning again to Canada he lived there until 1834 when he again moved to Seneca Co., N. Y., where he cast his first vote for presidential candidate in 1836. In 1845 he moved to Michigan, and in 1848 to the farm in Pennfield where he resided until 1884, when he went to Iowa and remained until his death.

He leaves five children; three daughters living in Iowa; one son in N. Y., and one here. His wife died in 1872.

Isaac Garratt was a man of upright character and sterling integrity. His life almost spanned the life of constitutional government in this country.

ALLAN MORSE

Allan Morse died at his rooms on East Main street, Battle Creek, Jan. 26, 1890, at 3 o'clock, p. m. after an illness of several weeks, which followed a severe attack of la grippe.

Allan Morse was born in Bolton, Vermont, in 1815, and at the time of his death was in his 75th year. The early part of his life was spent in his native state, where he was for a long time engaged in staging it over the mountains from Boston. It was before the time of railroads, and young Morse was considered the best "four in hand" driver in all that section of the country.

During the war Mr. Morse was engaged in trade at the front on his own account, but was not an enlisted man. After this, in 1867, he came to Battle Creek, where he leased and conducted the Kellogg House for a couple of years, that being the leading hotel at that time. As a landlord, Mr. Morse was a success, his genial nature bringing him many friends and filling his house with paying customers.

In 1870 he opened up the Morse House near the old Michigan Central depot, which at once became the leading public house and held its prestige while he continued to manage it, which he did for two years. During this time the house had the run of all the traveling public, and many a traveling man throughout the state will remember the manner in which the hotel was conducted, and the excellent table which always greeted the hungry traveler.

In 1872 Mr. Morse retired from the hotel business to accept the position of city marshal, which he filled for several years. Since that time the deceased has been almost continually in the city's employ in one capacity or another, and at the time of his death was street commissioner. He was a most excellent public servant, having decided notions about his duties, which no coaxing or flattery could change.

Mr. Morse was a widower, having buried his wife in 1883. He has four brothers living, one at Bolton, Vt.; one at Montpelier, Vt.; one in Nebraska, and one in Windsor, Mo. His children who survive him are Frank, of Grand Rapids; George, of Battle Creek; James, of Chicago; and an adopted daughter, Mrs. C. E. Gerardin, of Detroit. George and Mrs. Gerardin were with him at the time of his death.

MRS. LEMAN VAN VALKENBURG

Died, from an attack of la grippe, at her home in Ceresco, Jan. 26, 1890, Mrs. Leman Van Valkenburg, aged 75 years and 5 months. Mrs. Van Valkenburg came in 1848 from New York to Ceresco, where she has

since resided. Sixteen years ago she buried her husband. She was one of the oldest residents, and leaves two children, Mrs. Joseph Mickel and Albert Van Valkenburg, of Ceresco, and many friends to mourn her loss.

MRS. EDWARD GREENMAN

Mrs. Edward Greenman died Sunday, Jan. 12, 1890, at about 2:30 p. m., in Convis. The day before Christmas she came into town to do some shopping, and while here was stricken down without a moment's warning, and remained in that helpless, suffering condition at the residence of S. M. Abbey until she died, which lacked only two days of being three weeks. During that time Mrs. Edwin Greenman and Mrs. Daniel Greenman, wives of Mr. Greenman's sons, assisted in caring for the sick woman. One or the other was constantly in attendance. Mrs. Abbey and daughter also gave their undivided attention to ministering to her and the attending friends. The deceased was a native of New York, coming to Michigan when a child, and lived the greater portion of her life in Nashville. Her maiden name was Ellen Graham. When she was about fourteen years of age her mother died, leaving to her care a large family of smaller brothers and sisters, to whom she was mother and sister in one. She possessed a most amiable, lovely disposition, having many friends and no enemies. She married Mr. Greenman eleven years ago, since which time she resided in Convis.

MRS. GEORGE S. WOOLSEY

Martha A. Lamphier was born Feb. 8, 1847, at East Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., and when four years old came to Michigan with her parents. Her home was in Parma and Albion until about 18 years of age, when she removed with her widowed mother to Convis township. Jan. 1, 1867 she was married to George S. Woolsey, and has resided in Marshall township since that time. She was the mother of four sons and four daughters, two of whom have gone before her to their heavenly home. She made a public profession of religion and united with the Baptist church of Marshall in 1872, since which time she has ever exemplified the love of the Saviour by her everyday life. Since children were sent to bless her happy home she has always lived in and for her family, for whom she labored with characteristic self-denial and devotion, never thinking of self, but always mindful of the wants of those under her care, and yet was not forgetful of the need of others, as her neighbors freely testify.

Last spring she was attacked by that merciless disease, consumption, and although everything possible which a loving husband and children

could do or procure was done for her, she continued to fade away; the death, in August last, of her little daughter Ruthie, affecting her very much, but she endured her long illness with wonderful christian fortitude, submitting without a murmur to the will of her God, and always looking to the bright "Home over there" with a faith beautiful to witness. Surrounded by those to whom she was nearest and dearest, and in whose hearts her memory will always remain enshrined, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 15, 1890, in Marshall, her age being 43 years and 7 days.

The funeral was held Tuesday, Feb. 18, at the family residence, her pastor, Rev. W. W. Whitcomb, officiating, and the remains were laid to rest in the North Marshall cemetery. The large attendance, the beautiful floral offerings (among which was an elegant design from the high school classmates of her children, Edgar and Mary), all evinced the high esteem in which she—the wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend—was held.

"Fold the once busy hands
Over the quiet breast;
Broken, the household bands—
Our mother is at rest.

"Closed are the loving eyes,
Never again to weep;
Hushed be our selfish cries—
Our mother sweetly sleeps.

"Lips that have fondly pressed
In childhood's days, our own
With love not half expressed—
Our mother hath gone home.

"Feet that had weary grown,
Yet all our toil would share,
Rest now; she hath gone home—
Our mother waits us there."

JOSIAH GRAY

Mr. Josiah Gray, of Battle Creek, was struck by the Kalamazoo accommodation a short distance west of the station at 8 o'clock, p. m., Feb. 22, 1890, and instantly killed.

Mr. Gray was in his 82d year and for the past six years has been a resident of Battle Creek. He came here from Marshall at which place he had resided, previous to his removal to Battle Creek, for upwards of half a century. He leaves two children, Arthur, of Chicago, and Frank, of this place, and a step daughter, Mrs. Dr. Bristol, at whose home the

funeral services were held on Tuesday last, after which the remains were taken to Marshall for burial.—*Albion Recorder, March 1.*

WILLIAM RUSH

William Rush, who died February 1, 1890, in Marshall, was born in Killeman, Tyrone county, Ireland, in 1817. In 1844, when he was 27 years old, he left his mother country and came to this country, making New York city his home for about three years. In 1847 he came to Michigan and settled in Marshall and made this his place of residence up to the time of his death. Mr. Rush was married in 1838. His wife died in Marshall about twenty-five years ago. Eight children survive him: three sons, Dennis, of Marshall; Thomas, of Leslie; William, of Tacoma, Wash.; and five daughters, Mrs. James Strawn, of Eaton Rapids; Mrs. A. A. Curlis, of Chicago; Mrs. E. M. Jackson, of Jackson; Mrs. M. A. Taylor, of Grand Rapids, and Miss Sadie Rush, of Marshall. Mr. Rush was an honest, hard-working citizen who commanded the respect of his neighbors and friends, who will deeply regret his death.

DAVID CURTIS SIMONS

David Curtis Simons died suddenly from a paralytic stroke at Battle Creek at 4 o'clock a. m., February 26, 1890.

Deceased was fifty-six years of age, and has lived in the State forty-six years. He was a native of Venice, Cayuga county, N. Y., and has lived within five miles of Battle Creek continually since he was ten years of age. Mr. Simons moved to Battle Creek from Pennfield about twenty years ago and engaged in the lumber business with Mason, Rathbun & Co. He continued with them three or four years, when he sold out and engaged in the insurance business, which was his occupation at the time of his death.

Mr. Simons leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn him. The family have the sympathy of a very large circle of friends in their sudden and unexpected bereavement.

PUTNAM ROOT

The death of Putnam Root, Esq., of Fredonia, who died at his residence on the 7th day of February, 1890, removes another of the few remaining early settlers and pioneers of Calhoun county.

Mr. Root was born at Sand Lake, in Rensselaer county, New York, on the 14th day of May, 1809. He removed, when about fifteen years of age, to Barre, Orleans county, and in the year 1834 he emigrated to

Calhoun county, Michigan, settling in the township of Fredonia, where he resided continuously until his death.

He was married on the 23d day of November, 1837, to Mary Jerusha Cary, who was born in Pompey, Onondaga county, New York, and who, with six children, survive him.

Mr. Root purchased from the United States the land which he afterwards improved and converted into an excellent farm and home for himself and family, and where he lived at the time of his death.

Mr. Root was endowed with an intellect of a high order, and having received a fair education in his youth and being possessed of a degree of intelligence above the average of the early settlers of his town, he was fitted to take a prominent part in the organization of his town, and for many years he was called by his fellow townsmen to responsible positions in connection with the general interest, and especially the educational interest of the township. These public trusts were performed in a manner creditable to Mr. Root and to the satisfaction of his fellow men. Mr. Root never sought political office or preferment, and only consented to fill any position of public trust at the urgent request of his neighbors.

He was held in very high esteem by all who had his acquaintance as a man of exalted personal qualities, strict integrity, excellent judgment, and commendable spirit, and he left no stain on his reputation.

By his death his widow is bereaved of an affectionate and faithful husband, his children of a kind and indulgent parent, and the community of an upright and exemplary citizen.

His memory constitutes a rich legacy to his family, of which they may be justly proud, and the name of Putnam Root will not soon be forgotten by the people of Calhoun county.

MRS. DEBORAH P. STRINGHAM

The death and funeral of Mrs. Deborah P. Stringham, widow of the late John Stringham, occurred respectively on the 19th and 21st, of March, 1890, at Augusta. She and her husband were among the prominent pioneers of Bedford. She was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1814, but spent most of her early life in western New York, where she was married and from whence she removed with her husband to Bedford and settled three miles from Battle Creek in 1836. On the farm first occupied in that year, she resided until seven years ago when she took up her abode in Augusta. Mrs. S. was a woman of rare worth and her memory is deeply revered in our midst for the many virtues

which she displayed in every walk of life. A large share of her adult career was identified with this portion of Michigan which she lived to see changed from a wilderness to its present condition and bore her full share in the labor and trial by which this change was effected. She leaves behind her a memory which will be deeply and affectionately cherished not alone by her children and relatives but by her wide acquaintance in this section of the State. Her burial took place at Oakhill in Battle Creek by the side of her husband.

WILLIAM W. WICKHAM

William W. Wickham died at his home in Emmett, on Friday, April 11, 1890, aged 57 years, 8 months and 15 days.

Mr. Wickham was born in Gaines township, Orleans Co., N. Y., and at the age of twenty-five, married Maria Connor of Barry township, New York, who still survives him. Mr. Wickham leaves five children, three sons, Herbert, Wirt and Fred, and two daughters, Nellie and Clara; and two sisters, Mrs. Benton and Mrs. Rogers. Two years after his marriage to Miss Connor, he moved to South Emmett, lived there two years and then went back to the old home at the east.

He was a faithful member of union grange near his home, also a member of Calhoun Co. grange. He will be sadly missed in their assemblies.

ALEXANDER MURRAY

Alexander Murray died at his home in West Leroy, April 11, 1890, and was buried from the M. E. church near by, the Sabbath following. The deceased was born in the county of Down, Ireland, in 1830, married Margaret Dines in 1851, and coming to America in 1854 they settled in Genesee county, N. Y. They came to Michigan in 1858 and made their home in Charleston, Kalamazoo county, but for a number of years have lived in Leroy. He leaves a wife and eight of their twelve children.

MRS. HARMON L. SPALDING

Mrs. Jane Fort Spalding was born in Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1808, was married to Harmon L. Spalding, Dec. 1, 1852, and came at once to Marshall, Mich., where she has ever since resided.

Twelve years ago she buried her husband who had been for many years a worthy and faithful member and deacon in the Christian church. For nine years afterward she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Collins, but just four years ago, from the day she died, she moved back to the old home to live with her daughter, Mrs. Bisbee. She had no

children of her own but had endeared herself to her stepchildren, one son and two daughters, by all those ties of love and faithful devotion which made her one of the truest, and best of mothers. She leaves two sisters, one older the other younger than herself who live in the State of New York.

Her long affliction so patiently borne came to a happy and peaceful end at 2 o'clock, Monday morning, April 14, 1890, at Marshall.

HENRY M. CRONIN

Mr. Cronin died at 6 o'clock, Friday morning, April 11, 1890. He was born at Ypsilanti, Washtenaw county, Mich., Jan. 31, 1836, and the next year was brought to Marshall, where he has since had his home. While he was a lad he attended school, and afterwards, for several years, clerked in the store of his brother, the late Jeremiah Cronin, Jr. In 1869, he and his brother Thomas L. began business for themselves, opening a grocery stock in the west store of the Stuart stone block. That the business of the firm was a successful one is attested by the beautiful double building which they erected and occupied in 1876. He was never married, but always resided with his parents as long as they lived, and since with his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Devereaux, devoting such time as he had from business to their happiness and comfort.

MRS. PUTNAM ROOT

Mary J. Cary was born Feb. 6, 1819, at Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y. When quite young she moved with her parents to Barre, Orleans county, and at the age of fourteen came to Fredonia, Mich., where on the 23d of November, 1837, she was married to Putnam Root and went to the home which she occupied at the time of her death.

For more than half a century Mrs. Root was known in the home as an affectionate wife and loving mother and in the neighborhood as a kind and obliging friend.

Coming as she did into a new country, she endured the privations incident to pioneer life with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, never thinking of self, but for the comfort of those around her.

She, with her estimable husband, lived to see the wilderness blossom like the rose. Truly "her children rise up and call her blessed," for her daily life ever exemplified the religion of Christ.

Six children, two sons and four daughters, survive her.

O, the memory of our mother,
In our hearts will ever dwell,
Like sweet incense; and no other
Love like hers our lives can fill.

COL. NORRIS J. FRINK

The announcement at eight o'clock Tuesday morning, April 29, 1890, at Marshall, that "Nod" Frink had just died but a few moments before caused an expression of surprise and sadness from everyone.

Norris Joseph Frink was born in Marshall, March 9, 1842, the second child of the Hon. Joseph Colton Frink and Amelia Caroline Norris. His childhood and youth were spent here, he always being one of the leaders among his associates in their games and pleasures, and it was then that he laid the foundation of that popularity which has ever since been his to enjoy.

Mr. Frink was married March 29, 1870, to Isabella W. Gorham, daughter of the Hon. Charles T. Gorham, of Marshall, who, with their only child, Miss Amelia Norris Frink, survive to mourn the loss of a beloved husband and honored father. Mr. Frink's mother, a sister, and three brothers also survive him.

Aug. 10, 1862, before he had attained his majority, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 25th Mich. Vol. Inft., and appointed a recruiting officer. With the men enlisted by him he mustered into the United States service on the 22d of Sept., being of Co. A. One week later the regiment left Kalamazoo for Louisville. December 27, near Munfordville, Ky., in a skirmish, the regiment met the enemy for the first time. Thence they went to Bowling Green and to Lebanon, taking part about the first of April, 1863, with the troops under Gen. Manson, in the pursuit of the rebels under Pegram. Thence to Louisville, where they were detailed to provost and guard duty, tiring of which, Lieut. Frink resigned October 29.

The next season, when the 28th Infantry was being recruited, and was rendezvoused in Marshall, Mr. Frink again entered the service, being appointed captain and recruiting officer. The 28th and 29th regiments were consolidated as the 28th, and were mustered October, 26, 1864, Mr. Frink having been commissioned as major. The regiment was assigned to the 23d army corps, and participated in the battles about Nashville, Tenn., December 12-16, "where it fully established a reputation as a gallant regiment, and at once reached the uniform high standard of Michigan troops." In January, 1865, they were transferred to Paducah, Ky., thence to Alexandria, Va., and then, by ocean transports and rail to Newbern, N. C., reaching there February 25. March 2 they left with Rugers' division, and joined Gen. Cox, constituting a part of the force concentrating in the vicinity of Wilmington to coöperate with Gen. Sherman's army on its approach to the

coast. The regiment participated in the fighting at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8-10, and it was Major Frink's gallantry at that time, which secured for him the appointment, dated March 13, 1865, of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel of U. S. Volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services." The war closed soon after, but the 28th was engaged in guard duty at various points in North Carolina until June 5, when they were mustered out and sent to their homes.

Most of the time since the war Mr. Frink has been engaged in business in Marshall, first in his father's private banking house, and then in the First National Bank, where he has been cashier for many years —a position for which, if we may judge from the unusually large amount of business he would transact without error in a short time, he was the best qualified of all the persons who ever filled a similar place in Marshall.

At the annual school meeting September 4, 1882, Mr. Frink was elected a member of the school board, and at the organization of the board was chosen director, a position he has held continuously since, being, at the time of his death, upon his third term as a trustee.

Mr. Frink was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having passed every degree, and occupied many of the chairs in the lodges of Marshall, was a past eminent commander of Marshall Commandery, No. 17, Knights Templar; and had many times been a representative to the State bodies. He was also a member of DeWitt Clinton Consistory, Ancient Scottish Rite, of Grand Rapids, being the only 32d degree mason of Marshall. He was also master of the third vail in the Grand Chapter, R. A. M. of Michigan.

Mr. Frink was a member and past commander of C. Colegrove Post, G. A. R., of Marshall, and also a companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, belonging to Detroit Post. He was also a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Knights of the Maccabees, the Marshall Club, and other social clubs of Marshall.

Politically Mr. Frink was a Republican of the most uncompromising kind, and for many years has been one of the party leaders in Marshall and county; having repeatedly been a delegate to the county, congressional district, and State conventions. Although often urged to accept nominations on his party ticket he invariably refused, until, in the spring of 1888, the leading Republicans of Marshall, feeling that the election of a Republican mayor would have a good influence upon the coming fall campaign, held a meeting and prevailed upon him to allow the use of his name for that honorable position. The result was his nomi-

nation, and election by a majority of 198, the city being 130 Democratic on a straight vote. That his was one of the most successful administrations ever enjoyed by the city, is conceded by everyone.

At a special meeting of the school board held in the forenoon, of May 1, the following were adopted:

Our esteemed fellow citizen and faithful co-laborer for many years past on the board of education, Norris J. Frink, departed this life on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1890, in the meridian of his usefulness.

It is with deep concern and grief that the public has witnessed his untimely demise.

The universal expression of sorrow and of the high esteem in which he was held, speak volumes for his many social and sterling qualities of head and heart.

To us, who are acquainted with his many years of faithful service on the board of education for the city of Marshall and his fidelity to the cause of education in our midst and to all its varied interests, his summons hence comes, not only with all the force and poignancy of a personal grief and loss, but as a sad reminder that the public has been bereft of the services of a capable and earnest man, of a faithful guardian of its interests and welfare.

The sunshine of his genial spirit, his frank friendship, his discriminating judgment, his painstaking interest in any task committed to his charge, his intense hatred of fraud and shams, his clear, clean cut, outspoken business ways and methods, are treasured memories of a busy life;

Resolved, That the foregoing simple expression of our esteem and respect for the deceased be spread upon the records of the board;

Resolved, Also, that the schools of the city be suspended on the day of the obsequies.

A committee appointed by C. Colegrove Post, G. A. R., May 1, adopted the following:

Whereas, The all seeing Father, has, in his wise providence, seen fit to remove from earth life our comrade, Norris J. Frink, therefore; be it

Resolved, That in the death of Past Commander Comrade Norris J. Frink, this post has met with an irreparable loss;

Resolved, That we revere his memory as a true patriot, and one of our most honorable and prominent citizens, and that we enter into heartfelt sympathy with his afflicted family in their great sorrow.

Special meeting of the common council held at the council room April 30, 1890, Mayor Bosley presiding, present full board.

Alderman Connor offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recognize in the death of Col. N. J. Frink, ex-mayor of this city, the death of one who, during his entire life, strove earnestly to promote the welfare and prosperity of the city and its citizens, and who so richly deserved and had the esteem and regard of the citizens and who leaves behind him a most noble and manly private record worthy to be emulated by others, and a public record so becoming to an honorable citizen;

Resolved, Therefore, that the city flag be hung at half mast until after the interment, as a fit and proper mark of respect and esteem for the deceased and the bereaved family;

Resolved, Also, that these resolutions be made a public record and printed in the city papers and a copy of the same be presented to the family, and that we recommend that all business places be closed in honor of the deceased between the hours of two and four p. m. on Friday, May 2, 1890.

Also, that all ex-mayors of this city, the school board and cemetery board of control be invited to join us in attendance at the funeral services.

That we assemble at the council rooms at two p. m., May 2, for that purpose.

Ex-mayor Wagner being present made the following address:

May it please Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Common Council:

As my immediate successor to the office of mayor of this city, I deem it appropriate upon this occasion to say a few words, as well as my humble abilities will permit, in respect at the memory of Norris J. Frink.

His death so unexpected, has cast a gloom of sadness and sorrow over this community that nothing but time can dispel. Upon his loving family and those so near and dear to him it has cast a bereavement so deeply impressed that even time itself, I fear, will never obliterate.

I had the pleasure early in life to form the acquaintance of Mr. Frink and for more than twenty years circumstances have thrown me into almost daily intercourse with him, either socially or in a business way. During all those years every opportunity has been afforded to study his characteristics and to judge of his sterling merits as a man, as a citizen and as a friend.

The charitableness of mankind and the kindness of the human nature, which is more or less implanted in the hearts of all men, impel us, when the cruel hand of death takes from us a cherished friend, to speak only of his good deeds through life and to overlook all his faults. I am glad it is thus. It is right, it is just, it is Godlike. But in speaking of the life of Norris J. Frink we speak of an exceptional man. His faults, if any he had, were of such minor consequence as to be entirely unnoticeable. While on the other hand, the goodness and the greatness of his character shone with undimmed lustre upon every transaction of his daily life. Ask the man of wealth who has had occasion to transact business with him involving great interests and he will tell you that Mr. Frink transacted that business with accuracy, and with rare good judgment. Ask the merchants and the business men of our city who have had daily business transactions with him for many years and they will tell you the same. Then go to the lowly cottage of the poor man, who occasionally has had some small favor to ask, but which to him was of much consequence, and he will tell you that Mr. Frink was ever his friend.

He was always the same affable and obliging gentleman to all with whom he came in contact, whether high or low, rich or poor. His sense of honor was of the loftiest degree and he spurned the man who would stoop to a dishonorable act. His integrity could not be assailed and his character was ever above the slightest reproach. As we now look backward over the eventful life of this man and think of the noble qualities he possessed, both of head and heart, we find it almost impossible to adequately express, in language sufficiently strong, our great appreciation of him as a citizen, a neighbor and a friend. We can but contemplate with feelings of the profoundest sorrow that he should be stricken down by the hand of death just as he had reached the zenith of a noble manhood. But, my friends, we can not recall to life Norris J. Frink. We must bow in humble submission to Him who controls the destinies of all men.

All that we can now do is to leave upon record words of comfort to the estimable wife and to the loving daughter, who was the very pride of his soul and who is now just stepping upon the threshold of womanhood, that she may not only now, but in after and more mature years, when thoughts come over her mind of the loss of her beloved father, have this fact to console her: that those who knew her father long and knew him well have placed on record their appreciation of his noble qualities; that he has left behind him a spotless name and a memory that is enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him and, which neither time nor circumstances will ever dim.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wagner's address Alderman Connor made a few impressive remarks and moved that ex-Mayor Wagner's address be added to the resolutions, which was unanimously adopted.

Council adjourned until next regular meeting.

JOHN WHALEN,
Recorder

JOSEPH G. LODGE

Joseph G. Lodge, for several years past a conspicuous figure at the St. Louis bar, and a well known and prominent citizen, died at his residence, No. 1827 Mississippi avenue, at 5:30 o'clock, p. m., January 15, 1890, at St. Louis, Missouri, after a brief illness. He was born near Camden, N. J., January 27, 1840, and hence at the time of his death was upon the verge of his fiftieth birthday. His father was James M. Lodge, a distinguished citizen of his vicinity, and who occupied several prominent positions. After the usual preliminary course he entered the law department of the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, and graduated in 1862. He afterward en-

tered the law office of R. P. Toms, Esq.,[1] of Detroit, where he remained a short time, and then located at Battle Creek, Mich., where he formed a partnership with Judge Philip Emerson, afterward United States Circuit Judge at Salt Lake City, Utah. During his residence at Battle Creek he was elected city treasurer and prosecuting attorney, and laid the foundation that afterward made him so distinguished as a criminal lawyer in after years. On October 24, 1868, he married Miss Mary S. Saitor, of New Jersey, by whom he had four children. After her demise he married Miss Kate Bertram, by whom he had one child, and who, with all of his children, survives him. He located in St. Louis October 1, 1871, and soon established a lucrative practice, being considered one of the most successful criminal lawyers in the country. It is said of him that he never lost a case in which the life of his client was involved. A motion made by him at a critical time, and sustained by the court, saved the neck of the murderer Kring, and enabled Kring to live to die a natural death long afterward. He had a hand in nearly all of the important criminal trials that have taken place in St. Louis during the past decade, and was almost uniformly successful. He cleared Dr. Coates, who shot Dr. Keith down upon the public street in a rather sensational manner, not long since. He defended Mrs. Donnelly in the celebrated slander case begun against her by Father Gleason in the criminal court. His cases were too many to be enumerated, his last one of prominence being the clearing of young Emil Guenther, who was charged with parricide. Mr. Lodge was associated for several years with Gov. Charles P. Johnson and John D. Johnson, and at the time of his death with Mr. John A. Talty,[2] the well known civil lawyer.

JOAB PERRY

Joab Perry was born in New Berlin, Chenango county, N. Y., June 4, 1805, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Way, in Convis, May 8, 1890, after a brief illness of only five days' duration, at the extreme age of almost eighty-five years. When about fifteen years old he moved to Virgil, New York, where in 1825 he was married to Miss Jane Crawford, with whom he lived fifty long, happy years. In 1834 he with his family moved to Michigan, then the far west, and located in Homer. Four years later he settled in Convis, where for fifty-two years he has lived. There are a few among us who know what Convis was at that time, but the majority can only imagine its vast woods thronged with Indians and wild beasts. From these forests he carved a home for himself and family. The pleasant farm on which his daughter, Mrs. Henry

[1]See appendix.

[2]John A. Talty was appointed Judge of the Court of Criminal Corrections in St. Louis in the year 1890.

Dilno, now lives, was the old homestead upon which he settled more than a half century ago. He was the father of seven children, five of whom survive him. At one time he was a member of the Bellevue M. E. church and a class leader, but for the last thirty or thirty-five years of his life he was a convert of spiritualism and died in that faith, willing and ready to go to the home from whence none return. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. M. Edmonds, from the home on Sunday, May 11, at 10:30 a. m., and the remains interred in the Bellevue village cemetery beside his wife.

CASS COUNTY

JUDGE CHARLES W. CLISBEE

Charles W. Clisbee was born in Cleveland, Ohio, July 24, 1833, and had thus but just passed his 56th year at the time of his decease, which occurred Aug. 18, 1889. At the age of five years he came to Cassopolis with his parents, Lewis and Hannah Clisbee, thus being one of the oldest residents of the county. He has ever since held interests here and is identified with much of the subsequent history of the village and county.

In 1846 he went back to Ohio and after five years of preparation entered Oberlin college. Having to depend on his own resources for education, he was soon afterward compelled to leave school, and adopted the profession of a teacher in order to work his way through school. After teaching one year in Rochester, this State, he entered Williams college, and is an alumnus of that celebrated institution of learning.

Having determined to follow the legal profession he entered the law department of Hamilton college, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1856. He was admitted to the bar and after two years in the office of Hon. John Crowell at Cleveland he returned to this county, in which he served as circuit court commissioner from 1858 to 1862. In that year he was elected prosecuting attorney, a position he held four years.

From that time on he has been a prominent factor in State and National politics, having been elected delegate at large from this State to the Republican National convention which met in Baltimore in 1864 and renominated the lamented Lincoln, our martyred President, for his second term.

In 1866 he represented Cass county in the State Senate, and again in 1868 was a delegate to the National Republican convention which nom-

inated for the presidency, the great soldier and statesman, Gen. U. S. Grant. The following year he was appointed Reading Clerk of the National House of Representatives. His clear and penetrating voice and commanding presence eminently fitted him for this position and he filled it with honor until 1873, when the wheel of fortune placed the Democracy in power, and the Judge, accepting the fortunes of war, returned to the quiet pursuits of village life and practiced his profession here until called to assume his old position of Reading Clerk of the House on the return of Republican ascendency in 1881. He held this position up to the opening of the session of the forty-seventh Congress, when he was stricken with paralysis in the prime of manhood. While he never fully recovered from this his indomitable will knew no bounds, and he has continued in active service until laid low by the hand of death. In his professional career Mr. Clisbee had attained an eminent position, having been judge of this judicial circuit in 1878. For several years past he has devoted a large part of his attention to securing pensions for disabled veterans and many are the number who are indebted to him for his untiring zeal in securing for them their just dues.

He was a prominent figure in all Republican gatherings, county, state, and national, and his selection as Secretary of the last three Republican National conventions shows his prominence in the deliberations of his party.

The funeral services were conducted at his late residence Tuesday afternoon, the short and impressive ceremonies being conducted by Rev. Charles Ager, of Niles.

The high estimation in which the deceased was held was attested by the large concourse of people who followed the remains to their last resting place in Prospect Hill cemetery. The Knights Templar of the Niles Commandery, of which the deceased was a prominent member, as well as the county bar, were in attendance at the funeral services, while large delegations of Masons from Dowagiac, Vandalia and other places assisted Backus lodge in conducting the ceremonies at the grave.

From the Chicago *Times* of Tuesday we reprint the following mention of our distinguished dead:

WELL REMEMBERED IN WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C., Aug. 19.—[Special.] Washington forgets even men who have been prominent in the affairs of the national government, but it is not often that the bright and clever, and popular men, such as was Charles W. Clisbee of Michigan, are forgotten even in the whirl of political life. He is remembered as a handsome, manly man, who, back

in the days when the Republicans controlled the House of Representatives, occupied a place at the desk in front of the Speaker and served as one of the reading clerks. Dr. Mahaffey, then a Pennsylvanian, now of Washington but at present out of the city, was Clisbee's companion at the desk where they served during the forty-third and forty-fourth Congresses. Then came the long period of Democratic control in the House, extending up to the forty-seventh Congress, when, the Republicans having the majority, Clisbee was called back to his old place. He served up to the beginning of the forty-eighth Congress, when he was suddenly stricken with a touch of paralysis induced by indigestion, and from this on never fully recovered.

Clisbee was a tall, handsome man, weighing about 230 pounds, and possessing a rich, resonant voice that was pleasing and made him a popular reader before large assemblies. During his long career in public life, which extended back to early days in the Michigan Legislature—being several times a candidate for Congress before conventions in the fourth Michigan district, and twice secretary of the Republican National conventions in Chicago—he gained a wide acquaintance among public men, with whom he was popular. But after the first touch of paralysis he was never fully himself and he took no active part in the conventions. In the last convention of which he was secretary he did little of the active work of that position. He was a genial fellow, a man of ability and strength, and an official who made many friends while he served in the House.

Mr. Clisbee will be well remembered by all who attended the Republican National conventions of 1880, 1884, and 1888, and especially by Chicago Republicans, among whom he was a frequent visitor at convention and other times, often taking part in local campaigns and aiding with his magnificent stentorian voice and his ability as a speaker the political cause with which he was identified. As a reading clerk in large deliberative bodies he was probably without an equal when in his prime, his clear, far-reaching tones penetrating to the farthest corner of the assemblage, and his commanding presence enforcing the attention of all. Many who saw him only in convention times were surprised and pained to observe his wasted appearance at the convention of 1888, due to a severe illness from which he had suffered greatly; but the old spirit was unquenched and his stalwart Republicanism undimmed, and he officiated throughout the convention with his old time interest in and devotion to its business. No one who has attended the last few Republican conventions and shall attend the next one will fail to miss

the strong-lunged, courteous, and most acceptable reading clerk of the conventions of 1880, 1884, and 1888.

EATON COUNTY

D. B. HALE

Name	Date of Death	Residence	Age
Mrs. Elizabeth Boorn	September 13, 1889	Hamlin	77
Margaret Williams	October 8, 1889	Hamlin	81
Josiah Williams	April 9, 1890	Hamlin	81
Mary Ann Gillett	March 3, 1890	Eaton Rapids	70
Lois Mills	October 16, 1889	Eaton Rapids	71
Nelson Wood	March 5, 1890	Eaton Rapids	52
Theodorus D. Green	May 22, 1890	Charlotte	73
Elsey Rogers	February 8, 1890	Eaton Rapids	84
Mary Ann Baird	January 25, 1890	Charlotte	63
Thomas Brunger, Sr	December 5, 1889	Oneida	82
Lucia Chadwick	March 25, 1890	Hamlin	75
Jonathan Chadwick	April 1, 1890	Hamlin	72
Mrs. Adelia L. Gould	February 28, 1890	Kalamo	62
Daniel Carpenter	March 13, 1890	Chester	87
Mrs. Daniel Wise	April 18, 1890	Chester	100

MRS. ELIZABETH BOORN

Mrs. Boorn died in Hamlin, Eaton county, Sept. 13, 1889.

Elizabeth Jones was born in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1812. Was married to Harvey L. Boorn in Covington, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1838. Moved to Michigan with her husband in 1839, and settled on 160 acres of wild land in the township of Tyler (now Hamlin), where she had lived more than half a century at the time of her death.

MARGARET WILLIAMS

Mrs. Williams died in Hamlin, Eaton county, Oct. 8, 1889.

Margaret Jones was born in Scipio, Cayuga county, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1809, was married to Josiah Williams in 1832, and with her husband moved to Moscow, Hillsdale county, Mich., in 1839, and moved to Tyler (now Hamlin), Eaton county, in 1843.

JOSIAH WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams died in Hamlin, Eaton county, April 9, 1890. He was born in Berlin, Hartford county, Connecticut, Sept. 30, 1809. Moved to Cazenovia, N. Y., thence to York, Livingston county. Was married to Margaret Jones in Scipio, in 1832. Moved to Moscow, Mich., in 1839, thence to Tyler (now Hamlin), in 1843 and settled on the farm where he died.

MRS. MARY ANN GILLETT

Mrs. Gillett died in Eaton Rapids, March 3, 1890.

Mary Ann Eldred was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1820. She moved to Michigan in September, 1840. Was married to Matthew Gillett, May 3, 1846.

MRS. LOIS MILLS

Mrs. Mills died in Eaton Rapids, Oct. 16, 1889.

Lois Piper was born in Hancock, Vermont, Dec. 15, 1818. She moved with her parents to Tyler (now Hamlin), Eaton county, Mich., in September, 1838. Was married to Benjamin F. Mills, Feb. 5, 1844.

NELSON WOOD

Mr. Wood died in Eaton Rapids, March 5, 1890. He was born in Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y., June 28, 1819. He moved to Michigan in October, 1838. He was married to Julia Piper, Sept. 17, 1843 and settled on the farm where he died.

THEODORUS D. GREEN

Mr. Green died in Charlotte, May 22, 1890. He was born in Duanesburg, Schoharie county, N. Y., May 15, 1817. He was married to Maryette Showerman at Ft. Plains, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1839. Moved to Kalamo, Eaton county, in 1846.

ELSEY ROGERS

Elsey Rogers died in Eaton Rapids, Feb. 8, 1890.

Elsey Beedle was born in Vernon, Madison Co., N. Y., Aug. 30, 1806. When but two years old her parents moved to Sweden, Monroe Co., N. Y. She was married to Orrin Rogers, Feb. 26, 1826, who died Oct 21, 1869. She with her husband moved to Michigan in 1834 and settled on a new farm in the almost unbroken wilderness.

MARY ANN BAIRD

Mary Ann Baird died in Charlotte, Jan. 25, 1890. Mary Ann Brunson was born in Manlius, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1827, was married to James Baird in Ohio in 1848 and moved with her husband to Michigan in Sept., 1852.

THOMAS BRUNGER

Thomas Brunger, Sr., died in Oneida, Eaton Co., Dec. 5, 1889. He was born in Kent Co., England in 1807. Settled in Oneida in 1855, on the farm he occupied at the time of his death.

MRS. LUCIA CHADWICK

Mrs. Chadwick died in Hamlin, March 25, 1890.

Lucia Allard was born in Woodstock, Vt., July 24, 1815. She was married to Alvan Persons, Sept. 4, 1832. He died in 1834—November 11, 1840 she was married to Jonathan Chadwick, and with her husband moved to Eaton county, Mich., Sept. 1845 and soon after moved on the farm where she died.

JONATHAN CHADWICK

Mr. Chadwick died in the township of Hamlin, April 1, 1890.

He was born in the town of Sutton, New Hampshire, Jan. 13, 1818. He was married to Mrs. Lucia Persons, Nov. 11, 1840 in Woodstock, Vt. He moved to Michigan in Sept. 1845 and settled in the town of Tyler (now Hamlin) where he resided at the time of his death.

MRS. ADELIA L. GOULD

Mrs. Adelia L. Gould died in Kalamo, Eaton county, Mich., Feb. 28. 1890, aged 61 years, 6 months and 10 days.

She was born in the town of Ulysses, Tompkins county, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1828, and was married to James J. Gould, Sept. 17, 1845. They moved to Michigan in 1859 and settled in Hillsdale county, living there until June, 1867, when they came to Eaton county and settled on the farm in Kalamo where she died.

Mrs. Gould's death has left a void in the family, in the church, and in the community that cannot well be filled. As a wife, mother, and christian she was a model that we may copy. She was the mother of four children, three of whom are living.

In the hours of her suffering the welfare and comfort of those around her were paramount to her own. Her's it was to exemplify in the fullest

sense the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

A loving wife and mother, an affectionate sister, a true friend and christian has gone to her reward. She loved and trusted God, death had no terror, she was ready for the great change.

Mrs. Gould united with the M. E. church when twelve years of age, and was a devoted member until her death. The funeral was held at the M. E. church, Monday afternoon, March 3, her pastor, Rev. L. M. Edmond, officiating.

DANIEL CARPENTER

Died, at Chester, Thursday, March 13, 1890, Daniel Carpenter, aged 87 years and 6 months.

Daniel Carpenter was born in the State of Vermont, in 1802. In 1817 he went to New York State, and there in 1823 married Emily Day. Two years later they moved to Sycamore, Wyandotte county, Ohio, then a wilderness, where they settled on government land and cleared a large farm. He was the father of eight children, five of whom survive him. In 1854 he moved with his family to his late home in Chester, where he has since resided. After residing here twenty-four years, Aug. 31, 1878, he was called upon to mourn the loss of his wife. Two years later he married Emily Rosier, who still survives him. Deceased was very exemplary and temperate in all his habits, had an amiable disposition and was a kind parent. He was thrifty, energetic, and prudent in managing all business transactions and was highly respected among his wide circle of friends. Mr. Carpenter died possessed of over 1,200 acres of farming lands and was probably worth over $100,000, by far the wealthiest farmer in Eaton county. He had accumulated this large fortune by an indomitable industry and an economy altogether too strict, but one which he seemed to enjoy perfectly. He was not one of the kind who wish close dealing on one side only, but was perfectly honest with all.

MRS. DANIEL WISE

Died, at the residence of Alexander Blair, in Chester township, Friday morning, April 18, 1890, Mrs. Daniel Wise, aged 100 years, 4 months, and 17 days.

Mrs. Wise was born on the first day of December, 1789, and her long life has been one of singular activity. She was one of those sturdy pioneers who worked early and late yet maintained the best of health, and it is a remarkable fact that through all her life, sickness

visited her but rarely. An attack of the grip two or three weeks ago seized her and at her advanced age it was impossible for her to recover from its effects. Deceased celebrated her centennial anniversary last December, a fact that was extensively commented upon by the State press. The old lady leaves seven children, thirty-six grandchildren, twenty-five great-grandchildren, sixty-eight great-great-grandchildren and fourteen great-great-great-grandchildren—about 150 living descendants to mourn her loss. The funeral was held at the house, Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. Snashall, of the Baptist church, officiating, and was largely attended. The interment was at Chester Center.

GENESEE COUNTY

J. W. BEGOLE

Name	Age	Date of Death
Mrs. Addison Armstrong	69	July 6, 1889
Mr. Ezra G. Wisner	80	July 13, 1889
Mrs. Mary J. Putnam	77	July 13, 1889
Mr. Asa Wolverton	82	December 9, 1889
Dr. Luther Lee	89	December 13, 1889
Mrs. John Macken	38	January 11, 1890
Mrs. John Holstlander	70	January 16, 1890
Mrs. Paul H. Stewart	71	January 16, 1890
Mr. Ansel M. Hurd	91	January 18, 1890
Mr. William R. Hubbard	68	April 11, 1890
Mr. J. Frederic Holmes	74	April 12, 1890
Mrs. I. N. Eldredge	75	April 12, 1890
Mrs. Prudence Taylor	90	May 8, 1890
Mrs. Mary W. Wilson	70	May 11, 1890
Mrs. Louisa Moon	76	May 22, 1890
William Cumming	82	May 30, 1890

MRS. ADDISON ARMSTRONG

Mary, wife of Addison Armstrong, died Tuesday at 8 o'clock p. m., July 6, 1889, at Grand Blanc, aged about 69 years. She had been sick for the past year, being confined to her bed most of the time. Mrs. Armstrong was one of the pioneers of the town, and was well known

and universally respected. She leaves beside her husband four children—Arthur B., of Ohio, formerly a well-known business man of Grand Blanc; May, who resides at home, and two married daughters. Mrs. Armstrong was a sister of Seymour Perry, of Grand Blanc.

EZRA G. WISNER

Mr. Ezra G. Wisner, one of the pioneers of this county, died at his home in Clio, July 13, 1889. He was nearly eighty years of age, and had resided in the county over fifty years. He was for many years prominent as a manufacturer of lumber and contractor, and was one of the builders of the Flint and Fenton plank road. He was the father of Senator Chauncey W. Wisner of Saginaw, and he has a daughter, Mrs. Lewis Penoyer, also residing in Saginaw. He died of heart disease without a moment's warning.

MRS. MARY J. PUTNAM

Mrs. Mary J. Putnam, widow of the late W. H. Putnam, died on July 13, 1889, at 10:30 p. m., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Van Tine, in Flint. The cause of death was paralysis, with which Mrs. Putman was stricken down on the 1st inst., while on a visit to her daughter in Flint. She never rallied from the attack, although conscious until a short time before death.

She was born in Massachusetts seventy-seven years ago on the 3d of last November, and when a child removed to the state of New York with her parents. At the age of eighteen she was married to her late husband, who died ten years ago. In 1836 the family came to Michigan and settled at Groveland, Oakland county, removing in 1850 to Genesee county and settling at Goodrich. That village has since been Mrs. Putnam's home, as after the death of her husband she took up her residence with her son, W. H. Putnam, who with Edward J. Putnam, of Montmorency county, Mrs. Sarah J. Sawyer of Ingham county, and Mrs. Van Tine, of Flint, all children of the deceased, are left to mourn her death. Benjamin Sawyer, a brother of deceased, is also a resident of Ingham county.

ASA WOLVERTON

Asa Wolverton, an old resident of this vicinity, and a man whose residence here during the past forty years has brought about him a large circle of friends among the older pioneers of the county, died very suddenly Dec. 9, 1889, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nathan Lamson, at 317 Fifth Street, Flint.

About five o'clock in the morning he was heard to be moving in his room and his daughter was spoken to by him. He complained of his right arm paining him and of not feeling very well. Mrs. Lamson went into an adjoining room for a few minutes to procure some restoratives. Upon her return she found her father lying back in his chair dead. After the discovery of the dead body by his daughter, Dr. Fairbanks was called who pronounced the cause of death rheumatism of the heart.

The deceased was 82 years old, being born in New York state Nov. 18, 1807. He removed to this county from N. Y. in 1849 and took up a valuable tract of land in Burton township. After living here a number of years he purchased a farm in Flint township upon which he lived quite a long time. He came to Flint about one year ago and took up his residence with his daughter, Mrs. Lamson, and has resided with her since that time. He leaves to mourn his sudden departure a wife and three children, viz.: Mrs. Lamson, Mrs. Romain Putnam and Mrs. A. S. Jones, all residents of Flint, all of whom have the sympathy of many friends in their so sudden and trying ordeal.

REV. DR. LUTHER LEE

The venerable Rev. Dr. Luther Lee, the oldest Methodist Episcopal minister in Michigan, passed peacefully away at 8 o'clock Dec. 13, 1889, at his residence on West Court street. He had been in feeble health for some years, but occasionally delivered sermons and addresses. A few days before the venerable Doctor caught a severe cold, which prostrated him and was the immediate cause of his death. The end was peaceful, life departing like the setting of the sun. The death bed was attended by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Benson, who for ten years had resided with her father, and a number of sorrowing friends. The Doctor was conscious until a short time before the end. His life was a busy one, and devoted to the welfare and happiness of the human family. He was an active Christian worker until the last, and his rest is well earned. Without an enemy his death will be as universally mourned as was his life free from fault. His last sermon was preached at the Court street M. E. church on December 1, the Sunday following the date of his eighty-ninth birthday, which fell on November 30. The subject of his discourse was "The Time of My Departure is now at Hand."

From Dr. Lee's autobiography, which he published in 1882 and

which has been extensively circulated throughout the state, we learn that deceased was of pure English descent. His grandfather Lee was an Englishman and came to Boston about 1748 or 1750. He married Deborah Bundy. The union was blessed with two sons, Samuel and Moses; Samuel, the eldest, was the father of the subject of this sketch, and was born in 1754. Consequently he was twenty-one years of age at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, and entering the patriot army served his country until after the independence of the Colonies was acknowledged.

Dr. Lee's mother's maiden name was Williams. Her father was an Englishman and came to America as a soldier under General Braddock and was in the disastrous battle of Braddock's defeat. When discharged from the army he settled at Woodbury, Connecticut. Here he married Miss Thankful Spencer, of Puritan stock. Their daughter Hannah was Dr. Lee's mother. Grandfather Williams dying when he was young, she was brought up in the family of Rev. Dr. Belamy the great New England divine of that day.

When Dr. Lee's father was discharged from the army at the close of the Revolution he found his way to Woodbury and married Miss Hannah Williams, who was still living in the family of Dr. Belamy. Seven sons and two daughters were the result of their union, all of whom lived to be men and women. The youngest died at the age of fifty about thirty-five years ago, and the oldest of the family died about fifteen years ago at the advanced age of ninety-two. Dr. Lee was the last of the family.

Dr. Lee was born in Schoharie, N. Y., November 30, 1800, but his parents moved into Delaware county at the dawn of his recollection, settling in the township of Kortright. This was the neighborhood of the distinguished Bangs family. John Bangs held meetings at Dr. Lee's father's house when the subject of this sketch was seven or eight years of age, and Dr. Lee remembers he was affected "by his very loud and earnest exhortation."

At the age of nine years Dr. Lee removed with his parents into Ulster county, where his mother died four years later. The family was broken up, and the young boy left with strangers. Descending to Middletown, Delaware county, he hired himself out for the summer, and the same fall went to live with a man named Smith. He remained with this man for four years, having principal charge of a grist mill of which Smith was the owner. In the fall of 1817 the young man went to live with Daniel H. Burr, about four miles distant, agreeing to remain there until he had reached his majority. Mr. Burr was a

farmer on a small scale and also a tanner, and the young man worked at both as circumstances required.

Dr. Lee early showed the religious training he had learned at his mother's knee, and at the age of nineteen joined the M. E. church at Middletown, often speaking and praying in social and public meetings in common with others. His first address in the nature of a sermon was at the dwelling of an old Dutch class-leader named Jacob Duboys, whose house stood on the banks of the Delaware river in the town of Andes, on Nov. 25, 1821, just six days before attaining his majority. As the education the young man had received was due to his own efforts the difficulties that lay in his path to the ministry were many. He, however, kept steadily on in the path he had marked out, his career as a local preacher embracing a period of about seven years. In 1823 he settled at Plymouth, Chenango county, making that his home most of the time for two years and a half. Here he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Miller to whom he was married July 31, 1825. The following autumn the young preacher and his bride moved from Plymouth to Conquest, Cayuga county, thence removing to Victory. It was here in Victory in 1826 that Dominie Lee organized the first Sunday school he had ever seen, the first Methodist Sunday school[1] in that vicinity. In 1827 he was recommended by the quarterly conference of the Victory circuit to the Genesee annual conference, and was received on trial after having preached as a local preacher for six years. The recommendation was unsought. The Conference met at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and the young preacher was received on trial and sent to the Moline circuit, in Franklin county.

The young preacher had no sinecure in the other backwoods circuits to which he was subsequently appointed, and frequently was involved in discussions in which he was compelled to exert himself to the utmost to defend his faith against the assaults of other denominations. He was ordained an elder in 1831, and assigned to the charge at Heuvel. Rev. Lee had early taken a decided anti-slavery stand, and at the conference at New York City in 1838 strenuously defended C. K. True,[2] who was arraigned with several others to be tried for their abolitionism.

About this time he was appointed by the Utica anti-slavery convention a delegate to the Canada Wesleyan conference to represent the sentiments of the anti-slavery Methodists of the States. He attended, but failed to obtain a hearing. Charges growing out of the anti-slavery sentiments of the young preacher were preferred against Rev. Lee at the Black River conference at Fulton in 1838, but they were withdrawn.

At this conference Rev. Lee was appointed to Oswego station, but

[1]See appendix.

[2]Charles K. True was pastor of various Methodist Churches and professor of moral and intellectual philosophy as Wesleyan from 1849-1860.

before the close of the conference he accepted the agency of the New York Anti-slavery Society to lecture at large throughout the State, passing through many stormy scenes. He also made a lecturing tour of Connecticut, and in November, 1839, removed his family to Charleston, Mass., as an anti-slavery lecturer, standing with Garrison, Weed, Greeley, Phillips and Lovejoy in opposition to slavery. He was a member of the convention which met in Utica, N. Y., May 31, 1843, and which resulted in the formation of the Wesleyan Methodist church in the U. S., the split being due to the slavery question. Rev. Lee was appointed pastor of a charge of that faith at Syracuse, N. Y., and removed to that place from Andover, Mass. In 1844 he acted as president of the New York Conference of that denomination at its meeting in Syracuse.

For the four years previous to 1848 Rev. Lee edited two papers, the weekly "Wesleyan" and the semi-monthly "Juvenile Wesleyan," a Sunday school paper. He also wrote and published a "Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul." At the conference in 1848 a resolution was introduced censuring the editor of the "Wesleyan" for the course he had pursued in politics by supporting the Liberty ticket, but the resolution was voted down and Rev. Lee was re-elected editor.

In 1856 Rev. Lee was chosen professor of theology at Leoni College in this State, and removed to Michigan the same year. In 1857 he accepted a charge at Felicity, Ohio, and served there two years. It was while in this pastorate that the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Middlebury College, Vermont. In 1859 he removed to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, and while there preached a funeral sermon for John Brown, of Ossowatamie. On July 4, 1860, Rev. Lee delivered an oration from the rock overhanging John Brown's grave. In 1864 Rev. Lee was called to Adrian from Syracuse, N. Y., to accept a professorship in Adrian College,[1] a Wesleyan institution. In 1867 he resigned and the war having removed the differences went back to the M. E. church, being admitted to the Detroit conference in September, 1867. He served in different charges, the first after his reception into Detroit conference having been the Court street church, Flint. A few years later he was placed on the superannuated list, in his seventy-first year. In 1874 he was again put on the active list, and again superannuated in 1875.

For his anti-slavery efforts deceased was mobbed five times, though never seriously injured. He was connected with the Underground Railroad[2] and rendered valuable aid to many slaves in their flight from bondage.

[1]Adrian College was organized March 22, 1839.
[2]See page 248.

Dr. Lee and his wife celebrated their golden wedding in 1875, and the same year were called upon to suffer a severe bereavement in the death of their oldest son. Three years ago Mrs. Lee died, two other sons beside the one referred to having preceded her to the grave. The surviving children are Mrs. Mary Benson and Mrs. Loretta Matheson, the latter of Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

Dr. Lee at the age of about twenty-two joined the Masonic fraternity, and retained an active membership in the order throughout the anti-Masonic agitation following the Morgan incident[1] and up to the time of his death.

MRS. JOHN MACKEN

Mrs. John Macken of Flint township, passed over the dark river on the 11th of January, 1890, after three years of patient suffering, a victim of the dread disease, consumption. She was thirty-eight years of age and besides a husband, leaves four children. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Father Murphy at St. Michael's church on Tuesday morning, and were largely attended by sorrowing friends, a long cortege of whom followed the remains to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery. The deceased was an estimable woman She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hughes of Mt. Morris formerly of Flint, and her early girlhood days were spent in Flint. She enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew her, and her early calling from a life of usefulness is deeply mourned. She was a devoted wife, a kind mother, and a true friend.

MRS. JOHN HOLTSLANDER

The many friends of Mrs. John Holtslander will be pained to learn of her death, which occurred January 16, 1890, at her late home in Clayton township.

Deceased for several months had been suffering from injuries received last fall by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway, and having reached the advanced age of 70 years it shocked her constitution badly, which with the worry caused by the severe illness of her husband, John Holtslander, who is suffering from injuries caused by falling from a vehicle and striking upon his head, prostrated her.

She was beloved by all who knew her, and her death is mourned by a large circle of acquaintances besides a husband and a large family of grandchildren, who have received a mother's care at her hands, their own mother having died many years ago.

[1]See appendix.

MRS. PAUL H. STEWART

Adeline, wife of Paul H. Stewart, passed away Jan. 16, 1890, after an illness of only a few days.

She was born at Gaines, N. Y., in the year 1819. Here she resided with her parents until 1852, when she married Mr. Stewart, came to Michigan, and located on a farm near Flushing the following year. A few years later Mr. Stewart and wife removed to Flint. Mr. Stewart embarking in the hardware business, which he conducted for a number of years. During her residence in Flint, Mrs. Stewart made for herself a large circle of friends, who greatly mourn her death and absence from the Episcopal church circle, in which she had been an active worker during the many years of her membership.

No children were ever born to the union. A husband, who has reached the advanced age of 80, and three sisters and one brother survive the deceased. They are Mrs. Noah Davis, of New York City; Mrs. Daniel T. Walbridge, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Abeel, of Albion, N. Y., and George Mather, of New York City.

ANSEL M. HURD

Ansel M. Hurd was born at Gillson, N. H., June 24, 1799. Seventeen years later his father's family moved to Allegany county, N. Y., and a few years later Ansel started in life for himself in Niagara county, N. Y. In 1836 he married Ann Elizabeth Furness, who survives him. In 1844 Mr. Hurd came to Genesee county, this State, to visit a brother, and two years afterwards moved to Flint with his family and erected a little frame building at the corner of Saginaw and North Third streets, where he engaged in the harness and boot and shoe business. The property was afterwards bought by Hon. D. S. Fox, who for a number of years carried on a general mercantile business at that point. Mr. Hurd who had been in feeble health for a number of years passed to his final rest on Saturday, January 18, 1890, having passed his nintieth birthday and been an honored resident of Flint for forty-two years.

Besides his widow he leaves a family of nine grown up children, viz.: Byron, proprietor of the Sherman House, Emmet, Daniel, Mrs. Charles Adrian, Mrs. George Archer, and Miss Nettie of Flint, Hugh of Linden, Artemus of East Saginaw, and Mrs. Perrin of Manistee.

The funeral services were held at the house on Monday, Rev. W. L. Farnum officiating, and the remains were deposited in Avondale cemetery.

WILLIAM R. HUBBARD

Mr. William R. Hubbard breathed his last April 11, 1890, at his residence on North Third street, Flint, of neuralgia of the heart.

Mr. Hubbard was born in Detroit on the 14th of October, 1822, and after his father moved to Birmingham, Oakland county, he passed several of his early years there. He was married about the year 1851 to Miss Mary Jane Patton of Detroit, and after spending three years in California, he came with his young wife to make his home in Flint in 1854, where his high principles of honor, and strict integrity in his business dealings, gained for him the universal respect and esteem of all who knew him. Since Mrs. Hubbard's death in 1876 he carried on business but for a few years previous to his retiring, having Mr. C. W. Partridge in partnership with him during his latter years in business.

He married Miss Anna Partridge, sister of the Partridge Brothers, wholesale merchants of Flint, in October, 1886, and in the evening of his life he seemed to be enjoying the pleasures resulting from usually good health, ample means, a pleasant home, with the companionship of a wife who devoted her best efforts in adding to his happiness. He leaves two sons by his first marriage to whom he was deeply attached. Messrs. Knowlton H. Hubbard of Port Huron and William R. Hubbard, of the Citizens' bank, Flint. His son, William Hubbard, was present with him at the time of his death.

JOHN F. HOLMES

John Frederick Holmes passed quietly away at his late home at 310 First street, Flint, April 12, 1890. Although an invalid for a number of years, he had been confined to his bed for a period of about three weeks. The immediate cause of death was acute bronchitis and heart failure.

He was directly identified with the growth of Flint, and was among the few who saw it grow from a little village to a city of considerable beauty and size. Born in Orangeburg, Germany, in 1816, he came to this country at the age of twenty-five years, coming to Flint the year after arriving in the United States. He opened a furniture store in a frame building standing where George Bush's place of business now stands. The building burned down and he replaced it with a brick one. Entering into partnership with William Charles he continued in the furniture and cabinet business until he disposed of the furniture store to Mr. Charles early in the seventies. Mr. Holmes continued then in the

undertaking business until 1880, when, on account of failing health, he retired from active business pursuits. His wife died in 1872, leaving him with a family of seven children, five sons and two daughters, most of them residents of Flint, who receive the sympathies of many friends in their affliction. Mr. Holmes was a man who held a high position among the pioneers in the city and was a highly respected citizen of the community in which he was so long identified as one of its most prominent business men.

MRS. I. N. ELDRIDGE

Mary Louisa, wife of Dr. I. N. Eldridge, passed away April 12, 1890, the cause of death being abscess of the liver.

The deceased was born in Hebron, Conn., in the year 1815, and was a daughter of Col. Cornelius Shepard. She was married to Dr. Eldridge in New York state in the year 1838. Four years previous to removing to Flint in 1851 she resided with her husband in Ann Arbor, where he was engaged in the practice of medicine.

Out of the family of thirteen but two survive, one being Mrs. E. T. Eldridge, of Flint, and the other Col. E. H. Shepard, of Geneseo, N. Y. Dr. and Mrs. Eldridge's children are Mrs. F. H. Humphrey, of Flint; Dr. C. S. Eldridge, of Chicago, and John, Monte, Kate, and Fred, of Flint.

The deceased had been for fifty years a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and during that time took great interest in church work.

MRS. PRUDENCE TAYLOR

Mrs. Prudence Taylor, aged ninety years and ten months, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Andrews, Flint, May 8, 1890. The deceased was born at Middle Haddam, Connecticut. She came to Flint with her husband and family fifty-three years ago. Mr. Taylor died the same year that they came to Flint, and Mrs. Taylor returned to the east. About thirty years ago she came back to Flint, since which time she has resided with the family of her daughter. She was a woman of many virtues, and enjoyed an extraordinary physical constitution, but old age finally wore out life's machinery and she passed peacefully over the river. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Andrews, of Flint, she leaves a son, Nathan Taylor, of Genesee; a son at Quincy, Michigan: one at Bay City, and one at Middle Haddam, Conn.

MRS. MARY W. WILSON

Mrs. Mary W. Wilson, widow of Nahum N. Wilson, late of Flint and formerly of Thetford, died May 11, 1890, at the home of her step-son, S. J. Wilson, on Garland street, Flint, at the age of seventy years. She was a native of Vermont, and lived for many years in this county, beloved and respected by all who knew her. Six step-children survive her: S. J. Wilson and Mrs. W. H. Long, of Flint; Mrs. Miller, of Tuscola; W. H. and F. A. Wilson, of Harrison, and N. T. Wilson, of Montana.

MRS. LOUISA MOON

Mrs. Louisa Moon, widow of the late Dr. William Moon of Flint, died at her home on Garland street, May 22, 1890, after an illness of several months. She was born at Hull, England, in 1814, and came to Detroit with her parents in childhood. In 1839, she married in that city Mr. Moon, and in 1841 came to Flint with her husband to make their home here, where Mr. Moon went into the drug business, in which he was occupied many years.

In 1861, Mrs. Moon's only son gave his life to his country on the field of battle, and ten years later she was left a widow with two children, for whom, thence forward, her object in life seemed to be their future happiness and welfare.

She was a lady possessed of many fine qualities of head and heart, highly respected and esteemed by the whole community where she had passed forty-nine years of her useful life, as a kind neighbor, a sincere friend, and a true and devoted Christian. Two daughters survive her: Mrs. George Eddy of Missouri, and Mrs. Henry Sanderson of Flint.

WILLIAM CUMMING

At 8 o'clock a. m., May 30, 1890, the venerable and highly respected William Cumming, known for many years as "Scotch Cumming" died at his residence on Detroit street, Flint, aged 82 years. Mr. Cumming was born in Scotland, and came to this country forty-five years ago, stopping first in Montreal, where his friends, Mr. Carron and sister, had arrived some time before. They were natives of the same place, and soon came together to Michigan, and went into business in Flint the same year. Here Miss Agnes Carron and deceased were married, and Messrs. Cumming and Carron after some time erected the building now occupied by Pomeroy Bros., for many years known as "The Scotch Store." It was the second brick store built in Flint, and

here the firm carried on a very large trade in dry goods and general merchandise for years. They built for a home the residence on Garland street, now owned by Stephen Crocker. When the gold craze was at its height, Mr. Carron was tempted to California and thence to Australia; but returned home without having realized his brilliant expectations. Meantime his brother-in-law had experienced business reverses in Flint—it was believed at the time, chiefly owing to injudicious dealings in wool—and had to part with the "Scotch Store" and the homestead, and reside in a smaller place he owned on Detroit street. Afterwards he was for a time in business with Mr. John Partridge on Saginaw street, and finally went into the tar roofing business, at which he continued ever since. Few men were better known in Flint for forty-five years than "Scotch Cumming." Honest and kindly of heart with a true Christian spirit, always endeavoring to "do as he would be done by."

In his prosperous days he had been an active and prominent member of the Presbyterian church; and had made many friends who now unite with his afflicted widow and two sons in mourning the loss of a good man.

INGHAM COUNTY

BY C. B. STEBBINS

The number of names of pioneers who have died in Ingham county which I have been able to collect during the past year, is 33. Of these, the youngest was 35 years of age, and the oldest 91. Of those between 30 and 40 years there were, 2; 40 to 50, 5; 50 to 60, 2; 60 to 70, 8; 70 to 80, 13; just 75, 6; 80 to 90, 2; 91, 1.

To those who are interested in vital statistics, here are some notable points. The liability to death between 50 and 60 years appears to be but two against five between 40 and 50, and from 60 to 70, four times as great as from 50 to 60. The number from 40 to 70 (30 years) was 15; while from 70 to 80 (10 years) it was 13.

These facts (on a small scale, it is true) indicate that from 60 years life is rapidly increasing the down grade, which nearly doubles in the decade from 70 to 80 years.

Two of those on my list died from accidents, and one from the prevailing influenza.

MRS. CYNTHIA M. STIMSON

About 9 o'clock Tuesday night, May 14, 1889, surrounded by her weeping children and grandchildren, Mrs. Cynthia M. Stimson, in the fullness of a Christian life, peacefully yielded up her spirit to its Maker. Probably no person in Lansing was better known, particularly in church circles, and more sincerely loved by a large acquaintance than the departed. For years, until her advanced age compelled her to retire from the more active duties, she was a central figure in social and religious work. Her amiable disposition and innate kindness of heart peculiarly qualified her for the higher walks of life, and her society and influence were constantly sought after.

Mrs. Stimson's health has been uniformly good. Saturday afternoon, in company with friends, she made seven calls and gave no indications of exhaustion. Sunday she went to church, as usual, and appeared in the best of health and spirits all day. Tuesday forenoon she expressed a feeling of indisposition, and about 11 o'clock was taken suddenly ill. About 12 o'clock she became unconscious, and remained so until the pulse ceased beating at 9 o'clock p. m. Apoplexy was the direct cause of death.

The deceased was born at Morristown, N. J., April 10, 1804. In her 17th year her destiny was united to that of the Rev. Seth J. Porter at Skaneateles, N. Y., and in 1825 they removed to Janesville, N. Y., where Rev. Mr. Porter assumed the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church. Thence they went to Elkland, Pa., where they remained until October, 1833, when Kalamazoo, Michigan, became their place of residence. In 1834 Rev. Mr. Porter died, and in 1837 his widow was married to Homer Stimson.

Several removals were afterward made and in July, 1857, the subject of this narrative again resumed the weeds of widowhood. She has since lived with her son, J. B. Porter, in Lansing, where they came in 1867. The deceased leaves eight children, as follows: E. H. and J. B. Porter, Mrs. W. C. Haines, Lansing; Mrs. Henry Heydenburk, Olivet; Mrs. M. J. Kennedy, Marion, Iowa; Mrs. Clara A. Edson, Duluth, Minnesota; Albert S. Stimson, San Francisco, California; F. D. Stimson, Chicago. She leaves children and grandchildren to the number of seventy.

1889

July 28. Prof. Calvin Tracey, aged 84 years.

Prof. Tracey was born in Concord, New Hampshire, January 2, 1805; was reared on a farm and attended a neighboring academy for intel-

lectual culture. He rapidly evinced a keen taste for knowledge; studiously devoted his spare moments to its acquirement, and graduated with high honors from Dartmouth college at the age of twenty-nine years. He then located in New York city, following the profession of teaching, in which vocation he acquired an enviable reputation. In 1836, at Norwich, Connecticut, he published the Tracy arithmetic, the first publication to set forth the principles of cancellation. His work was much admired and widely used. At the time of its issue he was principal of the Norwich academy, where he had been called. When in New York he married his first wife, Maria Rowell, editor of the Mother's Magazine. In 1840 he came west, locating at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where Mrs. Maria R. Tracy died in 1855. In 1858 he came to Lansing, and was the first professor of mathematics at the Agricultural college, which position he resigned after two years' service, on account of ill health.

He married his second wife, Harriet A. Sessions, in 1859, at Lansing.

The latter portion of his life was spent in the insurance business, as Lansing agent of several insurance companies of high standing. In 1865, the Franklin street Presbyterian church was built, mainly through his untiring efforts and generously donated cash. He might, with due propriety, be termed its founder.

Prof. Tracy, as a teacher, in which pursuit he showed unusual abilities, was warmly admired by his students, many of whom are now living in Lansing. As a business man he was recognized by all to be level-headed, straight-forward, and square. As a citizen he was loyal to the core; as a husband and father he left nothing wanting, and as a Christian man he was as near as possible to the unattainable perfection. Though eighty-four years of age, his faculties were remarkably clear, and he retained full possession of them to the very end.

Sept. 21. Mrs. Sarah E. Tower, aged 46 years. She was born in Oakland county, Michigan.

Sept. 27. Albert G. Earle, aged 70 years. He was a native of New York state, and came to Lansing in 1869. He died from the effects of a fall.

Sept. 28. Linus C. Hitchcock, aged 65 years. He served in the 11th N. Y. Artillery, and died of disease contracted in the army. He resided in Lansing twenty-two years.

Oct. 5. Rev. Ezra Jones, aged 71 years.

Mr. Jones was born Oct. 15, 1818, at Jamestown, N. Y. He received his education at Middlebury college, Vermont, but never graduated, though he completed his collegiate course. On the day of commence-

ment he lay at the point of death with typhoid fever. On his recovery he began the study of law at Jamestown, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar, but decided to enter the ministry, and in 1846 was admitted to the ministry of the Methodist church. He accepted the pastorship of the Erie street church, of Cleveland, Ohio, now the Euclid avenue church, at the remarkably young age of twenty-eight years.

June 15, 1847, he married Marcia Peet, and later returned to the pastorship of his old church. He received severe injuries in 1845, from a kick of a horse, and through his entire life suffered from its results. He bore all with Spartan fortitude.

Mr. Jones came to Lansing in 1856. He was deputy auditor general in 1857, and held that position for five years, discharging the onerous duties of that office admirably. In 1862 he was appointed assistant U. S. assessor for the Third district of Michigan, and held the office for four years. Sometime after he located on his farm, near Lansing, known as the Pleasant Grove farm, where he remained for some years, recuperating his health. In 1881 he moved into the city, locating on Cedar street, where he has since lived.

Mr. Jones has been a prominent member of the Methodist church, and probably has contributed more to its support than any one Lansing man. He has always maintained ministerial relations with the Erie conference. In politics he was first a Whig. He joined the Republican party at its formation in Jackson, and was ever a firm adherent to its principles until the organization of the Prohibition party, which he joined from honest convictions of right. He leaves a wife, three daughters—M. Louise, Carrie, and Mrs. J. E. Nichols, of Lansing, and a son, Arthur, of Muskegon; three brothers, Whitney Jones, of Lansing, and two others in Jamestown, N. Y., and three sisters, all residing in Jamestown.

He was one of a family of fourteen children all of whom lived to be seventy years of age, except one, who died in infancy. Mr. Jones' death will be lamented by a large circle of acquaintances, and the afflicted family has the sympathy of everyone.

Oct. 6. Ralph Hoyt, of Meridian, died at Cleveland, Ohio, aged 79 years. He was buried at Lansing.

Oct. 14. Mrs. Polly Hopkins, aged about 75 years. She was highly respected and was familiarly known as "Aunt Polly." She died from her clothes taking fire.

Oct. 18. Dr. Ira H. Bartholomew, aged 61 years.

Dr. Bartholomew was born in Waddington, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1828. He received his education in the common schools of the town and the academies at Canton and Ogdensburg. He commenced

the study of medicine in the latter village, and graduated in the college of medicine and surgery of the University of Michigan, in the spring of 1853. He commenced the practice of his profession in his native town, but in the fall of 1854 moved to Lansing, where he has since resided. In 1863 he was elected mayor of the city of Lansing, and was twice reëlected, an honor which so far no one shares with him. He was president of the State Medical[1] society in 1870-1, and has been physician to the Reform School.[1] He was also a representative in the Legislature of 1873-4.

Oct. 23. Frederick Yeiter, aged 78 years. He was a native of Germany, came to America at an early age, and to Lansing in 1847, having resided here forty-two years.

Oct. 28. John M. French, aged 91 years. He was a native of New Jersey, and came to Aurelius in 1838, when nearly all the county was a dense wilderness. He removed to Lansing in 1866. He was a member of the Legislature in 1842, and was one of the commissioners appointed to appraise the lots on the school section on which the capital was located.

Oct. 29. Benjamin Horton, aged 78 years. He was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., and came to Lansing in 1866.

Nov. 6. Mrs. S. H. Worden, aged 69 years. She came from New York in 1842, and from that time has resided in Mason.

Nov. 8. William S. Calkins, aged 75 years. Mr. Calkins was born in New York state Feb. 11, 1814. In 1836 he came to Michigan, settling in Oakland county on a farm. He pursued the vocation of a farmer until 1847, when he removed to Lansing and entered the employ of the late James Turner. He assisted that gentleman in the building of the Lansing & Howell plank road. A large part of his occupation was in buying and selling tax lands around the State. He was for several years engaged in the manufacture of Calkins' ink of which he was the inventor. He was the author of several pioneer articles published in the Lansing Republican by the late W. S. George, which created a great deal of interest at the time. On the death of Mr. Turner Mr. Calkins engaged in the insurance business, and among other companies was agent for the Ingham County Mutual, in which company he was especially interested. In 1882 he retired from active life. In 1840 he married Mrs. Lucy Thayer, and some time after her death, in 1875, he wedded his second and present wife, Miss Martha Steadman. He had one son, William H., who died in the late war defending his country. He was one of the founders of Methodism in Lansing, and has always been an earnest as well

[1]See appendix.

as a prominent member. He was a liberal supporter of his church and all public institutions, and gave away a great deal of money in charity. His memory was phenomenal, and his mind full of information; a man of vast information in the widest sense of the word. He was a man highly esteemed wherever known.

Dec. 5. Dr. Orville Marshall, aged 46 years. Dr. Marshall was the universal friend of the unfortunate and needy, always ready with advice and a helping hand. His character was well known. He was a self-made man in the fullest sense of the expression; deep in his convictions of right, and not backward in airing them when occasion required; a solid, honest business man, who meant what he said and never misled; a kind, firm friend, to be relied upon on all occasions; a prosperous physician, alive to the interests of science, and not a small contributor to its wells of information.

Conscientious in action as well as thoughts, he was one of those few men who command respect and make warm friends wherever they go.

Doctor Marshall was born in Ann Arbor, March 2, 1838, and lived there until he graduated from the university in 1865. His youth was a continual struggle against poverty. He attended the common school, but, whatever books he needed he himself earned. When this school failed to add more to his natural taste for knowledge he set himself at work to attend the university, and to that end learned the carpenters and joiner's trade at the age of 16 years, saving penny by penny until enough had been acquired to enable him to carry out his one wish. He graduated with high honor in 1865, and moved to Lansing in 1866, locating at the lower end of the town, where he has since followed the practice of his profession. On Dec. 1, 1870 he married Miss Sarah Metlin who survives him to mourn an irreparable loss. Last Sunday was the nineteenth anniversary of their wedding, and it was celebrated by a quiet day at home.

Dr. Marshall acted as correspondent of the State Board of Health when in the university. He was author of a report of an epidemic of scarlet fever in 1875-76, also, of a report on the opium habit in Michigan, in 1878, and numerous other medical and scientific papers. He was city physician in 1883, and was a member of the State Medical Society for a number of years. He has been one of the most prominent members of the school board for a number of terms, and projected several important measures. His total service in that capacity, including terms in which he was not a member, extends from 1870 to 1889.

Dec. 5. John Nagle, aged about 60 years. He was a German by birth, and for many years a janitor at the State-house. He served his adopted country in the slave-holder's rebellion, and was severely wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Corinth, and endured untold suffering in rebel prisons.

Dec. 17. Mrs. Fanny Cowles, aged 46 years. Mrs. Cowles was the daughter of Theodore Foster, one of the building commissioners of the Reform School, and its first superintendent. She was born in Ann Arbor, Dec. 19, 1843. At that time her father was editor of the Ann Arbor Signal of Liberty. She came to Lansing with him in 1855, and has resided here ever since, receiving her education at the Misses Rogers' Seminary. During the war her father was for a part of the time editor of the Republican, and she acted as his amanuensis, doing the clerical work, etc. Mrs. Cowles was greatly interested in the Soldier's Aid Society during the war, and at one time was its president, and again secretary. In 1863 she was president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, and went as a delegate to the National convention at Chicago. She was one of the two or three projectors of the Woman's Club of Lansing, and was its first secretary. Afterwards she was compelled to leave the club on account of her ill health. April 18, 1864, she married A. E. Cowles, Esq. She was a woman greatly beloved and greatly lamented by a wide circle of friends.

1890.

Jan. 22. Mrs. Eva Sparrow Davis, aged 37 years. Eva Sparrow was born in Wexford county, Ireland, of a good family, and came to Lansing, when six years of age. In 1875 she was married to Mr. Benjamin F. Davis, now cashier of the City National Bank, whom she has left with two daughters, and a large circle of devoted friends to mourn her loss.

Jan. 23. Mrs. Jane W. Rowley, aged 75 years. She was born in Morristown, N. J., and has resided in Lansing thirty-seven years. She was a devoted member of the Baptist Church.

Jan. 23. Mrs. Cornelia M. B. Kelly, aged 61 years. She was born in Middleport, N. Y., and came to Lansing in 1864.

Jan. 28. Lester Miner, aged about 75 years. He has resided in Ingham county fifty years.

Feb. 19. Miss Mary Z. Parsons, aged 43 years. She has been a resident of Lansing for several years, and was highly esteemed for her womanly and Christian virtues.

Feb. 24. Chester Carlton, aged 75 years. He was a native of New Hampshire, and came to Lansing in 1863.

March 4. Ransom Everett, aged 68 years. Mr. Everett was born at Perrington, Monroe county, New York, May 14, 1822, and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Everett. In 1834, when Ransom was but twelve years old, the elder Everett removed from New York, with his family, to Plymouth, Michigan, where he remained until the winter of 1840-41, when he removed to Delhi township in this county, settling on government land, in the midst of a dense forest. Mr. Everett and the North family reached this neighborhood at about the same time, cutting their way through the timber, and to these two families is due the honor of having reclaimed from a wilderness the larger portion of Lansing and Delhi townships, where they have resided for many years, honored and respected by all. The site of Lansing was at that time covered with a primeval forest.

On his new farm Roswell Everett encountered bravely the dangers and vicissitudes of pioneer life, cleared his holding and raised his family of seven stalwart sons and three daughters, impressing upon them the truly pioneer virtues of honesty, industry and hospitality. Here they clustered around their sire, and as they reached maturity they entered the surrounding forest and carved out homes for themselves.

Ransom Everett, the subject of this sketch, was married May 3, 1846, to Miss Phœbe, daughter of John Bunker, Esq., one of the pioneer citizens of Eaton Rapids township, Eaton county. A year later he erected his first home, as his father had done, upon a new farm of 200 acres. Upon this spot he has lived about forty-three years, and in that time he has seen his brothers and sisters gathered in similar happy homes in the vicinity of the old roof-tree of their aged sire, who died full of years and honors some twelve years since.

March 18. Mrs. Sarah E. Grant, aged 35 years. She has been a resident of Lansing thirty years.

March 22. Mrs. William F. Davis, aged 81 years. Her maiden name was Mary M. Hague. She was born in New York city, August 10, 1809, and was married April 26, 1829. Moved to Genesee county, New York in 1832 and settled on a farm, six miles from Batavia, where they remained until the fall of 1854, when they removed to Lansing. A year previous Mr. Davis purchased of Charles P. Bush the farm of 160 acres just south of the Cedar street bridge.

Immediately after arriving with his family he commenced building, and remained there until 1866, when they sold the farm and moved to the corner of Washington avenue and Kilbourne street, where Mr. Davis died in 1875.

A year ago Mrs. Davis moved to the residence of her son on Washington avenue south, where she died.

She was the mother of six children, her son, B. F. Davis, alone surviving.

March 27. Mrs. Adam Krieriem, aged 63 years. She was born in Germany, and has resided in Delhi about thirty years. She left seven children living.

March 31. W. H. Smith, aged 61 years. He was one of the oldest settlers of Delhi.

April 1. David Putnam, aged 57 years. He settled in Leroy where he cleared up the farm on which he resided forty years. He was highly respected as a citizen and a man.

April 26. Caleb Terry, aged 74 years. He was an old resident of Lansing.

May 13. Mrs. Almira North, aged 75 years. She was born in Lansing, N. Y., in 1815. In 1835 she came to Delhi with her husband, Henry H. North, and settled on a farm. Mr. North died in 1885.

Mrs. North has been a prominent figure in Ingham county history as the wife of Henry H. North, to whom was largely due the material development of Delhi. Since this county was first settled the North family have been foremost among the energetic and hardy pioneers of the original forest. The Ingham county history devotes considerable space and praise to the North family for their perseverance in settling and civilizing the county.

Mrs. North leaves seven children, Dr. E. D. North of Lansing, Dr. A. E. North of Dakota, Dr. J. S., H. E. and Theron C. North of Delhi, Mrs. Myra L. Fields of Dansville, and Mrs. Hattie B. Wilcox of Lansing; a brother, D. W. Buck of Lansing, and two sisters in Lansing, Mrs. Phœbe Conger and Mrs. Louisa North.

She was pre-eminently a home woman; she lived for the good of her children, and was conscientious to a fault. She was a member of the Presbyterian church.

May 13. Mrs. Elvira Laylin Elliott, aged 69 years. She came to Lansing with her husband in 1847. The Lansing Republican of May 15, says:

The will of Mrs. Elvira Elliott of North Lansing, bequeaths an estate valued at $25,000 to the Methodist Woman's Missionary society. The testator requests that some heathen girl be educated as a teacher and named after her. Probably the most novel portion of this story is that the heirs of Mrs. Elliott, who were all present when the will was read, expressed entire satisfaction with the provisions thereof.

May 18. Mrs. Sylvia Melcher, aged 49 years. She was an original member of the Presbyterian church at Okemos, organized in 1866, and an earnest worker in the church and in the cause of temperance.

June 2. Mrs. Minerva Scammon aged 71 years. Her maiden name was Rose. She was born in Alleghany county, N. Y. Soon after her marriage to Mr. Scammon, who survives her, they removed to Ohio, but settled on a farm near Lansing city in 1855. She was a member of the Methodist church, and highly respected.

IONIA COUNTY

A. CORNELL

Name	Date of Death	Residence	Age
Mrs. Loraine Beers	July 4, 1889	Portland	90
Mrs. Emmeline C. Cornell	August 18, 1889	Ionia	73
John Adgate	August 26, 1889	Berlin	70
John Van Geisen	September 15, 1889	Orleans	80
Louis Morganthaler	September 15, 1889		
Mrs. Keziah Rowley	Sept. 16, 1889	Orleans	70
Josiah Place	September —, —		68
Curtis B. Mitchell	November 8, 1889	Berlin	67
Samuel K. Gates	December 7, 1889	Portland	67
John Stevenson	February 21, 1890	Ionia	79
William H. Dildine	March 19, 1890	Easton	80
Moses M. Gould	May 16, 1890		90
Richard Hill	June 10, 1890	Orleans	82

MRS. LORAINE BEERS

Mrs. Loraine Beers, widow of Dr. M. B. Beers, formerly of Portland, died on Thursday last, July 4, 1889, at her late home at Hersey, at the advanced age of 90 years. Both the doctor and Mrs. Beers were well known in this and adjoining counties. They came to Portland about 1838 and for some years the doctor was the only physician here, and by exposure and hardships peculiar at that time to his profession, his hair was changed from a jet black to that of snow, when as yet he had not reached midway in the journey of life. His health failing, the family removed to Hersey, Osceola county, where he died, some twelve years ago. From infirmity of age, Mrs. Beers has been unable to leave her home, and now that she is no longer with us, her death will be deplored by such of the old settlers as yet remain, who knew the family and in the earlier years had partaken of its hospitality.

MRS. EMMELINE C. CORNELL,

widow of the late Dr. Alanson Cornell, died at 2:30 Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18, 1889. Dr. Cornell and his excellent wife are among the foremost figures in every picture of pioneer life in Ionia county. Here they shared with others the trials and vicissitudes of a pioneer settlement, bearing a larger part of the burden than the most. In common they ministered to the sick, soothed the dying and comforted the afflicted.

Mrs. Cornell was a self-sacrificing nurse at many a sick-bed, and fearless as she was tender and faithful. The dreaded scourge had no terrors for her, and with gentle hand she attended the sufferer, whatever the nature of the injury or disease.

The brightness and cheer which made Mrs. Cornell exceptionally welcome in the sick room, made her own home and those of a large circle of appreciative friends happy by her presence. Though the weight of years and failing health have for a considerable time compelled her withdrawal from active scenes, a host of tender memories will draw about the casket in which her remains shall repose, a large gathering of the loving and loved, many of whom were participants with her in the earliest days of Ionia.

Emmeline C. Cornell was born at Galway, N. Y., September 9, 1816.

On May 25, 1836, she married Dr. Alanson Cornell of Fenner, N. Y., and with him removed here in 1838. Four children blessed their union, one of whom, Edwin, died in 1851. Dr. Cornell died in 1873. Henry A. Cornell, Lucian A. Cornell and Mrs. Mary E. Barnes are the surviving members of the family, and mourn the loss of a mother who was all that a mother could be to them.

JOHN ADGATE

John Adgate, of Berlin, died about 11 o'clock, a. m., August 26, 1889, of typhoid fever, aged 70 years. He had been sick about three weeks. Mr. Adgate came to Ionia county in 1840, settling in Ionia township, near where is now the Tuttle cemetery. He was twice married, his first wife being Catherine Taft, by whom he leaves two surviving children, Chester, a resident of Berlin, and Luany, wife of Riley Harwood, of Berlin. After his wife's death he married Rosetta Briggs, of Campbell, by whom he leaves three surviving children, William D., a farmer in Berlin, and Philo and Milo, twins of mature age, but unmarried and living on the homestead farm.

His second wife died about five years ago. He also leaves one brother, William of Ionia township.

John Adgate was a man of jolly temperament and had many friends, of upright conduct that won the respect and esteem of his neighbors. He was of the pioneer class of hard workers and did his full share in subduing the wilderness and making it to blossom as the rose.

JOHN VAN GEISEN

John Van Geisen, one of the oldest and most respected settlers of Ionia, died at his home in Orleans, Sunday, Sept. 15, 1889, of old age, and was buried Monday at 2 o'clock from his late residence, the interment being in the cemetery at Orleans Center.

Mr. Van Geisen was an octogenerian, being 80 years old at the time of his decease. He came to Michigan about forty-five years ago and to Ionia county a few years later. He left one son, Orson, who is well known to Ionia county people, as was his father. The deceased left but one brother, who resides in the southern part of the State.

CURTIS B. MITCHELL

Curtis B. Mitchell, a pioneer farmer of the township of Berlin, died at his home on Friday, Nov. 8, 1889, aged 67 years. His funeral was attended from the residence at 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Interment in Lett's cemetery.

Mr. Mitchell came to Berlin in 1839, and was one of the hardiest and most respected of Ionia's early settlers, and many a piece of heavy timber disappeared before his sturdy stroke. The editor of The Sentinel remembers well the time when the deceased had a job of clearing a piece of heavy hard-wood timbered land up on Flat river, in Otisco, with what powerful and rapid swing he wielded the ax, and how the big oaks fairly melted away before him. The boy was filled with wonder and would have given worlds for the assurance that he would one day possess the tough fibre, the firm muscle and endurance of Curtis Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell was as honorable as he was hard-working. He was of firm texture in every way. His convictions were strong and he was inflexible in his adherence to them. A life-long Democrat, he worked always for the success of his party because he believed in it. Though differing from him radically in views, the writer never ceased to have a real admiration for the rugged vigor and virtue of the man who was one of those who helped the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Nat-

urally, by such hard work and honest effort, he acquired more than a competence, and has reared a family as self-reliant as himself, whom he leaves in comfortable circumstances.

Fully 1,000 friends attended the funeral of the late Curtis B. Mitchell at the family residence in Berlin, Sunday. Col. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, delivered the address, Mr. Mitchell being a spiritualist.

SAMUEL K. GATES

Samuel K. Gates was born at Fabius, Onondaga county, N. Y., November 30, 1822. In early manhood he taught school in Niagara county in the same state. In the fall of 1848 he married Miss Clara Whiting and the same year came to Battle Creek, Michigan. In 1856 he with his family settled in Danby, Ionia county, having purchased a farm of uncleared land on which he made extensive improvements. In the spring of 1864 he enlisted in the 27th Regt., Mich. Infty. Vols., and at the battle of the wilderness he was taken prisoner by the rebels, but was exchanged and sent to St. Mary's Hospital,[1] Detroit, where he was subsequently employed as a clerk until his discharge.

In 1865 he sold his farm in Danby and came to Portland, where he purchased the Eureka foundry, but after a time sold out and was elected a justice of the peace. He had for some time before his death been a sufferer from disease contracted in the army, for which he obtained a pension. His health gradually declined until his death, which occurred December 7, 1889, aged 67 years. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity and the post of the G. A. R.

JOHN STEVENSON

After a residence of more than half a century in Ionia county, the subject of this notice passed away to his Heavenly rest on Friday last Feb. 21, 1890. There are few men in the county who are better or more favorably known.

Mr. Stevenson was born at Windsor, England, Aug. 28, 1811. He crossed the water and settled in Montreal in 1832, removing to Ann Arbor in 1834. Two years later he came to this county, residing for a time at Prairie Creek, but since that time in Ionia excepting one year at Lyons.

In 1832 Mr. Stevenson married Miss Jean Brown at Montreal. She died in February, 1883, and on May 30, 1886, he married Mrs. Eliza Holton, who died recently.

Of the children of his first marriage there are living Mrs. Agnes B.

[1]See appendix.

Stevens, Frank W. Stevenson, and Maj. Thomas G. Stevenson of Ionia, and John P. Stevenson of Rocky Ford, Colorado, who was with his father at the last. One brother, George Stevenson, and a sister, Catherine, wife of Rev. A. R. Bartlett of Marquette, survive him.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church on Saturday, and were attended by a large number of Ionia pioneers and friends of the family. Rev. A. M. Gould conducted impressive ceremonies. The pall bearers were Loomis Mann, P. H. Taylor, C. Oscar Thompson, George H. McMullen, Daniel T. Fargo and George Watson.—*Ionia Standard.*

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

There's crape on the door, a saint waiting long
  Heard the glad message, come, join with the throng
Of the ransomed from sin, gone in before.
  "Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door."

There is crape on the door, soon, very soon
  That token proclaim, another friend gone.
How swiftly they pass to the unseen shore,
  "Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door."

P. H. Taylor.

WILLIAM H. DILDINE

Died, at his home in Easton, March 19, 1890, William Helper Dildine.

Mr. Dildine was born in Luzerne county, Penn., Feb. 19, 1810. About 1820 his parents located near Elmira, N. Y., where they died. He was first married to Orissa Wing, of Southport, Chemung county, N. Y., in 1833. She died in 1838, leaving one son, Silas Dildine, well known in Ionia, where he was engaged for several years in the mercantile business, and now located in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Dildine was married in 1839 to Mrs. Jane Wing, a granddaughter of Judge Reed of Bath, who was on the bench for many years, and was a prominent man of that day in the State. She only lived about a year after her marriage, leaving one son, Daniel, a farmer residing near the parental homestead in Easton.

In 1840 Mr. Dildine was married to Miss Catherine Reynolds, of Elmira, who was a faithful helpmate during all the years of pioneer life, and who survives him. Four children of this union also survive: Jane, wife of George Connor, of Orleans; Orissa W., wife of James DeLong, of Lakeview; William, of Easton, and James, who occupies the old homestead.

William H. Dildine left Elmira with his family June 15, 1843, and arrived at Ionia on the 18th of the same month, taking breakfast at Zeke Welch's hotel, which stood on the ground now occupied by Coney's meat market. July 28, 1843, he moved to the farm in Easton, which he occupied to the day of his death, with the exception of about two year's residence in Ionia, and the locality has been known from pioneer days to the present time as "Dildine's Corners."

He died on March 19, 1890, at the ripe age of eighty years and one month, from a cancerous affection, from which for two years he endured terrible suffering with the heroic fortitude with which he met all the ills and trials of life.

"Father Dildine," as he was familiarly called, belonged to the hardy class of pioneers upon whom fell the struggles and self-denials of early life in the wilderness and who reaped the reward of their toil and self sacrifice in attaining positions of pecuniary independence to comfort their old age and a high place in the regard of their fellow citizens.

He was rather reserved in his general manner, but was an affectionate man in his domestic relations, and always manifested a tender regard for his family, for whose benefit he was glad to provide from the abundance with which heaven had blessed his labors. For over forty years he was a class leader in the M. E. congregation that met for worship in the school-house at Dildine's Corners, and his successor was not chosen until about a week before his death. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and conscientiously tried to do his duty as he understood it, and no man may do more. Peace to his ashes.

MOSES M. GOULD

Moses M. Gould, died Friday night, May 16, 1890, at the home of his son, supervisor Nathan F. Gould, of Boston, at the age of 90 years. Mr. Gould settled upon the farm where he died in 1837, and his was the fifth family in the township. His daughter Mrs. James A. Aldrich, was the first white child born in the town. He leaves four children, Nathan F., John T. and Mrs. J. A. Aldrich of this township and Mrs. S. A. Aldrich of Muskegon, wife of the probate judge of that county.

RICHARD HILL

Mr. Hill was born in England in the year 1808—Removed to Orleans in Ionia county, in 1847, where he bought a wild farm upon which he lived until his death, June 10, 1890, leaving seven children.

It was a long way to emigrate and a long life to live on one piece of land which he cleared up and made a comfortable home for his family.

JACKSON COUNTY

JOSIAH B. FROST

Name	Died	Age	Place of Death	Birthplace
Elizabeth Wildey	August 6, 1889	63	Jackson	Ireland
Catharine Purdy	October 18, 1889	71	Jackson	New York
William Kelly	June 3, 1889	67	Jackson	Ireland
Mary Houghton	March 29, 1889	57	Jackson	England
Paul Scott	June 1, 1889	70	Jackson	England
Thomas Nester	November —, 1889	78	Jackson	Ireland
John McGraw	March 12, 1889	84	Jackson	Ireland
Lois P. Case	May 6, 1889	....	Jackson	New York
Albert L. Ford	June 27, 1889	...	Jackson	Canada
Adelia M. Davis Moore	December 18, 1889	71	Jackson	New York
George Thompson Gridley	November 28, 1889	73	Jackson	New York
Charles Sutfin	March 9, 1889	66	Jackson	New York
Cyrus H. Fountain	June 22, 1889	64	Jackson	New York
Jeanette Gales	March 25, 1889	80	Columbia	New York
Israel B. Hoagland	December 9, 1889	63	Columbia	New York
Amy J. Root	March 26, 1889	68	Columbia	New York
Elijah Webber	October 26, 1889	92	Columbia	Massachusetts
Addison P. Cook	April 15, 1889	72	Columbia	New York
Smith C. Merwin	June 2, 1889	85	Jackson	New York
Christy Colligan	March 3, 1889	81	Jackson	Ireland
Nathan G. Davis	March 20, 1889	59	Jackson	New York
Mrs. M. Buchfink	March 29, 1889	72	Jackson	Germany
Mary Fox	June 17, 1889	66	Jackson	Germany
Catherine Rockford	April 15, 1889	74	Jackson	Ireland
James Morrisey	February 9, 1889	62	Jackson	Ireland
Josephine Watkins	March 3, 1889	81	Jackson	New York
Nathan D. Pine	April 8, 1889	64	Jackson	New York
William Redpath	May 6, 1889	80	Jackson	Scotland
Elizabeth Maitland	November 6, 1889	75	Jackson	Ohio
Jane Hannaford	August 20, 1889	65	Jackson	England
Elmira E. Weaver	December 28, 1889	56	Angola, Ind.	Pennsylvania

Name	Died	Age	Place of Death	Birthplace
George J. Robey	October 13, 1889	58	Lansing	Michigan
Peter M. Peak	February 18, 1889	81	Jackson	New York
August W. Hahn	August 20, 1889	67	Germany	Germany
William Jenkins	January 22, 1889	55	Sandstone	England
George D. Brown	April 19, 1889	62	Jackson	New York
William Page	May 6, 1889	74	Jackson	New York
Eliza J. Grinnell	September 11, 1889	63	Jackson	New York
George Webb	November 14, 1889	82	Jackson	New York
John E. Anderson	July 12, 1889	60	Jackson	Ontario
Jane Green	April 1, 1889	85	Jackson	Pennsylvania
Richard Billings	September 5, 1889	72	Jackson	England
Abram Levy	March 26, 1889	73	Jackson	Germany
William Van Deusen	April 8, 1889	53	Jackson	New York
Samuel Brundage	May 4, 1889	83	Jackson	New York
Jesse Hurd	June 30, 1889	63	Jackson	New York
Sarah Willson	September 8, 1889	63	Jackson	New York
Rudolph Lang	September 2, 1889	53	Fremont	Germany
Willard D. Stoddard	May 15, 1889	64	Jackson	New York
Calvin Groff	May 27, 1889	78	Jackson	New York
William M. Coplin	August 21, 1889	61	Jackson	New York
Martha Maniattes	October 5, 1889	61	Jackson	New York
Nancy Wilkerson	January 1, 1889	69	Jackson	New York
Penelope Warner	January 1, 1889	64	Jackson	New York
Silence Durand	March 26, 1889	84	Jackson	New York
Margaret Pinckney	April 5, 1889	69	Jackson	New York
Lora T. Bliss	June 9, 1889	51	Jackson	New York
Mary N. Eddy	October 5, 1889	70	Jackson	New York
Mary J. Hayes	June 7, 1889	67	Jackson	New York
Daniel Brainard	July 29, 1889	76	Jackson	New York
Mary Rooney	September 4, 1889	51	Jackson	Ireland
Susan Cockburn	April 1, 1889	59	Jackson	New York
Edward D. Hogan (aeronaut)	July 16, 1889	37	Atlantic Ocean	Canada
Eliza Stage	April 15, 1889	85	Jackson	New York
James S. Whitney	November —, 1889	...	Jackson	.....
William M. Woodsum	October 28, 1889	62	Jackson	Maine
Charles Brown	January 28, 1889	61	Jackson	New Hampshire
William L. Todd	December 11, 1889	70	Jackson	England
William A. Beach	June 26, 1889	54	Jackson	New York
Emerson Lyon	April 27, 1889	66	Jackson	Massachusetts
John Elliott	October 31, 1889	67	Rives	New York
William Jackson	June 18, 1889	64	Sandstone	England

Name	Died	Age	Place of Death	Birthplace
Mary Laughlin	September 16, 1889	60	Sandstone	Ireland
Samuel Spurr	November 20, 1889	76	Sandstone	England
David D. Trumbull	October 18, 1889	78	Sandstone	Connecticut
Oliver Chapel	April 8, 1889	70	Spring Arbor	Connecticut
Roswell W. Bryant	March 1, 1889	67	Spring Arbor	New York
Henry W. Shaw	January 14, 1889	63	Spring Arbor	New York
Samantha Streeter	August 21, 1889	79	Spring Arbor	New York
Electa Brown	March 28, 1889	88	Spring Arbor	New York
Margaretta Todd	August 6, 1889	71	Spring Arbor	New York
Betsey Wildey	May 10, 1889	77	Spring Arbor	New York
Chlorinda Lyon	November 20, 1889	87	Summit	New York
Peter Cranmon	February 22, 1889	67	Summit	New York
Emily Bradford	December 25, 1889	72	Summit	New York
Millard S. Felsham	February 13, 1889	82	Summit	Vermont
Thomas Blair	August 26, 1889	87	Tompkins	Ireland
Christina Artz	December 25, 1889	82	Waterloo	
Eliza Ann Gee	May 13, 1889	66	Henrietta	New York
Nancy Ann Berry	December 31, 1889	86	Henrietta	New York
Stephen Pettis	October 27, 1889	82	Henrietta	
John Clay	March 28, 1889	67	Springport	England
John Oyer	January 20, 1889	70	Springport	Pennsylvania
William Marble	November 28, 1889	56	Springport	New York
Harriet Andrews	December 13, 1889	69	Napoleon	New York
Louise Tiffany	February 22, 1889	81	Napoleon	New York
Wilson Chafee	May 15, 1889	87	Napoleon	New York
Phebe Shuart	September 15, 1898	76	Norvell	New York
Luthan Howland	December 8, 1889	65	Norvell	New York
Jacob Frey	July 2, 1889	77	Norvell	Germany
William Barr	January 1, 1889	86	Norvell	England
Rachel Y. Hall	December 28, 1889	62	Parma	Michigan
Maria Knowles	April 2, 1889	74	Parma	New York
Caroline Hoag	January 13, 1889	73	Parma	New York
Elizabeth Berry	January 9, 1889	66	Pulaski	New York
Sarah A. Williams	October 18, 1889	68	Lonville, Wis	New York
Julia King	September 1, 1889	72	Pulaski	New York
Jacob Thorm	May 9, 1889	67	Pulaski	New York
Miriam Knowles	August 18, 1889	72	Albion	New York
Eliza Nearpass	November 9, 1889	68	Pulaski	England
Susan B. Kelsy	November 18, 1889	82	Rives	New York
Thomas B. Jones	September 23, 1889	83	Rives	England
Almon Cain	May 27, 1889	83	Leoni	New York

Name	Died	Age	Place of Death	Birthplace
Sarah Campbell	April 20, 1889	102	Blackman	New York
Nancy Fleming	December 23, 1889	83	Blackman	Ireland
James Evans	January 27, 1889	65	Blackman	England
William Goulder	May 24, 1889	73	Blackman	Ireland
Olive R. Mayette	September 30, 1889	62	Blackman	New York
Aldirt Rosa	August 10, 1889	84	Liberty	New York
Henry P. Parr	May 27, 1889	65	Liberty	England
Henry Innis	September 29, 1889	72	Somers Center	New York
J. R. Palmer	March 11, 1889	73	Liberty	New York
Miranda Crispell	April 30, 1889	72	Liberty	New York
Nancy Miles	February 24, 1889	84	Liberty	New York
Caroline Bralon	May 4, 1889	85	Napoleon	New York
Rosil W. Squires	December 16, 1889	82	Napoleon	New York
Oliver R. Clark	March 28, 1889	85	Napoleon	New York
Noah Hastings	April 18, 1889	57	Napoleon	New York
Euseba Smith	October 30, 1889	71	Napoleon	New York
Dr. D. Morse	November 4, 1889	79	Napoleon	New York
Rev. Abraham B. Flowers	January 14, 1889	69	Brooklyn	
Bezaleel Thompson	January 21, 1889	69	Brooklyn	New York
Mary Fish	February 17, 1889	79	Brooklyn	New York
Almond M. Ganiard	November 14, 1889	65	Concord	New York
Lucretia H. Parmeter	December 17, 1889	84	Concord	Maine
Michael Dwelle	January 31, 1889	68	Grass Lake	New York
Rebecka Marinane	October 5, 1889	95	Grass Lake	New York
Frances Lammers	March 14, 1889	65	Grass Lake	Holland
John Holland	March 3, 1889	61	Grass Lake	England
Hiram Ryan	December 27, 1889	67	Hanover	New York
Eunice Powell	December 1, 1889	85	Hanover	New York
James T. Snow	December 5, 1889	74	Hanover	Michigan
Isaac Thorp	June 5, 1889	63	Hanover	Ohio
Abram Ramsdale	January 19, 1889	80	Hanover	New York
Harriet O. Ayers	July 1, 1889	61	Hanover	New York
Adolphus Wickman	March 20, 1889	68	Hanover	Pennsylvania
William D. Rowland	October 15, 1889	69	Leoni	New York
Phillip Wagger	May 26, 1889	61	Leoni	New York
James Jenkins	December 1, 1889	70	Blackman	England
Eliza Ann Church	April 29, 1890	71	Blackman	Massachusetts
Charles Goodall	February 18, 1890	87	Blackman	England
Cassius Young	February 2, 1890	80	Concord	Germany
Charles O. Smith	February 4, 1890	65	Concord	New York
Harriet Malcolm	February 15, 1890	70	Concord	New York

Name	Died	Age	Place of Death	Birthplace
Mary Frey	May 15, 1890	76	Jackson	Germany
Mary Riley	January 28, 1890	80	Grass Lake	Ireland
Pauline Fisk	January 16, 1890	73	Jackson	New York
Hannah Cradit	February 2, 1890	73	Leoni	New Jersey
Mary Falihee	April 24, 1890	84	Leoni	Ireland
Charles S. Stone	January 23, 1890	80	Hanover	Vermont
Amasa W. Marsh	January 10, 1890	73	Columbia	New York
Elizabeth Johnson	March 17, 1890	76	Columbia	New York
Mary Warden	February 15, 1890	84	Brooklyn	Rhode Island
Mary Purdy	May 15, 1890	57	Summit	Vermont
Henry Purdy	May 15, 1890	63	Summit	England
Almira Latimer	May 29, 1890	73	Summit	New York
William Lanigan	March 2, 1890	86	Jackson	Ireland
Mary Elliott	March 15, 1890	65	Jackson	Ireland
Hannah Hurley	March 25, 1890	80	Jackson	Germany
Philo C. Winslow	January 15, 1890	67	Sandstone	Maine
Lester Miner	January 25, 1890	82	Rives	New York
True Laura Wilbur	March 22, 1890	98	Rives	New York
Mary J. Blanchard	April 28, 1890	66	Norvell	New York
Freeman Babley	February 15, 1890	87	Napoleon	Connecticut
Clarissa M. Dean	January 11, 1890	72	Napoleon	New York
Alden Griffeth	May 15, 1890	77	Napoleon	New York
Mariah P. Pennell	May 10, 1890	79	Parma	Massachusetts
Benjamin Pickett	May 5, 1890	79	Parma	New York
Daniel Keeler	May 16, 1890	70	Jackson	Ireland
Ellen Harrington	May 31, 1890	88	Jackson	Ireland
Willard Tubbs	January 5, 1890	80	Liberty	Vermont
Benjamin Patch	April 10, 1890	66	Liberty	Vermont
Emily Flint	April 2, 1890	64	Liberty	New York
Aaron B. Sutfin	January 10, 1890	66	Liberty	New York
Sophronia Hoag	January 9, 1890	68	Norvell	New York
Burlington Harris	February 11, 1890	79	Norvell	New York
Lucy Howard	February 19, 1890	58	Jackson	England
Almon D. De Wolff	March 16, 1890	58	Jackson	New York
Nathaniel Huntington	April 4, 1890	88	Jackson	New York
Patrick J. Kelley	February 2, 1890	62	Jackson	Ireland
Mary Steen	April 21, 1890	85	Jackson	Scotland
John M. Smith	March 14, 1890	76	Jackson	Scotland
Katharine Billings	January 22, 1890	78	Jackson	New York
Mrs. Dwight Ingraham	April 17, 1890	....	Blackman	.....
James L. Holmes	May 26, 1890	65	Jackson	New York
John A. Fellows	March 13, 1890	80	Sandstone	.....

JUDGE GEORGE THOMPSON GRIDLEY

Judge George Thompson Gridley died at his residence in Jackson, November 28, 1889. He had been in unusually good health, a fact which he had frequently spoken of. He arose at the usual hour and after breakfast went to his office where he was engaged in the preparation of the case of Kate Fuller against the city of Jackson for the Supreme Court. He attended the thanksgiving services at the First Baptist church during the forenoon and upon returning to his office spoke very highly to C. E. Snow of the discourse. About one o'clock he went home and partook of a hearty dinner. After spending a few moments in conversation with his family he complained of feeling weary and went into an adjoining room to lie down. A few moments later his daughter, Mrs. Knight, looked into the room and noticing an unusual look upon his face went to his bedside and at once discovered that he was dead.

It was stated that on Friday before, the Judge had some premonitory symptoms of apoplexy but nothing was thought of it at the time.

Judge G. T. Gridley was born in Vernon, Oneida county, N. Y., July 1, 1816, his father being Norman Gridley, of that county. He was educated at the Clinton grammar school and pursued classical studies at local academies. After clerking for a short time, at the age of seventeen he entered the law office of Timothy Jenkins, at Oneida, where he remained two years, teaching school during the winter. In 1834, he entered the law office of his uncle, Hon. Philo Gridley, an eminent lawyer of Hamilton county, N. Y., where he remained three years. In 1837 he came to Michigan, locating at Ypsilanti, where he formed a law partnership with Grove Spencer. During late years the judge has been very fond of relating incidents in connection with his early practice in Michigan and could, and frequently did entertain his hearers for hours at a time with interesting anecdotes.

In 1849 Judge Gridley removed to Jackson, and in the following year was elected county judge, to succeed Judge Moody, but the new state constitution of 1850 abolished this office and he returned to his practice. He was for a number of years, during the existence of the court of chancery, injunction master, a position which he filled with marked success. In fact it is said of him that there was no better chancery lawyer in the state. He took particular interest in this branch of his profession and often spoke of the fact that the Supreme Court seldom reversed a decision made by him in chancery matters.

Judge Gridley during his residence in Jackson has held many offices of trust all of which he filled with ability. During his earlier years he took a deep interest in school matters, and it was under his administration as director of the district that the Jackson school made its first advancement as one of the leading schools of the State. He drafted the first charter of the city of Jackson in 1856-57 and held many offices of trust in the county and State.

In 1866, through the influence of Gov. Blair, he was appointed collector of internal revenue by President Johnson and held the office until 1873. In 1881 he was elected judge of the fourth judicial circuit comprising Jackson and Ingham counties, a position which he held for six years, during which time occurred the famous Crouch murder and subsequent trials which created, perhaps, greater interest than any other trials ever held in the State.

May 4, 1837, he was united in marriage with Miss Caroline W. Todd who still survives him. Five children have been born to them, only two of whom, Mrs. Nora Gridley, of Chicago, and Mrs. Florence Knight, of Jackson, survive him.

The funeral ceremonies of the Hon. G. Thompson Gridley were held at the First Congregational church at 2:30 p. m., Sunday, Dec. 1, 1889. The large audience room was completely filled with the friends of deceased, the Jackson county bar association being present in a body. The Ingham county bar was represented by Judge Humphrey and Mr. Dolan, of Lansing, and Messrs. J. D. and E. F. Conely, of Detroit, were also present.

At the hour named, the funeral procession arrived at the church, and the bearers, Gen. W. H. Withington, C. R. Knickerbocker, Alonzo Bennett, E. R. Warner, F. G. Field, C. H. Harris, C. B. Bush and U. W. Lawton, bore the body of the deceased, inclosed in a beautiful cloth covered casket, into the sanctuary and placed it immediately in advance of the chancel. The church choir sang a soft, mournful hymn, at the conclusion of which Rev. D. M. Fisk delivered an eloquent eulogy on the life of the departed judge. His address was singularly tender and appropriate, and many were the evidences of its touching pathos, as the speaker reviewed the career of the life so suddenly closed. He alluded to the appropriateness and fitness of the presence of his legal associates, and said they were there to pay tribute to the honored life of an honored man, who was now forever removed from their professional intercourse. It was out of respect to his great, broad manhood, rather than to any judicial achievement of deceased that his friends had gathered to remember his good qualities and pay tribute to his virtues.

He had been chosen to places of honor, positions of trust and offices of responsibility, but in every walk of life he was moved, actuated by but one impulse—that of right, purity and justice. He was an appreciative man; sensitive, kind, merciful and conscientious in the performance of every act of his long and honored career.

He died as he had lived, an example of virtue. His mind was clear, comprehensive, and so profound was his learning that the distinctions between right and wrong were never perverted to thwart the ends of justice. Right was his sceptre, equity his crown.

In his home relations he was afflicted with sorrows and trials, but the genial warmth of a tender heart forbade the presence of gloom. Solicitous first and always for the comfort and happiness of his home circle, the elements of a loving husband and fond father were most beautifully exemplified in his kindly demeanor towards those whom he cherished. His friends knew him but to esteem him with a tender regard; the church knew him but as a faithful communicant; the stricken family knew him but as the kindliest, most considerate of fathers and husbands. We shall miss him as a man eminent in the virtue of kindness, affection and love. The speaker referred in feeling terms to the suddenness of his death and the singular coincidence that he breathed his last with an open bible in his hands, upon one of the pages of which shone the words, "Praise be to God."

Rev. R. B. Balcom read the beautiful and impressive chapter from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians on the resurrection of the dead.

An invocation by Rev. Fisk followed, and the mortal remains of G. Thompson Gridley were borne between two rows of bowed heads from the church and thence to Mt. Evergreen cemetery, followed by his legal brethren, where they were interred with fitting ceremonies.

ACTION OF THE BAR

Prior to the opening of the circuit court, Nov. 29, Gov. Blair, as president of the Jackson county bar, called the assembled lawyers to order and announced that a report from the committee on resolutions appointed to draft an appropriate memorial on the death of Judge Gridley would report. Thomas A. Wilson then presented the resolutions which were as follows:

WHEREAS, Our friend and brother, G. Thompson Gridley, who has been for fifty-two years a member of the bar of this State, and for the last forty-five years a member of the bar of this county, and during that period has discharged with signal ability and faithfulness many offices of confidence and trust, in obedience to the inscrutable laws of man's being, has passed from life to death; and, in the

presence of our great loss, it is fitting that we give expression to those sentiments of esteem which have been the growth of years of personal and professional intercourse;

Therefore, as the bar association of Jackson, we say of the deceased:

His love of justice was supreme; to him the law was the instrument of justice and not of oppression.

His clearness of mental vision to distinguish right from wrong made him both a profound equity lawyer and a peacemaker among his fellow men.

While he knew well the machinery of the law he only used it to accomplish purposes which accorded with his sense of right.

He was a lawyer in the broader and better sense of the word, a despiser of technicalities, and so practiced his profession as constantly to educate and enlighten his conscience.

In his green old age his heart was tender as that of a child.

When on the bench or filling semi-judicial offices, he held the scales of justice even handed.

In his death the bar has lost an able and conscientious member, the community an upright and unpretending citizen, and all of us a genial, tender hearted friend and neighbor.

Resolved, That engrossed copies of this expression, certified by the president and secretary, be presented to the circuit court for the county of Jackson, with the request that the same may be entered upon the journal of the court.

Resolved, Further, that an engrossed copy of this expression, in a like manner certified, be transmitted to the family of the deceased, with assurances to the widow and daughters of our earnest sympathy in this their sudden and great bereavement.

Resolved, That as a further expression of our respect for the deceased, we will attend his funeral in a body and will wear the usual badges of mourning.

AUSTIN BLAIR,
President.

ERASTUS PECK,
THOMAS A. WILSON,
EUGENE PRINGLE,[1]
Committee.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered spread upon the journal of the association and that engrossed copies be certified and presented to the family.

ACTION OF THE COURT

At the convening of the circuit court, Hon. Austin Blair, as president of the bar association, presented the resolutions above set forth and requested that the same be entered upon the court journal. Judge Peck replied that the request was appropriate and that the same would be entertained.

A peculiar stillness fell upon the circle of lawyers present and the vacant place of the deceased brother seemed to remind them that they too would sooner or later pass to the unknown world.

The first one to break the stillness was W. K. Gibson, Esq., who spoke in a deeply earnest manner of the certainty of death which confronts us all; that while the material body may be analyzed by chem-

[1]Eugene Pringle located in Jackson in 1855.

ists, the functions explained by philosophic scientists and our natural structures dissected by anatomists and the wonderful system of our being explained—there were none to tell us of the mysterious functions of the soul. Our weakly physical selves are subject to infirmities and faults; the deceased was not free from them, but in an hour like this, it is proper to pass over the infirmities and to speak only of the good. We should attach value to the inherent good qualities commensurate with their influence upon the young. Judge Gridley was a genial, kind man. He was a lover of men. Always buoyant, pleasant, hopeful, he had none of the deadweights of pessimism. As a lawyer upon chancery or equitable questions he was alike remarkable for his strong, clear mind and painstaking disposition to be right. He was a trustworthy and safe counselor, and a good advisor.

By reason of his participation in the primary development of this city when it was yet a village, he certainly is entitled to the warmest remembrance by the citizens of Jackson. As a judge, he was moved by the impulses of a sensitive heart, tender and merciful. Sensitive to criticism, he may have been timid, but every act of his life was a challenge to his critics that no verdict rendered by him was antagonistic to his convictions of right. He had a large heart and was remarkable for the performance of things good, honest and true.

Thomas A. Wilson followed Mr. Gibson. "Such occasions as these are prone to be empty, meaningless, formalities. But so thoroughly interwoven into the history of this county and city was the subject of our brief pause here today that it seems meet to pay an honest tribute to his worth. Everyone knew Judge Gridley and during the formative period of our local history, I may safely say, he knew every man, woman and child in this community. Whether he was appreciated is not our mission to judge, for we are all sooner or later to pass through the same ordeal into another land, and that question does not determine the event.

As a lawyer Judge Gridley was profound—not brilliant. He was thorough, practical and honest, and pursued the practice of his profession in the broad, comprehensive manner of a scholar and lawyer. It was not easy for him to decide questions that gave others no uneasiness, yet when his decision was made it satisfied the demands of his conscience. He esteemed the love and respect of his fellows, but neither fear nor favor swerved him from the right. His errors, when made, arose from the brain—never from the heart. Spotless in his devotion to right, he has left the bar he honored here to face another where he will be appreciated as he never was here.

As a citizen, lawyer and official he was a fitting example of every virtue to the young men of this city and county."

Hon. Eugene Pringle was the next speaker. He said he had known Judge Gridley forty years. His supreme love of justice led him to hesitate in executing the rigor of the law. It was not his timidity, but his extraordinary love of justice which induced it. He was crowned with the virtue of ever seeking for the right. He was above the corrupting influences of stategy and never calculated upon a legal victory achieved by illegal instruments. His mind was as great as his body; he was not nervously active, but did his duty firmly, slowly and surely, and with as unerring precision as was the work of the mills of the Gods. A profound, astute lawyer, a good citizen, a good man.

Thomas E. Barkworth paid tribute to the sterling qualities of his elder brother. To him his death was a personal bereavement, for he had learned to love him as a friend, a counselor, a mentor. Political differences were made subservient to the great glowing heart of the man in his honest, open candor, while malice and revenge had no refuge in his bosom. The strife and struggle, the toil and turmoil of a lawyer's life bred asperities if not inculcating pessimistic ideas of the world; with Judge Gridley every factor was made to do reverence to the ultimate triumph of right, mercy and kindness. He was useful to all in that he elevated the practice and profession, gave tone and character to our chosen pursuit. The beauty of his singularly sweet and pure life was not marred in death, for he died as he had lived: "with malice toward none and charity for all."

Prosecuting Attorney Parkinson paid a touching, delicate tribute to the worth of deceased. His words were fittingly chosen and seemed pregnant with heartfelt meaning. His intimacy with the dead judge had not been close during his lifetime, but had been sufficiently close as to permit glimpses of the loftiness of his character, his erudition, clearness and profoundity of his learning. "His life bore the charm of sweet purity, the jewel of consistency, and the tone of christian rectitude. It was the exponent of all that was good, kindly and true, and no words of his could add to the general veneration and respect entertained toward his memory by the members of the bar. He was an integral member of our social and judicial fabric—an honored pillar in its structure. He was measured by his innate qualities of usefulness and greatness. His magnanimity was as genuinely unselfish as his great heart was free from guile. The tribute we pay over his corpse today is the only tribute I should desire to be said above my own, when my brethren are called upon to perform that last office for me.

The tribute is: "He tried to do his duty, truthfully, honestly." Judge Gridley was a noble man, endowed with a large mind and perfect manhood. He was gentle, not because he was weak, but because he was too great in soul and mind to be otherwise. He ennobled citizenship, his profession and the bench he sat upon. Amid contentions he was serene, poised on the vantage of right. He was fearful of criticism only when it was unjust, because he was always assured of the rectitude of his course by the approval of his innermost consciousness. Upon the throne of his consciousness always sat his own conscience."

Henry E. Edwards, in behalf of the younger members, spoke of the deceased's kindly and assisting attitude toward the new beginners. In his family he was the soul of kindness and was moved by a heart as tender and kind as a child's. He made his family's virtues the brightest; their troubles and faults were unseen. His wedded life was an uninterrupted series of pleasant, companionable years undimmed with even the one harsh or unkind word. Supreme love of right and justice were the innumerable characteristics of the man.

Jay Calkins paid tribute to his helpful aid extended to the young lawyers while on the bench, and said he was esteemed by every young man who knew him as a friend and benefactor.

There being no further speakers, Judge Peck granted the request and ordered the resolutions spread upon the journal of the court. The judge was evidently greatly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for it was with difficulty that he expressed himself as he slowly enumerated the virtues of the deceased. He said that for half a century Judge Gridley had been a marked figure in local judicial history. He had been prominent in connection with the administration of the laws, either as magistrate or practitioner, ever since the courts had been organized in this district. A great many eminent men had occupied the seat filled by its present incumbent. It is sufficient to say what the truth is. Deceased was a singularly pure and honest man, and showed to our young men what is possible from a good and pure life.

Of all the men gracing this bench not one sustained more strong and continued impressions of right than did Judge Gridley. Others might have more marked characteristics, possessed greater rapidity of execution and stronger elements of brilliancy—none were more impressive in steadily and continually insisting upon the right. It is just and right to say that from the beginning of our judicial life as a district, Judge Gridley, for this half century, was the most prominent figure in its history. Of all the honored men who occupied this seat but two aside

from the present incumbent are now living and with these two the feeble flame of life is slowly but surely flickering, presaging its early extinguishment. Judge Peck reviewed the salutary influences of the life of Judge Gridley, and pronounced his virtues eminent and worthy of emulation. Said he in conclusion: "Judge Gridley happily exemplified the highest idea of a judge, administering justice tempered with mercy." His remarks were received with profound attention by the bar, and evidently impressed all present with their earnestness and depth of feeling.

And thus it was that the Jackson county bar and court did their kindly offices in respect to the memory of one of their purest, brightest and most loyal ornaments—and thus it was that the curtain was drawn upon his virtuous, honorable career.

At the conclusion of these solemn and impressive addresses, a gentleman who knew Judge Gridley intimately and was closely associated with him in his official capacity while on the circuit bench, said to the Citizen:

"Judge Gridley was born with a normal enlargement of the heart which troubled him more than much. It was ever calling his attention to his own or somebody's else misfortunes. When called upon to pass the sentence of the law upon convicted felons it stood like a huge boulder between him and his duty. Especially was this true in the case of youthful depravity, when he would coax, beg and plead for a promise of reformation from their evil ways, and time and again I have seen the tears roll down his face during the performance of such official duties.

Another phase of this same peculiarity revealed itself in the administration of divorce laws. Here he had strong prejudices, and he could hardly understand the desire on the part of man or woman, when once such a relation had been contracted, that either should seek its termination. He would have been glad if scriptural reasons were the only legal reasons for its dissolution. His temperance proclivities, however, permitted him to tolerate habitual drunkenness as an additional reasonable ground; but it was with a tinge of regret when he was compelled by the strict letter of the statute to extend these separations for other reasons. His sympathy for the weaker vessel subjected the unhappy husband applying for a separation to a most searching examination for misconduct on his own part, and woe-betide that man if his case came a hairbreadth short of the requirements, for his bill was pretty sure to be dismissed.

Counselors always found the judge fully posted as to every require-

ment, and sometimes were first reminded of some new legislation when they came to the hearing, with papers supposed to be regular and quite up to the iron-clad requirements.

Though he bribed Father Time five years and more beyond the allotted span, his faculties remained unimpaired; life was full of pleasure to him, but while he disliked the idea of severing his strong ties relating to family and society, he had a strong belief that existence once begun was never interrupted—a theme upon which he loved to speculate."

JAMES JENKINS

James Jenkins, one of the oldest coal miners in Michigan, and the oldest one in Jackson county, fell down the hoisting shaft at the coal mine on the John R. Pool farm, three miles north of this city, in Blackman, at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning, Dec. 1, 1889, and was instantly killed.

Deceased, who had resided for some years at Woodville, west of the city, was in Jackson Saturday and returned during the evening. About midnight he visited the mine and had some conversation with George Adams, who was the engineer in charge during the night shift. The latter turned to put some coal on the fire under the boiler and when he had completed his task he looked for Jenkins, but failed to find him. At once he walked to the opening of the shaft, the black square hole being on a level with the surface, and as he did so he heard a crash, as if something had fallen down the shaft. He at once gave the alarm to those below the ground and on repairing to the bottom of the shaft the lifeless body of the old veteran miner lay where it had fallen from the top, a distance of a trifle over 100 feet.

Aid was summoned and the body taken to the surface, but nothing could be done. The left shoulder was crushed in, the left arm fractured, the chest bone broken and the flesh crushed and mangled. There was also a scalp wound on the head, but the skull was not fractured. No inquest was ordered as the relatives did not think it necessary, and the cause of death was clear to them.

Mr. Jenkins came here from Pittsburg, Pa., in the last of the year 1857, and would, had he lived, been seventy years old next Christmas day. He was the first man to bore for coal on the Porter property, north of the prison and east of Cooper street. He had always been a man of exceeding active temperament, and sank several shafts about the country in a prospecting tour for coal. He was one of the principal stockholders of the Pool mine, and largely instrumental in opening it.

He leaves a family of six children, five of whom are married. He was born in England, Dec. 25, 1819, and landed in America in 1853, and after a few years spent in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, he came direct to Jackson, where he has since resided, with an occasional exception of a few months prospecting for coal in different parts of the State.

MRS. DWIGHT INGRAHAM

Mrs. Dwight Ingraham died very suddenly of heart disease on Thursday morning, April 17, 1890, at her home in Blackman. She leaves a husband whose locks are silvered with age besides five grown children, three sons and two daughters, to mourn her loss. At a meeting of Climax Association, No. 658, P. of I.,[1] the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, Death for the first time has entered our association and without a moment's warning snatched from our midst our beloved Sister Ingraham; Therefore be it

Resolved, That we humbly submit to His divine will, and feel that our great loss is her infinite gain;

Resolved, That Climax Association, No. 658, P. of I., as a token of love and respect for our deceased sister, extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, especially to the sorrowing husband whose comfort in his declining years has been so ruthlessly taken from him;

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this association; a copy be sent to the weekly papers of Jackson and a copy to the Patrons' Guide.

Farewell, farewell, dear sister!
Our hearts were knit to thine;
The memory of thy kindness
Shall round our hearts entwine.

Again we hope to meet thee,
When life's short journey's o'er;
Ah, yes! we hope to meet thee then,
On Heaven's eternal shore.

MRS. GEORGE PEARSON
MISS ELEANOR RHINES
MISS DELLA M. HARRIS
Committee

JAMES L. HOLMES

James L. Holmes died at his residence, 337 West Main street, Jackson, at two o'clock p. m., May 26, 1890, after an illness of one week, from failure of the heart. One week before his death he visited his place of business as usual, returning in the evening, when he complained of a

[1]Patrons of Industry generally called Grangers.

pain in his head. The next day he did not feel very well and toward night sank into an unconscious condition, from which he rallied the following day. On Wednesday evening he again passed into a state of insensibility from which he never rallied more than sufficient to momentarily recognize his nearest friends. He passed away without a tremor, seeming to gently fall asleep.

James L. Holmes was born in New York city, August, 1825, and was therefore nearly sixty-five years of age. He left his home in New York in 1837 and came to the then far west, Michigan, and located at Napoleon, in this county. He remained at Napoleon a year, and in 1838 came to Jackson, where he has since resided. In 1852 he was united in marriage with Miss Henrietta Kyes, of Grass Lake, who died a year and two months later. On the 12th day of October, 1871, he again married, having won the heart of Mrs. Eunice Tompkins, who is now bereft of a kind husband by his death.

Deceased was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having risen to the Knights Templar degree, and was also a member of the Knights of Pythias.

In 1874 he was appointed to the only office he ever held—that of member of the board of public works, which office he acceptably filled for fifteen years.

He leaves a wife and one sister, Miss Alta Holmes, for whom he thoughtfully provided life insurance to the amount of $6,500.

PATRICK BOLAND

Another old and useful citizen, in the person of Patrick Boland, has gone to join the majority on the other shore. Mr. Boland was 76 years of age, but was an active man, hale and hearty, up to within a few days of his death, and worked at the polls at the recent city election with his accustomed vigor for the success of the democratic ticket. He was ill but a few days, from pneumonia, and died on Sunday night, April 13, 1890, at his home on Cooper street. Deceased was born in county Mayo, Ireland, in 1814, and when a mere boy removed with his parents to England, where he later married the lady who survives him and who bore him nine children. In 1867 he came to Jackson, where he has since resided, earning the esteem of all who knew him as an honest, upright man. He was a genial old gentleman and loved his friends dearly and in turn he was beloved by them, and no man was ever wronged by him. Among his children are W. J. Boland, the well known market man, and Christopher, now largely interested in mining companies at Denver, Colorado.

The funeral took place from St. John's church on Wednesday morning and was largely attended. Rev. Father Buyse in an eloquent sermon, paid a just tribute to the deceased as an honest man, a kind neighbor and true husband and father. The interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

JOHN A. FELLOWS

John A. Fellows of Sandstone, died suddenly, at two o'clock in the morning of March 13, 1890, at his home. He retired at the usual hour but at 1:45 in the morning his wife detected his hard and unnatural breathing, and awakened him only to learn that he complained of feeling ill, restoratives were applied but he ceased to breathe in ten minutes, and it was decided that he died of heart disease. Mr. Fellows was one of Jackson county's earliest and most respected pioneers. He came here from New York state in 1830, and had been a resident of the county for nearly fifty-nine years, and owned a fine farm and handsome residence just west of the county farm. He was a consistent and vigorous republican, and only on Wednesday chaffed the publisher of the Star regarding its political utterances, though he had for many years been a subscriber. He was an exceptionally well read man and the last time we met him, Wednesday afternoon in Mabley's store, where he was wont to call, he challenged us all to a political debate, choosing for his theme, Thomas Jefferson and the Erie Canal, in which he dwelt upon Dewitt Clinton's virtues as the father of that important waterway to the Atlantic. Mr. Fellows was 80 years of age and leaves a widow and seven children, two of whom reside at Ludington, one at Ionia, one in Chicago, and the remainder in this county. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, standing above six feet and admirably proportioned, with a voice of remarkable power. He was genial and kind in manner, hearty in his greeting, and he leaves many friends to mourn his death.

MEMOIR OF HON. JAMES GOULD, OF JACKSON

BY H. H. SMITH

James Gould was born in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., in 1831, he came to Michigan when but five years old. They settled in Hillsdale, when the territory was, in common with all Michigan, a wilderness. In those days education of the commonest sort was only had under extreme difficulties, and young Gould was eight years of age before he learned the alphabet. He was a strong, athletic boy, and aided

his father materially in clearing up the farm. When he became thirteen years of age he began work for a neighboring farmer and received for six months the liberal salary of three dollars per month. For seven years he labored on the farm, and this period of exercise contributed more to develop his physical strength, which has since served him so well, than any other avocation of his life. When he was twenty years of age he attended the union school at Jonesville, and lived in the family of the Hon. George Monro, of whom he still speaks with respect and affection. He was a diligent scholar and made rapid progress in his studies, so that at the end of a year he was fitted for teaching and became a teacher in the union school at Moscow. He then passed a year in the Normal School at Ypsilanti, and the following year he was made principal of the union school at Litchfield. In April, 1861, he came to Jackson, and for two years was made an officer at the State Prison. During these years he improved his leisure moments by reading law, and in 1863 he formed a law co-partnership with V. M. Bostwick, and added to it real estate and insurance, which rapidly increased till it amounted in 1868 to $240,000 a year. He was admitted to practice in the United States courts in 1870, and the same year his partner died, when he closed up the business of the firm. In 1873 he was appointed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction to visit Hillsdale college and report the condition, progress, etc., of that institution. He was chosen alderman of his ward and served, we believe, two terms. He had also served as school inspector, and was the first president of the Y. M. C. A. of Jackson.

He was elected to the legislature in 1878, where he discharged his duties with high credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. In 1880 he was elected judge of probate for this county and filled that important office for four years, as he has filled every office entrusted to him, with ability and honor. Mr. Gould was a Republican, as he has always been, but he was a Republican from convictions, and was earnest and sincere in his support of that party. He was not a bitter partisan, but was tolerant of others' political opinions who differed from those he entertained.

He was an active member of the First M. E. Church, and was ever found ready to do his duty in the cause of religion. When that society constructed its present handsome edifice, Mr. Gould cheerfully gave of his means, which were never large, and he was ever a cheerful giver in aid of Christianity and practical charity. He was also a prominent member of the A. F. and A. M. lodge, chapter, council and commandery, and had, we believe, taken the Scottish Rite degrees. He

married Miss Caroline, daughter of James Fillon, and his domestic life was as happy and contented as one could wish. Although they have never been blessed with children, they have adopted and made happy more than one homeless waif.

He was a fond admirer of Shakespeare and never tired of quoting from the great bard, and as he was an excellent reader he often entertained his friends with Shakespearean recitations. We might say much of his benevolence and personal traits of character.

Of late years his health has not been robust, and he had refrained from active participation in politics; but quietly attended to his law and real estate business, respected by the community. He died August 16, 1888.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY

HENRY BISHOP

Name	Date of Death	Age	Occupation
Sarah Allen	June 20, 1889	85	Merchant's widow
John C. Conway	June 29, 1889	82	Farmer
Joseph Buckhout	July 11, 1889	82	Farmer
Harvey S. Booth	July 17, 1889	78	Farmer
Joseph B. Daniels	July 22, 1889	79	Grocer
William Campbell	August 14, 1889	70	Farmer
Foster H. Smith	August 14, 1889	80	Farmer
Josiah Mead	August 14, 1889	73	Farmer
Abial Fellows	September 24, 1889	70	Farmer
Saben M. Nickols	October 27, 1889	74	Farmer
John F. Oliver	November 8, 1889	69	Farmer
Lewis R. Davis	November 12, 1889	80	Farmer
Samuel White	November 12, 1889	74	.....
Amos Lilley	November 17, 1889	74	Farmer
Mrs. Rockwell May	December 2, 1889	89	Retired farmer's wife
Mrs. Azro Healy	December 5, 1889	70	.....
Ira Smith	December 5, 1889	78	Farmer
William T. Stillwell	January 19, 1890	63	Doctor
George Sager	January 16, 1890	66	Farmer
Conrad Eversteen	January 19, 1890	82	Farmer
William Farwell	January 21, 1890	76	Farmer
Hiram Moon	February 11, 1890	74	Farmer
Stephen W. Frank	February 11, 1890	77	Boot and shoe maker

Name	Date of Death	Age	Occupation
Abner D. Nash	February 20, 1890	89	Farmer
Freenelia Edmunds	February 23, 1890	76	A resident of Prairie Ronde since 1829
Joseph B. Millard	March 31, 1890	74	Banker and manufact'r
Lidia Howard	March 31, 1890	87	.....
Maria L. Colt	April 16, 1890	78	Merchant's widow
Nancy M. A. Cutler	April 20, 1890	83	Manufacturer's widow
Henry Little	May 25, 1890	93	Farmer, machinist, and historical writer
William Boudeman[1]	May 31, 1890	82	Retired farmer

HENRY LITTLE

Henry Little, the well known and respected citizen a resident of this county nearly sixty years, died after a prolonged and painful illness at his late residence, No. 435 Lovell street, Kalamazoo, Sunday, May 25, 1890, at the extreme age of 93 years and 26 days. With more than an ordinary endowment of vital energies, his physical and mental powers alike were retained in a remarkable degree until the very day of his death.

Henry Little, son of William, and Phoebe (Merchant) Little was born at Cambridge, N. Y., April 29, 1797. His ancestors were from the island of Guernsey, Great Britain. His father served in the Continental army, his mother then living at Danbury, Ct., during which time the British troops under Gov. Tryon burned the town April 27, 1777. After the war in the year 1800, his father settled at Danville, Caledonia county, Vt. When Henry was only six years old in 1803, his mother died, and the family was broken up.

In boyhood he worked on a farm. At the age of fifteen he entered as an apprentice and acquired the trade of mill-wright, machinist and master mechanic, and in 1815 established himself in business at St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he became extensively engaged in the erection of mills, iron-works, church edifices and other branches of his profession. He was married March 11, 1822, to Miss Ruth Fuller, daughter of Abraham Fuller of Wilbraham, Mass., a patriot soldier of the revolution. [Mrs. Little died in Kalamazoo, February 8, 1888, aged 87.] Mr. Little and his wife both united with the Congregational church at St. Johnsbury prior to their removal to the west.

In 1826, Mr. Little was engaged in constructing mills upon the "Big dam" at Boston, Mass. Returning to St. Johnsbury in 1827, he entered the employ of Messrs. E. and T. Fairbanks, then conducting a foundry, iron works and machine shops upon the site now occupied by their

[1]See appendix.

extensive scale manufactory, and in 1830 superintended for them the erection of a mill for cleaning and preparing hemp fibre for market. An imperative necessity arising for some improved apparatus for weighing hemp as brought to the mill, the Fairbanks brothers instituted various experiments in reference to scales upon an entirely new plan, and Mr. Little materially aided them in originating, planning and bringing to a successful result the world renowned, valuable invention known as "the Fairbank's platform scales."[1]

October 3, 1831, Mr. Little, wife and two children, Frank and Ellen, in company with the brothers John, Hiram and Lovell Moore, the latter being a brother-in-law—and Alanson Crossman, left St. Johnsbury, Vt., for the territory of Michigan, and after a month's journey arrived at Tolland's Prairie (Galesburg),[1] in this county Nov. 5, 1831. The winter of 1831-32 was spent at Comstock[1] in the log house owned and occupied by Mr. Leland Lane. In April, 1832, the family removed to Gull Prairie,[1] and took up their residence upon a farm three-fourths of a mile east of the present village of Richland in this county. The farm was sold in the fall of 1836, and in March, 1838, the family removed to Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mr. Little having entered a large tract of government land in Ottawa county, this State. This land was soon afterwards exchanged with Judge Mitchell Hinsdill for an improved farm two miles and three-quarters west of the old home on Gull Prairie, and July 4, 1838, the family returned to Richland. This farm he owned at the time of his death—210 acres.

Mr. Little was engaged as a mill-wright in 1838, '39 and '40, in the construction of flouring mills at Yorkville,[1] Paw Paw and Kalamazoo. Leaving the farm at Richland in charge of his two younger sons, Wm. Henry and Albert, in 1863, he took up his permanent residence in Kalamazoo. [His only daughter Ellen, (Mrs. William C. Travis) died in Kalamazoo, Feb. 21, 1878, aged 50.] Mr. Little has devoted his later years to general reading, and has written and furnished for publication many essays and papers upon various subjects, particularly scenes and incidents of frontier life, personal reminiscenses of boyhood days in New England, and of stirring events of pioneer life connected with the early settlement of Michigan. Possessed of a wonderful memory, minute and accurate in all particulars, his many and exhaustive contributions to the pioneer history of the county and State have been highly prized for their correctness and general fullness of detail.

Henry Little in his more prominent characteristics was a man of positive convictions, of indomitable energy, perseverance and self-will; orderly, painstaking, frugal and industrious in all his habits; scrupu-

[1]See appendix.

lously exact, undeviating, upright and reliable in business affairs; orthodox, strong and unswerving in his religious faith, enjoying as a citizen, neighbor and friend the high esteem and confidence of his fellow men.

The life acts and character of such a man as Henry Little need no praise, for, of themselves, they are his eulogy. Singularly pure, void of offense, free from contention, ever desirous of doing his best for the welfare of others, capable of filling any public position with distinction, yet never self-seeking, esteemed by his neighbors and all who have ever been associated with him in the affairs of life, during his long and active career, one of the most loyal and best of citizens in the highest and noblest sense which the term implies, he fully presents the type of a true American. With a calmness and willingness to depart rarely witnessed, and with a mind strangely clear and strong for one of his advanced age to the very last, he laid down the burdens of earth and sank to rest without fear, in the full and perfect confidence that he was to enter that life beyond "which is eternal in the heavens." Outliving all his early associates and contemporaries, he died at the extreme age of 93 years, leaving three sons—Frank, William Henry and Albert and their descendants, to revere and cherish his memory.

KENT COUNTY.

THOMAS D. GILBERT

Mrs. Foster Kelley, of Gaines, died March 16, 1889.

Mrs. Alonzo Platt, M. D., of Grand Rapids, died April 19, 1889.

Mrs. Caroline N. White, of Grand Rapids, died June 21, 1889.

Mrs. Frank Van Driele, of Grand Rapids, died Oct. 7, 1889.

Mrs. James M. White, of Walker, died March 17, 1889.

Mrs. Reuben E. Davis, of Wyoming, died Nov. 20, 1889.

Mrs. Obed H. Foot, of Grand Rapids, died Feb. 18, 1889.

Thomas Smith came to Grand Rapids, Aug. 5, 1856, died March 6, 1889, aged 69 years.

Ichabod L. Quimby, died March 21, 1889.

Wright L. Coffinbury came to Grand Rapids in June, 1846, from Ohio. He was a civil engineer for the city several years. Died March 25, 1889, aged 82 years. [For a more extended notice see p. 131 vol. XIV Pioneer and Historical collections].

John Ederson came to Grand Rapids in 1840. He was a farmer, and lived on his farm on West Bridge street hill until his death Feb. 28, 1889, aged 73 years.

Emons R. Huntley came to Grand Rapids in 1857, and died April 16, 1889, aged 62 years.

James Muir, a native of Scotland, came to Grand Rapids in 1851. A man of sterling integrity. He was an invalid for many years; held the office of collector of the second ward from its organization until he was compelled by failing health, about 1888, to resign. He died Jan. 15, 1889, aged 68 years.

Hiram H. Allen came to the territory of Michigan in the year 1830, and to the Grand river valley in 1838; settled on a farm where he lived to the time of his death; was justice of the peace many years. Died Jan. 1, 1890, aged 86 years.

William I. Blakely came from Buffalo, N. Y., in 1837; was a carpenter by trade; held the position of Deputy U. S. Marshall about 1840; was supervisor of the third ward of Grand Rapids for several terms, also held other offices of trust. Died June 16, 1889, aged 79 years.

George W. Doge came to Grand Rapids in 1849; was an ornamental plasterer. Died July 26, 1889.

Anson N. Norton came from Mount Morris N. Y., in 1857; was sheriff of Kent county two years; was one of the contractors who paved Monroe street with the cobble stone pavement, the first street paved in the city of Grand Rapids. Died at his home near Grandville, Aug. 7, 1889, aged 68 years.

LENAWEE COUNTY

FRANCIS A. DEWEY

No	Residence	Name	Date of Death	Age
1	Ridgeway	Augustus Montgomery	June, 1889	82
2	Ridgeway	Mrs. Francis Coats	June, 1889	70
3	Tecumseh	Joseph E. Hall	June, 1889	82
4	Ridgeway	Peter Osterhout	June, 1889	73
5	Tecumseh	Richard Ford	June, 1889	75
6	Clinton	Malinda Doty	June, 1889	80
7	Deerfield	Henry Morse	June, 1889	66
8	Deerfield	Charlotte Henica	June, 1889	79
9	Adrian	Susan Hanford	June, 1889	85
10	Ridgeway	Mrs. Lyman A. Curtis	June, 1889	74
11	Canandagua	Joseph Smith	June, 1889	81

No	Residence	Name	Date of Death	Age
12	Rollin	Levi Hoag	June, 1889	68
13	Tecumseh	Jeremiah Hendrix	June, 1889	88
14	Raisin	Libni Kelley	June, 1889	90
15	Adrian	John Dolbier	June, 1889	70
16	Madison	David Ayers	June, 1889	68
17	Adrian	Albert Wilcox	July, 1889	84
18	Adrian	William Benson	July, 1889	69
19	Adrian	George Lute	July, 1889	66
20	Adrian	Dr. M. L. Sherman	July, 1889	80
21	Rollin	Phebe Bonney	July, 1889	70
22	Madison	Thomas Barber	July, 1889	60
23	Adrian	George L. Bidwell	July, 1889	70
24	Adrian	Aaron Price	July, 1889	90
25	Tecumseh	William Tilton	July, 1889	86
26	Morenci	Mrs. Peter House	July, 1889	81
27	Raisin	James Cairns	July, 1889	60
28	Adrian	John Mallory	July, 1889	66
29	Woodstock	Mrs. Richard Pelham	July, 1889	80
30	Adrian	William Graves	July, 1889	80
31	Seneca	Wallace Whaly	July, 1889	76
32	Clinton	Betsy Larzelere	July, 1889	80
33	Rome	Jane Raymond	July, 1889	80
34	Riga	Emily Colwell	July, 1889	80
35	Adrian	Mrs. Charles Stevens	July, 1889	78
36	Blissfield	Mary Keaton	July, 1889	83
37	Ogden	Mrs. Amasa Cowell	July, 1889	80
38	Clinton	Robert Gregg	July, 1889	78
39	Cambridge	James Blowers	July, 1889	75
40	Hudson	Samuel King	July, 1889	70
41	Deerfield	Hugh McVarie	August, 1889	72
42	Deerfield	Mrs. McVarie	August, 1889	75
43	Ridgeway	Simeon Oliver	August, 1889	84
44	Fairfield	Sally Baker De Land	August, 1889	72
45	Franklin	Alice D. Osborn	August, 1889	69
46	Franklin	Laura Turner	August, 1889	84
47	Adrian	Maryam Allhouse	September, 1889	66
48	Morenci	Joseph Head	September, 1889	75
49	Tecumseh	Sarah Hall	September, 1889	76
50	Tecumseh	Halsey Lewis	September, 1889	78
51	Tecumseh	Katie Tallman	September, 1889	73
52	Tecumseh	Mahala Lowell Yauger	September, 1889	68

No	Residence	Name	Date of Death	Age
53	Medina	Mrs. Gambell	September, 1889	80
54	Clayton	Mrs. Compton	September, 1889	85
55	Adrian	Charles Bidwell	October, 1889	65
56	Adrian	Henry Bowen	October, 1889	82
57	Tecumseh	Mrs. Alanson Bangs	October, 1889	73
58	Morenci	Freelove Barnes	October, 1889	93
59	Ogden	Elijah Earls	October, 1889	84
60	Raisin	Isaac Stanly	October, 1889	88
61	Clinton	Andrew Fabrigue	October, 1889	80
62	Franklin	Rhoda Stout	October, 1889	82
63	Clinton	John Ed. McColum	October, 1889	60
64	Macon	Garret Aten	October, 1889	59
65	Medina	Benjamin D. Osborn	October, 1889	73
66	Adrian	George W. Whipple	October, 1889	75
67	Ogden	Charles Case	October, 1889	72
68	Brittan	Mrs. James Smith	October, 1889	74
69	Adrian	Elizabeth Hawk	October, 1889	65
70	Franklin	Rhoda Stout	October, 1889	75
71	Morenci	Lewis Breeze	November, 1889	75
72	Ridgeway	Amelia W. Smith	November, 1889	74
73	Adrian	Ezra M. Burnham	November, 1889	83
74	Clinton	Harriet Lancaster	November, 1889	77
75	Tecumseh	James Gregg	November, 1889	78
76	Hudson	Mrs. William Pettit	November, 1889	81
77	Adrian	Philo Mills	November, 1889	79
78	Franklin	Mrs. Baldwin	November, 1889	80
79	Rome	Hiram Lawrence	December, 1889	81
80	Adrian	Mrs. Nichols	December, 1889	79
81	Adrian	Mary Hoag	December, 1889	77
82	Macon	Katie Langam	December, 1889	75
83	Adrian	Abram Hathaway	December, 1889	84
84	Fairfield	Maria Scump	December, 1889	77
85	Tecumseh	John Whiteneck	December, 1889	76
86	Tecumseh	William Thorp	January, 1890	73
87	Morenci	Fannie Hall	January, 1890	81
88	Adrian	Nancy Beach	January, 1890	78
89	Adrian	Mary Gafengy	January, 1890	87
90	Palmyra	Caroline Hendershot	January, 1890	65
91	Adrian	Maria H. Angevine	January, 1890	72
92	Morenci	Elisha Baker	January, 1890	82
93	Tecumseh	D. W. Clark	January, 1890	70

No	Residence	Name	Date of Death	Age
94	Hudson	N. U. Tracy	January, 1890	80
95	Raisin	Carrie Chase	January, 1890	35
96	Adrian	Mrs. Luanenbush	January, 1890	82
97	Adrian	Dorathy Cruger	January, 1890	80
98	Adrian	Sarah Bollas	January, 1890	82
99	Adrian	Daniel Benedict	January, 1890	57
100	Adrian	Thomas Warren	January, 1890	67
101	Rollin	Richmond Hathaway	January, 1890	80
102	Morenci	Christopher Smith	January, 1890	72
103	Morenci	Mrs. Marlott	January, 1890	74
104	Seneca	Horatio N. Crowe	January, 1890	75
105	Morenci	R. Richards	January, 1890	75
106	Ogden	Sulivan B. Hicks	January, 1890	68
107	Fairfield	Harriet Morse	January, 1890	77
108	Clinton	Mary Ann Kies	January, 1890	60
109	Macon	Mike Hendershot	January, 1890	86
110	Franklin	Perry Allen	January, 1890	82
111	Tecumseh	Mrs. Perly Bills	January, 1890	72
112	Deerfield	Elizabeth Burke	January, 1890	87
113	Adrian	Smith Older	February, 1890	85
114	Hudson	Mrs. D. Liasering	February, 1890	63
115	Adrian	R. I. Bradley	February, 1890	74
116	Seneca	Phebe Boyce	February, 1890	93
117	Morenci	James Converse	February, 1890	82
118	Clinton	George Wier	February, 1890	95
119	Adrian	William Ray	February, 1890	75
120	Rollin	Tilden Tamer	February, 1890	66
121	Geneva	George F. Town	February, 1890	65
122	Hudson	Eliza Eaton	February, 1890	72
123	Woodstock	Mrs. Sholes	February, 1890	58
124	Adrian	Christian Ingals	February, 1890	80
125	Cambridge	William Aldrich	February, 1890	81
126	Rome	Charles Baker	February, 1890	82
127	Franklin	Polly Deming	February, 1890	77
128	Franklin	Joseph Camburn	February, 1890	94
129	Rome	Phil Mosher	February, 1890	73
130	Franklin	Mrs. Andrew Hunter	February, 1890	65
131	Adrian	Mrs. J. Wescott	February, 1890	80
132	Rome	Andrew Taylor	March, 1890	87
133	Adrian	William Bennet	March, 1890	76
134	Rollin	John Tingly	March, 1890	80

No	Residence	Name	Date of Death	Age
135	Franklin	J. Deming	March, 1890	78
136	Adrian	Julia Davis	March, 1890	84
137	Adrian	Mrs. H. R. Russell	March, 1890	66
138	Cambridge	Mrs. J. Lee	March, 1890	79
139	Morenci	Miss C. Wilder	March, 1890	52
140	Palmyra	Miss Emily G. Hill	March, 1890	73
141	Adrian	William Johnson	April, 1890	65
142	Adrian	Francis VanDoren	April, 1890	70
143	Cambridge	J. M. Richardson	April, 1890	73
144	Cambridge	Simon Shultes	April, 1890	70
145	Dover	Charles Gamble	April, 1890	75
146	Tecumseh	Nancy Boyd	April, 1890	70
147	Adrian	Jacob Fisher	April, 1890	70
148	Adrian	Shubel Field	April, 1890	80
149	Cambridge	Delight Durkee	April, 1890	50
150	Morenci	Robert Smith	April, 1890	79
151	Adrian	Thomas W. Davis	April, 1890	85
152	Adrian	Sabrina Green	April, 1890	78
153	Adrian	Christain Bickel	April, 1890	82
154	Adrian	Herbert Miller	April, 1890	79
155	Morenci	Lon Colvin	May, 1890	84
156	Franklin	Mrs. James Hunter	May, 1890	70
157	Ridgeway	Mrs. Joshua Waring	May, 1890	75
158	Franklin	Morris Fox	May, 1890	65
159	Tecumseh	Mary Hough	May, 1890	85
160	Medina	Elvira Marshall	May, 1890	75
161	Adrian	Nancy Conklin	May, 1890	89
162	Adrian	Lydia B. Smith	May, 1890	101
163	Cambridge	John Silvernail	May, 1890	87
164	Deerfield	Charles Cannon	May, 1890	80
165	Adrian	Jane Wadsworth	May, 1890	83
166	Deerfield	Reuben Thayer		70
167	Deerfield	Dr. William Wood	June	55
168	Adrian	Samuel Leeds	June, 1890	73

Number 168—66 over 80 years of age; one over 101, Mrs. Lydia Smith, Adrian.

MRS. PRUDENCE E. CLEMENT

Prudence E. Clement, daughter of Jonathan and Sallie (Robertson) Gray, was born at Dundee, N. Y., January 20, 1828, and died July 12, 1888, at Blissfield.[1] In 1837 with her father's family she made the tedious journey by stage from her birthplace to Buffalo, thence by

[1]Blissfield was settled in 1828.

boat to Detroit and then through the dense forests to Lenawee county, finally settling in the township of Ogden, where the father had purchased eighty acres of the heavily timbered country, and began at once to hew out a home. The old log house with its huge fire-place at one end, where the early years of our subject's life were passed has long since given away to modern improvements and the wild land which the sturdy pioneer and his sons subdued and brought into cultivation is now tilled by others. October 3, 1846, she was married to John B. Clement, a sturdy pioneer who was anxious to achieve greatness and fortune with only a strong arm and a stout heart to start with. The first few years of their married life was spent in the village of Blissfield, while the husband was engaged in work on the Erie and Kalamazoo railroad. But working for day wages was beneath their ambition and in 1852 they gathered together their savings and bought 120 acres of the wooded lands of Ogden. A half acre was cleared and the rude log house hastily built. Each year saw the line of woods removed further back from the dwelling until finally the last sturdy monarch of the forest fell from the blows of the woodman's axe. She lived to see it all. In place of the log house stood a large farm dwelling, and other improvements to correspond. More acres were added to the original purchase and the home was blessed with all the comforts of true home life. Ten children had been brought into the world, two of whom had been lain away to the final sleep. She lived to see all these changes and had reached that period where rest and comfort are due those like her who had braved the trials and cares incident to pioneer life, but when she was informed that the end was drawing near she called her family to her bedside and bade each an affectionate farewell, with words full of love and good advice, and quietly dropped into a slumber from which she did not awake on this earth. In 1863 she united with the M. E. church and her life was marked with many christian acts which endeared her to all who knew her.

Mrs. Clement's mother whose death preceded that of the daughter nearly nine years was also a true type of an early pioneer. Bereft of her husband she struggled along for nearly a quarter of a century until the satisfaction of seeing a large family started well in life. The remarkable fact in connection with her life is that she saw seven distinct generations of her family. Two previous and four subsequent to her own.

MONTCALM COUNTY

J. P. SHOEMAKER

LUTHER R. JENKS

Luther R. Jenks died in Ferris township, Montcalm county, Michigan, April 21, 1890. Mr. Jenks was born in Cattaraugus county, N. Y. in 1815. Was married, and came to Michigan in 1844. Was one of the first settlers of Fairplains township, Montcalm county. Always a farmer. Raised a large family of boys, three of whom served in the army during the war.

WILLIAM Y. STARKS

William Y. Starks died at his home in Fairplains township, Montcalm county, June 5, 1890. Mr. Starks was born in Sodus, N. Y. in 1816, December 12. Married in 1844, came to Michigan and Montcalm county, 1856, and settled on his farm where he has continued to reside. His family consists of three daughters, two of whom, both married, survive him.

MRS. MARY E. GURNEY FISH

Died, at her home in Greenville, on Friday, March 7, 1890, Mrs. Mary E. Gurney Fish, wife of Dr. E. Fish, and mother of Miss Mary E. Fish, preceptress of Greenville high school.

Mary E. Gurney was born March 30, 1825, in Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts. Her life journey ended just before she had reached the sixty-fifth mile-stone.

While yet in her early childhood the family left the old New England home, and sought a new one in Ohio. The state was comparatively new, but the favored portion of it in which the Gurneys found a home—the Western Reserve—was distinguished for the intelligence and educational enterprise of its people, most of whom were natives of New England. No part of the west afforded to the pioneer such advantages for the education of his children. And of these advantages the father of Mary Gurney made the most. The education which his daughter received in the excellent common school was supplemented by instruction in select school and academy. Chester Academy, made famous by having numbered among its students James A. Garfield, at a little earlier date enrolled upon its register the modest name of Mary Gurney. This was her last school home. Here she made the acquaintance of Dr. Elias Fish, whose wife she became Sept. 6, 1848.

Three years after their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Fish moved to this State, locating, in the fall of 1851, in Otisco township, Ionia county, where they resided for eighteen years. Intellectually bright, quick and cultured, a writer, a singer, Mrs. Fish naturally found her place among the leaders in every enterprise that had for its object the mental culture and elevation of the community. And what she was worth in this direction is shown by the universal esteem and regard in which she is held in the "old Otisco neighborhood." To her quick and clear mind she added a heart so kind and warm, so full of all that was generous and tender, that to know her was to love her. Those who needed her helpful ministrations most knew her best. Her neighbors, especially those into whose lives had come want or sorrow, the young girls who helped in the domestic work of the house, the boys who did chores for their board while they attended school—in each of these last she saw the coming woman or the coming man; and perhaps no part of her life has been richer in its fruitage than the quiet work she did for them in her own home. Certainly no more sincere mourners gathered about her, as she lay in her last sleep among the flowers, than those whose privilege it had been to do her service. Young people of all classes found in her an interested and appreciative friend, and in the hearts of many of our own young people her memory will be most tenderly cherished. Accompanying a gift of flowers from one of these was this request "Please put them near her." The flowers that covered her casket with beauty, and made fragrant the air about it, were largely the gift of young people.

Always frail, Mrs. Fish was for many years of her life an invalid, much of the time a great sufferer. Meek and patient, she could say with the Apostle Paul, "While I look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, I faint not, for this, my light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The last twenty years of Mrs. Fish's life were spent among us. As a Christian she lived and died. Converted in her early youth, she was for some time a member of the Free Will Baptist church; during the later years of her life she was a member of the Congregational church of Greenville.

Pure and loving in life, she had nothing to fear in death. So quietly did she sink into her last sleep, that those who stood about her almost "thought her sleeping when she died," and to them these words of Montgomery seemed most beautifully true:

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day.

MUSKEGON COUNTY

H. H. HOLT

Name	Date of Death	Place of Death	Age
Frank Young	Aug. 4, 1889	Muskegon	68
Erastus Wilcox	May 15, 1890	Highland Park, Ill.	92
George Ruddiman	June 8, 1890	Muskegon	75

FRANK YOUNG

Frank Young was born in 1821, near Thier, on the river Rhine in Germany, and came to America in 1847 reaching Muskegon in the autumn of the same year. He worked the first winter in the woods at Sand Creek for J. D. Merrill, returning to Muskegon in the spring. The next two years he was in the employ of George Ruddiman who had then lately built the mill now known as the Montgomery, Champaigne & Co. mill in Muskegon. He afterwards carried on a boarding house for a time in company with Peter Lansiff. Some twenty years since he purchased a small farm in the township of Muskegon on which he continued to reside until the time of his death. He was accidentally shot a few days before his death by a boy who was out hunting, and died Aug. 4, 1889 in consequence of the wound. He was always known as a good, honest, industrious citizen.

ERASTUS WILCOX

Died, at Highland Park, Illinois, May 15, 1890, Erastus Wilcox, one of the pioneer settlers and business men of Muskegon, Michigan, at the ripe old age of 92 years.

Mr. Wilcox was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts; came west in the spring of 1837, stopping in Chicago, from whence he removed to Muskegon the following spring, having formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Theodore Newell, and his brother Horace Wilcox, under the firm name of Theodore Newell & Co., for the erection of a steam saw mill.

The first lumber sawed at this mill was shipped to Chicago in the autumn of 1839, the mill being the second of those in operation on Muskegon lake.

Mr. Wilcox and his family remained in Muskegon with his brothers and their families for two years, experiencing all the deprivations and hardships of settlers in a new country, when he returned to Chicago, and resided in that vicinity until the time of his death.

GEORGE RUDDIMAN

George Ruddiman, who has resided in this county continuously since 1840, died at his residence in Muskegon June 8, 1890. Mr. Ruddiman was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, Sept. 29, 1815, and came to America in 1833, stopping one year in Pennsylvania, when he came to Michigan, and has since resided most of his time in this State. He settled in Muskegon in April, 1840, and engaged as a millwright in repairing the mill at the mouth of Bear lake. In 1841 he took charge of this mill, and in 1844, in company with his brother, John Ruddiman, he bought the property where the Montgomery, Champaigne & Co.* mill now stands.

In 1840, Mr. Ruddiman attended the election in Muskegon and voted for Gen. Harrison for president of the United States.

George Ruddiman built the first boat used for towing logs and vessels in Muskegon lake. It was a small side-wheel steamer, and was called "The Peggy," which did good service on Muskegon lake for a number of years.

At the annual picnic of the Muskegon County Pioneer and Historical Society, in August, 1887, Mr. Ruddiman was present and had prepared the following paper, which was read, and which will be of interest now. It reads:

"I have noted down some of my experiences in Michigan. If you find anything in it that you can use, do so. My father moved into the township of Dearborn, about seven miles from Detroit, in the Spring of 1833. Our nearest neighbor was one mile off. I was at the so-called Toledo War. While we lived there I was three days on a trip to Detroit with oxen. There were but few horses in the country then. There was but little grade or caste among new settlers and they went almost as brothers. I came to St. Jo in 1838 when there was a few houses under the hill but nothing on it where St. Jo now is, and Niles was but a small village. In 1839 I was on the Kalamazoo river. There was a house where Richmond now is and I heard Judge Littlejohn deliver an oration on Fourth of July. I went up the river on the first steamboat that went up that stream. Where Saugatuck now is there was only a saloon. I worked at a mill at Singapore[1] built for six saws, about three-fourths of a mile from the mouth. In 1840 I came to Muskegon. There were but few settlers then. There were then three saw mills on Muskegon lake. These were Lloyd & Place's mill which stood on the site of the Swan, White & Smith mill. Another was a water mill at the mouth of Bear creek built by Jona-

*In Vol. II of Index this is given as Champagne, Montgomery & Co. On page 142 it is spelled Champagne, which undoubtedly is right.

[1]See appendix.

than H. Ford, and the other the Newell mill now belonging to Ryerson, Hills & Co. Theodore Newell and Henry Penoyer, who was postmaster, were two of the most prominent residents, also John A. Brooks, of Newaygo, was here considerable of the time. I planted out the first orchard in Muskegon county near the mill I owned at the time and now owned by Montgomery, Champagne & Co. Many of the old apple, cherry and pear trees are still standing. The orchard was set out, part of it, in 1848 and did so well that visitors from the east took some of the fruit to show what Muskegon could do in the way of raising fruit. The trees came from Rochester to Chicago and from Chicago to Muskegon on lumber vessels. There were but few if any nurseries in the west.

The township of Muskegon embraced a large part of what is now Muskegon county, and at the first election after I came here, there were, I think, forty-two votes cast, including half-breeds. Muskegon seemed to go backward until 1849. There was only one settler on White Lake, Charles Mears, and nothing on Black lake for some time after. Ferry at Grand Haven kept a log warehouse. There was nothing where the business part of Muskegon now is, except a log house near where Rifenburg's hall stands.

OAKLAND COUNTY

O. POPPLETON

Names	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan	Place and Date of Death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Arnold, Mrs. Thos			Pontiac, Oakland Co	Bald Mountain, August 19, 1889	80		
Andrews, James	Andover, Vermont	Aug. 18, 1799	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1838	Pontiac, November 25, 1889	90	3	7
Aldrich, Jefferson		1824	Troy, Oakland Co., 1838	Troy, December 13, 1889	66		
Adams, Mrs. Asa	Bennington, Vermont	1813	Highland, Oakland Co., 1831	Farmington, January 22, 1890	77		
Allen, Mrs. Alfred		1813	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1840	Oxford, April 18, 1890	77		
Andrews, Edwin		1821		Milford, March 11, 1890	69		
Anscomb, Mrs. Mary	Hull, England	April 25, 1813	Troy, Oakland Co., 1834	Troy, May 6, 1890	77		11
Bayley, Mrs. James	Scipio, Cayuga Co. New York	Aug. 26, 1804	Troy, Oakland Co., 1825	Troy, July 14, 1889	84	10	18
Bacon, Henry		1824	Waterford, Oakland Co	Waterford, July, 1889	65		
Baker, Mrs. J. C	Chili, Monroe Co., New York	1823	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1854	Oakland, October 7, 1889	66		
Bucknell, Mrs. William		1809	Milford, Oakland Co	Milford, October 16, 1889	80		
Brown, John		1814	Oakland Co	August 24, 1889	75		
Beardslee, Morris		1822	Orion, Oakland Co., 1835	Orion, 1890	67		
Bird, Samuel		Dec., 1810	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1837	Ortonville, December 8, 1889	79		
Bromley, Roswell	Vermont	1803	Avon, Oakland Co., 1843	Oakland, January 19, 1890	86		
Bishop, Mrs. Hannah	Brookfield, Orange Co., Vermont	Oct. 24, 1805	Orion, Oakland Co., 1836	Orion, 1890	83	6	
Brotherton, Francis	Connecticut	1818	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1825	Pontiac, February 5, 1890	71		
Barber, Gardner	Greene Co., New York	Jan. 12, 1782	Farmington, Oakland Co. 1864	Northville, December 17, 1889	107	11	5
Button, George W	New Haven, Connecticut	Oct. 26, 1815	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1837	New Hudson, February 24, 1890	74	3	28
Bradford, James S	West Killbridge, Scotland	Nov. 11, 1831	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1842	Pontiac, March 1, 1890	58	3	20
Bagg, M. L., Dr	Floyd, Oreida Co., New York	Aug. 23, 1809	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1835	Owosso, April 15, 1890	80	7	22

OAKLAND COUNTY—Continued

Names	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan	Place and Date of Death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Carman, Mrs. Jacob		1794	Waterford, Oakland Co.	Waterford, June 3, 1889	95		
Chatfield, Daniel B.	Richmond, Ontario Co., New York	May 20, 1826	Troy, Oakland Co., 1832	Kingston, Mich., June 26, 1889	63	1	6
Covert, Hiram L.		1818	Holly, Oakland Co.	Holly, July 29, 1889	71		
Cone, Mrs. Mary Crooks	Richmond, Ontario Co., New York	May 11, 1807	Troy, Oakland Co., 1822	Avon, August 7, 1889	82	2	26
Culver, Andrew J.	Shelby, New York	Aug. 4, 1829	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, August 13, 1889	60		9
Castle, Allen H.	Vermont	Mar. 28, 1818	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1830	Alameda, Cal., December 7, 1889	71	8	11
Colby, Alvin		1827	Milford, Oakland Co.	Milford, December 9, 1889	62		
Calkins, William H.	Herkimer Co., New York	1802	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1833	South Lyon, December 16, 1889	87		
Comstock, John	Owasca, Cayuga Co., New York	Dec. 19, 1812	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1824	Hudson, Wis., January 3, 1890	77		14
Chamberlain, Mrs. John	Ovid, Seneca Co., New York	April 18, 1799	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1824	Bloomfield, January 16, 1890	90	8	28
Covert, Isaac	New York	June 26, 1801	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1837	New Hudson, February 13, 1890	88	7	17
Coonley, Baldwin D.	Ledyard, Cayuga Co., New York	July 26, 1817	Bloomfield, Oakland Co. 1834	Detroit, March 13 1890	72	7	17
Cassady, Mrs. Rose A.		1805	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1826	Pontiac, April 18, 1890	85		
Clifton, Rhoda	Little Swaffham, Cambridgeshire, England	Sept. 1805	Troy, Oakland Co.	Troy, May 4, 1890	84	8	
Dahlman, Fred			Avon, Oakland Co.	Rochester, June 9, 1889	70		
Daphne, Mrs	Sherman, Connecticut	1802	Avon, Oakland Co., 1832	Avon, August 19, 1889	87		
Decker, Freeman	Chili, Monroe Co., New York	Mar. 20, 1812	Orion, Oakland Co., 1823	Pontiac, September 10, 1889	76	5	20
Demund, Harrison	Trumansburg, Tompkins Co., New York	Mar. 4, 1820	Independence, Oakland Co., 1842	Clarkston, October 4, 1889	69	7	
Dutton, Benjamin	Woodstock, Windsor Co., Vermont	Mar. 3, 1804	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1836	Fenton, November 28, 1889	85	8	25
Dutton, Albert B.	Alexander, Genesee Co., New York	Oct. 4, 1829	Avon, Oakland Co., 1837	Avon, February 8, 1890	60	4	4
Deaks, Levi		1812	Lyon, Oakland Co	South Lyon, February 15, 1890	78		
Doven, Mrs. Joseph		1816	Oakland Co.	February 3, 1890	73		

Davis, George W.	Amsterdam, New York	April 20, 1819	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1838	Saginaw, February 11, 1890	70	9	22
Dean, Mrs. B.		Mar. 26, 1800	Pontiac, Oakland Co	Pontiac, March 11, 1890	89	11	15
Dingman, William		1802	Farmington, Oakland Co	Farmington, March 20, 1890	78	.....	.....
Ellis, William M	Victor, Ontario Co., New York	Aug. 1, 1819	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1839	Lyon, December 17, 1889	70	4	16
Eagle, Solomon		1810	Waterford, Oakland Co.	Waterford, May 2, 1890	80	.....	.....
Fleming, Thomas R.	Warren Co., New Jersey	Jan. 24, 1813	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1843	Waterford, June 22, 1889	76	4	28
Firth, Mrs. Eliz.	Bradfordshire, England	Mar. 3, 1822	Troy, Oakland Co., 1834	Troy, September 19, 1889	67	6	16
Frink, Harry	Shelden, Genesee Co.,	April 21, 1809	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1837	Oxford, October 29, 1889	80	6	8
Fisher, William	Hinsdale, New Hampshire	Jan. 15, 1812	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, December 19, 1889	77	11	4
Fish, James	New York	1824	Lyon, Oakland Co., 1833	New Hudson, February 17, 1890	66	.....	.....
Fitzgerald, Richard	Tipperary, Ireland	Feb. 14, 1812	Detroit, Wayne Co., 1831 / Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1837	Pontiac, May 21, 1890	78	3	7
Gale, George	Allcanning, Wilkshire, England	May 21, 1821	Pontiac, Oakland Co. 1840	Pontiac, August 28, 1889	68	3	7
Grinnell, Mrs. Eliza	Troy, Oakland Co., Michigan	Oct. 22, 1826	Troy, Oakland Co. 1826	Jackson, September 18, 1889	62	10	26
Gardiner, Henry	England	1823	Royal Oak, Oakland Co., 1835	Detroit, September 29, 1889	66	.....	.....
Greene, Mrs. Champlin W.		1804	Avon, Oakland Co	Farmington, December 29, 1889	85	.....	.....
Green, Mrs. Elizabeth W.		1812	Oakland Co	January 26, 1890	79	.....	.....
Grow, Abel P.	Dryden, Courtland county, N. Y.	Aug. 3, 1816	Milford, Oakland Co., 1830	Milford, January 21, 1890	73	5	18
Gray, Horace		1818	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1840	Pontiac, July 4, 1889	71	.....	.....
Gillett, Mrs. Harriet N.	Penfield, New York	Feb. 17, 1818	Troy, Oakland Co., 1823	Fenton, April 20, 1890	72	2	3
Green, B. W	Cayuga Co., New York	1819	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1841	Oxford, April 29, 1890	71	.....	.....
Hulick, Daniel		1817	Addison, Oakland Co., 1841	Oxford, July 2, 1889	72	.....	.....
Hubbell, Mrs. Stephen		1799	Avon, Oakland Co	New York, July, 1889	90	.....	.....
Husted, Mrs. Lewis H.	Clarence, Erie Co., N. Y.	Oct. 6, 1823	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1836	Groveland, September 22, 1889	65	11	16
Highland, Thomas	England	1807	Lyon, Oakland Co	Lyon, October 12, 1889	82	.....	.....
Husted, Henry S.	Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y.	Sept. 19, 1797	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1836	Groveland, October 14, 1889	91	1	1
Hill, Andrew J.	New York	1829	Oakland Co., 1838	Groveland, October 7, 1889	60	.....	.....
Hovey, Dr. P. R.		1819	Oxford, Oakland Co	Oxford, December 17, 1889	62	.....	.....

OAKLAND COUNTY

Names	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan	Place and Date of Death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Hubbell, Daniel	Derby, Conn	May 15, 1809	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1839	Pontiac, December 19, 1889	80	7	4
Hiller, Mrs. L. C	Monroe Co., New York	1818	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1835	W. Bloomfield, December 27, 1889	71	.....	.....
Henderson, William S	.....	1804	Pontiac, Oakland Co	Ypsilanti, January 28, 1890	85	.....	.....
Harris, Clark M	Ellisburg, Jefferson Co., New York	June 23, 1816	Troy, Oakland Co	Birmingham, January 24, 1890	73	7	1
Hewitt, Mrs. O. W	Danville, New York	Mar. 23, 1825	Birmingham, Oakland Co., 1857	Birmingham, March 17, 1890	75	.....	.....
Heath, Daniel W	Pennington, Monroe Co., New York	Mar., 1826	Milford, Oakland Co., 1847	Pontiac, March, 1890	64	.....	.....
Jennings, Edmund L	Maverick, New York	Sept. 1, 1809	Birmingham, Oakland Co, 1834	Birmingham, August 18, 1889	79	11	17
Jennings, Stephen	New York	July, 1792	Troy, Oakland Co	Troy, March, 1890	97	8	.....
Jennings, Mrs. Jane	West Point, New York	Feb. 18, 1810	Clarkston, Oakland Co., 1829	Pontiac, December 18, 1889	79	10	.....
Jennings, Edwin S	Troy, Oakland Co., Michigan	Feb. 5, 1826	Troy, Oakland Co., 1826	Midland, April 9, 1890	63	9	4
Johnson, Mrs. Charles	Henrietta, Ontario Co., New York	Nov. 6, 1821	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1822	Pontiac, December 7, 1889	68	1	1
Jenks, Mrs. Amy	Rhode Island	May 31, 1818	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1837	Bloomfield, April 14, 1890	71	10	13
Kyle, Joseph	.....	.....	West Bloomfield, Oakland Co	W. Bloomfield, August 25, 1889	73	.....	.....
Kelly, Edward	.....	Feb. 1813	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1837	Highland, November 3, 1889	76	9	.....
King, Mary Hull	Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y	Feb. 20, 1804	Commerse, Oakland Co., 1857	Essexville, December 18, 1889	85	9	28
Knox, Mrs. Jane	Scotland	1815	Independence, Oakland Co., 1833	Independence, February 19, 1890	75	.....	.....
Ketchum, Daniel P	.....	1811	Avon, Oakland Co	Rochester, June 8, 1889	78	.....	.....
Lee, Elijah	New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y	Nov. 28, 1802	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1837	Birmingham, July 15, 1889	86	7	17
Lennon, Hannah	.....	1813	Groveland, Oakland Co	Groveland, December 9, 1889	76	.....	.....
Lapham, Abram	.....	1823	Farmington, Oakland Co	Detroit, January 5, 1890	66	6	.....
Lull, Mrs. A. A	Sharon, Connecticut	Mar. 16, 1819	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1838	Pontiac, May 25, 1890	71	2	9
Malcolm, George	Sethum Parish, Fifeshire, Scotland	Sept. 29, 1804	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1833	W. Bloomfield, September 13, 1889	84	11	14

Morris, Benjamin B	Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y	1804	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1832	Newark, N. J., November 14, 1889	85	6	
Morris, Mrs. Jane	Ireland	1815	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1833	White Lake, December 2, 1889	74	6	
Maumee, Mrs. Joseph			Pontiac, Oakland Co	Pontiac, November 19, 1889	68		
McGuire, Mrs. Margaret			Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1839	Pontiac, November 30, 1889	72		
Montgomery, Mrs. Eliza A		Jan. 2, 1816	Pontiac, Oakland Co	Denver, Col., December 10, 1889	73	11	8
Millard, Mrs. James		1822	Avon, Oakland Co., 1825	Stony Creek, May 17, 1890	68		
Merwin, Mrs. Mindwell	New York	1806	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1836	Groveland, May 30, 1890	84		
Narrin, John L		1813		August 22, 1889	76		
Noyse, Samuel		1805	Royal Oak, Oakland Co	Royal Oak, January, 1890	84	6	
Nicholson, Anna	South Cave, Yorkshire, England	Mar. 17, 1803		Birmingham, April 22, 1890	87	1	5
Nichols, Benjamin F	Ogden, Monroe Co., New York	Nov. 14, 1814	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1833	Farmington, March 17, 1890	75	4	3
Paddack, Mrs. David	Truxton, Courtland Co., N. Y	1818	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1838	Evart, Mich., July 19, 1889	71		
Peck, Edward W	W. Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y	Mar. 19, 1807	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Pontiac, August 25, 1889	82	5	6
Potts, Francis		1824	Milford, Oakland Co., 1833	Milford, November 24, 1889	66		
Phillips, Mrs. Harriet	New York	Oct. 23, 1805	Milford, Oakland Co., 1833	Milford, December 8, 1889	84	1	15
Putnam, H. W. F		1810	Pontiac, Oakland Co	Pontiac, December 26, 1889	79	6	
Perry, Edward C	Rhode Island	Oct. 6, 1811	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1828	Independence, May 12, 1890	78	7	6
Quick, Rev. James	Royal Oak, Oakland Co. Michigan	Aug. 26, 1829	Royal Oak, Oakland Co., 1829	Pomona, Cal., July 16, 1889	59	7	20
Rodgers, Mrs. Jane		1821	South Lyon, Oakland Co	South Lyon, June 5, 1889	68		
Riker, John	Chenango Co., New York	Mar. 1, 1822	Independence, Oakland Co., 1835	Fenton, July 19, 1889	67	4	18
Robertson, Mrs. William	Galston, County Ayr., Scotland	May 6, 1826	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1833	Pontiac, October 29, 1889	63	5	23
Reed, Mrs. Azubel Coats	Sussux Co., New Jersey	May 24, 1819	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1837	Oxford, October 3, 1889	70	4	9
Robinson, Bissell		1804	Macomb Co., 1829	Oxford, November 10, 1889	85		
Rimes, Mrs. James	England	1804	Bloomfield, Oakland Co	Orion, May 5, 1890	86	6	
Smith, Laban	Lauraine, Jefferson Co., N. Y	Aug. 20, 1820	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1826	Pontiac, June 11, 1889	68	10	21
Satterlee, Mrs. William	W. Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y	Dec. 30, 1833	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1836	Bloomfield, October 29, 1889	55	10	29
Smith, Mrs. Polly	Blenheim, Connecticut	May 9, 1806	Troy, Oakland Co., 1826	Troy, February 6, 1890	83	8	27

OAKLAND COUNTY—CONTINUED

Names	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan	Place and Date of Death	Age		
					Years	Months	Days
Stafford, Mrs. Abel	Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1810	Addison, Oakland Co.	Addison, February 10, 1890	80		
Schuyler, Nelson S.	Catteraugus Co., New York	May 11, 1816	Royal Oak, Oakland Co., 1842	Royal Oak, May 17, 1890	73	10	6
Smith, E. Stanley	Fabius, Onondaga Co., New York	Jan. 3, 1813	Clarkston, Oakland Co.	Waterford, March 12, 1890	77	2	9
Smith, Josephus	Middlebury, Genesee Co., N. Y.	Mar. 27, 1822	Troy, Oakland Co., 1829	Troy, May 10, 1890	68	1	10
Stuart, Minerva	Ogden, Monroe Co., New York	Sept. 2, 1820	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1827	Pontiac, May 16, 1890	69	8	14
Stevens, Mrs. John V.	Seneca, Ontario Co., New York	Nov. 22, 1806	Detroit, Wayne Co., 1856	Bloomfield, May 12, 1890	83	5	20
Tuck, George		June 11, 1818	Novi, Oakland Co.	Novi, June 11, 1889	71		
Thurbur, Mrs. Eliza D.	Pontiac, Oakland Co., Michigan	Sept. 27, 1827	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1827	Detroit, June 23, 1889	61	8	16
Trowbridge, Mrs. A. C.	Herrington, New York	Nov. 9, 1815	Detroit, 1817 / Avon, Oakland Co., 1891	Troy, July 18, 1889	73	8	9
TerBush, Alexander	Duchess Co., New York	July 4, 1803	Flushing, Genesee Co., 1835	Rose, July 29, 1889	86		25
Tower, Samuel		1811	Oakland, Oakland Co.	Goodison, July 27, 1889	78		
Thorne, Benjamin A.	Newburg, Orange Co., New York	Mar. 12, 1819	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1831	Birmingham, August 26, 1889	70	5	12
Tennant, Benjamin		1803		Pontiac, August 30, 1889	86		
Tillman, J. M.	Winchester, Maryland	1807	Orion, Oakland Co., 1836	Bay City, March 29, 1890	83		
VanCampen, Mrs. Sarah	Sussex Co., New Jersey	1823	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1836	Clintonville, August 14, 1889	66		
VanEvery Peter	Green Bush, New York	Feb. 3, 1815	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1837	Southfield, October 9, 1889	74	8	6
VanWagner, Mrs. K.		1814	Oxford, Oakland Co.	Oxford, September 22, 1889	75		
VanHoven, Mrs. Henry	Ireland	1826	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1856	Pontiac, February 11, 1890	64		
Wheeler, Mrs. Crandall	Churchville, Tioga Co., New York	Feb. 2, 1807	Troy, Oakland Co., 1835	Amy, August 5, 1889	82	6	3
Walls, James	Fifeshire, Scotland	1794	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1836	Davisburg, December 15, 1889	96		
Ward, Mrs. Rebecca		1793	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Fenton, December 15, 1889	97		
Woodruff, Norman	Onondaga Co., New York	Feb. 7, 1811	Highland, Oakland Co., 1849	Clyde, January 5, 1890	78	10	28

Webber, Mrs. Jane W	Collins, New York	[illegible] 1813	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1834	Farmington, January 19, 1890	76	6	.....
Warner, Ambrose S	Lima, Livingston Co., New York	Oct. 12, 1815	Hamburg, Livingston Co., 1840	Orion, February 4, 1890	74	3	22
Wilson, Charles	Ireland	1815	Troy, Oakland Co	Howell, March 5, 1890	75	.....	.....
Ward, Isaiah B	.....	1802	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1831	Farmington, March 19, 1890	88	.....	.....
Windiate, Mrs. Charlotte	Parish of Shornborn, Berkshire, England	Oct. 11, 1790	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1836	Pontiac, April 4, 1890	99	5	23
Whitbeck, Abram	Hillsdale, Monroe Co., New York	Mar. 7, 1813	Rose, Oakland Co., 1837	Rose, April 4, 1890	77	.....	.....

Ladies and Gentlemen—Again I hereby submit this, my annual memorial report for the year closing May 31, 1890.

The year's mortality among the early pioneers of Oakland county has been great, the number being 147. Many of those I have listed, I have not been able to obtain a full date of their birth, nativity or death. Among the number is one aged 107 years 11 months and 5 days.

There are nine persons whose deaths are mentioned, aged between 90 and 100 years, viz.: One at 99, two at 97, one at 96, one at 95, one at 91, and three at 90, whose total ages is 847 years or an average of 94 1-9 years.

Thirty-nine have died aged 80 to 89, viz.: One at 89, two at 88, three at 87, five at 86, seven at 85, six at 84, four at 83, four at 82, seven at 80. Total 3,286¾ years or an average of about 84¼ years.

Sixty-one have died aged 70 to 79, viz.: Five at 79, seven at 78, seven at 77, six at 76, six at 75, four at 74, seven at 73, four at 72, ten at 71, five at 70. Total 4,571½ years, or an average of 75 years.

Thirty-four have died aged 60 to 69, viz.: Three at 69, seven at 68, three at 67, seven at 66, two each at 65 and 64, three each at 63 and 62, one at 61 and three at 60. Total, 2,227⅓ years, or an average of 65½ years.

The deaths have been the most numerous at 71. Ten having died at that age. The next greatest mortality is at the ages of 85, 80, 78, 77, 73, 68, and 66. Seven each at those ages.

The nationalities of the 147 is as follows: New York, fifty-nine; New Jersey, three; Vermont, six; Connecticut, 6; Rhode Island, two; New Hampshire, one; Maryland, one; Michigan, four; England, eight; Scotland, five; Ireland, four; unknown, forty-eight.

MRS. LINUS CONE

Mrs. Mary Crooks Cone, "Aunt Polly," as she was familiarly called, who was among the very earliest pioneer settlers of Troy and Avon, died at her home August 7, 1889, where she had lived sixty-two years, and a resident of Michigan sixty-seven years. She was born in Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., May 11, 1807, being at the time of her death 82 years, 2 months and 26 days old. She was the daughter of David and Eunice Knox Crooks, of Blandford, Hampden Co., Mass., who emigrated from there to Richmond, N. Y., in March, 1800, then a wilderness and called the "Genesee Country." Her father built the first grist-mill in that region of country and in 1811, while cutting ice from the water-wheel he slipped and was thrown under it, his leg being crushed, and remained pinioned under the wheel and in the water for some time before assistance came. His physical system thus received a shock from the effects of which he died. Mrs. Cone was the youngest of eleven

children and the last surviving member of her family. Her brother Eli, enlisted in the American army in the war of 1812, was engaged in the battle of Lundy's Lane and was killed while storming the hill where the British had their artillery placed, his command being led by Col. Miller. Her brother Riley, was killed in Troy while chopping wood by the falling of a limb, in April, 1830. Mrs. Cone's mother was a direct lineal descendant of the Rev. John Knox, the reformer of Scotland. Her brother Riley bought from the U. S. Government the lands on which the Crooks cemetery, in Troy, is located, in June, 1822, and with his mother and sister settled upon it the same year. He gave a quarter of an acre for a cemetery when there was occasion for a burial in that neighborhood, and from him it took its name, but from time to time it has been enlarged until it now covers about three acres. In June, 1825, Mrs. Cone returned with her brother-in-law, William Poppleton, to the place of her birth in New York, the new and sparsely settled country of Michigan not being very attractive to a miss of eighteen. In the fall of 1825 Mrs. Cone returned to Michigan with Mr. Poppleton, his wife and two children, moving by land through Canada with a team of horses and covered wagon, arriving in Troy about the first of December, occupying about thirty-two days in making the journey. The roads were very bad, the wagon heavily loaded with necessary articles of household goods and the family and Mrs. Cone were obliged to walk much of the distance and also to frequently assist the others in helping the team up hills, by tying a stout bed-cord to the wagon tongue and pulling with all their strength. On August 12, 1827, she was united in marriage to Linus Cone, who had purchased lands in Avon, built a log house and soon commenced housekeeping, and in due course of time the old log house was abandoned for a more commodious frame one on the same site, where she lived until her death. Mrs. Cone has ever been a true wife and a valuable helpmeet to her husband all through his life-time and now rests beside him, who, in his active, busy life had no peer in the county or State as a successful, scientific tiller of the soil, and well did she aid him in bringing his heavily timbered lands to a suitable condition to enable him to successfully compete for the first premium for the best appointed and cultivated farm in the State, which he always captured so long as he competed for the prize. She has been a worthy and prominent compeer of the women of the county and State whose husbands came to the front of civilization in a very early day of the settlement of Michigan, and merits, as she has received through life, the confidence, esteem and veneration of all her acquaintances, and her memory

is deserving well of the generations following her, who will profit by and enjoy the fruits of her labor and enterprise. Her own family of three sons, Fred, Riley and Lorenzo, still survive her. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church, Troy, at 11 o'clock Friday morning, August 9, and were very largely attended by relatives and life long friends and acquaintances.

MRS. DAVID PADDACK

Mariette Hedges, the widow of Judge David Paddack, the latter one of the most prominent early pioneers of Oakland county and Pontiac, where he resided many years, died at the home of her son, J. P. Paddack, in Evart, Friday morning, July 19, 1889.

A brief service was held at the home of the son, Saturday morning, when the remains were brought to Pontiac.

A few persons residing in Pontiac city, who knew the deceased, met the remains which were accompanied by two mourners, an aged sister, Eliza Hedges, and an only son and child Jerome P. Paddack. The volunteer reception committee were, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hovey, Mrs. W. M. McConnell, Mrs. D. C. Buckland, Mrs. William Draper, Charles Draper and Mark Walter. Ties and associations of the long past were revived and the two mourners were warmly and affectionately received. Mrs. McConnell took the two mourning friends in her carriage; when quietly the remains were borne away to the family lot in Oak Hill, on an elevation overlooking the former large estate, now decimated.

Mrs. Paddack was born in Truxton, New York, in 1818 coming to Michigan and Pontiac in 1838. The deceased was the second wife of David Paddack and a cousin of the first wife. She was the mother of a family of three children only one of whom survive, J. P. Paddack, of Evart. Mrs. Paddack's life was so intimately and actively associated with early Pontiac, that her death would inspire a column of historical interests.

David Paddack, the husband of the deceased, came to Pontiac in the early twenties, and up to 1855 was one of the leading business men and characters in the then village. The Paddack Woolen Factory, a few remote relics of which can now be seen on the race, made the rolls for the spinning wheels for a circuit of sixty miles and night and day for several months in the year could be heard the hum of machinery, the beating of the fulling mill, the crash, crash, of the spinning jacks and jennies as they twisted the thread for the warp, and woof which was woven into cloth on shares for the sturdy pioneers of a large portion of eastern Michigan. This was before the days of ready

made garments, when the house-wives, mothers and daughters were all seamstresses, possessing the skill to cut and make garments for a family; but those days of household versatility are passed and everything is made to order by specialists.

In 1845 David Paddack, having from the gleaning of his factory laid up several thousand dollars, built Paddack's Flouring Mill and when completed, Paddacksville, as it was then called, was a busy place, the center of manufacturing enterprise of early Pontiac. Judge Paddack could sit, as was his custom, on the east stoop of the house now occupied by Henry Foot, sexton, and was monarch of almost all he surveyed, covering over two hundred acres of land, dotted over with flourishing manufacturing plants.

At the time of David Paddack's death, June 3, 1856, his estate inventoried at very nearly $100,000, which was a large fortune in those days, when accumulations were earned, and not piled up by trusts and stock manipulation. In the making of the estate the deceased, who was known to but few at present in Pontiac, played well her part, by her energy, prudence, and care, aiding her husband in his then large business enterprises. In the deceased's death, and arrival of her remains in Pontiac, we were sadly impressed with life's varying changes. The woman who years agone wielded a sceptre of social power and influence is brought quietly and unostentatiously to her final resting place in Oak Hill beside her husband and children. A burial spot which was environed on all sides but one by a land title in their name.

MRS. RICHARD WINDIATE

Died, at her home in Pontiac, April 4, 1890, Charlotte, wife of the late Richard Windiate, aged 99 years, 5 months and 24 days.

Miss C. Hobbs was born in the Parish of Shornborn, Berkshire, England, and was married to Richard Windiate on the 22d of November, 1812, the union being blessed with fourteen children, two dying in infancy.

In the year 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Windiate concluded to emigrate to America, that their children might gain more advantage in securing homes for themselves, in which they have been successful. Setting sail from Portsmouth in April, landing in Brooklyn, up the Hudson river to Albany, then by the Erie Canal to Buffalo, then by steamer up lake Erie to Detroit, then by team to Pontiac, settling on what is now the G. X. M. Collier farm, living there until the following April,

when they purchased and moved on the farm where they lived until their death, Mr. Windiate dying in 1843.

Five sons and four daughters survive her, David, Charles, Walter and Jesse, of this county, Thomas of Manitowoc, Wis., Mrs. R. Windiate of Nickerson, Kansas, Mrs. Harris of Springfield, Mrs. Ash, of Pontiac and Miss Sarah, who has kindly cared for her mother in her declining years.

DR. M. LAMONT BAGG

The death of Dr. M. L. Bagg at his home in Owosso, Wednesday evening, April 15, 1890, removes one of Pontiac's earliest and most prominent citizens and professional men. In life's prime when actively engaged in business and in the duties of his profession, there was no man in Oakland county nearer to the hearts of the people than Dr. Bagg. His social qualities were of that winning quality that he drew persons to him with almost a magnet power. For many years he practiced medicine in Pontiac, and during most of the time sold drugs. His first business place being in the north ten feet of what is now the A. Parker store. A few years ago he went to St. Johns and opened a drug store, later to Fenton, and finally to Owosso where he died.

He was at one time mayor of Pontiac, meeting faithfully and conscientiously his official duties. He was a man of strong convictions, with a power of speech that enabled him to enforce his views with more than the average power of men. In early life he was converted to Christianity and for many years was prominently identified with the spiritual and temporal interests of the Pontiac M. E. church, where he was a marked power for good. Later, we think his church affiliation was with the Presbyterians.

Dr. Bagg was born at Floyd, Oneida county, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1809. As near as we can ascertain he came to Michigan and Pontiac in 1835.

DEACON DANIEL HUBBELL

The death of the venerable Daniel Hubbell which occurred at the residence of Mrs. B. A. Rice, Lawrence street west, Pontiac, on Thursday evening, Dec. 19, 1889, was anticipated by relatives and friends. Some few weeks ago he fell on the walk striking on his head, and was taken up in an unconscious condition. Although badly hurt he did not give up, and the following day walked to his office, but he soon yielded to the debilitating effect of the fall, and was compelled to remain at his boarding house. He was one of the most ambitious old men we ever knew, he seemed determined not to let go business.

For several years his daughters and their husbands, William E. Taylor, of Big Rapids, and W. A. Sibley of Muskegon, tried to induce their father to retire from the cares and responsibilities of business and spend the remnant of his days in quiet with them, but he said "No, I have prolonged my life by being busy, and shall continue to write policies as long as I have strength to do so." This resolve he kept, looking after the interests of some eighteen insurance companies with an energy and devotion that was wonderful in a man of his years.

Daniel Hubbell was born at Derby, Conn., May 15, 1809. When a boy he moved with his parents to New York city. While there he was married to Caroline DeHobe Phillips. He came to Michigan in 1839, settling first on the north bank of Lake Elizabeth, where he lived until 1855, when he moved to Pontiac, and for quite a number of years was a builder, planning and doing a large amount of work. In the early seventies he opened a fire insurance agency, when by hard work and devotion to duties, companies came to him almost unsolicited, until at his death his register showed eighteen, among them many of the best of American and English companies.

On Oct. 2, 1884, his wife died, leaving him alone and breaking up a union in old age that was the embodiment of affection. Their church was to them a home, and the altar a divine and sacred place, and unless sickness or separation prevented, they communed in Christian peace and fellowship together; such was their earthly union, and in Heaven they are united. They leave to their sorrowing daughters the rich inheritance of lives spent in the service of their divine Master and Redeemer. At the early age of fifteen the deceased was converted and baptized in the faith of the Baptist church. June 4, 1842, Daniel Hubbell and Caroline, his wife, united with the first Baptist church in Pontiac, by letter of dismission and recommendation from the South Baptist church of New York City. On the 6th of January, 1844, Daniel Hubbell, Abner Davis and A. H. Peck, were chosen deacons. This official relation he held continuously until his death. During all these years he was active and earnest in the spiritual and temporal interests of his chosen Zion. His Christian principles and honor was tested in the following incident related of him: at a business meeting of the society an account was presented and payment asked; some one in attendance suggested that the debt was cancelled by the statute of limitation. The old man rose to his feet and in earnest words said, "that an honest account against the Pontiac Baptist church never outlawed," when the claim was promptly audited. Such was the character of the man of whom we write. In all business affairs his integrity

and honor was never questioned. The end of such a man is peace, and his reward will be the richest heavenly gift his divine Master can bestow.

The funeral services were held from the Baptist church Sunday morning, Dec. 22, at the usual hour, the church being well filled with mostly old people and business men. Rev. C. C. Miller, the pastor, preached an eloquent sermon from an appropriate selection, from the book of Job, 5th chapter, 26th verse: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season."

MRS. CHAMPLIN GREENE

Died at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Joseph Soule of Farmington, December 29, 1889, Mrs. Champlin Greene, aged 85 years. The funeral was held from the M. E. church, Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Fannie Harger came of kind, enduring stock; her father and mother lived in Revolutionary times, came to western New York, Ontario Co., town of Richmond, about 1800. One or more of her brothers were in the war of 1812, and drew his first pension money at about 80 years of age.

The subject of this sketch was next to the youngest of a large family and sixty-eight years ago was married to Champlin Greene, joining him in accord with the spirit and adventure of the age in a joyous wedding tour through Canada, in a well-covered sleigh, behind a spirited, valuable pair of oxen, which he selected and trained for the expedition.

They settled in the woods eight miles east of what is now Pontiac and what is known as Avon, and there delved and courageously fought the hardships, and conquered the obstacles of a wilderness, freighted with wild beasts and howling Indians for fifteen years before the then territory became a State. For sixty-three years they toiled, cheerfully sacrificed and enjoyed together, always boasting with pride of that wedding tour, saying that it cemented a union that no power on earth could dissolve until death, and they proved it.

Her late husband came two years in advance of his bride to secure a home; five years in advance at the age of eighty-seven, he passed into the eternal with the same resignation and unfaltering steadiness of purpose that characterized his eighty-seven years, and she follows with hopes of reunion. They leave seven children who appreciate the worth and sacrifices of their parents, and in return have distinguished themselves by unsparing kindness. C. W. G.

JAMES ANDREWS

James Andrews, one of Oakland county's early residents, and oldest citizens, died at the residence of A. Parker, in Pontiac, early Monday morning, November 25, 1889, at the advanced age of 90 years the 18th of last August. For some two years he had been confined to the house, the constant care of his stepdaughter, Mrs. Parker, who was untiring in her efforts to make the decline of life as smooth as possible. With plenty of means in tender hands, everything was done to relieve his suffering and prolong life, but he had run a long race, and passed quietly away as one going to sleep. James Andrews was born in Andover, Vt., August 18, 1799, came to Pontiac in 1838, and embarked in the mercantile business, which he carried on for several years. For a number of years previous to his death he had lived a retired life at the home of A. Parker, where he had held a family relation for thirty-five years. The deceased was a quiet man, talking but little, but always had an eye upon the worthy poor, many of whom, during his life, have felt the cheering influence of his charities. For the past few years he was in the habit, with a man now living in the city, of making Christmas calls, and warming the hearts of those visited with substantial gifts. His will, in its provisions, shows an appreciative and charitable spirit in liberal bequests to those who have been kind to him, and to others for whom he had sympathy. The deceased leaves two brothers, John Andrews, of Mukwanago, Wis., aged 94 years, and Simeon, of Orion, this county, aged 80. The funeral was held from the Parker residence on Auburn Ave., Tuesday, at 1:30 p. m., Rev. W. R. Seaver officiating, and the remains were interred in the family lot in Oak Hill.

EDWARD W. PECK

Edward W. Peck died at his home on west Huron street, Pontiac, after ten days' illness early Sunday morning, Aug. 25, 1889, at the advanced age of 82 years, 5 months and 6 days. In his official capacity as secretary of the Oakland county pioneer society, he had for the past decade devoted his time and study to the gleaning and compiling of biographies and incidents in the early history of Oakland county. In view of the interest he has taken, it seems fitting and proper to bestow upon him the tribute of respect and recognition he had so liberally bestowed upon his early-day compatriots in pioneer life. In writing Edward W. Peck's obituary we feel we are paying the last sad tribute to one to whom we are indebted for much valuable information in the past, and we can but feel sad in the thought that the oral

avenue of knowledge is forever closed, the tongue which told us the stories of the far off past is silent, and the hand which recorded events is palsied in death. He has left a record written by himself, and from a brief autobiography of his own we shall furnish the readers of the Gazette with incidents in his early life. Edward W. Peck was born at West Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, March 19, 1807. Of his parentage and early history he says:

"First, let me say that our branch of the family name descended from William Peck, who was born in London in 1601, emigrated to America in 1637, and settled in Connecticut. My grand-father, of the fifth generation from William, moved from Connecticut in 1800 with a family of six sons and four daughters and settled in West Bloomfield, Ontario county N. Y. My father had, in 1798, driven a yoke of oxen, attached to a cart loaded with flour, from Connecticut to Ontario county, over 300 miles, and subsequently returned with his oxen and cart to Connecticut, and again came on with his father. Personally, I have not suffered from being a pioneer of Oakland, as many have; my life has not been a very eventful one, and I have great reason to be thankful for the blessing of good health and for the constant supply of my daily wants, which is about all we need here or can enjoy. I came to the then territory of Michigan on a tour of observation in May, 1830, in company with two friends, one a distant relative, the other, Mr. John Garland, who the next year settled in Pontiac, and soon after married a daughter of Judge Bagley, now Mrs. Nancy Davis. We spent some three or four weeks traveling in Washtenaw, Wayne and Oakland counties, two or three days in Pontiac, finding here an acquaintance, the late Francis Darrow, who took special pains to show us the town and its advantages. Pontiac was then like Plattsburg in the old song, 'Town small, he grow bigger do hereafter.' There was a hotel, situated, I think, on the corner where Boyd's millinery store is, a small hatter's shop, two or three stores, and a printing office was being put in order, by a man called 'Saxey Bogey,' to publish the Oakland Chronicle. My friend Garland then made some arrangements about business, and on his return to Pontiac, engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware, pails, tubs, etc. The Saginaw turnpike was then being built and was completed about seven or eight miles from Detroit. After traveling about the country all we desired, we returned to Detroit, stopping at the 'Yankee Boarding House'[1] three or four days, waiting for the new steamboat 'Henry Clay'[1] to arrive, on which to take passage to Buffalo. This steamboat was thought to be a wonder. We took passage on her to Buffalo and I returned to my father's home.

[1]See appendix.

"I remained at home and worked on my father's farm until October 1, 1831, when, having decided to become a citizen of Michigan, I left my native town (West Bloomfield, N. Y.), for the west. I owned some timbered land in the county of Washtenaw, and came on with the expectation of attacking the forest and clearing up a farm. I had my axes securely fastened in the bottom of my chest, which contained my clothing, suitable for a farmer, including some tow and linen for summer wear, of my own mother's manufacture. On the passage from Buffalo to Detroit, in company with an acquaintance, my purpose was changed and I settled in Troy in this county, and engaged in merchandising, which I continued in for the most of the time for over 20 years."

In the fall of 1854, Mr. Peck was nominated as a candidate for county clerk by the Republican convention, the first county ticket after the organization of the party at Jackson. He was elected, and in the fall of that year, after a residence in Troy of 23 years, engaged most of the time in the mercantile trade, he moved to Pontiac where he had lived continuously since. He was re-elected county clerk in 1856. In the early sixties he represented the 4th ward of Pontiac on the board of supervisors for several terms. Possessing fine clerical ability he devoted most of his time to writing officially for the various county and local officers.

In habits of life Mr. Peck was one of the most exact and exacting men we ever met. During all his long life he was a total abstainer from the use of liquor or tobacco in any form, and his opposition to the use of either he fearlessly manifested on all occasions, public or private. Whether as a Christian or moralist what he professed he exemplified in his life.

From early manhood he had been a professed Christian. In 1834 he was one of the founders of the Troy Presbyterian church. When he moved to Pontiac he united with the Congregational society. Some time after he changed his church affiliation to the Pontiac Presbyterian church, when he was soon elected elder, holding this relation at his death. For many years he had been elected clerk of the session, and was an active participant in the spiritual and material interests of the society.

The deceased was three time married. By his first marital relation two daughters survive him; Mrs. Jerome, wife of Gov. Jerome and Mrs. B. B. Buckhout, of Saginaw. By his second marriage he leaves one son, Edward I. Peck of Saginaw. His third marriage was with Mrs.

F. M. Greehy, who survives him, all of whom mourn the loss of a true, devoted parent and a kind, indulgent husband.

Two brothers, J. Franklin Peck, of Springfield, Mass., aged 79, and John S., of Oberlin, Ohio, aged 71, and a younger sister mourn his death.

The deceased was a good man and true in every relation of life and his death will be a great loss to the Pioneer Society, in which he was officially and personally so active.

The publishers of the Gazette desire to put upon record the fact that Mr. Peck had been a constant subscriber to the Gazette from 1835 to the day of his death.

The funeral was held from the residence on Tuesday at 2 p. m., Revs. W. S. Jerome and J. M. Gelston officiating, an immense throng attending, including a large number of old pioneers from all over the county, and the remains buried in the family lot at Oak Hill.—*Pontiac Gazette,* Aug. 30, 1889.

MRS. JOHN CHAMBERLIN

Mrs. John Chamberlin, one of Oakland county's oldest pioneers, died January 16, 1889, in Bloomfield at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Kimble, in the 91st year of her age and after a very short illness. Funeral services conducted by Rev. William S. Jerome, were held at the house Sunday afternoon in the presence of many relatives and friends, and the remains were interred in the family burying ground just east of the Kimble residence. Rebecca Wilson was born, April 18, 1799, at Ovid, Seneca county, New York, and in March, 1824, was married to John Chamberlin. They concluded to go west, and thirty days later reached the territorial wilds of Michigan and from the government took up the land now occupied in part or whole by Messrs. Kimble, Hadsell and Dewey. Mr. Chamberlin, it will be remembered, died Nov. 20, 1876. They both endured all the hardships incident to pioneer life, but knew no such word as fail, and prospered accordingly. Mrs. Chamberlin was among the first members of the Presbyterian church that was formed at Amy over sixty years ago, and of which religious body she was always a consistent member. She leaves one daughter, a brother at Ovid, sister at Monroe and many friends to mourn her loss.

OTTAWA COUNTY

REV. A. S. KEDZIE

Name	Date of Death	Age
Hiram Jenison	November 11, 1889	76
Wales F. Storrs	February 15, 1890	74
Isaac Thompson	March 7, 1890	68

HIRAM JENISON, OF JENISON

Hiram Jenison, one of the early pioneers of Grand river valley, died at his home near Jenison at 12:30 on the morning of November 11, 1889, aged 76 years. He was ill but a few days, and was taken away by inflammation of the lungs. The deceased leaves a widow aged 70 years and a large family, several of the children being married.

Hiram Jenison was born at Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., May 11, 1813. His parents were in humble circumstances, and when he reached his majority he came to Michigan, arriving at Grandville in 1834. He engaged with Brown & Britton, and worked in the lumber woods for five years. He then procured the quarter section of land, which was his home when he died, and in 1844, with his brothers Luman and Lucius, engaged in lumbering at what for many years was called Jenisonville, now Jenison. In 1838 he married Miss Mary Beardsley, who survives him. He was an active, energetic man, always taking a lively interest in public affairs, was frequently called upon to discharge the duties of township offices, and served two terms in the State legislature.

HON. WALES F. STORRS

Hon. Wales F. Storrs died at his residence in Coopersville, Mich., on Saturday the 15th of February, 1890.

Hon. Wales F. Storrs was a native of Essex, N. Y., was seventy-four years of age at his death. He came to Coopersville in 1864, and became at once one of its leading citizens in business operations, erecting a sawmill and a gristmill and engaging also in the mercantile business. He was mainly instrumental in the erection of the first church edifice, for use of the Congregationalists, of which he was a leading member. The church was subsequently purchased by the Methodist people and now occupied by them.

He married Miss Edna L. Niles, his second wife, and his surviving widow, in 1868.

Mr. Storrs moved to Grand Haven in 1872, where a better opportunity seemed to present itself for the prosecution of the lumbering business. In 1877 he transferred his business operations to Florida, but returned to Michigan in 1882, and to Coopersville the second year following, engaging again in business, but being obliged, on account of feeble health and other causes, to retire from active pursuits for the last few years of his life, spending his leisure hours in those social amenities and labors for the promotion of the best interest of church and society, that rendered his life a blessing and an inspiration to others, to imitate him in nobility of character and usefulness.

Mr. Storrs received political preferment at the hands of citizens. He was a member of the state legislature in 1867-68 and of the state senate in 1871-72, serving his constituency with great favor and fidelity.

CAPT. ISAAC THOMPSON

Capt. Isaac Thompson died at his home in Holland, on Friday afternoon, March 7, 1890. He was born Aug. 17, 1821, in the city of Kragero, Norway; came to this country with the lady who is now his surviving widow, in 1847; moved to this place, from Racine, Wis., in 1860; was one of the first prominent vesselmen of this port, and owned and sailed the schooners A. P. Dutton, Pioneer, Eveline W. Bates,[1] Four Brothers[1] and Scudd. In the community the captain was an exemplary citizen and neighbor, husband and father, and a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Six children survive him.

SAGINAW COUNTY

CHARLES W. GRANT

Name	Date of Death	Age
Mrs. Hiram L. Miller	July 27, 1889	78
James McGregor	August 5, 1889	79
George Carter	August 4, 1889	76
Charles Doughty	August 11, 1889	74
Asa Paine	October 17, 1889	72
Chauncey S. Dutton	December 5, 1889	79
Dougald MacIntyre	December 21, 1889	79
John J. Wheeler	January 13, 1890	59
Henry Marks	January 14, 1890	68
James N. Swarthout	January 15, 1890	58

[1]See appendix.

Name	Date of Death	Age
John Barter	February 8, 1890	65
George W. Davis	February 12, 1890	71
Mrs. Martha Davenport	February 24, 1890	81
Mrs. John Lent	March 13, 1890	64
Patrick McEntee	March 14, 1890	80
William H. Warner	March 18, 1890	76
Mrs. Charles K. Eddy	March 30, 1890	71
J. A. Weaver	April 12, 1890	60
Mrs. Olive Braley	April 17, 1890	70
Mrs. John McIntosh	April 20, 1890	72
Bernhard Haack	May 7, 1890	70
Conrad Schwan	May 18, 1890	70
George F. Lewis	May 30, 1890	62
Nathan S. Lockwood	June 5, 1890	73
Hezekiah Miller	June 6, 1890	70

MRS. HIRAM L. MILLER

At 8 o'clock a. m., July 27, 1889, surrounded by her family, Mrs. Hiram L. Miller, realized her last earthly wish, and fell asleep.

The death of Mrs. Miller removes another of the ever-thinning pioneers who knew Saginaw as a wilderness. For more than fifty-three years she had called Saginaw home, and the best part of her long, active, useful life was lived here.

Adaline Miller was the fourth child of the late Dr. Charles Little, of Avon, Livingston county, New York, where she was born November 30, 1810. Her father was one of the leading physicians in that part of the country and practiced medicine in Avon forty-four years and died there in 1840. Mrs. Miller was educated at the Ontario Female Seminary,[1] and was married to Hiram L. Miller at Avon, in 1830. At that time Mr. Miller was pastor of the Presbyterian church, at Avon. In 1836 they came to Saginaw and the influence of the family in shaping social and moral tendencies in the then hamlet in the wilderness can scarcely be estimated. The Presbyterian church here, which is today one of the strongest in Michigan, was founded by them and a few other devoted people, scarce one of whom still remains. Mrs. Miller was conspicuous for decision of character and fidelity to principle, and unostentatious generosity. One son, Norman L. Miller, is her only child. There are five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mr. Miller, who is several years her senior, has been in feeble health for some time.

[1]See appendix.

Charles D. Little, of Saginaw, is a brother, and Mrs. Sarah Bugbee, Miss Eliza A. Little, of Buffalo, N. Y., are sisters of Mrs. Miller.

JAMES MC GREGOR

James Mc Gregor, who had been a resident of Saginaw 26 years, died at his home on South Washington street, Monday, August 5, 1889, of dropsy of the heart.

A short time ago he went to Point Lookout, returning Thursday night last on account of his health. His illness was not looked upon as serious, as his wife remained at the Point, expecting him to return in a short time. He was on the street Saturday and was as well as usual Sunday. Monday morning his son James assisted him from the bed and he was sitting in a chair when he said: "I can't hold out much longer," and in a few moments was dead.

Mr. McGregor was born in Scotland, September 12, 1810, and came to Saginaw in 1863. He served during the war of the rebellion as a member of Company A, Second Michigan cavalry. He carried on the business of boiler maker in Saginaw for years. A few years ago he associated with himself his two sons, James, Jr., and John McGregor, the firm name being James McGregor & Sons. The firm was wound up about a year ago, John L. Jackson purchasing an interest in the business which has since been carried on by McGregor & Jackson, James McGregor, Jr., being the senior member.

Mr. McGregor was twice married, the first time before leaving Scotland. Two daughters, Mrs. William DeGraw, and Mrs. William Collins, both of Bay City, are daughters by his first wife. He married his second wife, Elizabeth Leland, about thirty-five years ago. Their children are James and John McGregor, of Saginaw, Alexander McGregor, of Laramie City, Wash., Donald McGregor, of Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Hamilton Bartley, of Chicago, and Miss Lizzie McGregor, of Saginaw. Mr. McGregor was a charter member of Saginaw Lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., also of Achilles Lodge No. 15, K. of P., and of Saginaw Division No. 5, Uniformed Rank, K. of P. He was a Republican in politics and twice represented the sixth ward in the common council. Thomas and John McGregor, of Detroit, and Moses McGregor, of Jackson, are brothers of the deceased.

GEORGE CARTER

Capt. George Carter died on Sunday, August 4, 1889, at the Eastern Michigan Insane Asylum at Pontiac, aged about 76 years. Deceased was a native of England and came to Saginaw about 1851. He was a

mason by occupation, and assisted in the construction of the Bancroft House,[1] and built many of the first brick buildings in the city. He also erected many of the brick mill chimneys on the river.

He enlisted September 2, 1861, as first lieutenant in Company A. Second Michigan cavalry, of which John C. Godley, of Flint, was captain. The regiment left Michigan November 14, of that year, under command of Lieut. Col. William C. Davis.

September 25, 1862, Lieut. Carter was promoted to a captaincy. He resigned his commission November 5, 1863, and was honorably discharged.

He returned to Saginaw and engaged in his pursuit as mason and builder which he followed until about eleven years ago, when age incapacitated him for active business. He kept a restaurant on Franklin street some time and subsequently kept a hotel at the corner of Genesee avenue and Brewster street. In June, 1888, mental infirmity developed and he was sent to the asylum. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Maggie Hawley, who resides on Eaton street.

CHARLES DOUGHTY

One by one the old residents are passing away. On Sunday morning, August 11, 1889, at seven o'clock Charles Doughty departed this life after a long and painful illness, peacefully awaiting the summons which would end his sufferings. The disease from which Mr. Doughty died was cancer.

Charles Doughty was born in Beakman, Duchess county, N. Y., March 12, 1815, and was consequently 74 years and five months old at the time of his death. He moved to Saginaw in December, 1863, twenty-six years ago, and engaged in the book and stationery business with his brother Thomas E. Doughty, who was in the jewelry business. Afterwards he engaged in business with S. J. Reynolds, under the firm name of Doughty & Reynolds, which he continued but a short time. In 1867 he held the office of city treasurer, and was widely recognized as a careful and efficient official. He was also a member of the board of education for many years and was president thereof, and for two years represented the second ward on the board of supervisors. In 1872 he was appointed by President Grant register of the United States Land Office, which office he held for sixteen years, or until it was removed in 1888 to Grayling under the law consolidating all the land offices at that place. He filled this office with the same honesty and ability that characterized everything he undertook.

In 1845 Mr. Doughty was married in Venice, Cayuga county, to Miss

[1]See appendix.

Eunice Fish, and his wedded life was a long and happy one. He leaves a wife and daughter and two brothers, T. E. and John, the latter residing in Colorado.

Mr. Doughty was a member of Ancient Landmark lodge No. 303, F. and A. M. and also of Saginaw Chapter and Saginaw Council.

During his twenty-six years residence in Saginaw, Mr. Doughty's record as a citizen has been above reproach. Naturally a genial and upright gentleman he was widely esteemed, and his memory will be held in kindly remembrance by a large circle of friends to whom he had become endeared. All in all he was a kind husband and father, a good friend and citizen, whose integrity and honesty was never questioned.

ASA PAINE

Asa Paine a resident of Saginaw since 1854, died at his home, corner of Washington and Ames streets October 17, 1889, of general debility, his last illness dating back several weeks. His end was peaceful and he retained possession of every faculty till almost the last.

Asa Paine was born in Barre, Orleans county, New York, March 21, 1817. He was the third son in the family of four brothers and a sister. The youngest brother, James L. Paine, of New York City, is the only survivor of the family. The others Veder W. Paine, Valorus A. Paine and Mrs. Amy A. Palmer have died here. Asa Paine went to California in 1850 and came to Saginaw in 1854. He was engaged several years in the livery business. From 1861 to 1865 he was deputy United States marshal for this district. He was married in Orleans county to Jane W. Hutchinson. They had three children, DeForrest Paine and George H. Paine, of Detroit, and Mrs. Fred K. Gustin, of Kansas City. All the children were at home when Mr. Paine died.

CHAUNCEY S. DUTTON

Chauncey S. Dutton a resident of Saginaw thirty years, died December 5, 1889, at his home on North Cass street. He was born in Ogden, N. Y., September 28, 1810, and came to Michigan in 1859. He was married in 1854 to Miss Elizabeth Rogers, of Fayette, N. Y., who with two daughters, Mrs. John Osborn and Mrs. James T. Randall, survive him.

Taking up his residence in Saginaw when northern Michigan was little more than a wilderness, Mr. Dutton engaged in the stave business, being senior member of the firm of Dutton and Townsend. They dealt extensively in the manufacture and shipment of staves and found a

market in all parts of the world. In 1875 he retired from mercantile pursuits and has since, for his own amusement, been a breeder and collector of fancy birds and poultry, doing much to raise the standard of choice birds throughout the State. Always finding pleasure in his home Mr. Dutton was thoroughly a domestic man, eschewing politics and other outside attractions. He was a citizen honored and respected by all who knew him, a man whose word was his bond, and he leaves as a heritage to those surviving, a good name.

DOUGALD MACINTYRE

Dougald MacIntyre died at his residence, 513 Douglas street, Saginaw, Dec. 21, 1889, of consumption. He was born in Johnston, N. Y., October 22, 1810, and was therefore over 79 years of age. He removed to Oakland county, Michigan, in 1843 and to Saginaw in 1854 where he has resided since, having been justice of the peace more than thirty years. He was twice married and was the father of seven children, all by his second wife, four of whom, Mrs. John V. Russell, Mrs. C. M. Austin, Mrs. C. P. Colvin, of Saginaw, and Mrs. A. B. Harford, of Detroit are living. His wife also survives him.

JOHN J. WHEELER

From the ranks of those who live, one brave man has fallen out. A citizen who for many years had been closely identified with the affairs of State, county and city has reached the end of the journey and there fallen asleep, not again to be awakened or disturbed. For almost threescore years he had borne the burden and heat of the day, doing his duty honestly and fearlessly as judgment and the nobler instincts of manhood dictated, and although the icy hand of death was laid upon him while still in the fullness of his years, he answered the summons to the great beyond without flinching, like a good soldier.

John J. Wheeler was one of the best known and most respected of Saginaw's citizens. In business life his actions were not only upright and honorable, displaying a wide knowledge of business methods and human nature and ability in the management of affairs that is seldom excelled, but were also characterized by a magnanimity of spirit and a love of right, and justice for his fellow men that is seldom found in the successful business man, in so high a degree. The same qualities that made him eminent in the business world made him agreeable in social life, and a host of friends, not only here, but all over the State and in other states, are witnesses of his goodness and his love inspiring character.

He was a native of Vermont, having been born in Burlington in 1831. His earlier years were spent and an education was received in the Green Mountain State, from which he removed soon after attaining his majority. He graduated at the university of Vermont, afterwards taking a course in Harvard and graduating at Harvard law school. In 1855 he was a student in the law office of Cook & Swift[1] at Detroit, and afterwards went to Vassar, where he opened an office, being at the time one of the successful lawyers of that section. He came to East Saginaw in 1857 and entered into co-partnership with Hon. W. L. Webber, the firm being Webber & Wheeler. This partnership was continued until 1860 when Mr. Wheeler retired and opened an office himself. In 1877 Robert B. McKnight became identified with Mr. Wheeler, and two years ago George Grant was admitted to the firm, which is now known as Wheeler, McKnight & Grant. It has an enviable reputation in legal circles, Mr. Wheeler's wide knowledge of the law, fidelity to the interests of clients, strict observance of the canons of morality, hard study and sound judgment being everywhere recognized.

In politics he took no active part. Many years ago he was a Republican, but changed his faith and became a Democrat. In 1882 he was appointed by Gov. D. H. Jerome a member of the State Board of Corrections and Charities and served as such until January, 1889, being succeeded by Herbert A. Forrest. By counsel and advice, combined with a ripe experience, he gave to that organization importance and influence whereby great good was accomplished.

His only connection with municipal offices was as a member of the board of water commissioners to which he was appointed April 17, 1877, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of B. B. Buckhout. He was reappointed for a term of five years, January 11, 1878; was again reappointed for five years for the third time, January 8, 1888, having been a member of the board continuously nearly thirteen years. He was elected president of that body March 16, 1880, and continued in that office until his death. He was married here to Miss Sarah Gay, who survives him. They have no children.

The opening of the present year found Mr. Wheeler in good health. Sunday, January 5, he attended service at St. Paul's Episcopal church, with which society he had been connected many years and of which he was junior warden. The Tuesday following he was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels, and alarming symptoms immediately developed. Almost from the first hour his physicians were assured that this

[1] William A. Cook and Edward Y. Swift.

case was hopeless, and despite their skill the patient failed steadily until the end came, Jan. 13, 1890.

When Circuit Court opened announcement of Mr. Wheeler's death was given. Judge Gage,[1] deeply affected, said:

"Since our last adjournment an old and respected member of the bar has passed away. Mr. John J. Wheeler, who for over thirty years has been a resident of the county of Saginaw, and a practitioner in this court, died at his home in East Saginaw. He has been sick but a short time, and the summons was unexpected to him as to us all.

He came to this county from the state of Vermont, his birthplace, about the year 1856. He was then a young man, unmarried, and sought his fortune in the west, as many young men from the east have done. Shortly after his arrival here he formed a copartnership with Hon. William L. Webber. The firm being that of Webber & Wheeler. That continued some years, and after that firm had ceased to do business together, Mr. Wheeler continued the practice of the law with other partners up to the time of his death.

He was a man esteemed by all of the members of the profession, and a man who occupied a high place in the city in which he resided, as a citizen, and as a public man. He was a man with a good heart and a sound judgment. He was a man that was well read in his profession, and his opinions and arguments were listened to with great respect. He was a lover of literature and devoted a part of his time to other subjects than that of his profession. The citizens of the city of East Saginaw will remember with pride when Mr. Wheeler was a prominent member of the school board of the city, and some gentlemen who are here present, I think, were associated with him at one time as a member of the board of education of that city, and he did, in an early day, a great deal in building up the school system that now exists there. He was also honored by the Governor of our State at one time with the appointment as one of the members of the Board of Corrections and Charities. He took a great interest in that subject. He was interested in prisons and prison reform, and also in the other charities of the State of Michigan. His influence was felt in that direction, and he has assisted largely, and did, while a member of that board, a great deal in reforming the prison system of our State.

When so distinguished and honored a gentleman passes away it is proper and meet that we who remain, respecting his memory, should refrain, during the time that he lies dead among us, from transacting our usual business. Feeling in that way, and that being also the opinion of my associate, it seems this court ought to adjourn until

[1]Chauncey H. Gage was elected circuit judge in the fall of 1880.

after the last sad rites have been performed. We are advised that the funeral will take place on Wednesday, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. We are advised that it is the desire of the members of the bar to meet here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, that they may place on record an expression of their feelings upon this sad occasion."

Judge Edget[1] said:

"For a quarter of a century Mr. Wheeler has been recognized by the profession and by the public as one of the foremost lawyers in the State, second to none, in the conscientious discharge of his duties. A vast number of cases in this and other courts bear the personal imprint of his learning, skill and success. Although he served both his city and State in highly honorable positions, his ambition was at all times distinctly professional. He recognized the law, when rightly pursued and justly applied, as the noblest science to which a man may address his powers, and in his practice he set before himself exalted standards of excellence and honor, from which he never departed.

While he maintained the claims of his clients to the extent of their legal rights, he never sought to impose upon either court or jury by arguments or proof which did not meet his convictions of right and duty. He was connected with no questionable causes. His name was never associated with any improper practice. But, as in private life, so in professional, he walked stainless and incorruptible to the day of his death. His example has been of great service to the bar. Not only has he shown the success which waits on diligence and skill, but he has by his whole life enforced the great lesson that the lawyers who would win the substantial, lasting honors of the profession must put aside all doubtful methods, all paltering with the truth or justice of a cause, and live as he has lived.

"White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart."

To the members of the bar and to the judges of the court the sudden death of our brother, in the fullness of his professional work, comes to us, both as a public calamity and a profound personal loss.

We will proceed no further with the business of the court, but all pending causes will be continued till Friday morning next, and the court itself is adjourned to that time to enable both bench and bar to pay the respects appropriate to the memory of our departed brother."

Deceased was a member of Ancient Landmark Lodge, No. 303, F. & A. M., and his fraters, with officers and members of the municipal government, members of the Saginaw county bar and other bodies attended the funeral. In respect to Mr. Wheeler's memory the flag was hung at half mast over the city hall.

[1]John Allison Edget. See Mich. Pion. and His. Colls., Vol. IV, p. 383.

HENRY MARKS

Henry Marks, a pioneer resident of Saginaw, died Jan. 14, 1890, after a lingering illness, aged about 68 years. He had resided here since 1854 and was a charter member of the Germania Society. He leaves a wife and three children.

JAMES N. SWARTHOUT

At 10 o'clock a. m., Jan. 15, 1890, James N. Swarthout died at his home on Brockway street, near the city limits, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Swarthout came to Saginaw with his father, the late Capt. A. R. Swarthout, in 1835, when he was four years old. Capt. Swarthout was the twelfth white settler in Saginaw county. He located a tract of land on the cross road and cut out that thoroughfare.

James N. Swarthout married Jane M. Heisrodt in 1855, and settled on the farm where he lived and died. It adjoined his father's homestead. He was the father of four children, William J. Swarthout, of St. Louis, Mich., Arthur H. Swarthout, of Saginaw, Mrs. John McClellan, of Clare, Mich., and Mary Swarthout, now at home. His wife also survives him. Mr. Swarthout has been a member of the Methodist church many years.

JOHN BARTER.

At 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, Feb. 7, 1890, three men met in the drug store of Youmans & Gallager, on Washington avenue, south. One of the trio was Hon. John Barter, another was John Ingledew, and the third was a representative of the Courier-Herald. Mr. Barter had been busy during the afternoon and was on his way home to his farm, two miles south of the city, in the township of Spalding. He was in a happy frame of mind and robust and hearty, not even having a cold, for which he said he was grateful. A general conversation turned on the subject of death and obituary notices. "It is an anomaly," said Mr. Barter, "that some men receive in the public prints laudation before they die, and often don't deserve it, while others, good and true men, pass away and the great good they have done is unnoticed. The glory of their lives and deeds dies with them." A few desultory remarks followed and each man went his way, little expecting one was, within a few hours, to enter the valley and the shadow of death. This proved to be the case however. The sun had scarce risen, Saturday, Feb. 8, 1890, when the light of John Barter's life went out and a busy life had suddenly ended. He was ill but a few hours, acute inflammation of the bowels seizing upon him.

Mr. Barter was born in Somersetshire, Eng., August 22, 1825. His parents removed to Canada three years later, locating at Montreal. The subject of this sketch came to Saginaw in 1850 and followed his trade, that of a millwright, until 1858, when he purchased a farm in the township of Spalding and removed thereto. A Republican in politics, he has been many times honored by that party. He was justice of the peace twelve years, drain-commissioner six years, a member of the board of supervisors fourteen years, eight years as chairman, and July 30, 1879, was appointed agent of the State Board of Correction and Charities, which office he filled honorably and satisfactorily to the day of his death. He was married January 1, 1854, to Mary Spalding, the first white child born in Spalding township who survives him. Four children, Leah, James, Belinda and Annie, also mourn the loss of an affectionate father and kind friend. That section of the city known as "South Saginaw," under which title it was incorporated, owes a great deal to Mr. Barter, who by energy, money and influence aided materially in the upbuilding of that place. One of the last acts of his life was to consumate the sale of 100 oak trees growing on his farm, to Capt. Chesley Wheeler, for $1,700.

He was an honest man. These words are in themselves a fitting monument to a life of unpretentious simplicity and virtue. For two score years his has been a familiar face and figure on the streets of the Saginaws. In every relation of life in which he moved, as an honorable artisan, an industrious tiller of the soil, as justice, supervisor, and dealing gently, but justly, with wayward youth in the capacity of State agent for juvenile offenders, and as a neighbor and citizen, he did his whole duty as he saw it conscientiously and with a fidelity that won for him the esteem and respect of his fellow men, and his death causes sincere and wide spread regret.

GEORGE W. DAVIS

George W. Davis came to Saginaw in 1848 and had resided here continuously since 1854. Mr. Davis was born in Amsterdam, N. Y., April, 1819, and would have been 71 years of age in April. He removed with his father's family to Oxford, Oakland county, in 1838. In 1854 he located in Saginaw permanently and engaged in the grocery business. He was subsequently in the meat business with a man named Martin. Later he engaged in the lumber business and operated at St. Louis. The firm was Davis, Clark & Hillier. Later he was engaged in the harness business here and then he returned to the grocery business, associating himself with Henry Harrington. He

built the brick block on Water street now occupied by George A. Alderton. His several business ventures were not as a whole successful, and, after he had accumulated a snug little sum, he saw it dispersed by reverses.

Mr. Davis was twice married, the first time to Elizabeth Shandy, of Syracuse, N. Y., in 1848. They had one son, Abram Davis, now of Saginaw. His wife died August 24, 1855. October 7, 1861, he was married a second time to Mrs. Harriet R. Van Hanten, of Detroit. They have four children, Louis L., May E., Emily W., and Josie.

Mr. Davis was the oldest of a family of eleven, and six of his brothers and sisters were with him at the time of his death. The surviving members of his family are Mrs. Mary A. Richards, and Peter Davis, of Saginaw, Mrs. Eliza Bell, of Freeland, Dr. L. C. Davis and Mrs. E. A. Bullard, of Vassar, Mrs. George Kilborn, of Bear Lake, Seeman Davis, of Holly, and John T. Davis, of Green Island, N. Y. He died Feb. 12, 1890.

MRS. MARTHA DAVENPORT

Mrs. Martha Davenport died at her residence 2205 North Washington street, Saginaw, Feb. 24, 1890, after a long illness.

Deceased was born in the state of New York, June 23, 1808. Her maiden name was Martha Cronk. In 1828 she was married in Niagara county, N. Y., to Elijah N. Davenport, and came to Michigan with her husband in 1831, settling on Flint river, on the site of the present city of Flint, he having purchased 200 acres of land on the east side of the river. Subsequently Mr. Davenport removed to Grand Blanc, Genesee county, where he purchased 80 acres of land. Here he kept hotel and was also postmaster. In 1834 Mr. Davenport sold his farm and removed with his family to Saginaw. He was sheriff eight years and also county judge several years, and died October 10, 1863. Mrs. Davenport continued a resident of this county until her death, having been a resident of Saginaw fifty-six years. Deceased was the mother of Hon. George Davenport, ex-State senator. She leaves two sons and six daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate mother and model woman, viz.: George and Porter Davenport, Julia Davenport, Mesdames H. R. Hadrick, J. E. Wells, P. S. Heisrodt, Henry Moiles and D. W. Gooding.

MRS. JOHN LENT

Mrs. John Lent, of Saginaw town, died March 13, 1890, of heart disease, aged 64 years. She was a native of Oneida county, N. Y., and

had lived in Saginaw since 1852. She leaves a husband and two children, a son and daughter.

PATRICK MC ENTEE

Patrick McEntee, an old and highly esteemed resident, died at the family residence, 524 Washington avenue, north, Saginaw, March 14, 1890, of old age. He was born at Lullamore, Cavan county, Ireland, March 17, 1810, and would, had he lived until Monday, have been 80 years of age. He received the name Patrick from the fact that he was born on St. Patrick's day. Mr. McEntee left the old country when quite a young man and located in New York state, and in 1859 arrived in Saginaw where he resided until the time of his death, a period of thirty-one years. He came here to work on the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, which was then being built, and continued in the employ of the company many years. During his residence in Saginaw he accumulated quite a large amount of property, and until a few months previous to his death was an active and busy man. Everybody knew him, and the many kind deeds which he performed showed that he had a large and generous heart, always ready to help those in suffering or distress, and always had a good word for everybody. Many men may be more lavish in their charity and more ostentatious in their gifts to the needy, but Patrick McEntee's memory will be held kindly by many to whom he was always a friend and comforter. During his long illness he was faithfully and unceasingly nursed by his daughter, Miss Fannie B. McEntee, who did her duty nobly. With her father passed away the last member of her family, and in her heart she clung to him unto the hope that he might be spared her for yet awhile. In her sorrow she has the heartfelt sympathy of many friends.

WILLIAM H. WARNER

William H. Warner, familiarly known as "Deacon," although the term was not in any sense used with disrespect, has been gathered to his fathers. His long and useful life ended Tuesday afternoon, March 18, 1890, and the close of his career was as calm as that of a peaceful summer day.

There was no particular disease or complaint to hasten the end, but a gradual giving way of natural powers and a failure of the heart, by an enfeebled constitution, to respond to the duty imposed upon it.

Mr. Warner was 76 years of age. He was born at Springfield, Mass., where his boyhood days were spent. After leaving school he was apprenticed to the carpenter trade and served at the bench. In 1836

he removed to Michigan, settling at Mt. Clemens, where he first found employment at his trade and later engaged in the lumber manufacturing business, erecting one of the first saw mills in Michigan. In the summer of 1853 he formed a partnership with Loton H. Eastman,[1] then of Mt. Clemens, and removing to Saginaw they established a foundry on the site of the present A. F. Bartlett & Co. plant. This partnership of Warner & Eastman has never been dissolved, although the junior partner passed to the other shore several years ago. In 1859 they erected a saw mill, long known as the "Copeland" mill, which subsequently burned, and in 1869 the firm purchased the interest of George C. Warner & Co., in the more extensive plant, and this was operated until destroyed by fire in January.

Mr. Warner was twice married, first to Clarissa D. Barrett, of Brattleboro, Vt., who died in 1862. The fruit of this union was five children, of whom Mrs. W. H. Downs and Mrs. Ward Mansfield survive. In 1868 he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Eldred. To them two children were born, both of whom are dead. Mrs. Warner survives her husband.

Aside from his business Mr. Warner has led a comparatively quiet life. The only public office he ever held was that of alderman of the second ward in 1860. He was identified with the founding of the First Congregational Society in 1856, and has been a faithful member of and an officer in that church since. He has also been connected with the First National Bank as stockholder and director many years.

MRS. CHARLES K. EDDY

Shortly before 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, March 30, 1890, Albina, wife of Charles K. Eddy, laid down the burdens of life and passed peacefully to the realms beyond. Mrs. Eddy was a native of Charleston, Me., where she was born October 23, 1828, her father being Col. John Dunning, a prominent citizen of that place. On July 31, 1853, she was united in marriage with C. K. Eddy. They resided in Bangor, Me., for the next four years; then moved to Ottawa, Ont., making their home there until 1865, when Mr. and Mrs. Eddy with their family settled in Saginaw, which has been her home since. She leaves her husband and four children, Walter S., Arthur D., Charles Kirke and Lila. Two sisters, Mrs. I. B. Norcross, of Saginaw, Mrs. Cordelia Dollivar, of San Diego, Cal., and two brothers, Alonzo Dunning, also of Saginaw, and Zopher Dunning, of Marysville, Cal., also survive her. A good woman, an affectionate wife and a model mother, has passed away. Her's was a simple and pure life. Her chief pleasure and

[1]See Mich. Pion. and His. Colls., Vol. IV, p. 383.

noblest effort was to render her home attractive and happy. To her family, so richly endowed in the possession of such a lovable character, the loss is irreparable, and in her death the circle in which she so long moved is bereft of one of its most esteemed and valuable members.

J. A. WEAVER

The death of J. A. Weaver on Saturday afternoon, April 12, 1890, was caused by spasms of the heart, though he had been a sufferer for the past year with rheumatism and a complication of diseases which baffled the best medical skill. He came to Saginaw in 1865, engaging for many years in the boot and shoe business and later on in the furniture trade as well, though of late years his health has been so precarious he had retired entirely, on the considerable competency acquired by a life of industry and good judgment in all his investments. The deceased was born 60 years ago at Vernon, N. Y., and leaves a widow and two children, Mrs. Doyle, of Chicago, and Miss Maggie, who is an Ann Arbor student. He was a charter member of Central Council No. 29, Royal Arcanum, also of Banner Lodge No. 508, K. of H.

MRS. OLIVE BRALEY

Mrs. Olive Braley, a resident of Saginaw county nearly sixty years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Bennett, April 17, 1890.

Mrs. Braley, whose maiden name was Olive Hubbard, was born in Oxford, Ont., December 28, 1819. Her people came to Saginaw in 1831, being among the earliest families here. Mrs. Braley was twice married, her first husband being Jacob Grout who lived but a short time after their marriage. Her second husband was the late Phineas D. Braley, to whom she was married December 18, 1842. He died in December, 1886. Mrs. Braley leaves six children, Phineas J., and Fred J. Braley, of Hope, Midland county, Mrs. Henry Snider, Mrs. G. W. Bennett, and Mrs. Charles A. Lee, of Saginaw, and Mrs. F. A. Farmer, of Kansas City, Mo. Two sisters and a brother survive her. They are Mrs. Mary Ide, of Saginaw, Mrs. William Golden, of Flint, and Eli Hubbard,[1] of Midland.

MRS. JOHN MC INTOSH

Mrs. John McIntosh died April 20, 1890, at Taymouth. She was a pioneer of this county. She was born in Scotland seventy-two years ago, and was married to Mr. McIntosh at the home of the Duke of Athol in Perthshire, her husband being in the employ of the Duke at the

[1]See *Biographical Album of Midland Co., Mich.* 1884.

time. The couple came to America in 1853 and settled on a farm in the southern part of Saginaw county. In 1854 they came to Saginaw, Mr. McIntosh being employed by the late James Fraser, of Bay City, to look after his property in this place. After a residence of two years they went to the country again on account of sickness (ague was then the prevailing ailment) and settled on a farm in Taymouth. The union was never blessed with children. Mr. McIntosh is still hale and hearty and lives comfortably on his extensive farm.

BERNHARD HAACK

Full of years and leaving behind the heritage of a good name, the record of a life well-spent, Bernhard Haack, of Blumfield was, May 7, 1890, gathered to his fathers. His history is a part of and identical with the history of Saginaw county, and will so remain until the present generation shall have passed away.

He was born in 1820 in the Rhenish province of Prussia, in which country he spent the earlier years of his life. He came to the United States in 1849 and for a year took up his residence in New Jersey, wherein he worked at his trade, that of a carriagemaker. The new west then attracted his attention, and pushing on to Michigan he finally reached and settled in Saginaw county. At that time the location he selected for a home was but a dense wilderness, but by energy, perseverance and undaunted courage the township of Blumfield was made as a garden and to blossom, in an agricultural sense, like a rose. The home he established so long ago has been the home of himself and family since, and many residents of Saginaw and the county at large will recall with pleasure the hospitable treatment there accorded them. Mr. Haack was married in St. Louis, Mo., in 1854. Two children were born to the estimable couple, a son who died in his eighth year, and a daughter, Mrs. Louis Linslow, of Tittabawassee township.

The kindly face and friendly, wise speech and counsel of Mr. Haack will be missed. He had been prominently before the people of Saginaw county as one of its advisors, legislators and administrators of justice nearly forty years, and in that great length of time he betrayed no trust nor neglected any duty; proving in all places and at all times a faithful steward. When the township of Blumfield was organized Mr. Haack attended the first meeting and April 4, 1853, was chosen clerk of the township. He was elected justice of the peace for his district in 1860, 1868, 1872 and 1880.

He was more widely known, however, in connection with the board of supervisors, as a member of which he was first elected in 1856. In 1857 he was not returned to the position, but the next term found him on the board and there, until the present time, he has since been serving continuously thirty-two years, and in all the deliberations of the board he exercised diligence and judgment in measures relating to the county's weal. His constituents had great faith in him, and his associates on the board had even more, for he never advocated a measure unless he was thoroughly impressed with the idea that it was for the best interests of the majority. He was fearless in the advocacy of any cause which was founded on principles of justice, and during his long career on the board no one found him in the back ground when there was an attempt to impose an unjust measure on the people. As chairman of the committee on claims and accounts he saved the county thousands of dollars that might have passed a less vigilant scrutiny. He was styled, and justly too, not in a sense disrespectful, however, the "watch dog" of the treasury. And as in public life so in private trusts he was faithful, and his work in connection with the Schmitz estate and Sheldon's[1] savings bank will be recalled as evidencing this fact.

Mr. Haack was once a member of the State house of representatives, having been elected to the twenty-sixth legislature, which convened at Lansing, January 4, 1871. He occupied a desk jointly with Col. C. D. Little, who has a number of sketches of members of different attitudes and scenes enacted within the legislative walls during the session. Col. Little values the collection very highly.

Mr. Haack was a lifelong, staunch Republican. His last life work was in connection with the jury commission, of which Gov. Luce not long ago appointed him a member.

He had been afflicted with kidney and bladder disease several years. News of his demise was received with sorrow, and expressions of deep regret at the loss of an esteemed townsman and faithful public servant were heard on every hand.

CONRAD SCHWAN

One of the oldest residents of Saginaw, Conrad Schwan, closed his eyes in natural sleep Sunday evening, May 18, 1890, in usual health. During the silent watches of the night that other sleep, which knows no waking, came to him, and those who went to his room early Monday morning saw that life had ended. The transition was without pain, death having been caused by apoplexy.

[1]See appendix.

Mr. Schwan was a native of Germany, where he was born in 1820. He removed to America and settled in Saginaw in 1854, his home since being here. He was the father of the late Mrs. Schwartz. He also leaves a widow.

GEORGE F. LEWIS

The announcement of the death of George F. Lewis, editor of the Saginawian,[1] caused a wide feeling of regret throughout the city, May 30, 1890. He was not only the Nestor of the Saginaw Valley press, but one of its pioneer citizens. One by one they are joining the great majority in the world beyond the grave. God's finger touched him and he slept.

Mr. Lewis was more prominently known in Michigan by his identification with the history of its newspapers. Born at Harvard, Mass., June 7, 1828, in early life he came with father, mother and other members of the family to Michigan, settling at Mt. Clemens in 1835. His first experience in a newspaper office was with the Macomb Statesman in the composing room of which journal he set the first type. The paper was then owned and edited by Hon. John N. Ingersoll, deceased. In 1838 he was folder and carrier boy for the Mt. Clemens Patriot. In 1845 he made a journey to Lake Superior with the late Gen. John Stockton, United States mineral agent, and, the mission completed, he went east, taking a 500 pound box of black oxide of copper from Detroit to New York, and later, a 1,360-pound specimen block out of Mine River, near Copper Harbor, from New York to Boston, personally supervising its removal from the house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. to the Sound steamer. During the winter of 1845-46 he was a clerk in the general store of D. Shook, at Mt. Clemens. The summer following he again visited the Lake Superior country, mining interests developing at that time, and he remained there until autumn, when he again made a trip east, on this occasion first meeting Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York Tribune, to whose peculiar writing Mr. Lewis has so often been compared. In November of that year he entered the employ of Thomas M. (Berry) Perry, deceased, then owner and editor of the Mt. Clemens Patriot, serving an apprenticeship of two years, when he again for a short time entered commercial life. Soon afterward he took a position on the Daily Commercial Bulletin,[2] then just started in Detroit by Col. Munger, deceased, and George W. Pattison, and aided in putting into type the first news ever received by telegraph of a presidential election, that of Gen. Zachary Taylor. He worked in the State printing office at Lansing for Munger & Pattison,

[1]The Saginawian was first issued as a weekly paper May 1, 1869, with Mr. Lewis proprietor and editor.

[2]See appendix.

the winter of 1848-9, and in May of the latter year established the Macomb County Herald, a weekly whig newspaper. This he continued until May 1851. Then he started the Port Huron Commercial, which he published first as a whig newspaper and subsequently as a democratic organ, until 1855, in September of which year he bought the Peninsular Advocate, a democratic paper published at Mt. Clemens, and continued its publication until the summer of 1859. This paper was continued as a weekly under his exclusive control until 1863, when he became associated with Maj. E. W. Lyon in its publication. He continued with Maj. Lyon until 1867 when Col. B. M. Thompson bought an interest. His residence in Saginaw dates from 1859 when he came here and founded the Weekly Courier, publishing that paper in connection with his enterprises at Mt. Clemens. In 1868 he, Maj. Lyon, Col. Thompson and Joseph Seeman founded the Saginaw Courier, but the connection was not long continued, Col. Thompson purchasing the interests of his partners in December. May 1, 1869, Mr. Lewis founded the Saginawian, a weekly democratic paper, and that is still published on the west side. In 1880 he established the Mt. Pleasant Journal and in 1881 edited the Daily Morning Call at Bay City.

He was far removed from office-seeking, although honored at times in this respect. From 1856 to 1859 he was postmaster at Mt. Clemens, being appointed by President Pierce. In 1874 he was nominated for congress by the democrats in the old eighth district, but was defeated by N. B. Bradley, the vote being 9,979 to 10,258. In 1877 he was elected mayor of Saginaw, re-elected in 1878 and defeated for a third term in 1879. He was a courteous presiding officer, and as mayor favored public improvements. He was elected alderman in his ward in 1886 and resigned on being appointed postmaster two years ago. In the council he was rather conservative, though he favored reasonable schemes of improvement. As postmaster he secured increased facilities in the service, and under his direction the postal service has become more efficient than ever before.

For years he took a lively interest in the Saginaw County Farmer's Club, and only since he became postmaster has he failed to be a regular attendant at their meetings. He was also one of the organizers of the Saginaw County Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

As secretary of the Northeastern Agricultural Society he was widely known throughout Michigan because of the zeal and energy put forth on behalf of that organization, and its success of late years is largely due to his personal, faithful effort. He had just completed copy for the

annual premium list, and an admonition to the printers within a week was, "Hurry up the work, for I don't know when I may drop off."

He has been president of the Saginaw Valley Press club since its organization, and was connected by membership with the Michigan Press Association, being also a member of the executive committee. In this latter position he has been active in arranging details for the reception and entertainment of members of the State organization when they assemble here in annual convention in July. In fact, this has been his latest life work, and no man was more enthusiastic over the matter than Fred Lewis. He had expressed regret that advancing years and failing health would not permit him to journey with his brethren to Yellowstone Park after leaving here, but he was determined the stay of the editors of Michigan and their wives in Saginaw should be pleasant, one long to be remembered. Before his generous plans could be carried out however he was beckoned beyond, and the work so happily begun will rest on younger shoulders.

NATHAN S. LOCKWOOD

Nathan S. Lockwood, who died June 5, 1890, had been a resident of Saginaw twenty-three years. During this time he has been connected with the lumbering business, and for thirteen years he was a member of the firm of Swift and Lockwood, the senior member being Alexander Swift, the Cincinnati millionaire. Since that he had been connected with Burrows and Rust as general superintendent of their lumbering interests. He was faithful to every trust reposed in him, and during late years has shown remarkable vigor for a man of his age. Had he lived until July 27 he would have been seventy-three years old.

For several months he has suffered from cancer of the stomach, but had only been confined to his bed since Saturday, May 31. His last days were not accompanied with distressing pain. He retained consciousness until within a few hours of his death which he knew was inevitable and rapidly approaching.

Mr. Lockwood was a native of New Brunswick. When a young man he removed to Dayton, O., where he was married September 25, 1845, to Amelia Johnson, who survives him. For twenty years he was a member of Brown, Lockwood & Brown, stove manufacturers of Dayton. In 1865 he was associated in the lumber business with Alexander Swift, of Cincinnati. Two years later he came to Saginaw and managed the extensive salt[1] and lumber business of the firm here. He operated the mill and salt works now owned by Merrill and Ring.[1] In Dayton, Mr. Lockwood joined the Free Masons, but he never affiliated with any lodge

[1]See appendix.

here. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church the greater part of his life. He never aspired to a public position, and aside from representing his ward as alderman one or two years he never held office.

HEZEKIAH MILLER

Hezekiah Miller, the pioneer and respected citizen, is no more. Decoration day with his wife and other members of his family, he went to the residence of his son Bennett, on High street, as from that point he could witness the G. A. R. exercises at the cemetery. Late in the afternoon he was taken suddenly ill and could not be removed to his home and there, at 6 o'clock Friday morning, June 6, 1890, he breathed his last. He had been unconscious from Sunday.

Mr. Miller was born at Bedford, Westchester county, N. Y., March 17, 1820. He grew to manhood in that state and came to Saginaw in 1855, residing here to this time. He was formerly a pattern maker, but soon after reaching Saginaw he entered the political arena, and was prominently identified with the Republican party until failing health and advancing years necessitated his retirement. During the earlier part of the war he was elected supervisor in the old third ward, and in that capacity took an active part in war legislation as enacted by the board. In 1861 he was elected justice of the peace, and served continuously in that office until 1877. During that time he was also one of the county superintendents of the poor. From 1877 until a few years ago he practiced law in Saginaw. For over six years Mr. Miller has been afflicted with a complication of diseases, which he and his family knew would have but one termination. Still, he bore suffering and pain like a good soldier, and when it was possible for him to walk he experienced no greater pleasure than in visiting the places which in former years had been the scenes of his life work and labors. Every one had a kindly greeting for "Squire" Miller, and his visits were always pleasant. Surviving him are the widow and four children, Bennett, Charles E. and Miss Georgia Miller, of Saginaw, and Mrs. G. A. Wilson, of Bay City.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY

A. H. OWENS

Name	Date of Death	Age
Jeremiah H. Hascall	June 17, 1889	74
Nelson Waugh	January 9, 1890	82
David Parker	January 10, 1890	73

JEREMIAH H. HASCALL

Jeremiah Hopkins Hascall was born in Leroy, Genesee county, New York, Aug. 23, 1815. His father died leaving him an orphan at four years. From the age of ten he had to take care of himself. It was during these years that he learned the principles of patience and self-reliance which was a prominent characteristic through his whole life.

He came to Michigan about the year 1835 and settled in Adrian. In 1839 he was married to Jane Colegrove who survives him and in her declining years will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Leland.

He was four years in the drug store of Paul Raymond of Adrian. He then read medicine in the office of Dr. Spaulding, of Adrian, attended lectures at Ann Arbor and graduated in the practice of medicine.

On account of his failing health and at the time of the California gold excitement he made two trips by water to California, and having regained his health he returned and started into the active practice of his profession in Corunna, in 1856. For years he was a pioneer physician in all that the word signifies. Night or day, rain or shine, often without fee or reward he rode through unbroken forests and went on foot through swamps and marshes leaving his horse hitched to some tree in the woods until his return. Often when the potency of medicine and the skill of the physician failed to restore the patient to health administering words of spiritual hope and consolation to the dying, for as will be remembered by his old friends he was an active Christian worker of the Methodist Episcopal church. He abandoned the active practice of his profession seven years before his death. Since then he has lived a quiet and retired life. He died June 17, 1889.

NELSON WAUGH

Mr. Nelson Waugh, a pioneer of Shiawassee county, died at the home of his son, Ora C. Waugh, in Bennington, the 9th of Jan., 1890,

aged 82 years. He was buried on Saturday. Mr. Waugh was one of the earliest settlers of Bennington. Ensign's County History, published in 1880, says: "Nelson Waugh, one of Bennington's most worthy citizens, still resides upon the land purchased by him from the general government in 1836. He came here from Oakland county and was the second man to poll his vote at the first township meeting of this township." At that meeting, held April 2, 1836, he was elected one of the assessors, and his name appears subsequently twice as highway commissioner. Mr. Waugh and his wife were among the early members of the Methodist Episcopal church of Bennington.

DAVID PARKER

David Parker died Jan. 10, 1890, at the home of his son Miles, on Cedar street, Owosso, after an illness of over two years. He was born Sept. 30, 1816, in Rutland, Jefferson county, N. Y.; married Sarah M. Rust, September, 1839, removed to Michigan in 1842 and settled in Marion, Livingston county, where he remained until 1851, when he went to Detroit and from there to Antrim, Shiawassee county, in 1859. In 1866 he was elected sheriff of this county and was re-elected in 1868. At the close of the second term of office he returned to his farm in Antrim. In 1874 he came to Owosso and entered into the brick business with his son-in-law, the late James M. Belford, and continued in the same until the death of Mr. Belford, when he disposed of his interest to his son, Miles. Mr. Parker had been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church for forty-five years, also a member of the Masonic order, under whose auspices he was buried. Five sons and one daughter survive him, his wife having died three years ago the present month.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY

MRS. HELEN W. FARRAND

Date of Death	Name	Place of Death	Age]
July 13, 1889	Mrs. Catherine Schmiddler	Casco	
July 25, 1889	Thomas Butler, of Emmett	Grand Rapids	43
July 29, 1889	Elizabeth Burton	Jeddo	77
July 31, 1889	Mrs. Jane Butler	Marysville	84
July, 1889	Mrs. Jane Scott	Marine City	77
July 25, 1889	James Graham	St. Clair	57

ST. CLAIR COUNTY—Continued

Date of Death	Name	Place of Death	Age
August 11, 1889.....	Lachlan W. Wallace.....	Port Huron.....	47
August 21, 1889.....	Frederick Bower.....	Marine City.....	63
August 23, 1889.....	John Coleman.....	Kimball.....	68
August 24, 1889.....	Dr. William Jackson.....	Port Huron.....	79
August 29, 1889.....	——Reynolds.....	Wooden Track.....	81
September 7, 1889.....	Andrew Morris.....	Fort Gratiot.....	69
September 8, 1889.....	Catherine Pauley.....	St. Clair.....	81
September 15, 1889.....	Edward Hunt.....	Port Huron.....	68
September 11, 1889.....	Nicholas Klemmer.....	St. Clair.....	56
September 19, 1889.....	Betsey Gordon.....	Port Huron.....	58
.....	Mrs. Clark.....	Port Huron.....	.....
September 24, 1889.....	Mrs. Weitzman.....	St. Clair.....	86
October 1, 1889.....	W. D. Seburn.....	St. Clair.....	72
October 8, 1889.....	Zephaniah W. Bunce.....	Marysville.....	101
October 7, 1889.....	Mrs. Elvira Smith.....	Cottrelville.....	77
October 7, 1889.....	Mrs. Humphrey Smith.....	Algonac.....	78
October 1, 1889.....	Mrs. Esther Ferguson.....	Canada.....	75
October 27, 1889.....	Mrs. Mary Plant.....	Clyde.....	69
October 20, 1889.....	William Stolp.....	Casco.....	63
October 27, 1889.....	Rev. E. J. Doyle.....	Riley.....	60
.....	Capt. Frank Douner.....	Port Dolhousie.....	54
November 6, 1889.....	Mrs. Mary Gore.....	Port Huron.....	72
November 8, 1889.....	Hugh McTavish.....	Port Huron.....	77
November 14, 1889.....	Patrick Ryan.....	St. Clair.....	79
.....	Mrs. Elizabeth Hyslop, Sr.....	Rattle Run.....	70
November 26, 1889.....	Mrs. Versel Rice, (widow of Dr. Rice, Port Huron).....	Alpena.....	81
November 15, 1889.....	Mrs. Barbara Hickman.....	St. Clair.....	66
November 27, 1889.....	Mrs. John Hickey.....	Fort Gratiot.....	59
November 25, 1889.....	Mrs. Deloyer (widow of Judge Deloyer)..	Port Huron.....	96
November 26, 1889.....	Mrs. Barbara Harris.....	Port Huron.....	86
November 27, 1889.....	Mrs. Antoine Guro.....	Port Huron.....	61
November 21, 1889.....	J. K. Belknap.....	Hubbard's Lake.....	70 or over.
December 2, 1889.....	Adam Gaffield.....	St. Clair.....	.....
December 2, 1889.....	William F. Allen.....	East China.....	70
November 24, 1889.....	James Hart.....	Wales.....	72
December 6, 1889.....	James McCutcheon.....	Insane Asylum.....	67
December 11, 1889.....	George Couch.....	Fort Gratiot.....	85
December 12, 1889.....	Mrs. Jeremiah Harrington.....	Port Huron.....	96
December 14, 1889.....	Mrs. Mary Laudiman.....	Port Huron.....	69
December 14, 1889.....	Mrs. William Hartsuff.....	Port Huron.....	57

ST. CLAIR COUNTY—CONTINUED

Date of Death	Name	Place of Death	Age
December 9, 1889	Peter B. Tebo	St. Clair	73
December 12, 1889	Mrs. Anthony Mayhew	St. Clair	54
December 24, 1889	Thomas Abbott	Port Huron	56
December 28, 1889	Mrs. James Alpin	Wales	
January 1, 1890	Charles Mabean	Columbus	84
January 13, 1890	Mrs. Hannah Beard	Clyde	72
January 11, 1890	Richard Houghton	Capac	78
	Mrs. B. F. Dodge, of Berlin	North Branch	
January 16, 1890	Jane E. Currie	Algonac	70
January 11, 1890	Mrs. Sarah Delano	Detroit	83
January 14, 1890	Capt. Nelson Woodworth	Marine City	
January 21, 1890	Mrs. Joseph Doake	St. Clair	60
January 28, 1890	Mrs. Caroline Herring	Port Huron	80
January 29, 1890	Mrs. Mary Causley	Port Huron	88
January 29, 1890	Georgiana Corrigan	Port Huron	50
January 31, 1890	Mrs. John C. Cramer	Fort Gratiot	65
January 26, 1890	Mrs. David Shepherd	Berlin	82
	Mrs. R. P. Dayton	Columbus	81
February 3, 1890	Mrs. Nancy J. Ransom	Port Huron	54
February 10, 1890	Henry Merrell	Brockway	50
February 11, 1890	Mrs. Annie Garry	Port Huron	52
February 11, 1890	Frank Riddle	Detroit	52
February 3, 1890	Mrs. Alzina Kinyon	East China	70
February 22, 1890	Mrs. Elizabeth Beal	Port Huron	64
February 20, 1890	Armenia Robertson	Algonac	87
February 24, 1890	Charles W. Phillips	St. Clair	79
February 20, 1890	George Willoughby	Lynn	63
March 1, 1890	Mrs. McGurk	Port Huron	71
March 3, 1890	Anthony Betts	Port Huron	61
March 4, 1890	Patrick McLaughlin	Port Huron	68
March 9, 1890	Asa Larned	Port Huron	82
March 19, 1890	Mrs. David Carlisle	Kimball	90
March 17, 1890	Mrs. Samantha Van Volkenberg	Port Huron	79
March 24, 1890	William R. Goodwin	Clyde	88
	John Sinklater	Kimball	69
March 27, 1890	Mrs. Betsey Phillips	St. Clair	72
April 6, 1890	R. R. McNiff	Marine City	82
April 6, 1890	Mrs. Henry Drulard	St. Clair	63
April 10, 1890	Mrs. James M. Abbott	Windsor	74
April 17, 1890	Mrs. Elizabeth Courts	Ray Center	87

ST. CLAIR COUNTY—CONTINUED

Date of Death	Name	Place of Death	Age
April 21, 1890	Mrs. S. W. Bezenah	Fort Gratiot	61
April 23, 1890	James Kerwin	Port Huron	73
April 28, 1890	David Bowers	Port Huron	68
April 27, 1890	Mrs. Charles Baer	Port Huron	58
May 2, 1890	Mrs. Asenath Fowler	Port Huron	82
May 9, 1890	William Clark	China	82
May 12, 1890	Henry Wills	Capac	79
May 17, 1890	Francis Blank	Port Huron	51
May 20, 1890	Mrs. Harriet J. Comstock	Grant	69
May 19, 1890	Thomas Warwick	Lakeport	66
May 28, 1890	Peter Sanborn	Port Huron	88

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY

CALVIN H. STARR

Name	Date of Death	Age	Came to Michigan
Mrs. Christopher Austin	June 25, 1889	73	1844
Cyrus R. Buell	July 4, 1889	60	1834
Mrs. George Hardy	July 27, 1889	75	1833
Mrs. William Brokaw	August 12, 1889	70	1834
Walter S. Foster	August 22, 1889	74	1835
Salathiel C. Coffinberry	September 20, 1889	80	1843
Joseph Tootwilder	September 15, 1889	88	.....
Emmer K. Weaver	September 24, 1889	75	1835
Addison Harvey	October 1, 1889	75	1837
Mrs. C. M. Emmons	October 1, 1889	81	.....
Michael Wellever	October 5, 1889	84	1831
Thomas Kane	October 6, 1889	83	.....
Luther B. Goodrich	October 19, 1889	85	1835
Armitage G. Moor	October 30, 1889	63	1834
Jacob Carter	October 31, 1889	80	1839
Mrs. Jacob Carter	October 31, 1889	70	1839
Mrs. Joseph Juett	December 10, 1889	80	1836
Mrs. William Dunkin	December 5, 1889	91	1834
Andrew Good	January 20, 1890	92	1835
Mrs. Nelson Young	January 23, 1890	80	.....
Philip Hutchison	January 25, 1890	85	1836

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY—CONTINUED

Name	Date of Death	Age	Came to Michigan
Joseph Salsbury	January 27, 1890	80	1837
Milo Powell	February 6, 1890	80	1835
Mrs. William Major	February 12, 1890	86	1834
Phineas Campbell	February 16, 1890	72	1837
Mrs. James Johnson	February 17, 1890	82	1835
Abram Case	February 22, 1890	86	.....
Mrs. ——Reed	March 13, 1890	84	.....
Louis A. Leeland	March 15, 1890	76	1833
Mrs. Sidney Beckwith	March 16, 1890	85	1832
James Johnson	March 30, 1890	76	1833
Henry Warner	April 1, 1890	72	1837
Charles Carpenter	April 9, 1890	80	1836
Mrs. Richard Campbell	April 13, 1890	80	1835
Lentulus Huntley	April 8, 1890	85	1838
Mrs. Joseph Stowell	April 1, 1890	78	1836
James Taylor	April 23, 1890	82	1834
Nathaniel Tompkins	April 22, 1890	80	.....
Peter Yager	April 30, 1890	94	.....
Mrs. Henry Van Buren	May 30, 1890	80	1837

Total number, 40.
Total number of years, 3,182.
Average age, 79 years.
All except two had lived in the county over fifty years.

"Drop the anchor, furl the sail
They are safe within the vale."

SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY

"THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT" AT REST—Salathiel C. Coffinberry died at his home in Constantine, Sept. 20, 1889, aged 80 years. He was among the eminent lawyers of our State; has been a successful practitioner at the St. Joseph county bar for over forty years. He was a fluent and forcible advocate, and was noted for his eloquence. He stood high in the Masonic order, having filled the office of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan. He was one of the charter members of the first lodge ever formed in this county, and in his death the last of those who formed that lodge has gone to the spirit world. He was a fine musician and great admirer of all that was beautiful. He was the author of that soul-stirring piece entitled "Black Baldred."

the fugitive slave, which was copied from the American print by the London Review, and other prominent European publications. When Mr. Coffinberry first came to Michigan he settled in Centreville. He afterwards purchased a tract of land in the township of Sherman, at the south end of Fish lake, where he lived for several years, making it a beautiful country home, surrounded by rare and beautiful flowers and shrubbery. He was a warm and trustworthy friend, his ear ever open to the cry of want or suffering from his fellow man. He was buried by the Grand Lodge of F. and A. M., the Knight Templars acting as an escort. The bearers were George McGoffery, Andrew Knapp, Thomas Harris, William Fitzsimmons, John George, J. A. Smith.

C. H. STARR.

TUSCOLA COUNTY

ENOS GOODRICH

Name	Date of Death	Place of Death	Age
John Kinyon	April 8, 1889	Caro	65
Townsend North	June 12, 1889	Vassar	75
Mrs. Sally Hinson	June 15, 1889		86
Levi L. Wixson	August 2, 1889		
Mrs. Charles Montague	August 4, 1889	Caro	83
Charles Montague	September 15, 1889	Caro	90
John Miller	August 30, 1889	Vassar	95
Mrs. Emily W. Atwood	October 22, 1889	Caro	58
Asa White	April 15, 1890	Vassar	57
Florentine H. Burnett	May 21, 1890		48
Mrs. Enos Goodrich	June 4, 1890		68

JOHN KINYON

John Kinyon was born in Wayne county, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1823, and removed to Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, in 1831, with his parents. He was always a farmer, but was engaged in the livery business and hotel keeping for some time. He removed to Caro, Tuscola county, Michigan, in September, 1875, where he lived until his death April 8, 1889.

He was one of a family of nine children, of whom three brothers survive him. He leaves a widow and a son and daughter both married.

TOWNSEND NORTH

Townsend North died June 12, 1889. He was born September 24, 1814, in Ulster county, N. Y., in which vicinity his boyhood days were spent. He came with his father to Washtenaw county, Michigan, in 1835, and followed the business of carpentering for several years, during which time he built the first dormitory building for the university at Ann Arbor. In 1845, he moved to Flint, where he opened up a lumber yard, and also kept a hotel for three years. During this time he took the contract to build the first bridge over Cass river at Bridgeport, and received in payment therefor a grant of 3,000 acres of land, which he located along the Cass river, being attracted by the fine pine timber and excellent soil. The grant covered all of the land the village of Vassar now stands on and much other valuable territory.

Mr. North was the founder of Vassar, and many of the advantages and industries which we enjoy today, are due to the energetic work which he put forth in early days. In the spring of 1849, he dedicated the site where Vassar now stands, to civilization, and opened up the gateway for the settlement of Tuscola county. Together with his partner, the late James M. Edmunds, work was begun on the dam across the river and sawmill the same spring, and soon after a start in business had been made, the company laid out a few streets, and four years later platted the village. Since that time there is scarcely one of the many enterprises which today make us a thriving and populous community, but what he has been interested in and identified with. He opened the first store of general merchandise in Tuscola county, built the first sawmill and the first gristmill. In 1865 he sold his saw and grist mill property together with a quantity of pine lands to B. F. McHose. In 1867 he bought the Bunnell mill, which he operated for about seven years. During this same year he started the Vassar woolen mills, an institution which is now known all over the State, having been re-organized into a stock company in 1882, with a capital of $25,000. Mr. North was a stockholder and president of this company at the time of his death. In 1875 he started the first bank in the county, which was re-organized into the First National Bank of Vassar, capital $50,000, with Mr. North as president, a position which he has held ever since. Aside from his various business interests, he operated two large farms, located in Denmark and Fremont.

Although Mr. North was never an office seeker, he has held many official positions of responsibility and trust. He was the first register of deeds of Tuscola county, after its organization in 1850. In 1862 he

was appointed by President Lincoln revenue assessor for the sixth district of Michigan, holding the office under President Grant until it was discontinued in 1873. He was State senator from this district in 1874-75, was supervisor of this township for several years, and a member of the board of education for sixteen years. He was also president of the board appointed by Gov. Croswell to locate and superintend the State School for the Blind. This position he resigned only a week before his death, on account of failing health.

In all of his diversified business interests and associations, or in the discharge of an official duty, during the long period covering nearly a half-century, he has always been held in high esteem, and no one will be more missed in business circles than he.

Mr. North has been twice married, only two of his seven children by his first wife still living, Mrs. James Johnson and Frank North, cashier in the bank. By his present wife he has three daughters, Alma, Ula and Lena, who are all living.

MRS. SALLY HINSON

Every one learns with regret of the death of Aunt Sally Hinson one of our oldest and most respected citizens. She is well remembered by all school scholars who have ever attended the Hinson school, situated a short distance from her home. She was always in sympathy with the scholars in their joys or sorrows. Uncle David and Aunt Sally, as they were always called by old and young, came to Michigan when it was yet a territory in the year 1827, and lived a few years in the vicinity of Ypsilanti; they moved to Tuscola county in 1852, when the settlers in this county were but few. Her age at the time of her death was 86 years. She died June 15, 1889.

LEVI L. WIXSON

Levi L. Wixson was born January 9, 1829, in township of Pickering, Canada, of American parentage. His father, Amos Wixson, a pioneer of Sanilac Co., was born in Steuben Co., N. Y., the family having come from England and settled in Massachusetts in 1834. He was raised on a farm, was for several terms engaged in teaching school in Sanilac county, graduated in the law department at Ann Arbor in 1862, practicing at Lexington until his election as circuit judge of the 24th judicial circuit in spring of 1879. He resigned on account of ill-health March 1, 1886 and died Aug. 2, 1889, of bronchial consumption.

CHARLES MONTAGUE

Charles Montague, born Dec. 31, 1799, in Somersetshire, Eng., emigrated to America with his parents in 1811, and resided at Boston, Mass., until 1817, when his father removed to London, Ont. He married Aug. 17, 1824, Maria A. Hungerford, who was born March 5, 1806, at Detroit, Mich.

They removed to Michigan, after residing continuously at Westminster nearly forty years and have resided at Caro since 1863. Mrs. Montague died Aug. 4, 1889, her husband surviving her until Sept. 15, 1889.

JOHN MILLER

John Miller was born July 8, 1794, in the town of Alsted, county of Cheshire, state of New Hampshire.

He came to Mt. Clemens, Macomb county, Michigan, in the year 1822. Was married to Harriet Gould of Decatur, Otsego county, state of New York, on the 29th of Jan. 1824.

In 1840 came to Tuscola, being the seventh family in Tuscola county at that time. This county was a dense wilderness and he went to work with a determination to make the forest give way for the plow and the golden harvest. He well understood pioneer life.

Home was his only delight and ever anxious that his children should all have a farm in which he made provisions for each of them.

Prior to his coming to Tuscola county, for sixteen years, blacksmithing was his sole occupation, and for ten years after moving here he was the only blacksmith in the county. He made all the drills for putting down the first salt well in the Saginaw valley. He was no politician, never sought office, although he served the people of Tuscola township as treasurer for seven years. Was a soldier in the war of 1812. Died at the home of his son, John L., in the town of Vassar, Aug. 30, 1889, at the age of 95 years, 1 month and 22 days.

MRS. EMILY W. ATWOOD

Mrs. Emily W. Atwood died at her home in Caro, on the 22d day of October, 1889, after an illness of eleven months. Her maiden name was Emily Wilson. She was born at Saratoga, N. Y., May 4, 1831. Lucius and Lydia Wilson, the parents of Mrs. Atwood, moved with their family to White Oak, Ingham county, in this State in the spring of 1836, where she resided until her marriage with H. P. Atwood, March 1852. Previous to her marriage she was engaged in teaching school in the township where she resided. Mr. Atwood and his family,

consisting of himself, wife and son Theron W., removed from Ingham county in June, 1854, and took up their residence in what is now Gilford, in Tuscola county, and there encountered the usual privations of pioneer life.

In the spring of 1856, the family increased by the oldest daughter, settled on what is now a part of the large farm of the late lamented Townsend North, where they lived until the fall of 1858, when they removed to the village of Vassar, and resided there until May, 1865. From this time until February, 1867, the family resided in Ingham county; thence returned to this county to reside, the first three years at Watrousville,[1] and the remainder of the time at Caro, except from October 1887, to October 1888, when they lived in Leelanau county, Michigan, near Lake Michigan. Mrs. Atwood was the mother of nine children, six of whom are still living. Theron W. Atwood, Mrs. Martha E. Orr, Lydia Atwood, Myra Atwood, Mrs. Mabel Sprague and Nettie Atwood. All except T. W., were born in Tuscola county.

Hon. Henry P. Atwood, the husband of the deceased, represented the county of Tuscola in the house of representatives in 1855. He was an efficient legislator and his action was highly creditable to the county that sent him. He still resides at Caro, or a little north of Caro on his farm.

ASA WHITE

Asa White fell and broke his neck, April 15, 1890.

The deceased was 57 years of age, and was a native of Vermont. He served in the army during the late war, enlisting from Fremont township. For seven years following the war, he farmed in Fremont township, this county, and twenty years ago moved with his family to Vassar, where he has resided ever since, being engaged principally in lumbering and in looking up pine lands in the northern part of the State. He had a wide acquaintance all along the Cass river and branches, where he had conducted lumbering operations, and but few men probably in this section of the State had a more extended knowledge of the timbered lands of northern Michigan than he, having located thousands of acres for various lumbering firms in the Saginaw valley. He was a man of iron constitution, never idle, and an affectionate and indulgent husband and father in his home, where he will be sadly missed by his wife and daughter, who compose his family. An aged mother who lives with her daughter in Northville, a brother in Carrolton, and one in Tacoma, Washington, comprise his immediate relatives.

[1]See appendix.

FLORENTINE H. BURNETT

Florentine H. Burnett who died May 21, 1890, was born at Chagrin Falls,[1] Ohio, March 3, 1842.

He enlisted in April, 1862, in the 14th Indiana regiment as a private. He came to Michigan in 1867.

MRS. ENOS GOODRICH

Ann Atkins Goodrich was the daughter of Ralph C. Atkins and his consort Lusabra Bush, and was born in the town of Amherst, county of Erie, State of New York, February 15, 1822. In consequence of the death of her mother in her early infancy she was placed in charge of her aunt, Wealthy Atkins, whose husband kept the Cold Springs hotel just on the eastern border of Buffalo. Here she received a limited school education, with the best of instruction in household duties. In the autumn of 1836 her father having married a second wife, removed to the then wilds of Michigan while it was yet a territory. Here, for a time, she was placed in charge of another aunt, who was the wife of Hon. Thomas Drake, then residing in Flint. Mr. Drake was at the time, an Indian trader, and it was here she witnessed the terrible epidemic of small-pox which swept away fifty per cent of the Indian population. Returning to the town of Atlas, where her father had settled, she was on the 26th day of June, 1838, married to Enos Goodrich. About this time Mr. Goodrich formed a copartnership with his brother Reuben and entered upon that series of mill-building and other improvements which culminated in the building up of the village of Goodrich. This was work that required strong hands and stout hearts. The superintendence of a large boarding-house devolved upon her, in the discharge of which duty she exhibited a degree of dexterity and masterly energy seldom if ever witnessed in women of riper years. In this work she continued in concert with her husband and his brother Reuben nearly twenty years, at which time the village was transacting far more business than it ever did before or since. Financial reverses terminated the business career of the firm of E. & R. Goodrich, and she retired with her husband to the wilds of Tuscola county, once more to try her fortunes in the settlement of another new country. Leaving her old home and kindred and the comforts of civilized life, she cheerfully submitted to the toils and privations incident to her new station; but her health finally gave way under the pressure of her arduous duties. Still side by side and hand in hand with her husband she toiled on with superhuman energy, until their labors were rewarded

[1]See appendix.

with one of the finest homes in their adopted county. But it was her sad fortune to become the victim of disease, which marred the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors. Still she stood boldly at her post, cheerfully and resolutely battling with her destiny, while suffering from a complication of diseases, until her woodland home under her persevering hand had become to her an earthly paradise. Yearly as the vernal season returned her weary heart was delighted at the blooming of her garden, and the expanding and symmetrical growth of the shrubbery she had planted. But her physical debilities had become greatly aggravated from an attack of the epidemic influenza, which was so prevalent throughout the country. It was with tottering steps that she daily hied her to the garden, and when she returned to the quiet of her room her favorite Bible was her daily and constant companion until by repeated reading from Genesis to Revelations she left her pencil marks upon her favorite passages. It was when the early blossoms had begun to fade that the angel of death, in the form of heart disease, gently and calmly and sweetly wafted her spirit away to the realms of the great unknown. At ten minutes before one o'clock on the balmy and moonlight morning of the 4th of June, 1890, she calmly breathed away her spirit in the embraces of her husband and only son.

Coming to Michigan almost fifty-four years ago, she had seen the State grow up around her, and had shown by her example how efficient may be the labors of woman in the building of states. She leaves a bereaved husband, a son, Enos H. Goodrich, and a daughter, Mrs. Jeremiah Narrin, and a host of more remote kindred and sympathizing friends to mourn their irreparable loss.

Her funeral was held at the home of her daughter near Goodrich and on Friday, June 6, 1890, her remains were deposited among the graves of many near and dear friends who had gone before.

WASHTENAW COUNTY

EZRA D. LAY

Name	Date of Death	Age	Residence	Years in Michigan
Hiram Day	June 1, 1889	78	Old resident Ypsilanti	.....
Eli Benton	June 5, 1889	89	Lodi township	60
George Black	June 11, 1889	.....	Dexter township	47
James J. Vandyne	July 1, 1889	84	Of county	57
James M. Kelsey	June 23, 1889	80	York township	.....

WASHTENAW COUNTY—CONTINUED

Name	Date of Death	Age	Residence	Years in Michigan
Mrs. Almira L. Greene	July 6, 1889	67	Old resident Ypsilanti city	.....
Mrs. Mary G. Reese	July 22, 1889	85	Old resident Ann Arbor	.....
Mrs. Lucinda Bentley	July 12, 1889	77	Superior and Ypsilanti city	.....
Otis Hall	July 13, 1889	77	Old pioneer of county	.....
Thomas H. Mosher	July 16, 1889	74	Manchester	53
Newton A. Pruden	July 30, 1889	84	Old pioneer Ann Arbor	.....
Mrs. Ann Carpenter	August 3, 1889	73	Old pioneer Ypsilanti city	.....
William Turner	August 19, 1889	93	Dexter	60
Ira Cornwell	August 20, 1889	72	Ann Arbor	63
Mrs. Volinia Nichols	August 19, 1889	84	Ann Arbor township	.....
Mrs. William Double	August 29, 1889	64	County	25
Thomas Bonner	September 20, 1889	83	Lodi and Ann Arbor	35
Miss Betsey Raymond	September 15, 1889	87	Sharon	56
Patrick Martin	October 7, 1889	76	Old resident Ann Arbor	.....
Mrs. Alfred Hennequin	October 4, 1889	45	Old resident Ann Arbor	.....
Mrs. Mary Howlett	October 7, 1889	70	Lyndon	83
Samuel W. Dorr	October 15, 1889	67	Manchester	57
John Thompson	October 13, 1889	69	Ann Arbor	55
David Depue	October 17, 1889	82	Pittsfield	53
John Kanouse	October, 1889	93	Saline	59
Peter Carey	October 23, 1889	86	Ann Arbor	53
Mrs. Sheffield Newton	October 13, 1889	....	Old resident York	.....
Richard Hall	October 19, 1889	84	Manchester	55
Orville N. Conklin	October 31, 1889	77	Old resident Ypsilanti township	.....
Judge Chauncey Joslin	October 31, 1889	76	Ypsilanti	52
John Geddes	November 4, 1889	89	Ann Arbor township	64
Miss Fanny Nichols	October 27, 1889	86	Ypsilanti city	57
Fayette Sanders	October 31, 1889	59	Ypsilanti city	46
Mrs. Georgé Rosier	October 30, 1889	60	Old resident Dexter	.....
Joel Mansfield	November 7, 1889	84	Old resident Ypsilanti city	.....
Harvey C. Boyd	November 13, 1889	80	Sylvan	56
Thomas E. Keating	November 23, 1889	52	Ann Arbor	47
Dr. Henry S. Frieze[1]	December 7, 1889	72	Ann Arbor	35
Mrs. Ann Page	November 28, 1889	76	Dexter	55
Averil Burnett	December 15, 1889	72	Dexter	50
William W. Wines[2]	December 21, 1889	73	Ann Arbor	50
Mrs. Ashley Parks	December 14, 1889	79	Sharon	54
Mrs. Olive Phillips	December 27, 1889	74	Ypsilanti city	40
George Paul	December 28, 1889	70	Scio township	.....
Mrs. Minerva Flint	January 13, 1890	73	Old resident Ann Arbor	.....
Mrs. Eliza Vought	January 9, 1890	78	Superior township	40

[1]See *History of the University of Michigan* by Hinsdale and Demmon, 1906, p. 230.

[2]See appendix.

WASHTENAW COUNTY—CONTINUED

Name	Date of Death	Age	Residence	Years in Michigan
Mrs. S. A. Bolles	January 11, 1890	75	Chelsea	50
Michael Kappler	January 22, 1890	80	Sharon township	.....
John Bessley	January 28, 1890	78	Ann Arbor	40
Mary M. Murray	January 23, 1890	55	Superior	.....
Mrs. E. J. Dewey	January 22, 1890	55	York township	55
William S. Henderson	January 28, 1890	84	Ypsilanti city	25
Mrs. Ira Stanbro	January 31, 1890	53	Born in Salem	.....
Ira Stanbro	February 15, 1890	58	Old resident Salem	.....
Mrs. Rebecca Havens	February 4, 1890	83	Old resident Saline	.....
Malcom McDougal	January 30, 1890	76	Bridgewater	55
Philander Stevens	February 13, 1890	65	Ypsilanti city	.....
Mrs. Sally Turner	January 30, 1890	.....	Dexter	55
Lucian B. Keif	February 16, 1890	79	Ypsilanti city and county	50
James Fair	February 15, 1890	81	Ann Arbor	53
Jesse Lane	February 7, 1890	71	Old resident Dexter	.....
Mrs. Mary N. Conklin	February 18, 1890	81	Old resident Chelsea	.....
Mrs. John Bell	February 19, 1890	61	Dexter	41
Mrs. Mary McCarthy	February 14, 1890	90	Scio	32
Mrs. Margaret Worster	February 6, 1890	88	Northfield	59
Mrs. Margaret Gardiner	February 16, 1890	94	Old resident Augusta	.....
Josiah F. Sanders	February 22, 1890	50	Ypsilanti city	33
Mrs. Fanny J. Watling	February 19, 1890	65	Ypsilanti township	58
Levi Deake	February 14, 1890	78	Old resident Salem	.....
Mrs. Ann Gallagher	March 3, 1890	74	Ann Arbor	40
Frederic Durheim	March 4, 1890	74	Old resident Ann Arbor	.....
Lorenzo Sawyer	March 4, 1890	73	Old resident Sylvan	.....
Mrs. Mary Ann Marriatt	February 28, 1890	81	Pittsfield	50
William Pester	March 8, 1890	68	Old resident Ypsilanti township	.....
Mrs. Henry Todd	March 15, 1890	79	Webster	53
Stephen J. Chase	March 30, 1890	85	Sylvan	58
Alfred C. Anderson	March 26, 1890	87	Old resident Pittsfield	.....
Philo Parsons [1]	April 8, 1890	83	Pittsfield and Ypsilanti township	65
James C. Horrington	April 8, 1890	87	Sylvan	60
Egbert Peck	April 14, 1890	.....	Ypsilanti	65
Ezra D. Lay	April 28, 1890	82	Ypsilanti	56

This report closes with the death of the compiler, Ezra D. Lay, the vice-president for this county. His work is done. Other hands must carry the burden. He who for so many years took so much pains

[1] See appendix.

to record the passing away of the pioneers of Washtenaw county, rests from his labors, and has gone to join the many old pioneer friends in the land of the blessed.

EZRA D. LAY

Ezra D. Lay died at his home on Ypsilanti Plains, April 28, 1890, aged 82 years, 4 months, 22 days.

Mr. Lay was born in the town of Saybrook, Connecticut, Dec. 6, 1807, and removed with his parents in May, 1812, to the state of New York, where they settled four miles northwest of Rochester, in the then county of Genesee and now Monroe county, New York. Here he spent the time until twenty-one years of age.

The next two summers he was engaged in boating on the Erie canal, and not liking that business in life which implied the being out of employment a part of the year, unless willing to chop cord wood at twenty-five cents a cord, he built a cooper shop and commenced making flour barrels for the Rochester mills. After working at the cooper's trade three years and having heard flattering accounts of Ohio and Michigan as the land of promise, he left his home in the month of May, 1832, taking a canal boat[1] to Buffalo where he found the steamboat, William Penn,[1] about to leave. He went on board, and after thirty-six hours of time landed in Cleveland, a very small village at that time, stayed all night there and the next morning started on foot for Medina, some twenty-five miles south of Cleveland. There he found some old acquaintances with whom he stopped a day or two, and then started on foot in a westerly course for Huron, Ohio, some sixty miles distant, arriving there the second evening. At Huron he took the Henry Clay, under Captain Norton, for Detroit. The next morning in passing up the Detroit River he was delighted with the scenery and with the wind-mills scattered along the banks.

Arriving at Detroit on a pleasant morning, he found a small town settled mostly with French, with a few enterprising Americans, and after stopping a few hours, started on foot for Ann Arbor by the Chicago road, crossing the plains east of Ypsilanti with little thought that he should spend a life-time in that locality, for he had at that time a poor opinion of that kind of land.

Ypsilanti was at that time a small village situated on the Huron river with a fine water-power partly improved. Leaving Ypsilanti he traveled on foot taking the Indian trail for Ann Arbor, passing through Geddesburg where he was furnished a bowl of bread and milk by Robert Geddes. There he first saw the venerable John Geddes,

[1]See appendix.

then living with his brother Robert. In coming to Ann Arbor he found a small village beautifully situated for a county seat. After spending a night there he started for the township of Salem where he stayed over night with old acquaintances.

The next morning he started for Pontiac by way of Northville and Walled Lake, stopping over night with a farmer living near Orchard Lake and arriving at Pontiac for breakfast. After visiting old friends at this point he returned to Detroit, taking the first boat for Buffalo. At this time he had not determined to return to Michigan to live, but the following year saw his return. He purchased the farm on which he died, for the purpose of growing a nursery. For twenty-five years he carried on this business, and then gave it up for general farming. Touching the nursery business we give the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Lay to Mr. J. C. Holmes of Detroit in 1873 in answer to inquiries from that gentleman:

"Sir—At your request I send you an account of the nursery started and carried on in the town of Ypsilanti, on the plains east of the now city of Ypsilanti.

"In the spring of 1833 I came to Michigan, then a territory to select a place for establishing a nursery, and selected the above location. In the fall of 1833 my brother Z. K. Lay and myself came to Ypsilanti and brought with us about twenty-five thousand cultivated trees, mostly of one season's growth, from the nursery of Asa Rowe, near Rochester, New York. They consisted of one hundred and thirty varieties of apples, seventy-five varieties of pears, forty of peaches, three of apricots, three of nectarines, twenty of cherries, twenty of plums, three of quinces, fifteen of strawberries, forty of grapes, native and foreign, together with currants, gooseberries, raspberries, etc., also a large assortment of ornamental shrubs, evergreens, roses, peonies, herbaceous, perennial flowering plants, etc.

"In the autumn of 1834 we erected a small greenhouse and filled it with plants. I think it was the first greenhouse built in Michigan. In the autumn of 1836 we erected a larger greenhouse and filled it with a choice collection of tropical plants. I do not know that there was any nursery of fruit trees in Michigan at the time we started ours on the plains, near Ypsilanti."

Mr. Lay was supervisor of his township for eight years, retiring in 1869 against the wishes of his townsmen, from a desire to be relieved of public duties. In 1874 he was elected a representative to the State legislature. In 1874-5 he was president of the Eastern Michigan Agricultural Society, having been previously a member of the executive

committee and always taking an active interest in the affairs of the society.

For many years, he was identified with the pioneer societies of the State and county. He was president of the Washtenaw County Society in 1880, and necrologist for many years, was for a long time vice president of the State Society and necrologist for his county for that society also, up to the time of his death. The tedium of confinement to the house during the last winter of his life was relieved by compiling a sketch of the early history of the several towns in this county for the State Society, which he was permitted to see completed.

He was married Dec. 4, 1834, by Rev. I. M. Weed, to Miss Melinda Kinne, daughter of Rev. J. Kinne, a Baptist clergyman of Monroe county, N. Y.

Three children were born to them, namely: E. D. jr., who died twenty-one years ago, Susan M. wife of Dr. William Pattison of Ypsilanti and William H. whose home has always been with his parents on the farm where he has cared for them in their declining years.

Mr. Lay was a Presbyterian, having united with that church in 1844. He became an elder in 1866, and held the office at his decease.

In politics he was originally an anti-slavery whig, but with the fusion of the party with the free-soil element, he became an uncompromising republican and remained loyal to its policy to the end. His first presidential vote was cast for John Q. Adams, and his last for Benjamin Harrison. In common with all whigs he was a great admirer of Henry Clay. The greatness and honesty of Abraham Lincoln often elicited from him words of highest praise. Through all the dark days of the rebellion, Lincoln received his enthusiastic and unflinching support, and his faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union cause never wavered. In public life his judgment seldom erred; in private and social relations, he was the trusted friend of those in trouble, and his counsel and friendly offices were often sought and highly valued.

He was a man of clear perceptions of duty and right, and under his quiet exterior there were lodged the intelligence and energy which made him correct in thought and conclusion, and effective in execution.

His integrity of character, his honesty of purpose and his discriminating judgment made him, for fifty-six years, a potent factor in society and identified him with the material, civil and religious growth of the community in which he lived. This community will miss his quiet, welcome presence, but the memory of his upright, Christian life will be

as the benediction of one greatly beloved and affectionately crowned with honor.

The funeral services were held at his home on the plains where a large concourse of friends and neighbors paid to him their last tribute of respect. Rev. H. M. Morey, his pastor, spoke the words of comfort to the sorrowing friends, Rev. J. L. Cheney of the Baptist church assisting in the exercises. Dr. Huston of this city spoke appropriately of his official life as representative of his district in the legislature, while the music was led by Mr. George Alban, Mr. Byron Edwards, Miss Jennie Hendricks and Miss Julia Stebbins.

The following lines in memory of his old and valued friend, are contributed by Mr. William Lambie as appropriate to close this sketch:

Another pioneer has gone
From his friends and his rural home,
A Christian of honest worth,
One of our purest friends on earth,
Left this beautiful world of ours
In vernal bloom and opening flowers.

He plows his fertile fields no more,
He's safe upon the sinless shore,
We think of welcome words "well done,"
Where pain and sorrow never come,
We meet no more on Sabbath morn,
As in the fifty years that's gone.

He came to worship so divinely,
Never said a word unkindly,
Living in peace and free from strife,
Preaching righteousness by his life,
He reads the long sad list no more
Of pioneers that's gone before.

The pioneers where he has gone
Never grow old nor leave their home;
A kind farewell, we're all your debtor,
You helped to make the world the better;
Some friends will not have long to wait
To meet you at the golden gate.

GEORGE SUTTON

Sunday afternoon, May 18, 1890, at four o'clock, Hon. George Sutton died at his home in Northfield township, after having passed full four score years on earth, a length of years allotted to but few men. He had been suffering for several weeks and his death was not unexpected. It is safe to say that there are but few men living who will be missed

more by the community in which he lived for nearly sixty years, than will Mr. Sutton. He was a man with many friends and not a known enemy. His entire life was devoted to doing unto others as he would have them do unto him, and in doing this he leaves behind him a worthy record.

George Sutton was born at Orange, Warren county, N. J., on February 17, 1810, his father, Nathan Sutton, being one of the sturdy pioneers of that State. When twenty years of age, he came to Michigan with his father and settled upon 500 acres of land in Northfield, where he lived until the day of his death upon a portion of this farm which he took up from the government in 1830.

Mr. Sutton was elected to many positions of honor and trust during his long life. In 1833 at the first township meeting in Northfield, Mr. Sutton was elected the first township clerk. He was town clerk again 1835-6 and 1857-8. He also represented his town on the board of supervisors several terms, being elected in 1838, 1839, and in 1848. He was elected justice of the peace in 1842, 1846, 1850, 1854, 1859, 1863, 1868, and 1869-70. He was elected a member of the State legislature in 1875-6.

In 1835 he was married to Miss Catherine O. Pray, and was the father of three children, Hon. Nathan E. Sutton, of Northfield, Mrs. Dr. Collins H. Johnson, of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. T. J. DeForest, of Geddes.

Mr. Sutton experienced many of the hardships of the early pioneer days of Michigan, and was an active member of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society. He has been one of the successful farmers of our county, and during his early life managed to save a competency to keep him in his old age. The deceased was a member of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 154, F. & A. M., having been a Mason in the first Masonic lodge instituted in Ann Arbor, Oriental lodge, No. 15. He was also a member of Washtenaw Chapter, No. 6, R. A. M., and of Ann Arbor Commandery, No. 13, K. T., the latter organization taking charge of the burial services.

JOHN GEDDES

BY WILLIAM GEDDES

John Geddes was born in Londonderry Tp., Dauphin (now Lebanon) Co., Pennsylvania, March 19, 1801. His father, mother and three of his grandparents were born, lived, and died in Pennsylvania, the other grandparent, William Geddes, was born near Randallstown, Co. Antrim,

Ireland, in 1735, and died in Cumberland Co., Pa., in 1789. Mr. Geddes was reared in his native state and when old enough was sent to school a mile or two distant; at the age of fourteen he left school and in that year finished the only education he ever obtained within the four walls of a school-house.

When he was about twenty-three years of age he concluded to make a trip to the territory of Michigan and if the land suited, to locate in that region; he accordingly did, and landed in Detroit, July 12, 1824. The following day he started westward and arrived at Woodruff's Grove,[1] now Ypsilanti, where he remained over night. In the morning of the 14th he came to the spot where now is located the city of Ann Arbor. The country suiting him, and believing in the fertility of the soil, he located a farm in the south east quarter of section eight, in what is now Pittsfield township. He paid for the tract July 21, 1824. After spending a short time in the new country he returned to Pennsylvania, April 19, 1825. Mr. Geddes, in company with his brother, left their home in the east for Mich. They arrived at Ann Arbor,[1] May 11, 1825, both purchased land, and on June 14, they settled on section thirty-six, Ann Arbor township, where Mr. Geddes lived until a few years before his death. In the fall of 1826, Robert Geddes built a sawmill on the Huron river and Uncle John went to work for him at $10 a month. From that time until March, 1868, Mr. Geddes continued to work in the mill. He was married, April 6, 1837, to Fannie Savage. Three children were born to this union, two daughters and one son. Mrs. Geddes died Dec. 6, 1855, and on June 8, 1858, Mr. Geddes married Juliette Savage, sister of his former wife. She died August 18, 1883. A few years after her death he broke up his household, making his home with friends and relatives, dying at the residence of C. E. Church, Ann Arbor, on the 4th day of Nov., 1889, of old age and debility, at the age of 88 years and 8 months.

WAYNE COUNTY

J. WILKIE MOORE

Detroit, Mich., June 1, 1890.

To the President and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Fellow Pioneers—Man in his passage through human existence, though sometimes attended by prosperous circumstances, is often compelled to tread a path beset with numerous evils, and frequently re-

[1]See appendix.

minded of the precariousness of his state on earth: that there is no station in life, in which pride can be stably founded; that all men at birth and in the grave are on a level, and that when death comes, the mortal part mingles with the earth from which it is formed and the immortal returns to him who gave it. Today his feet tread in prosperity, tomorrow he totters on the uneven path of weakness, temptation and adversity.

While we know this is true in respect to earthly life, yet when the silver-cord is loosed and the golden-bowl is broken we reflect with sadness that such a human life is closed.

It is with such feelings that in accordance with the duty imposed upon me, I present my annual report, for the year ending June 1, of the departure from this life of those whom I have known, loved and respected: in number, 161, averaging 80 years of age, two being over 100 years of age.

Mrs. C. C. Yeamans died April 24, 1889, aged 67 years, leaving four children. She was the wife of Dr. C. C. Yeamans and was beloved and respected by all who knew her.

Harvey King died June 14, 1889, aged 72½. Mr. King was extensively known by the citizens of Detroit and the State, through his enterprises tending to the development of both.

Mrs. Charlotte Stigman died July 8, 1889, aged 70.

Professor Peter H. Voght died June 24, 1889, aged 75. A celebrated musician.

Fred Pifer died July 11, 1889, aged 74.

Mrs. Ellen Lyons died June 6, 1889, aged 76.

John Ruchner died July 10, 1889, aged 85.

Mrs. Mariah Wells Irham died July 9, 1889, aged 79.

William V. James died August 11, 1889, aged 77. Prominent in the democratic party and served in the Mexican war.

Mr. Harry Esselstyne died August 2, 1889, aged 72.

Benjamin Vernor died July 10, 1889, aged 64.

Phebe T. Burt died August 4, 1889, aged 74.

Jacob Breuckmann died July 24, 1889, aged 80.

Elsie D. Thurber died June 25, 1889, aged 76.

Margaret F. Elliott died April 23, 1889, aged 81. After whose husband Mt. Elliott cemetery was named.

J. E. Playform died July 4, 1889, aged 59.

William Knowland of Dearborn died June 30, 1889, aged 67.

Mrs. Mary Campbell wife of the Hon. William P. Wells and sister to Judge Campbell died July 16, 1889, aged —.

Eliza Lee died July 15, 1889, aged 86½.

Gertrude Eliza Valmore died Aug. 2, 1889, aged 77. Mother of German S. Valmore, 635 2d Ave.

Margaret, widow of the late William Miakin, died July 14, 1889, aged 89.

Thomas Toomey died Aug. 6, 1889, aged 71 years.

Mrs. Sarah Jackson died in July, 1889, aged 109 years. She was well known to me, and truly was one of the pioneers of Michigan, and in her sphere contributed much toward the development of our city and State.

Hon. Hovey K. Clark died July 21, 1889, aged 77 years.

Mrs. John McPherson died July 22, 1889, aged 75.

John Kaihner died Aug. 16, 1889, aged 87.

Mrs. Elizabeth Palmiera died Aug. 16, 1889, aged 72.

George H. Gies died July 14, 1889, aged —. As far as 1861 he was a prominent and active man of the United States America.

William H. Snover died Aug. 12, 1889, aged 87.

James Waters who lived a hermit's life on Force Island, at the mouth of Detroit river for forty years, died July 10, 1889, his only companions being two dogs and forty cats, three mud-turtles and one woodchuck. He supported himself by duck shooting and fishing.

Mrs. Lucina Perkins died Aug. 3, 1889, aged 65. Wife of the late William Perkins.

George McMillan of G. & R. McMillan died at Wurzburg, Bavaria, Aug. 5, 1889, aged 66 years.

Mananna Malicka died Aug. 11, 1889, aged 85. Native of Poland.

Paul Monterman died Aug. 11, 1889, aged 83.

Alexander H. Dey, died August 5, 1889, aged 69 years, eight months, twelve days. A well known banker of long standing and president of the American Exchange National Bank, Detroit.

Mrs. Sally A. E. Closser, widow of the late John Closser, and sister of the Hon. J. Wilkie Moore of Detroit, died Sunday, August 4, 1889, aged 82 years, 3 months and twelve days, after an illness of many years which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. She came to Michigan territory with her husband in 1833, and settled on a new farm in the town of Brownstown, Wayne county. She was the mother of eleven children and was beloved and respected by her neighbors and all who knew her. Truly a pioneer. A good woman has been called to rest.

Josiah Riopelle died Oct. 31, 1889, aged 69. He was one of the oldest citizens of Delray.

Mrs. Isabella S. Crough died Oct. 30, 1889, aged 85.

Fredincca Donner died Oct. 27, 1889, aged 75 years, and 7 months.

Mrs. Nancy Brown died Oct. 27, 1889, aged 92 years and 10 months. The mother of Mrs. Thomas Lewis known as the Governor of Grosse Isle.

Mattison Merritt died Oct. 3, 1889, aged 79.

Mrs. Lewis Woodworth died January 3, 1890, aged 70 years.

Michael Doran died Oct. 1889, aged 73.

William Merritt died Nov. 10, 1889, aged 68 years. An old resident and pioneer of Detroit.

John Smoots died Nov. 11, 1889, aged 70.

Elmer C. Horton died January 11, 1890, aged 89.

Mrs. Daniel Bowerman died January 3, 1890, aged 81. An old resident of Grosse Point.

Adams Platt died November 23, 1889, aged 70.

Mrs. Francis VanAntwerp died Sept. 27, 1889, aged 80.

Henry P. Stockton died August 30, 1889, aged 71.

Mrs. Johanna Watka, died Aug. 30, 1889, aged 83.

Hon. George E. Hand, died Aug. 30, 1889, at Madison, Conn., aged 81 years. He was judge of probate for a number of years and an estimable citizen.

James Andrews died Sept. 25, 1889, aged 91.

Mrs. Desire Chamberlain died August 20, 1889, aged 78.

Mrs. Ann Higginbotham died August 21, 1889, aged 93.

Miss Hannah Peltier, died Sept. 4, 1889, aged 84 years, 3 months.

Rev. John Van, pastor of St. Francis parish, Ecorse died at his home Sept. 3, 1889, aged 79. He was indeed a father to his people, and was loved and revered by all.

Joseph Neuman died Dec. 7, 1889, aged 76.

Margreth Gemein died Dec. 6, 1889, aged 76.

Mrs. Catherine Merker died Jan. 20, 1890, on her birth day, aged 82.

Mrs. Helen Lowrie, widow of the late James Lowrie, died at her home at Grosse Isle, Jan. 19, 1890, aged 76.

Isaac Hart died Jan. 11, 1890, aged 75.

Martha Cushing died Jan. 12, 1890, aged 69.

Mrs. Susanah Dixon died Nov. 19, 1889, aged 83.

Paul H. Merritt died Nov. 19, 1889, aged 73.

Mrs. Rebecca Wood died Nov. 17, 1889, aged 96. Was buried at Redford.

William Congdon died Nov. 1889, once a candidate for sheriff of the county, aged 75.

Edward Markie died Dec. 8, 1889, aged 80.

Daniel Scoville died Dec. 13, 1889, aged 76.

Mrs. Mary Jager died Dec. 18, 1889, aged 78.

Anthony Schulte died Dec. 19, 1889, aged 71.

John C. Van Voorhes died Dec. 1889, aged 71.

Michael Sheehan died January 7, 1890, aged 71.

Harry Gardner died Sept. 29, 1889, aged 67.

Lewis Cicotte died Sept. 29, 1889, aged 71.

Phebe Candler Shaw, wife of William Shaw, died Oct. 25, 1889, aged 81.

George Beard died Oct. 15, 1889, aged 75.

James Wren died Oct. 12, 1889, aged 74.

Francis Van Antwerp, died Oct. 13, 1889, aged 85. One of the early settlers of Grosse Point, a man of integrity and hospitality; respected by all who knew him.

Daniel L. Shaw died Oct. 6, 1889, aged 77.

Richard Common died Oct. 4, 1889, aged 69.

Regina Fischer, wife of P. Fischer, died Oct. 5, 1889, aged 67.

Nicholas Savage died Oct. 3, 1889, aged 77.

Samuel Zug[1] died Dec. 26, 1889, aged 73. He was formerly secretary of Wayne County Pioneer Society, and was very much respected by all who knew him.

Millie M. Lyons died Dec. 26, 1889, aged 67.

Mrs. Anna Monnaghan died at Norris, Jan. 4, 1890, at the age of 101 years. She retained her faculties as well as her physical powers to the end, and was remarkable, not only for great age, but also for her eccentricities. She never employed doctors, and smoked tobacco all her life. Only one year since, she walked to Detroit and back the same day, twenty miles.

James S. Huff died Jan. 13, 1890, aged 68.

Mrs. Alexis Baby died Jan. 13, 1890, aged 79.

T. W. Tucker died Jan. 8, 1890, aged 68.

James Kitson died Jan. 20, 1890, aged 71.

Mrs. Drusilla Dayton died Jan. 28, 1890, aged 80.

Charles E. Lester died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Sylvester Larned, aged 74.

John Oliver, died Jan. 29, 1890, aged 87.

[1]See appendix.

Mrs. Margaret McDonald, wife of Stewart McDonald, died Jan. 22, 1890, aged 77.

J. Grob died Jan. 24, aged 72.

Mrs. Julia Norton Guernsey died Jan. 23, 1890, aged 81.

George W. Taylor died Feb. 1, 1890, aged 84.

Mrs. Mary Ann Tillinghast, widow of the late Hon. Harry Tillinghast died, aged 79. Eminent for her life in Christian piety.

Dr. Daniel Ford died Feb. 28, 1890, at Belleville, aged 64.

Mrs. Ann Dequindre[1] died Feb. 20, 1890, aged 71. She was the widow of the late Edward Lansing.

Michael Sprague died Feb. 6, 1890, aged 90.

William Jackson died Feb. 22, 1890, aged 71.

Miss Grace Martin died Feb. 22, aged 74.

Francois Gouin died Feb. 24, 1890, aged 78. He was one of the early pioneers of this county.

Mrs. Margaret Girvin died Feb. 25, 1890, aged 84.

Mrs. Ellen Gilligan died Feb. 17, 1890, aged 78.

Thomas Dowling died Feb. 26, 1890, aged 88.

Frank Alterbrandt died Feb. 26, 1890, aged 72.

Maria Catherine Stracke died March 1, 1890, aged 75.

Mrs. Margaret French died Feb, 22, 1890, aged 82.

R. D. Porter died March 2, 1890, aged 79.

Mrs. Bridget Dunn died Feb. 28, 1890, aged 73.

Mrs. Jane Bell Coyl died March 8, 1890, aged 76. The widow of the late W. K. Coyl.

Baldwin D. Conley died March 13, 1890, aged 73.

James S. Huff died March, 1890, aged 72.

M. M. Hall died March 20, 1890, aged 75.

J. B. R. Gravican died in Texas, March 14, 1890, aged 68.

Mrs. Mary M. Cunningham died March 16, aged 82.

Mrs. James Hamilton Morrison, wife of Hamilton Morrison, died March 15, 1890, aged 75.

Mrs. Mary Behlow died March 26, 1890, aged 77.

Col. E. H. Brooks, U. S. A., died March 26, 1890, aged 72.

Mrs. Isabella Watson died March 28, 1890, aged 70.

Casper Schute died March 27, 1890, aged 81.

Mrs. Anne Shield died March 28, 1890, aged 74.

Judge James V. Campbell[2] died March 26, 1890, aged 67. A man whose life and acts added lustre to the highest tribunal of his State as judge of the Supreme Court of Michigan. Mild but firm, kind but just.

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[1]See appendix.

[2]See Mich. Pion. and His. Colls., Vol. XXX, p. 396.

John S. Minor died Feb. 10, 1890, aged 74.

Mary Sullivan died Feb. 10, 1890, aged 76.

Samuel Harrison died Feb. 9, 1890, aged 69.

Andrew McDuff died Feb. 26, 1890, aged 78.

Mrs. Mary McCarthy died Feb. 6, 1890, aged 72.

Charles E. Reynolds died Feb. 5, 1890, aged 50. Formerly connected with the police force, ever kind and courteous, but strict in the performance of his official duties.

Digby V. Bell[1] died Feb. 16, 1890, aged 59. He was for a long period collector of customs of the port of Detroit.

Anthony Wollenwebber died Feb. 16, 1890, aged 85.

John Lee died at Trenton, Mich., May 4, 1890, aged 79.

Prof. Herman Strassburg Sr. died May 6, 1890, aged 62. He has been for many years distinguished as an accomplished teacher of music and dancing, and been largely patronized as such by the leading families of Detroit. He was twice married. He leaves a widow and five adult children and was of the German Lutheran church of Detroit, a good man and respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Abby Wallaster died May 11, 1890, aged 80.

Thomas Nester died May 12, 1890, aged 57. Although of foreign birth a man of remarkable enterprise and energy and since 1856 a citizen and a successful lumberman.

Mrs. Roxanna Farmer died May 11, 1890, aged 90. The widow of the late John Farmer, and mother of Silas Farmer. Her lineage was Scotch and came to Detroit fifty years ago; she was beloved and respected by all who knew her.

Frederick (Frank) Buhl[1] died May 12, 1890, aged 84. A prominent and successful business man and a resident of Detroit since 1833.

John Shockran died May 13, 1890, aged 80.

Mrs. Ruth A. Clarkstone died May 18, 1890, aged 79.

Mr. William Lambert died April 28, 1890. Perhaps the most noted among the officials of the Underground Railway Company, contemporary with the early anti-slavery movements, and in aiding the fugitives from slavery to reach Canada. He himself was born a slave in Trenton, New Jersey, and was a man of more than ordinary general intelligence, and possessed extremely correct views as to the respective social rights between the colored and white race. He was the first colored man appointed a notary public in Michigan, and had accumulated a fine property by the exercise of frugality and industry.

Dennis Falvy died April 1, 1890, aged 75.

[1]See appendix.

Abbott Threse died April 2, 1890, aged 73. She was the relict of the aged James Abbott.

Arouet Richmond died April 9, 1890, aged 73.

Mrs. Anna R. Davis died April 4, 1890, aged 90.

Ernest Freund (Theuene) died April 19, 1890, aged 76.

Captain Stephen Martin died April 4, 1890, aged 69.

Cyrus B. Lowell died April 25, 1890, aged 85.

Gideon Pauli (Pauil) died April 16, 1890, aged 84.

Francisca Kulick died April 18, 1890, aged 76.

Mary Ann Bishop died April 21, 1890, aged 83.

Miss Mary A. Church died April 26, 1890, aged 79.

Christiana Rochen died April 28, 1890, aged 76.

Mrs. Jane Walker died April 27, 1890, aged 83.

Samuel C. Munson died in 1887. He, and J. Wilkie Moore, now living, were present at the laying of the corner stone of the old territorial capitol building at Detroit, in 1836.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Clemens died May 2, 1890, aged 72.

Mrs. Margaret Fox, widow of the late Joseph Fox died May 1, 1890, aged 82.

Bishop Borgess died May 3, 1890, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, aged 62 years. Born in Germany, came with his parents to the United States, when a boy and was educated in Cincinnati, O. Honored as a scholar and for his devotion to his religious calling. At his request his remains were deposited in the cemetery of that city (Kalamazoo), and not in the vaults of the church, as is customary, with the remains of the bishops of his church. His home was in Detroit.

The highest dignitary of the church, composed of arch-bishops and bishops, and over one hundred priests, assisted in paying the last rites to this distinguished divine.

Mrs. Jane Petherick died May 19, 1890, aged 79.

Mrs. Polly Croul Carlisle, born Sept. 11, 1792, who had been kissed by Washington when a child and who well remembered LaFayette's visit to this country, died May 18, 1890, at the home of her son-in-law, James Gibson, 563 Sixth street, lacking but a little over two years of a century of age. She was married at Throopsville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1811, to Dr. Lewis Carlisle, who died Jan'y 25, 1858. She was an aunt of Jerome Croul and four of her surviving children reside in Detroit. Fred Carlisle, secretary of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, William Carlisle, Mrs. James Gibson and Mrs. Ransom Plumstead. She has resided here since 1836.

The Hon. Wirt Dexter died at Chicago on the eve of May 17, 1890.

He was a native of Michigan and was an intimate personal friend of Fred, a son of Polly Croul Carlisle.

Mrs. W. L. Sprague died May 30, 1890, aged 73. A most estimable woman, a resident of Detroit, for fifty years, and the mother of Mrs. George W. Cavalry.

Capt. Henry M. Roby, born on the site of the present Michigan Exchange, aged 72 years.

Michael Sage died June 1, 1890, aged 83. This closes the mortal life of one of the oldest pioneers. Mr. Sage came to Detroit from near Quebec, in 1829, and opened a blacksmith shop on Gratiot avenue, which he operated for some thirty years. Since then he has given his attention to real estate and leaves a large and valuable property, as an evidence of his sagacity, frugality, and enterprise.

He was honest and upright in all his dealings and his demise will be mourned and regretted by a large number of acquaintances and friends, as well as by his townsmen generally.

PAPERS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1890, AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

LETTER FROM DR. OLIVER C. COMSTOCK

[Read at annual meeting, June 12, 1890]

Brookline, Mass., June 10, 1890.

Dear Judge Miller.—Yours of the 6th inst. came duly to hand, and I hasten to say that the promised "long letter" after you return from Lansing will be welcomed most heartily. You are now there, and I address you care of State Library. Oh! how my heart jumps at that familiar address. There will be the suave Poppleton, the gallant Shoemaker and many more less known by me but none the less known to fame. Give them one and all the high regards of

Your humble servant,

O. C. COMSTOCK.

P. S. Assure Mrs. Tenney and George H. Greene, Esq., that they are not overlooked and are by no means forgotten.

O. C. C.

MEMOIR OF HON. TALCOTT E. WING, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY JUNE 11, 1887 TO JUNE 13, 1889

BY HON. HARRY A. CONANT OF MONROE

It was with feelings of a complex nature that I consented to prepare this paper, grateful for the opportunity of casting my pebble upon the cairn that is being builded to the memory of my friend, and yet pained by the consciousness of my inability to do justice to the noble life and character of him, whom to know was to respect and love.

Though his junior by many years, it was my privilege to know him intimately, and for this reason it is more apparent to me how abortive this effort at a portrayal of his true character must be. I shall therefore only attempt a brief sketch of his acts rather than a psychical analysis of the man, and in doing this I am forced to use many facts which are well known to the members of this society and some that have already found their way into print from abler pens than mine.

When one looks abroad over the fair fields, the thriving cities, the myriad homes, the rich forests, the great lakes and the mountains of mineral which constitute today the great commonwealth of Michigan, it is for the moment, a little difficult to believe that all this has been wrought from the primeval wilderness during the span of a single life and that, too, extending only to the scriptural limit of three score and ten.

Yet Judge Wing's life, which so suddenly closed on earth, January 25, 1890, at the age of 70 years, four months and one day, spanned all, or nearly all of history, which Michigan up to today can contribute to the annals of the nation.

Something over seventy years ago two hopeful young men, natives of the "Bay State," penetrated the western wilderness and settled at the frontier village of Detroit. The stage coach and sailing vessel were their methods of travel, for it must be remembered that railroads were not then thought of, the Erie canal was not built until seven years afterward and the first steamboat upon the Hudson was the experiment of but a short time previous. We, who learn the eras of the world's history in the schools, can hardly realize that when Austin Eli Wing and Harriet Skinner Wing, his young wife, in company with Charles Larned and his bride came to Michigan, the bloody scenes of the French revolution,—the days of Danton, Marat and Robespierre,—were less remote in the past than the scenes of the War of the Rebellion is to us today; that the fame of Jena and Marengo and Austerlitz was ringing through the nations; that Waterloo was fought but three years before; that Napoleon was scanning the horizon from the rocky shores of St. Helena for the rescue that never came; that George Washington had passed away but about a decade and a-half previously, while LaFayette was still living; that less than five years had elapsed since the second war with Great Britain; that George the third, blind and insane was still nominal king of England and James Monroe was president of the United States, which then numbered just one-half of what they do today.

Austin E. Wing settled in Detroit, where for about thirteen years he was an honored member of the community, being one of the early sheriffs of the Territory and for three terms its territorial representative in the congress of the United States. While a resident of Detroit, on the 24th day of September, 1819, a son was born to him, Talcott Enoch Wing, the subject of the present sketch.

In 1831 the Wing family removed to Frenchtown, now Monroe. The father had graduated from Williams College with honors, in 1814, and was desirous that his son should follow in his footsteps. The educational facilities of the territory were limited, but such as they were the boy availed himself of them, finally going to Gambier, Ohio, where he finished his preparatory studies and pursued a portion of the college curriculum. From here he went to Williams College, entering the sophomore class and graduating in 1840, a short time before he reached his majority. Returning to Monroe, he entered upon the study of the law, in the office of his uncle, Hon. Warner Wing, one of the eminent early lawyers of Michigan, who afterwards became one of the Justices of its Supreme Court. In this office, and later in the office of Hon. Robert McClelland, who became Governor and subsequently a Cabinet officer, he prepared himself for examination and was admitted to the bar in 1844. On January 23 of the same year he was married to Elizabeth P. Johnson, daughter of Colonel Oliver Johnson of Monroe, and began housekeeping in an humble way in a small house still standing on the banks of the river Raisin, and in sight of the delightful home where the later years of his life were spent. Five years later he formed a law partnership with Col. Ira R. Grosvenor, who had been his fellow student in the office of Gov. McClelland. This partnership continued for eight years, being dissolved in 1857. On September 26 of this year his wife died, and on January 11, 1859, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Jefferson G. Thurber.

His accurate, methodical business habits and his unflinching integrity had builded him an excellent reputation as a business man, and in company with his brother-in-law, Charles G. Johnson, he had begun the banking business under the firm name of Wing & Johnson. During the war this bank was reorganized into the First National bank of Monroe, and through the whole existence of the National bank, from its organization to the day of his death he was a member of its directorate and for a portion of the time its president.

He had acceptably filled the city offices of alderman and supervisor of his ward a number of times. In 1864 he was elected judge of pro-

bate, and re-elected in 1868. In 1873, at the close of his second term, he opened an office where he acted as counselor at law and transacted business connected with his own affairs, which had then become quite extensive. This office he continued till 1886. In this year he entered into a contract to compile a history of Monroe county, and finding the publicity of his office interfered with his work upon the history, he withdrew to his home. Here the last years of his life were spent upon the work which he designed to be his monument, and here, less than forty-eight hours after the completion of his manuscript, his work on earth closed.

The evening of January 24, 1890, was passed by the Judge at his cheerful home in entertaining a company of friends. It was quite late when he retired to his room. Something like an hour afterward he called his son and complained of feeling ill. Medical aid was at once summoned, but after an illness of but an hour, he peacefully passed away.

Judge Wing's connection with the Pioneer Society began many years ago. He was essentially one of the pioneers of this peninsular commonwealth and his love and admiration for his native State was boundless. No fairer skies were ever spread above him than the skies of Michigan; and even when a year or two before his death he spent a season at the Bermudas, upon his return he dwelt with pleasure upon the many beauties of his home. Of a wonderfully retentive memory, he always took a deep interest in the early history of the State, and the exchange of reminiscences of the society was ever to him a source of abiding pleasure. He was president of the society in 1887-8, and was appointed by Governor Luce as president of Michigan's commission to participate in the centennial celebration of the settlement of the Northwest Territory, which was held at Marietta, Ohio, in 1888.

Early in life he became a member of the Presbyterian Church and an active and earnest worker in the cause of the Christian religion. For many years he was the treasurer of his church and in 1886 was ordained one of its elders. He was greatly interested in the work of the Sunday school, and was instrumental in organizing and fostering schools at outlying points, often riding several miles every Sabbath in order to be present. Before his long and useful life closed he had the satisfaction of seeing the seed which he had thus sown springing up in churches.

He was an intelligent advocate of the higher education, and was one of the founders of the admirable system of public schools which are

today the pride of Monroe. He was also for many years one of the trustees of the "Young Ladies' Seminary of Monroe," founded and long conducted by Rev. Erasmus J. Boyd.

From his first marriage three sons and one daughter survive him—Talcott J. Wing of Westfield, Massachusetts; Austin E. Wing, of Detroit, National Bank Examiner for Michigan; Charles R. Wing an attorney of Monroe, and Mrs. J. G. Little of Monroe. Of the second marriage, his wife and one son, Jefferson T. Wing, of Detroit survive.

As I set down one by one the incidents of his life in this brief biographical sketch, they seem bare and uneventful. Alas, my words cannot tell, nor can language portray the man as he was to those whose privilege it was to know and love him. He will live in the hearts of his friends, not for any great deed, but for the countless little kindnesses he daily scattered upon his way. His was one of those cheery, kindly natures who seem to carry a fund of eternal sunshine and to dispense it upon all who come in contact with them. He did not set himself upon a pedestal to gaze in solitary grandeur upon the hurrying crowd below, but with genial smile, cheerful word and cordial hand clasp, mingled among his fellow men to aid, to cheer, to comfort. No worthy public enterprise was ever undertaken but found in him an earnest advocate and ready helper. No sufferer appealed to him but went away cheered, not only by kind words but by practical sympathy. The talent given him was cheerfully used in his Master's service. The day's duty was the day's reward, and thus beloved, esteemed and respected, his years, one by one, slipped like pearls from a loosened string into the great ocean of eternity until

> "Old age, with calm and cheerful ray,
> Came on to gild the evening of his day."

Then came the sunset with no cloud to dim its luster. Cheerful, happy, in the full enjoyment of his genial nature and his faculties, he saw the night come down upon the earth, but the morning broke for him upon the plains of eternity.

Not prematurely was he called; for he had rounded the full period of three score and ten, ere the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken and the summons came which called him "through sad, mysterious mists into the greater brightness;" not through gradual decay, but suddenly, while yet the sunshine on the western hills was bright and all his genial faculties were alert and active. He has fallen asleep, while we remain yet a little to cover up the embers that still burn.

We will miss his sturdy and erect form, we will miss yet more his

cheery word and cordial smile. Yet though he has gone, he has left behind him the memory of a kindly and a useful life and this can never die.

Well he paid for every blessing,
Well he earned each day of cheer;
Nature's arms around him pressing,
Nature's lips his brow caressing;
Sleep, old pioneer.

MEMOIR OF JAMES KNAGGS OF MONROE

BY MAY STOCKING KNAGGS

Every historian, every biographer, has experience of the elusive value of facts that have been perpetuated by tradition.

In the midst of stirring times, often all record has been lost of occurrences which were important in their bearings; and if this has been true in public affairs it has been truer of individual experiences.

A succession of vivid events crowd each other through days and months of a man's life, and he has no leisure for passing analysis and record.

Yet memory takes her notes, and some day, when quiet ensues, the man talks. Perhaps his memory is not a good chronometer. Perhaps his knowledge of the relations of events is partial. Perhaps his retrospect is obscured by prejudices, personal and political. Any of these conditions materially impair, as history, the value of his recollections. He dies. The tales he has told are now reflected from the imperfect memories of those who listened to his vivid relations, and their value is again lessened. Something of the fire of truth, they may still possess, but it is "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Hence the historian or biographer offers the results of the most careful comparison and compilation of stories of events long past, with a conscientious interrogation point.

In the year in which the American colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain and began a new household among the nations, in that part of the Northwest Territory destined to become the state of Ohio, in Roche de Bout, James Knaggs was

born. His father was George Knaggs, an Englishman, who had married Rachel Sly (Nye), a Welsh girl, in Philadelphia, and together they had come and built a home in the western wilderness. Here there were born to them seven children: Whitmore, William, Thomas, George, James, Elizabeth and Rebecca.

While James was still a small boy, his father left his family, and shipped upon a whaling voyage, from which he never returned.

The mother, left thus alone with her dependent children, removed with them to Frenchtown, now Monroe, on the river Raisin. Here she opened a general store and supplied the wants of her growing family by trade with the settlers and Indians.

In these associations, Whitmore, the eldest son, and James, both afterward to play a considerable part in the fortunes of the territory of Michigan, acquired fluency in the French and Indian languages, a fluency which enabled Whitmore to fill for a term of years the office of government interpreter, and raised frequent disputes among the acquaintances of James, whether or not he was a Frenchman. At least, those who knew his heart, knew that he was the sworn enemy of British assumption and encroachment, and the devoted friend of American rights and liberty.

There is still in the possession of the family a paper, yellow and time-stained, bearing the date of October 4, 1805, setting forth that "reposing especial trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of James Knaggs," he is hereby appointed "ensign in the second regiment of militia of the territory of Michigan, to take rank from the 22d day of September, one thousand eight hundred and five," and signed by William Hull, Governor.

It was therefore in the natural course of things that when General Hull was on his way to take command at Detroit in June, 1812, the first name on the muster roll of "Raisin men" (whom general Harrison called "the best troops in the world") was that of James Knaggs. He enlisted in Captain Isaac Lee's company of dragoons, which "became very expert and efficient in the spy, scout or ranger service."

He had already established his own home by a marriage with Jemima Griffin, his first child, George, being born November 27, 1806. His farm was about a mile above the village on the north side of the river.

At this time there were few settlers between Detroit and Maumee except at Frenchtown. Here were gathered about thirty families. Lossing says:

"Gardens and orchards were attached to their houses and these were

enclosed with heavy pickets called 'puncheons,' made of sapling logs split in two, driven in the ground and sometimes sharpened at the top. The houses were built of logs, were of good size and furnished with most of the conveniences of domestic life."

The river Raisin, we learn from the same authority, was called by the Indians "Sturgeon river," on account of the abundance of that fish in its waters, but by the French was named the Raisin because of the grape-vines which draped the trees along its banks in great profusion.

Whitmore Knaggs, the eldest brother, had settled at Detroit and was in the Government service as interpreter and spy, the three other brothers, William, Thomas and George, serving also in the latter capacity. "They were all" says Lossing, "men of strong convictions, and each, until the day of his death, hated both the British and their Indian allies, for they had all suffered at their hands."

In the brief but disastrous campaign at Detroit in the summer of 1812, James bore an active part, being attached to the regiment of Colonel McArthur.

While Hull's troops were quartered in Sandwich, Knaggs with four others went out on a scouting expedition toward the Thames river. Halting at a log house on the way they were informed by the woman occupant that quite a strong force of the British were quartered not far ahead, and that if they ventured farther their capture was certain. Unwilling to jeopardize his men unnecessarily, Knaggs paused to consider, when one of the company, a raw recruit, made a sneering remark. This stung Knaggs who sprang to his saddle and with an oath challenged his callow comrade to follow. The information they had received proved true. They were soon upon the British camp where they received a warm salute. They turned their horses and fled, being rapidly pursued. Three of the party were shot down, only Knaggs and Medard Labadie escaping. They were pursued for some distance until looking back they saw but one of the enemy and his horse was floundering in a quagmire. Thereupon Knaggs wheeled about and compelled a surrender. He bound his captive to his horse, trussed like a thanksgiving turkey, and carried him triumphantly into the camp at Sandwich.

He proved to be a British Colonel, named McGregor. During this skirmish a British bullet plowed a furrow lengthwise of Knaggs' scalp, the wound leaving a deep scar.[1]

[1]One narrator says that Colonel McGregor and a negro servant were captured by Knaggs while in solitary camp, and were taken to Maumee. Lossing gives the location of the capture as I have given it but says "Colonel McGregor and a Jew named Jacobs," were taken captive.

I had the account which I have adopted from James W. Knaggs of Detroit, son of Whitmore Knaggs who had the story from both his uncles Knaggs and Labadie.

M. S. K.

This exploit was the cause of many subsequent narrow escapes on the part of Knaggs, as after Hull's surrender, when McGregor was liberated he offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of Knaggs dead or alive.

The promise of bounty stimulated the Indians to many efforts to obtain it.

Upon one occasion when he was at his home on the Raisin, and while at dinner his attention was attracted by a noise outside. Cautiously looking out he saw three mounted British officers in the dooryard. Jumping through the open window at the rear, he fled, with the officers and Indians in hot pursuit. He ran for dear life till he reached the Catholic mission standing on the bank of the river about a mile above his house. Here he was so fortunate as to secure entrance and concealment, while the pursuing party, supposing he had crossed the river, passed by.

George Knaggs, the eldest son of James, who still lives in vigorous age upon a farm in Raisinville, recalls having been hid for hours in the upper part of the chimney of his father's house, when Indians were hunting to destroy the child of the man they hated.

At one time James was warned by a squaw that a fresh plot had been laid to secure his scalp, and when an Indian called to him from the opposite bank of the river and asked to be ferried over he distrusted his friendly professions, and was on the alert. Having pushed off after taking the Indian into the canoe he caught the sudden gleam of a knife, and raising his paddle knocked him into the water, then taking him by his scalp-lock he threatened him and held him under until he was half-drowned.

He then let go of him and he was rescued by some Indians who were watching them from the river bank. He afterward received the present of a bright colored handkerchief from the Indian as a token of gratitude that he had allowed him to escape with his life.

Upon another occasion he fled from his house into the woods where he was obliged to lie all night, and in the morning made a circuit to return, but being discovered and pursued he ran into the cellar of a house near the river.

Here he was followed by a venturesome Indian but finding a hoe at hand he came upon the savage and killed him at a blow. That he was indeed, at all times, an "Indian fighter" there are many stories to illustrate. He had great presence of mind and physical bravery. He was a stranger to fear.

At a time previous to the breaking out of the war, he had some

trouble with an Indian whom he flogged. During the following night he was awakened by some one asking to be let in at the door. Cautiously opening it a little way, an Indian struck at him with a knife. Quickly securing the door he found a club and let himself out at a window. As he climbed out his club dropped, and before he could recover it the Indian discovered him. Disarmed he fled around the house with the savage in pursuit, Knaggs trying as he passed the window to find the club with his flying feet.

On the third round he struck it and picking it up, turned to meet his assailant, striking him down and beating him to death. In the encounter the Indian cut off the bottom of Knaggs' sole garment. He was found to be the brother of the savage who had been whipped.

Another story told by George Knaggs illustrates both Indian hospitality and Indian caution.

One day seeing a squaw passing his house on a pony, accompanied by an Indian on foot, and having a gun across her lap, James went out and demanded to see the weapon, which he recognized as that of a neighbor. The Indian assuring him that he had bought it, he allowed them to pass on and went about his work at a little distance from the house.

A little while after, the Indian returned and striking his tomahawk into the door demanded to see Knaggs, whose attention being attracted he ran toward the house, the Indian, brandishing his tomahawk and running to meet him.

They met at the fence, where, on the side toward James, lay a pile of bean poles, one of which he picked up and with it struck at his adversary. A shower of blows fell from tomahawk and bean pole, but James, having the longer weapon, got the advantage, for shortly he brought it down with such force and skill as to break the wrist of his antagonist, who thereupon took his leave.

Several months after, accompanied by the boy George, he made an expedition for some purpose into the "Indian country." After a long tramp, at nightfall they came to a wigwam where they asked shelter. They were made welcome and the master of the lodge bade his squaw prepare their supper. The savage filth visible did not prevent their making a hearty meal and at the end of the hour of comfortable rest that followed before they slept, the Indian held up his wrist, which was mis-shapen and said "You did that."

James then recognized him as the Indian whom he had fought with the bean pole. He said that he was instigated to attack Knaggs by his squaw, who was infuriated by his interference. "You might have

killed me if you had thrown your tomahawk," said James. The Indian assented but told the following story to justify his caution: A white man having been taken prisoner by the tribe to which he (the Indian) belonged was sentenced to run the gauntlet. As he was led out for the ordeal he stooped and untied his shoes, then taking a handkerchief from his neck and tying it tightly about his waist, at the signal started down the line. Although not a fleet runner he was so fortunate as to emerge at the farther end and ran off with the Indians in pursuit. Soon away went his shoes, and he ran like a deer. One by one his pursuers dropped off till only three were left. Then he slackened his speed and they gained on him until the foremost brave, taking sure aim, threw his tomahawk; but the wily fellow was on the lookout and stooping, the tomahawk went over him and struck the ground in front. He grasped it, turned and met the on-coming savage and killed him with his own weapon. The second Indian shared his fate, "and I," said the story-teller "was the third. I turned and ran. Since then I do not throw my tomahawk."

One chapter in the early history of Michigan first chills the blood of the student of history, then makes it leap hot in his veins. It is that chapter which records the savagery and inhumanity that marked the event known as the Massacre of Frenchtown, on the 22d of January, 1813; an event which made forever infamous the memory of the coward Proctor, and gave to the army of the west the battle cry "Remember the Raisin." During this battle James Knaggs was absent on parole. After the arrival of Winchester's troops his wife and boy were at the house of La Salle, where they remained secreted during that terrible night. James arrived the next morning, and the dreadful scenes through which he passed, escorted by his father to another hiding place, are burned into the memory of the whitehaired man who was then the boy.

James and his family escaped capture; but Whitmore, Thomas and Rebecca Knaggs, with Rachel, their mother were taken prisoners and carried to Quebec.

It was in perfect keeping with Gen. Proctor's inhuman disregard of the practices of civilized warfare that he ordered the remaining inhabitants of the desolated village to Detroit at that inclement season.

Rachel Knaggs was then eighty years of age.

Lossing says: "Thinly clad, having been robbed by the Indians, she proceeded in an open *traineau* and reached Detroit in safety. When asked how it happened that she did not perish, she replied, 'My spunk kept me warm.' "

Mrs. Knaggs had by her shrewd thrift acquired a comfortable property.

The writer has in her possession a parchment bearing the signatures of James Madison, President, and James Monroe, Secretary of State, dated May 30, 1811, granting to Rachel Knaggs two hundred and fifty-nine acres of land on the north side of the Raisin. She was a woman of strong character, as became a pioneer and the mother of brave men. She lived to return to her home by the Raisin, where she attained to an advanced age.

In the movements that followed the battle of Frenchtown, James Knaggs became attached to the command of Colonel R. M. Johnson. In the decisive charge upon the Indians by the second battalion of Johnson's regiment in the battle of the Thames, Knaggs, with Medard Labadie, was near Colonel Johnson when he was wounded, and rushing to release him from his horse, which had fallen, witnessed his shooting of the Indian who sprang forward to tomahawk him. He recognized him as Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chief, whom he knew well. At the shot from Colonel Johnson's pistol he fell forward, Knaggs said, on his face, his tomahawk flying from his hand. Knaggs and Labadie assisted to carry Col. Johnson off the field. In the excitement of the political campaign when Johnson was elected vice-president, the question "Who killed Tecumseh?" was widely discussed. "For in that day," says Eggleston, "skill in Indian fighting was regarded as a prime qualification for dignified political office." During that time General Cass "stumped" the State accompanied by Knaggs and Labadie, whom at a proper juncture in his address, he introduced as witnesses to the truth of his statement of the occurrence. Doubt seems principally to have been sustained by the fact that the body of the Indian found near the spot the next morning which had been mutilated by some of the men in futile vengeance for the horrors of the Raisin, was proven not to be that of Tecumseh. However, it is certain that Tecumseh was killed in that charge, and historians agree that it is not improbable that he was shot by Colonel Johnson, as he "would naturally with his quick observation, find out the leader of this cavalry charge and seek to kill him."

It is an indisputable fact that both James Knaggs and Medard Labadie testified innumerable times to their having been eye-witnesses of the tragedy, and nothing could shake Knaggs' belief in his identification of Johnson's assailant.[1]

[1]The story as related here was told to the writer by Johnson Knaggs, son of James, and by James W. Knaggs, of whom James Knaggs was the paternal and Medard Labadie the maternal uncle. Also by Judge Talcott E. Wing, who had heard it from James Knaggs, and who added the fact regarding the use of the testimony of Knaggs and Labadie by Gen. Cass.

M. S. K.

To the day of his death he cherished a profound admiration and a soldier's affection for the gallant Kentuckian, and that the friendship was reciprocal is proven by the following letter, the original of which is among the papers owned by Johnson Knaggs.

CITY OF WASHINGTON,
6th Jan., 1841.

My Dear Old Friend:

I have r'd your Kind & esteemed favour wishing me a Safe arrival home among my friends.

I truly & sincerely thank you for the friendship which you have shown to me; and if ever it Should be in my power to serve you I am ready and willing.

that you may live long to enjoy the blessings of that government which you have defended is the prayer of your Devoted friend & fellow citizen.

R. M. JOHNSON.

MAJ. JAMES NAGGS.

The letter is superscribed:

Maj'r James Knaggs
Michigan

From
R. M. Johnson.

And was enclosed to the postmaster at Detroit and by him forwarded to the postmaster at Monroe with the request that he "will cause it to be sent to Mr. Knaggs."

But little more that is authentic can be gathered at this day, concerning those exploits which during his lifetime he was fond of detailing and over the recital of which he warmed with excitement.

There is a second commission, executed August 28, 1818, signed by William Woodbridge, Governor, creating him captain of the third company of the second regiment of the militia of the territory.

In "Witherell's Reminiscences" in the Wisconsin Historical Collections, there is an account given of the shooting of Mr. McMillan and the capture of his son Archibald, a boy eleven years of age, at Detroit, by the Indians, in 1814. Gen. Cass with a body of volunteers followed them and endeavored to recover the boy, but failed after a sharp fight.

Some time after James Knaggs succeeded in capturing three Indians single-handed, as they came through the hazel-brush where he lay in ambush, binding them hand and foot. They proved to belong to the band which had captured the boy McMillan, and were held until negotiations for an exchange were brought about. The boy thus released was the father of A. McMillan at the present time editor of the Bay City Times.

During these troubled days death visited the home of James Knaggs, removing his wife.

He afterwards married Pelagie Robert, daughter of one of the French settlers on the Raisin. By this wife he had eight children, James, Jemima, Eliza, Johnson, Rebecca, Caroline, Robert and Whitmore. Of these James, Johnson, Rebecca and Robert are living, together with George, the oldest son, now in his eighty-fourth year. Pelagie Knaggs died in 1859. After a little James married again, his third wife being Mrs. Alice Couture, *née* Benson.

In the course of his life he accumulated a considerable property, proving his ability not only as a patriot but also as a thrifty citizen.

There are several old parchments bearing famous signatures, entitling him to the possession of various pieces of land.

Physically he was a man of powerful build and six feet tall.

In politics he was a Democrat and in religion a Presbyterian.

He preserved a vigor and robustness of mind and body until his death, which occurred from a cold inducing pneumonia.

He died after a short illness, at Monroe, December 29, 1860.

He had lived to see the birth of about forty grandchildren, many of whom have grown up to useful manhood and womanhood.

Several of his grandsons emulated his patriotic example, and served their country in the civil war.

Mrs. Knaggs an octogenarian, yet lives in Monroe. She is mentally strong and bright, although suffering from the bodily infirmities of age.

In a shady spot in the cemetery at Monroe, James Knaggs sleeps by the side of a little granddaughter.

The waters of the Raisin flow not far away, past beautiful farms and sometimes even yet, between vine hung trees, and peace rests over the beautiful valley where long ago his ears heard the whoop of the murderous savage, and his heart beat high with the ambition to protect home and establish civilization. The day he fought to win, crowns the lives of his descendants.

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER MINISTERS OF MICHIGAN

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD

As I was in my boyhood, when our family came to Michigan, my ability to form a just estimate of the worth of men, especially ministers of the gospel, may not be regarded as quite equal to the task assigned me; still I flatter myself, that I can furnish you some facts, which will enable you to gain some idea of their ability, and of their value in laying a sure foundation for the establishment of our noble State.

The first one, whose name I shall introduce, because he was the first to whose preaching I listened, was Richard Cadle,[1] of the Protestant Episcopal church. He was stationed in Detroit, a city of which you have all heard; but I doubt if many of you saw it as it looked sixty-five years ago. But I will not attempt a description of its appearance at that date; neither will I attempt a contrast between its appearance then, and now.

My grandfather Crawford, had settled in Troy, Oakland county, about sixteen miles northwest of Detroit, in the spring of 1824, and being a devout Episcopalian, and anxious to introduce religious services in his neighborhood, visited Mr. Cadle at his home in the city, and easily persuaded him to extend his pastoral supervision as far out as Troy, and he made several visits, and preached in grandfather's log cabin. His visits were highly appreciated, and adults, and children hailed his coming with great delight, and I regarded him with veneration, and thought him a most remarkable man, beautiful in form, with handsome face, and so neat in his apparel, and so affable in his manners, I would listen to his sermons with an intense interest, from the announcement of his text, until the final amen declared the sermon ended; and I would wonder why he did not continue awhile longer.

It was a matter of wonderment with me what could induce him, a man so slender in form, so neatly dressed and so handsome in features, to leave his quiet home in the city and ride over such a road for sixteen miles, and spend an hour in a log cabin with a dining table for a pulpit, in preaching to a handful of adults and children and not even

[1]See appendix.

hint that a collection to defray traveling expenses, would be acceptable. I could not understand it then, but I have since learned the secret, and it is no longer a mystery to me. "The love of Christ constraineth us." I know it has constrained me.

Mr. Cadle was transferred to Green Bay and placed in charge of a mission among the Indians, and his successor was a man by the name of Searle,[1] a portly Scotchman of large physical proportions, and he made a few pastoral visits to our neighborhood, one of which I deem worthy of mention, as it was the occasion of a degree of merriment during his stay and has often brought forth a right hearty laugh when repeated to those who were not present to join in the merry laugh at the time of the incident. He was accompanied at that time by Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, and Judge H. M. Campbell[1] of Detroit, father of the late lamented judge of our Supreme Court.

They had a light wagon with two seats. Mr. Searle and the bishop occupying the back-seat, while the judge sat in front, acting the part of driver. Just before reaching my grandfather's they plunged into one of those mud-holes that seemed to have no bottom, and when nearing the farther shore by some strange freak their wagon tipped to one side sufficiently to roll the two clergymen out into the mud, the horses making a leap for dry land, took the wagon with the judge safely out, leaving Mr. Searle nearly out of sight with the bishop on top not daring to move least he, too, should be buried as deeply as the foundation upon which he was resting. The judge managed to get the bishop out without serious damage to his clothing; but poor Mr. Searle was a sorry looking specimen, feeling that he had experienced one peril that St. Paul had not been in.

The bishop and Judge Campbell enjoyed the joke hugely, better than they probably would have done if the wagon had tipped on the other side bringing the portly Scotchman on top of the bishop, who was rather light in his physical proportions, as compared with his colleague, the rector.

Mr. Searle was succeeded by Mr. (Berry) Bury,[1] whose face and form I remember, but of his preaching ability, I am not prepared to express an opinion, as I remember so little I heard him say.

Meantime the ever present circuit rider, as the Methodist itinerant was called in those days, put in his appearance, and the log cabin of Calvin Perrin was his meeting house, occasionally changing, and occupying my grandfather's Episcopal pulpit, which was open to all ministers of Evangelical churches, as grandfather was by no means a bigoted Episcopalian, and always welcomed the messengers of Christ whose

[1]See appendix.

lives and teaching were in accord with the Apostles' creed, to which he so heartily subscribed.

Among those who first appeared on horseback, but of whom I have but little personal knowledge, were Billings O. Plympton[1] and Elias Pattee,[1] sent from the Ohio conference to travel Detroit circuit, having an appointment in East Bloomfield, at a schoolhouse about one mile north of what was then called Piety Hill, where our honored president, Mr. Poppleton, has had his home and carried on the mercantile business for the last fifty years.

I do not think his presence there had anything to do in securing this significant title, by which this town was known for so many years, for the name was given to it several years before he became a resident, and I presume had much to do in influencing him to start in his chosen life work there, in preference to Pontiac; which the darkey said "was a worser place than the one where the rich man found hisself after closing his bowels of compassion against Lazarus." I think he had not lived there many years before they dropped the original name and ever since have called it Birmingham. I have never learned the reason for the change, and if he knows, it is a secret he don't reveal to me, even though I am his twin cousin.

Meantime a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church settled on a farm near Pontiac and established an appointment for preaching, at the home of Mr. Perrin, in Troy, where he preached each alternate Sabbath morning, for several months.

His services were highly as well as deservedly appreciated by all of the new settlers in that vicinity, and when a plan was started to make the preacher a donation, as compensation for his services, every one seemed to vie with every other one, in furnishing some of the good things they had succeeded in raising, until a full laden wagon was sent to have its contents emptied into the home of the good preacher.

About this time two young itinerants, by the name of John A. Baughman[1] and Solomon Minear (Minier),[1] were appointed to take charge of Detroit circuit and Calvin Perrin's house was recognized as a regular preaching place on this circuit, until a school house was erected in the neighborhood, which became the preaching place thereafter for several years.

An incident in connection with Mr. Baughman's first appearance at this appointment I deem worthy of mention at this time.

When the donation for Mr. Smith was ready for transportation to the good man's home, Mr. Perrin and his wife were constituted the committee to bear the glad tidings to the preacher and his family. With their ox team it would take them the most of two days to

[1]See appendix.

make the round trip and spend one night with the preacher. On their return home the next evening, as they neared their home they heard a melodious voice within, as though in earnest delivery of some important message for somebody's ears and on entering the dwelling, they found it filled to overflowing with their neighbors, eagerly listening to John A. Baughman, who was delivering his first sermon in that church.

They were greatly surprised at this new turn things had taken, but they realized the fulfillment of a prophecy; "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." They had measured bountifully of their substance, to supply the temporal wants of one who had been supplying them with the bread of life, and now another had been sent them to break to them more bountifully and feed them more plentifully with this same bread of life. Two weeks later Mr. Minear (Minier) came and preached, and thus an appointment for preaching every alternate week, on a week day evening, became a fixture, besides the Sabbath service rendered by Mr. Smith and others I shall mention later on.

Detroit circuit at that time embraced all that was known of Michigan, except a strip along the St. Clair River, which was for a time supplied with preaching by preachers from Canada. Of these I know nothing personally, and have heard but little, hence shall not try to give you any information concerning them not having possession of any to give. Rev. Zerah H. Coston was presiding elder of the Detroit district at that time, and supplied the pulpit of the Methodist church in the city when not engaged in holding quarterly meetings, a duty which did not require much of his time in those pioneer days.

Next came John Janes and William Armstrong; Mr. Janes remaining the second year, having for his colleague William Runnels, who died in Cleveland last winter at the ripe age of 85 years. Mr. Janes died quite young, as did Armstrong and Minear (Minier). Mr. Baughman was quite along in years when he passed across the dark river.

Next came William I. Snow, who, on one occasion, as he was riding on horseback alongside my grandfather, found himself lying on his back in a deep mud-hole, having been constrained to turn a somersault over his horse's head, caused by his horse catching one of his forefeet with the toe calk of one of his hind shoes. His experience was nearly as unpleasant as the experience of Mr. Searle, and would have been far more so if his horse had fallen on him. Grandfather had a hearty laugh at the preacher's expense, meantime consoling him by telling of the more terrible fate of Mr. Searle. Mr. Snow being a single man

when he came on this circuit, and not under vows of celibacy, found it an easy matter to fall in love with a beautiful daughter of Deacon Chamberlin of Romeo, a staunch Presbyterian, and as she returned the compliment by falling as deeply in love with him, in due time, greatly to the chagrin of the deacon, the twain became one, and the deacon being a Calvinist of the old school, accepted the situation philosophically, and said it had to be so because it was foreordained, but he could not understand why God should so ordain that his daughter should become the wife of a Methodist circuit rider to be toted about all of her life. But it proved a happy union, and the good deacon long before he died, became fully satisfied with the decree, and that this was symbolic of another wedding in the near future, when Presbyterianism would so fall in love with Methodism, and Methodism would return the compliment, and they would join hands as an indication, that they are one and inseparable in their work for God and humanity. At that time Curtis Goddard was presiding elder and Detroit was made a station with Arzy Brown as pastor. In addition to those already named, there were several others, who may justly be mentioned as among the pioneer ministers of Michigan. Such as James Gilruth, William Sprague, Alvan Billings, Thomas Wiley, Bradford Frazee, Elijah H. Pilcher, L. D. Whitney, Henry Colclazer and W. H. Brockway, who alone remains of all whose names I have mentioned, and his step is far from being as elastic as it was when he appeared in our midst with his homespun coat of gray, given him by Elisha Glazier, on condition that he should wear it whenever he stood up to preach during his stay upon that circuit, a contract he faithfully carried out to the full satisfaction of his benefactor.

There are many amusing anecdotes related of some of these early circuit riders, one of which must suffice for this paper. Mr. Gilruth was a man of fine physical proportions, and possessed great physical strength, a fact known only to a few of his most intimate friends. He was called to testify in a suit where the defendant was charged with having knocked the complainant off his feet and doing him some bodily harm. On cross examination, by defendant's counsel, he was subjected to some annoyance when the following took place: "Mr. Gilruth," said the counsel, "In your direct examination you said you saw my client, the defendant in this suit, knock the complainant down. Will you please tell how he knocked him down?" Mr. Gilruth answered, "He struck him a hard blow with his fist and he fell to the ground." "But I insist that you must tell how he did it." Mr. Gilruth turning to the court, inquired if he must tell the counsel how it was done, and on being

assured he must do so, he crooked his elbow, and in straightening it, suddenly brought his fist in contact with the lawyer's cranium, stretching his form at full length on the floor, saying as he did so, "That is just the way he did it, as near as I can recollect."

Prominent among the pioneer Methodist preachers was one whose name I have purposely withheld until now, and of him and his work I wish to make special mention. I refer to Rev. Abel Warren, who was a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, and with his family settled in Shelby, Macomb county, in the summer of 1824, about thirty-five miles north from Detroit.

He located the farm upon which he settled in 1823, paying the government price of ten shillings per acre, and on it he lived for thirty-nine years, when he was bidden by his Master to take a higher seat, and he went up to join the victorious throng, in that country which is far superior to Michigan. Being a local preacher, he made his own appointments, and was at liberty to respond to any call he might receive, where the people desired his services, and such was the demand for them that there was hardly a settlement in eastern Michigan where he was not called at times to preach, either on the Sabbath, or at the funeral of some departed friend. I doubt if there has ever been another minister in Michigan so universally respected and beloved by all classes, and people of all creeds, as was Abel Warren, during the thirty-nine years of his life work in Michigan. He had a little daughter by the name of Mary, who was seven months old when they settled in Michigan, and while still in her childhood, she came to learn the fact of her father's hold on the people, and she asked her mother one day if she supposed her father had an enemy in the world and the reply her mother made was, "I hope he has enough to save him from the curse." But he was no time server nor popularity seeker, neither did he cater to the caprices, and whims of men for the sake of securing their good will. He was a fearless advocate of purity, and as fearless in denouncing sin, in all its forms, and in warning transgressors of the final consequences of sin, on the part of the finally impenitent. And such were his emotions and the tenderness of his feelings indicated that no one was impressed as one man declared himself impressed when listening to Rev. J. S. Smart in the church at Jackson. Meeting Mr. Smart upon the street the following day, he said, "Mr. Smart, I was deeply interested in your sermon yesterday, but I declare when you held us sinners out there by our coat collars over that yawning abyss of fire and brimstone, you looked and acted as though you wanted God to give the order, 'Let them drop.' " Not so when Father War-

ren held them out where they could look into the yawning gulf. He looked and acted as though he was afraid he would loose his grip and they would fall in spite of him, and the more he saw their danger the more freely his tears would fall, and everybody in the congregation would weep with him.

That little girl Mary who thought her father such a lovable man, after growing to womanhood found another Methodist preacher, she thought a little lovable, and up and married him when he asked her for her hand. And although she has been tilted about on his account, for forty-eight years she has never commenced suit for divorce, I am happy to say, for if she had I don't know what would have become of me.

In those early days father Warren, had an appointment in Detroit, once in four weeks I think, and his custom was to leave home after dinner, on Saturday, and ride on horseback into the city, reaching there in early evening, and after preaching and holding classmeeting on Sabbath, commencing at 10:30 o'clock a. m., he would wait for his dinner, and generally start homeward, from two to three p. m., which would usually bring him home late in the evening. His road being through a dense forest, which made his ride a little in the dark, and not very pleasant.

On one occasion, when nearing home in the midst of the forest, and while it was exceedingly dark, his pony came to a stand-still, as though fearful to proceed, and the preacher peered into the darkness before him as best he could, and discovered an object standing in front of his pony, and as nearly as he could determine, about as large as the pony he was on, and being well convinced that it was a monstrous bear, and that something must be done to frighten him from the trail. So he made a sudden move, throwing himself forward in his saddle, and leaning towards the horse's head he gave a scream, such as only a full fledged Methodist preacher could furnish voice to give, when Bruin, wondering what the man was made of, turned upon his haunches, and disappeared into the forest, and gave the pony with his rider, the exclusive right of way.

One more incident in the life of this extraordinary local preacher, and I will pass from him to others, worthy of mention in this paper.

In the summer of 1823, he came from Buffalo to Detroit, on the first steamboat that crossed Lake Erie "The Walk in the Water."

His object was the purchase of government land for his future home. On his way out from Detroit, while walking rapidly along the newly made wagon-road, leading into the country, in the direction of Pontiac, and on reaching the border of what was called Royal Oaks sandhills,

and as he was following the winding pathway through the forest of small oaks, his ear caught the sound of a female voice, singing melodiously, and he heard distinctly the words:

"We will range the bles't fields on the banks of Life's river;
And sing hallelujah, forever and ever."

And merging from the forest into a little opening before him, there was a new log cabin, with the door wide open, and seated just inside, was the lady whose voice had fallen so melodiously on his ear. An old fashioned spinning wheel stood before her, and she was doing her best in spinning some flax, that her husband had raised, as the first fruits of a little patch of newly cleared land. Stranger as he was, he turned his steps toward the door, her voice still ringing in his ears, as she continued singing; when suddenly raising her eyes, she saw the stranger approaching, and rising to her feet, and extending her hand, she exclaimed "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, come in!" Then calling her husband from his work, back of the cabin, the new acquaintance was formed, between this pioneer Methodist family, and this pioneer Methodist preacher, an acquaintance that ripened into intimate friendship that continued to the end of their lives. This family's name was Flynn,[1] and they were among the first settlers in the township of Royal Oak, Oakland county.

Our Presbyterian friends were also on hand at an early day and they had some noble pioneer preachers, whose faces are photographed on the tablet of my memory, and their names I shall never forget.

Deacon Calvin Marvin[1] owned a farm adjoining my father's, and our families became strongly attached to each other, and the friendship thus early formed was as lasting as life. The deacon's house was opened for preaching, and the first Presbyterian minister I heard preach was a man by the name of Ruggles, who settled in Pontiac at an early day and made an occasional visit to our neighborhood, and would preach in Deacon Marvin's house. He was not considered a great preacher, and if he was here today, would hardly rank in point of ability, with Cuyler, Crosby or Talmadge, but I believe he was as good a man as either of the three. Then there was a Mr. Prince, a man of great dignity, and I think was regarded as a man of greater preaching ability than Mr. Ruggles,[1] but no better man. Next came Mr. Hornell, who established a regular appointment, and ministered to us for some time. We used to think he was rather dry, but perhaps the fault was with us, as is sometimes the case, as I happen to know from personal experience.

The Baptists were not behind in seeking to cultivate this newly

[1]See appendix.

opening and promising field, and the first death in our neighborhood, and for whom the first grave was opened in the Crook's cemetery, was the wife of Deacon Ramah Cole,[1] of the Baptist church. Her funeral sermon was preached by Elder Buttolph, a minister of that denomination, greatly esteemed, who lived only a few months after attending this funeral, and was buried in the cemetery a few miles to the north of the one just named.

I think he was the first minister who died in our territory outside of Detroit. Soon after his decease Elder Booth, of precious memory, settled in our township, and preached regularly in Troy and adjoining townships for several years.

There was also one Elder Comstock, who was among the first settlers in Pontiac, who I am informed preached occasionally in the northern part of our town, and is worthy to be classed with the ministers of these pioneer days. He was the father of Deacon Elias Comstock, one of the first settlers in Owosso, whose influence for good remains in that city at this date, and will while Owosso survives the wreck of time. A noble son of a noble sire, a man of whom the Baptist church need never be ashamed, and the state of Michigan may always feel proud.

Meantime there appeared among us a sort of itinerant, and a very eccentric elderly minister, calling himself Father Peck, of the denomination called in those days Christians. He had lost one of his limbs, and used a crutch on the side from which the limb had been severed. He traveled from place to place by means of a horse and one-horse wagon, and when in our neighborhood was usually the guest of Mr. Joseph Chase, familiarly called Uncle Joe,[2] whose wife was a member of that denomination. Uncle Joe was an old line Democrat and he was our postmaster from the commencement of our new settlement until the time of his death. He had a son Jonathan who was a fiery politician and because of his waspish disposition some wag of the Whig party taught his little girl, about four years old, when asked for her politics to say, "I wig, my grandpa is dimmertrat, my pa is loco poco." Uncle Joe had the misfortune to be a stutterer and it was sometimes a little painful to listen to his conversation, and sometimes it was amusing because of the wit he exhibited in some of his speeches. He had a neighbor of great professed piety and whose zeal was far in advance of his knowledge. One beautiful morning in summer Uncle Joe was passing the home of this over pious neighbor and seeing him in his garden leaning upon his hoe handle in deep meditation, he asked, "B-b-b-Beech w-w-w-what ye

[1]See appendix.
[2]See Mich. Pion. and His. Colls., Vol. XIV, reprint.

do-do-doing th-th-there?" He said "Ah, Uncle Joseph, I am thinking of the goodness of my Heavenly Father and of His precious promises and especially the one where he says, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all of these things shall be added unto you.' Now Uncle Joseph, you know I have sought the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and I am resting on this promise and I am sure the Lord will provide for me, and there is no necessity for my slaving myself to death with this hard work and I don't propose to do so any longer."

After hearing him through with his lingo, the old man gravely replied: "W-w-well, B-b-Beech, yu-yu-yu-you n-n-n-needn't thi-thi-think the the the L-l-l-Lord wu-will huh-huh-hoe ye-ye-your b-b-beans fr-fr-for you." Uncle Joe was a man of practical common sense, and, although not very religious, he always welcomed Father Peck to the hospitalities of his home whenever he came that way.

Father Peck had the impression that he should live to see the dawn of the millenium, and then instead of dying he would be translated as were Enoch and Elijah. When some one asked him, "What shall we say if we hear some of these days that you have crossed the dark river?" "O, you can say Father Peck has found himself mistaken, and that will settle it." The dear old man had to own himself mistaken, for he had to go as others have gone. The old gentleman had a sing-song way of speaking, which some of us boys took great delight in imitating, and quite frequently after the old gentleman had left the neighborhood some mischievous boy could be heard out in the field practicing after the style of the old preacher, and in a manner that sounded much like his voice. It is so long since I heard him preach I could not, if I would, furnish you with a sketch of one of his sermons, but I well remember one of his exhortations, and the manner in which it was given, and this is what it was: "O, ye, dear youth, I pray thee, take the alar-rum, and flee the wrath to come." His style of speaking was so much like the southern hard-shell preacher of the olden time that if his theme had been the same, possibly he might have uttered the same sentence. He said: "My brethren and my sisterin, when Abram war thar, in the whale's belly." A brother preacher sitting on the platform looked him in the face and said: "Why brother, Abram warn't thar," "Well my bretherin and my sisterin, Abram war thar, or thar-abouts."

Father Peck was a great singer, and his songs partook largely of the plantation melodies of the south, especially in the matter of the chorus

attachment, and as a specimen, I will repeat one stanza with the chorus attached:

> Unto you, O, men I call, Weeping, wailing, groaning;
> Sin-cursed, by means of Adam's fall, Weeping, wailing, groaning;
> Christ came to save you, one and all, Weeping, wailing, groaning;
> Repent, believe, and heed the call; Weeping, wailing, groaning;

I don't think he was as good a poet as Judge Miller, but I think he could beat him in the line of singing, for he could sing the lines of his own composing so as to make them quite entertaining. The dear old man did find himself mistaken at last, for while he lived to a ripe old age, he was forced at the last to succumb to the inevitable, and his body slumbers, as do all the other pioneer ministers named in this paper, awaiting the sound of the trumpet that shall call them forth into life immortal; and the last enemy shall be destroyed.

I here recall the name of one Presbyterian minister, Noah Wells,[1] who was pastor of the Presbyterian church in Detroit, and occasionally paid a visit to our neighborhood in those early days. During my second pastorate in Port Huron, in 1847-8, he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Boughton, whose husband was a Presbyterian minister, and pastor of the Congregational church in that village at that time. During those two years I became intimately acquainted with him, and found in him a true friend to whom I became strongly attached. Some years afterward he passed from labor to reward, and left an untarnished record of a life of 90 years, and right here, I am happy in being able to say, that every man whose name I have mentioned as among these pioneers now at rest, maintained their integrity, and left for their posterity the legacy of an untarnished record, which to their surviving friends is far more precious than silver and gold, even in large measure. With this fact before us, can we for one moment believe that these men lived to no purpose? Nay verily; and you and I may never know while we remain here how much the state of Michigan is indebted to the men I have named in this paper for the work done by them in laying the foundation upon which our noble State has been building so grandly for the last half-century. One thing is certain. They did their work, and did it well, and we are entered into their labors so well performed.

In closing permit me to say, I am exceedingly thankful, that it was my privilege, in my boyhood to look into the faces and listen to the preaching of the men I have named; and if Col. Ingersoll should ask me to show him any good that Christianity has ever done in the world, my answer would not be that which the dear old lady in the railway

[1]Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, from May, 1825, until he resigned, July, 1834. See *Manual First Pres. Church*, 1872.

car gave him when he asked that question in her presence. Not knowing the man who asked the question, she replied, saying "It prevented Bob Ingersoll from being governor of the state of Illinois."

I should call his attention to our common school system; to all of our educational facilities, from the kindergarten to our State University. I would point him to our State constitution; our wholesome statute; our charitable, as well as our well-regulated penal institutions; our asylums for the blind, deaf and insane; our houses of correction and reform; our soldiers' home for our battle scarred and disabled veterans; our homes for the poor; our hospitals for the sick and wounded; our beautified cemeteries, where our departed sleep; then I should ask him to point to a land beneath the sun, where these can be found, except where such self-denying, self-sacrificing men have gone before, and in accord with Christ's command, have sought to improve society by impressing their minds with the thought that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." This is the work these men have wrought; and though we speak of them as among the dead, the echo of their voices still ring in our ears, reminding us of our responsibilities to God, and our obligations to society, and our duty towards each other, in all of the relations of life.

Thank God for raising up and sending such men as pioneer preachers into "My Michigan" in those early days; thank Him for helping to lead pure lives, and making an untarnished record to leave to posterity; and my prayer is, that He will help us to emulate their virtues and imitate their examples, so that when we sleep beside them in the silent tomb and our souls shall join them in their home upon the other shore we may leave to our posterity a record as clean, and an influence as potent for good, as that which has been handed down from them to us. I anticipate the reunion with them, and the grand company of pioneers to whose ears they came with the gospel message, in those early days; and I am anxious to keep my voice in tune so that I can sing not of "My Michigan," but of my Jerusalem, and I think the following will be something of the form in which I will clothe my thoughts so as to make them rhyme in harmony with the same old tune in which I sing of "Michigan, my Michigan" today.

Home of my heart I'll sing of thee, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
Thy gold-paved streets are dear to me, Jerusalem, Jerusalem;
I am now at rest within thy gates,
No more to leave this blissful state,
My home henceforth in spite of fate, Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

Here are my friends I used to know, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
I loved them then, I love them now, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
And here, henceforth, our home shall be,
From sin and death forever free,
With Christ to dwell eternally, Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

Farewell to earth, with all its cares, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Its pitfalls and ten thousand snares, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
I now am safe within thy walls,
Attentive to the Master's calls,
To whom I owe my life, my all, Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

'Tis by His grace, this home is mine, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
And in His glory I shall shine, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
To Him the glory shall be given
That I am safe at home in heaven,
No more by storms and tempests driven, Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

MICHIGAN IN HER PIONEER POLITICS; MICHIGAN IN OUR NATIONAL POLITICS, AND MICHIGAN IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1856

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN

MICHIGAN IN HER PIONEER POLITICS

I have often gone into reflection on the subject of politics; as to what it was, and as to its effect on man, and on the masses. It is not an uninteresting study. The dictionary defines it as the science of government, and politician—one versed in that science. But this does not give one a clear idea of the subject. It is the meaning out of the dictionary, where we find politics and politician defined in man's action, that we want. And when we say that as thus defined it is the principle that controls man's political action, although a good general definition, it does not give the meaning of politics in the various party forms that it assumes. In the proper use of politics we see the good citizen, the patriot; in its abuse we see the partisan, or demagogue. Again, we see in men that political fealty that gives to

party what belongs to mankind. And we see, also, that fealty which gives to the party-leaders what belongs to the party. The first develops the partisan, the second, the demagogue. But again, our early politics, like ancient Gaul, was divided into three parts. And each division was different from the other. For instance, as to the question how does politics affect man, the answer would be, that depends on the kind he has. For when applied to a large class of our people it made Democrats of them; when applied to another large class it made Whigs of them, and when applied to another and smaller class, it made liberty men or Abolitionists of them. Consequently to get a clear understanding of the politics of the old days we must understand the political principles that then governed the Democrat, the Whig, and the Abolitionist. Stated briefly, the first was for free-trade, anti-bank, and ignored the slavery question. The second was for protection, in favor of banks and was neutral on slavery. The third—anti-slavery.

Thus we have given the kind of politics that Michigan started with and that has influenced and shaped her political career; says one of our pioneers, "I remember the time when there were no signs of any politics about the early settlement in Battle Creek, that is, in the partisan sense of that word." The pioneers did not begin their political existence here as voters, till after their homes were established. When there were enough settlers in a certain region, a township was organized and, when enough townships were created, a county was organized, each township and county having a distinct civil existence. And the settlers went about the organization of a township, and the election of township officers, as they did in rearing their log cabins, schoolhouses and churches. It was an important matter, and they gave it their best thought and attention, with an honest endeavor to subserve the public interest. The township being organized, it was divided into school and road districts, and suitable officers were elected in each. Let us for a moment, look at the primitive official equipment of a township by its first election. And let us take that of Comstock, Kalamazoo county, at its organization in 1834. It was officered as follows: one supervisor; one township clerk; three assessors; one collector; three highway commissioners; three school commissioners; five school inspectors; six overseers of highways and fence viewers; three directors of the poor; three constables, and three pound masters. Here, among other things, we notice the especial attention that was required to be given to schools and highways, by the ample number of officers elected for that purpose. These are two very important factors in our civilization. After our

ancestors created the township, that school of self government, and provided for a system of voting which would give the freest and most unbiased expression of the popular will, they then established "the common school, that sheet anchor of the old ship of State," as Mr. Chauncey Depew calls it. And we cannot give the early settlers too much credit for it. And also in regard to roads, they early gave their attention to them. The road is a physical sign or symbol by which you will best understand any age or people. If they have no roads they are savages. The emigrants who, in the old days, first left Detroit, took a rough road westward, that led to a rude settlement in the woods. Beyond this they found a mere indistinct wagon track that led to a log cabin among the trees; from the cabin they followed a foot-path that led to a log barn, and from that a squirrel track that went up a tree. All beyond this was an unreclaimed wilderness, in possession of the red man, with no roads, all *trackless,* save that it was meandered by interminable Indian trails and deer paths. The road then is a creation of man and a type of civilized society.

It was something then of an important matter for a set of men to assume the sworn responsibilities of governing a township, and to faithfully discharge the duties of their offices. As that staunch pioneer, Warren B. Shephard,[1] before taking the oath as one of Battle Creek's first township officers, said: "It may not require us to be deeply versed in Statecraft in order to govern a township, but I think we should have some townshipcraft in order to well and faithfully perform our duties; consequently, I move that as we are in a new country, struggling hard to make a beginning, and as this is new business in which we can all do better when we know better, therefore, I move that instead of taking the severe formal oath of 'swearing in' to office, we 'swow in' for the first year, and do the best we can at that, and swear in the next year." So, as the story goes, they all "swowed" into office the first year.

Now the environment of the township meeting of those early days was certainly conducive to a free, unbiased vote.

The settlers had at heart the interest of the common weal and, for a while at least, no partisan influence was felt at town meetings. But after the township and county organizations were got thoroughly in hand, and the Territory became a State, and the whole political machinery of the young commonwealth set going, then we began to see and feel the party man's influence the partisan's or demagogue's manipulations. The old Democrat and Whig parties started Michigan in politics. They at least controlled by turns her political interest up

[1]See appendix.

to 1852, when the old Whig party after her memorable defeat in that presidential campaign, went out of history. At the time Michigan was ushered from her territorial nonage into her full statehood, Stevens T. Mason was Governor, Isaac E. Crary,[1] represented in the lower house at Washington, and Lucius Lyon in the senate; and Martin VanBuren was President. The Detroit Free Press was the organ of the Democratic party, the Detroit Advertiser the organ of the Whig party. Each newspaper did much in sustaining the cause of its own party. They were ably edited and were about the only political papers that reached the people in the various parts of the State. They were weeklies, and in the settlements in the central and western parts of the State, only an occasional copy found its way to the settler's home. A few years later better roads and facilities for conveying news, brought the weekly Free Press and Advertiser regularly to the people in the interior of the State.

We have spoken of the absence of party spirit at the early elections. To show that this was only of short duration, we give the following instance: At the annual township election in Battle Creek in the spring of 1838, the Democrats on and about Goguac prairie met at Warren B. Shephard's home just south of the village, and there equipped themselves with stout hickory canes or sticks, some four feet long, before going into the village. Here they were marshaled two abreast, some seventy or eighty in number, and put under command of my brother, Martin VanBuren, as captain. His father being cousin of the President, and he of the same name, made his position as captain of a company of Democrats more appropriate. Being joined by other Democrats, similarly equipped, they presented a formidable array to their political foes as they marched into town. This election had brought out the Whigs in their full strength. They were on the alert and ready for the onset at the polls; and none was more so than that formidable old Whig, Leonard Starkweather, for short called "old Stark. He was brother of the well known pioneer Erastus Starkweather of Plymouth, Mich., and of the noted lawyer Samuel Starkweather of Cooperstown, New York. He, being an incorrigible Whig, could not tolerate the idea of this long file of Democrats, marching to the polls in such a defiant array, and made more especially obnoxious to him by their carrying hickory canes that emblem of Democracy of the Old Hickory stamp which he detested. Hence as the column advanced toward the polls, he grew furious, and swore they should not vote in that way, it was an insult to every Whig present. So he made a bold charge upon their ranks in order to throw them into confusion,

[1]See appendix.

seizing Henry Eberstine, a young Democrat, he pulled him from the ranks. Upon this Ephraim VanBuren caught "old Stark" by the coat collar and jerked him loose from Eberstine, exclaiming as he did so—"Old Stark, let us alone! We are going to the polls in rank, and vote just as we are. Now keep quiet, and don't molest us again, or you will make us defend ourselves, which may not be as well for you." But the redoubtable old Whig politician was furious with rage, and laid about him right and left with his fists, till some cooler headed Whigs gathered about him, and after awhile, got him out of the excited crowd, and kept him from further interrupting the Democrats voting in the order they had designed. This was the first illustration of party spirit that I had ever witnessed. It is said that the sun went down on "Old Stark's" wrath that day, and that he awoke the next morning as mad as ever. A few days after this event an old Democrat told him that if he wished to succeed in politics he must vote with them. He exclaimed "what, I join you? Sooner than vote the Democratic ticket, I would crawl on my hands and knees from Battle Creek to Detroit, and be struck by lightning every other mile."

At this time the newspaper and the political speaker constituted a power for each party, and were the means of keeping their adherents informed on all the political issues and topics of the day. The speaker having the advantage of getting first what the party organs had to say and then personally haranguing the people on the questions at issue in the coming election. They were accustomed to look to him as political leader and counselor, for he was not only the party's orator but oracle as well. And when did public speaker ever have such listeners? Listeners who gave him an appreciation that was inspiration itself; and an applause that stimulated him to put forth his best efforts. Webster says that eloquence must exist in the man, in the occasion. Well, here was the occasion in that enthusiastic, appreciative gathering, that put the man at his best, and if there was any eloquence in him it was sure to be brought out. Says an old stump speaker of that day, "when I ascended the platform the upturned faces of the enthusiastic crowd before me fired me for the occasion; there is where I got my inspiration. That was the day for spontaneous eloquence." The notice given out for a political speech at that time was the signal for a rally of Whigs or Democrats. For every Whig and Democrat had a personal interest in the orator of his own party, and in the discussion of his subject. There was a fealty to party leaders that was true to all the demands made upon it, and he was ever in close sympathy with the masses of the party. He always addressed his adherents in

an off-hand speech and manner, that seemed born of the occasion, and carried them by an unstudied, inherent force; and, as this was before the day of stenographic reporting, the speech did not get into print, and the only way for the people to get it was at the hustings, where it was delivered. Newspapers gave outlines of these speeches, and ringing editorials on the party issues, and were of great aid to the party's cause, but the party-leader or stump-speaker was the direct and controlling force in the democratic and whig days of fifty years ago. But "today the newspaper has turned the orator into an essayist, and usually a dull one at that." There is such a glory to see one's speech in print that, as John Burroughs would have it, the thought of the hustings causes the speaker to break out all over with a sort of literary rash that nothing will assuage but some newspaper or journalistic enterprise, which will give the speech with which he is surcharged a chance "to be seen and heard of men."

Now, the essence of a good speech upon ordinary occasions is its adaptation to the tone and spirit of its surroundings—its sympathetic touch with its hearers—the indescribable magnetism born of time, place and circumstance, and personality, the charm of utterance, the inspiration of the hour. These characterized the speaker and the speaking of the old days. The speaker nowadays cannot address himself to his audience, he must harangue Christendom through the next morning's papers; he is incumbered all the time with the thought of how and what he says will be made to read in the papers, and what will be said of it. But, in the old times we refer to, we got the speech fresh, animated from the lips of the speaker, in all the power of argument and impassioned eloquence. We got the speech from the man and not from the manuscript. A great difference that, as the Scotch have it, especially where the script hampers the man. What a change between the *now* and *then* of our political[1] meetings! It is difficult for a person of today to conceive of the degree of enthusiasm that pervaded a political gathering in Michigan fifty years ago. Was ever such attention, appreciation and admiration, given a political orator? Was ever, we repeat, a public gathering so gifted as listeners? With listeners so alive to every good thing in a speech, and so ready to give merited applause to a speaker? The day abounded in listeners. And as genuine oratory depends upon the ear and appreciation of the auditors, it was an age of genuine oratory. Today the reverse of this is largely true. There is a dearth of enthusiastic *listeners,* hence we have but little

*What we have said on the decline of oratory, here and in Vol. 11 of these collections, we consider as part of the history of the times; and the decline is due we think to the change in the condition of our State and national affairs, and to the change in the condition of the press and the people.

genuine political oratory. For although the present age may be said to abound in public speakers, there is that something lacking in the hearers, to fire the speaker's logic, or set his eloquence aflame. The reason for this is obvious, as in any public gathering or convention of our people today, every other man is surcharged with a speech of his own or has a manuscript one sticking out of his pocket. Consequently where there are so many people who are impressed with the idea that they have a special mission to publicly deliver to their fellow men, there are very few interested listeners; in such a case you cannot tell people any thing.

My earliest recollections of political meetings in Michigan, are connected with those held in Battle Creek in the last part of the "thirties." Edward Bradley, Isaac E. Crary and Thomas B. Church of Marshall, were the political orators at the democratic gatherings referred to. Bradley's popularity as a political speaker was unbounded. I can see him now familiarly mingling among the Democrats at their meetings, taking seat with them before the speaking began, and as one of them talking freely on the subjects incident to the occasion. I used to think that here was where Bradley got his power with the masses. That he became so thoroughly identified with his surroundings that when he was called to the rostrum, his speech took its thought, its tone and color so much from his environments that it was just what the occasion called for, and the applause that greeted him as he ascended the platform, and the plaudits given him by an animated crowd during his speech, were the natural recognition, the full meed of reward for his oratorical triumph. Nature had endowed Bradley with the rare gift of eloquent speech. Probably no political speaker of his day in the west surpassed him in his power over a public assemblage at the hustings. People went to the meeting because Bradley was to speak. Let it be far or near, time and distance did not hinder them; nor could they hear him too often, nothing staled his infinite variety. In our reminiscences of the bench and bar of Calhoun county, in volume eleven of these collections, we have given a fuller sketch of Bradley as a lawyer and orator.

I remember hearing Isaac E. Crary and Thomas B. Church address a crowd of Democrats at Battle Creek sometime in 1838. I was a boy then; and as I recall myself sitting on the rough-board seats in Capt John Marvin's new store building listening to Hon. Isaac E. Crary's speech, I seem to sit like a young Paul getting instruction from a Gamaliel. It was not only fortunate for Michigan that she had an Isaac E. Crary to found (with his co-worker Rev. J. D. Pierce) her

admirable school system, to represent her in Congress, to fit her for her statehood and for her splendid future career; but it was also fortunate for the people of the State that they had so wise and able a statesman to instruct them in their first political duties, on their first party issues, thus making them more useful citizens and more intelligent voters. There was not a particle of the partisan in Isaac E. Crary. If he erred in his political course it was an error of his judgment and not of intention. That he was a politician is true. But whether discussing party principles at the hustings, or national affairs in legislative council, he was the same candid, able counselor, in the one case as in the other. He was foremost among our early statesmen in discovering the wants of the new State, and his master hand is seen not only in its full and thorough organization, but in the establishment of those institutions that have made it a great and prosperous commonwealth.

Thomas B. Church was then a young man reading law in the office of Gordon & Woodruff, in Marshall. But he knew then how to make a good political speech. Mr. Church presented his theme in such a manner as to fix the attention of his hearers on the start. He had the power at least to hold their attention while he by forcible argument and illustration, and occasional sallies of wit, discussed the bank question, tariff, and whatever issue was before the people at the time. Mr. Crary had discussed the same subjects in his speech. There was a local whig politician by the name of Gillespie, who lived at Verona, two miles north of Battle Creek, and who, being a little deaf, had taken a seat near Mr. Church as he began his speech. The speaker in describing that type of politician termed office-seeker, exclaimed—"you will find them everywhere, they are the 'hanger-ons' in the political camp, the 'fawning Uriah Heeps' at elections, and when elected became the barnacles on our body politic," and at the same time pointing with his finger here and there at the crowd by way of general expression, he chanced to point towards Gillespie, who, taking it in high dudgeon, exclaimed—"Quite too personal, Mr. Church, quite too personal, sir!" Mr. Church aware that the wounded bird always flutters, mildly replied; "my reference was to office-seekers in general, when I said 'here is one, and there is one;' but if in thus pointing I have hit a real office-seeker, I am not to blame for it. If the coat fits put it on." The old Whig politician was much nettled by Mr. Church's caustic remark, but kept on taking notes till the speech was finished. And no doubt answered it the next time he addressed a Whig gathering during that campaign.

What I have said of the democratic orators in regard to character, to an open fair discussion of the issues of the day, will apply as well to the whig orators of that time. It was always a pleasure to listen to Hons. James Wright Gordon and Henry W. Taylor, leading whig orators of Marshall, as well as to Horace Mower, and Marsh Giddings, prominent whig orators of Kalamazoo. We have given, as said before, sketches of the democratic and whig speakers of Marshall, and Kalamazoo, in volume eleven of these collections.

In these early political meetings the democratic and whig voters of the State got their first political lessons; their first instruction and training in regard to the duties incumbent on the citizens as electors in a young state.

The hustings were a sort of political school where the politics of the day were discussed for the benefit of the citizen. They were very popular and the two old parties, Whig and Democrat, were noble old foes for each found in the other a foeman worthy of its steel. The rivalry existing between them was always sufficient to call out the full party strength, and put each one at its best. They differed in their creeds on the tariff, National Bank, and other issues of the time. The general influence arising from party opposition, watchfulness, and scrutiny of each other's movements, resulted in good to the government. Review the political history of this State, from governor down to pathmaster, for the first thirty years of its existence, and you will find a history that not only reads well, but one in which every citizen of the State can take a just and honorable pride. We are in no sense extenuating the sins of the old political parties in Michigan; there was evil enough in our politics then, but there was less of it, and both state and national politics were less complicated. And in our young State there was an apparent endeavor on the part of both party leaders, and parties to subserve the best interest of the common weal. I have spoken of the husting as a kind of political training school, that its influence was to inform, instruct, and make more intelligent citizens and voters. The old Judean leaders instructed their followers in this way. The Greek orators enlightened the masses on all public and political affairs, and fitted them for their duties as citizens, at their public gatherings. Our politics, as said, in the past were much simpler, not mixed up with so many political isms, and schism, with so many various labor and moral issues, making a political campaign now a much more laborious, intricate, and difficult business, as regards informing and enlightening the people in its issues. For while we have really but two parties today, Republican and Democrat, yet there

are half a dozen of what we call party "off-shoots," "suckers" to the main party stems, from which they draw their strength and get their growth, thus weakening the main stalks, while they themselves never attain maturity, nor amount to anything but a useless growth, as far as party purpose is concerned. Thus the two old parties stand today, hedged in, assailed and weakened by so many difficulties, while their following is measurably diminished or divided up among these would-be parties, who assume more or less of their principles, thus complicating party issues and discussions, and lessening the old party interest and enthusiasm among the people. And as regards the old "stump speaker," "Othello's occupation is gone"—to the modern editor.

MICHIGAN IN OUR NATIONAL POLITICS

We have said there were but two political parties in Michigan fifty years ago. This is true, but while the old Democratic and Whig parties were carrying on their biennial and quadrennial campaigns, and fighting their political battles over the National Bank, the American tariff questions, and looking to the material advancement of the nation, a radical reform was at work among the people.

There was an obscure individual, a man little known then, save by the stirring appeals for human freedom to the people wherever he sojourned, or by his spirited and aggressive attacks against American slavery, which he published in his anti-slavery paper, or delivered in his addresses as he went from town to town along the line of the border states, and in other parts of the country. This was Benjamin Lundy, the quiet, unobtrusive Quaker, though determined and aggressive philanthropist and reformer. He was arousing the people to a sense of the great sin of human slavery in our country. As the Greek patriots awakened their countrymen to a sense of danger from Macedonian invasion, by going from place to place and writing on the rocks "Arouse, Greeks from your slumbers," so Benjamin Lundy went from place to place giving the signal of warning to his countrymen to arouse them to a sense of danger from the encroachments of human slavery. He soon had aid from others. Elijah P. Lovejoy of Illinois joined in the reform, as editor and advocate of freedom to all men. James G. Birney of Kentucky entered heartily into the reform as writer and lecturer, and, from first to last, gave his time, money and his entire influence to the work of anti-slavery reform. And it was reform that told in American politics; reform that not only reached the test of political power at the ballot box, but was held there by party organization till that party

gained the ascendency and was put in control of the government. Thus James G. Birney successfully introduced ethics into American politics. He was our Wilberforce,[1] who, having begun anti-slavery reform, did not cease in his work till the problem of American slavery, through administrative ascendency, was solved by the freedom of 6,000,000 slaves.

There are pages in Michigan history that are replete with genuine reform in aid of this national anti-slavery movement, which was so well begun by Benjamin Lundy and continued by James G. Birney. There were enough liberty men in the State from the start, to keep the reform sentiment alive in the minds, feelings and hearts of the people. And when the time came, as it did in 1841, for political action, they put Jabez S. Frtiz in nomination as Free-soil candidate for governor, who received 1,223 votes, while Philo C. Fuller, Whig candidate, got 15,439, and John S. Barry, Democratic candidate, was elected with 20,993 votes. Among the nine Abolitionists at Battle Creek who voted for Jabez S. Fritz, in 1841, were Erastus Hussey, Henry Willis, Silas Dodge, Dea. Isaac Mason, Elder John Harris. The other four names I have forgotten. The Democrats and Whigs laughed at and jeered these abolition voters. But they calmly bore the taunts. I remember that Mr. Hussey said to them "you old party men may laugh at and ridicule us as much as you please, the day is coming when we will be honored for the very act you are now deriding!" It took only nineteen years to make this prediction true, in the election of Abraham Lincoln president, in 1860.

The "underground railroad," starting at a point on the Ohio River, the border line between the land of slavery and freedom, went through Ohio and Michigan to Detroit, and thence across the river into Canada, the land of refuge and the home of the escaped slave.

Battle Creek was one of the best known and important stations on this road. To say that it was the home of Hon. Erastus Hussey is enough to establish that fact. He was the great friend of the fugitive slave, and has been the means of aiding hundreds of them to reach Canada. With him labored Henry Willis, as well as Dr. S. B. Thayer, Orlando Moffatt, Silas Dodge and others of the same place. Connected with this road were Dr. N. M. Thomas, of Schoolcraft, Dr. Uriah Upjohn, who was Free-soil candidate for Congress, and Dea. Hydenburg of Kalamazoo, Dea. Simeon Mills and his brothers, and the Mays of Gull Prairie.

In 1843, James G. Birney was the Free-soil nominee for governor, receiving 2,776 votes against 21,392 for John S. Barry. James G. Birney

[1]William Wilberforce was an opponent of slavery and the slave trade in the latter part of the 18th century.

was also the Free-soil nominee for governor in 1845, getting 3,023 votes, while Alpheus Felch, Democratic nominee was elected with 20,123 votes. In 1847, Chester Gurney of Centerville, was the Free-soil candidate for governor, receiving 2,585 votes, while Epaphroditus Ransom, Democrat, was elected with 24,639 votes. In 1852, Isaac P. Christiancy was the Free-soil candidate for governor, getting 5,850 votes, while Robert McClelland, Democrat, was elected with 23,827.

Thus James G. Birney became the leader who mustered, drilled and trained the abolition forces in Michigan for a still larger and more important field—that of our national politics, and there, in two presidential contests he led them against their old foes, and although not gaining the victory, yet he handed them over to other leaders with whom, increased in numbers and discipline, they constituted the "old guard" that turned the tide of battle in favor of the Republicans in the presidential contest in 1860.

For the full development of the history of this movement, it is necessary to get some pertinent facts from New York politics. Early in Polk's administration[1] the division of New York Democrats into "Barnburners" and "Old Hunkers" appeared. The Barnburners were anti-Texas, VanBuren men, or radical Democrats who were likened to the farmer who burned his barn to clear it of rats. The Old Hunkers were annexationists, called "northern men with southern principles," easy going, office-seeking men of the old party. Here, please notice that the anti-slavery element was introduced direct into the Democratic party. And it was by means of VanBuren's Texas letter opposing the admission of that state with slavery. In this Mr. VanBuren was backed by William Cullen Bryant, David Dudley Field, John W. Edmonds and other leading Democrats, who supported Polk but who now opposed annexation. With them were Silas Wright,[2] then governor, Benjamin F. Butler, John A. Dix, Azariah C. Flagg and John VanBuren, the incomparable orator of the movement. At the same time arose the strife over the Wilmot proviso which also embodied the opposition to the extension of slavery. Now upon this movement of the Barnburners, embodying the Wilmot proviso, the Republican party, eight years later, was formed, and upon it fourteen years later, Abraham Lincoln was chosen president. Let us get the correct history from the facts in the case. In the Democratic convention of New York, 1846, the war for the extension of slavery was charged by the Barnburners on the Hunkers. The former were victorious and Silas Wright was nominated for governor, but defeated, however, at the election. In the Democratic convention at Syracuse

[1]1845-1849.
[2]Governor of New York State, 1845.

in 1847, the Hunkers after a fierce struggle seized control of the body. David Dudley Field for the Barnburners, proposed a resolution which embodied their uncompromising hostility to the extension of slavery into territories now free. This was defeated. The Barnburners then seceded and issued an address in which Lawrance VanBuren, the ex-President's brother joined. They protested that the anti-slavery resolution had been defeated by fraud in the convention, and called a mass meeting at Herkimer, on Oct. 26, to avow their principles and to consult as to future action. Now let us see if this Herkimer convention was not really a very important preliminary in the formation of the modern Republican party. It was a gathering of ex-President VanBuren's friends. Cambrelling, his old associate presided; David Wilmot addressed the meeting, and John VanBuren, now conspicuous and powerful in New York politics, reported the resolutions. In the New York canvass of 1847, they kept steadily at their work and in the legislature the Barnburners or "Free-soilers" as they now began to be called, outnumbered the Hunkers. To get an inner view of this conflict, we quote an able writer of that day, William Raymond, of Columbia county, New York, who says of the bitter feud between the Hunkers and Barnburners in the Syracuse convention of 1846: "The 'Hunkers' strained every nerve to carry it. The 'Barnburners' did not awake to their danger until too late. The doings of that convention constitute a memorable era in the history of the Democratic party, and no less so in the career of Martin VanBuren. It was a convention of distinguished strength and talent. The master spirits of both parties were among its members—Burker, and Cambrelling, and King, and Grover, and Rathbun, and Field, on one side; and on the other Brady, and Seymour, and Stryker, and Peckham, and Litchfield. The very flower of the Democracy was there. To be an equal among such men was an honor. But in the heat and press of the struggle, John VanBuren like the Grecian king at Troy, stood whole head and shoulders above them all. He was rejected as a delegate, by the convention. That was not much to him. He was too great a quarry for the 'Hunkers' to let him slip, once they had him in their toils. That convention brought him out for the first time, in his native power of intellect and force of will, and made him at once the foremost man of his party in the State. His speech, in his own case, was irresistible in its argument—in its invective, tremendous. It was a complete and signal triumph for Martin Van Buren; and as unexpected as it was signal. A few men had known

him as a strenuous and uncompromising radical. Most men remembered him simply as the son of a president—a young man rather ornamental than useful—the "Prince John" in short of London gossip; smart, good-looking, and well-bred, with rather a narrow escape of being a dandy. Not six men in the State were prepared for the powers he manifested at the convention. Like the Irish rebellion, he broke out "forty thousand strong, when nobody expected it."

In his speech at Hudson on the Wilmot proviso, he referred to the prevailing tendency of the young men of the day to be "Barnburners," and its effect on the two sections of Democracy, he said: "Wherever I go, I see a new race of men, between twenty and thirty, pressing forward into political life in the Republican party. I find, that almost without an exception, they espouse with warmth and vigor the doctrines and the cause of the radical party. If I were a conservative, as I am not—to see these young shoots springing up all around me, would make me feel, as I could fancy a dead man would feel, if he could see the grass growing over him." Continuing, he closed his speech with this eloquent passage: "I know that a fierce political storm is now raging, the political sea rolls mountain high; but I have an undoubting conviction of the correctness of my course; and I think I see the spirit of justice and liberty walking on the waters, and saying to us—'come hither, this is the way, walk ye therein.'"

In April, 1848, the Barnburner members of the legislature issued an address,[1] the authors found to be Martin VanBuren, John VanBuren and S. J. Tilden. It demonstrated the Free-soil principles of the Democratic fathers. The national convention met in May 1848, and offered to admit Barnburners and Hunker delegates together to cast the vote of the state. The Barnburners refused to do this and withdrew from the convention. Lewis Cass was nominated for president, the Wilmot proviso being thus emphatically condemned, for Cass had declared that new territories should decide as to slavery. The Barnburners met at Utica in June, 1848. And then came the great result of all the previous meetings in New York, the memorable national convention of Free-Soilers that was held at Buffalo on Aug. 8, 1848, when Martin VanBuren[2] was nominated for president and Charles Francis

[1]Published in a pamphlet. See Judge Christiancy's opinion of this pamphlet in his letter given herewith.

[2]From first to last in his political career Mr. VanBuren has been an uncompromising opponent of slavery extension. Viewed by the light of history no man's acts of his day are clearer and more pronounced on the subject of non extension of slavery. And we further state that it was the barnburner movement of which he was the promoter, which eventually led to the formation of new national party, as we shall see.

Adams for vice-president, in their platform they proposed no interference with slavery within the limits of any state. "We accept the issue which the slave power has forced upon us; and to their demand for more slave states and more slave territory, our calm but final answer is, no more slave states, no more slave territory. There must be no more compromises with slavery, if made they must be repealed. We inscribe on our banner—Free-soil, free speech, free labor and free men, and under it we will fight on, and fight ever, until a triumphant victory shall reward our exertions."

Thus we have given the story of the rise and growth of the anti-slavery movement, which as we have seen was first started by Benjamin Lundy, further advanced by Lovejoy, and really made national through party organization by James G. Birney. For, with the name of James G. Birney is associated the very genesis of the true, successful Abolition party, and with the name of Martin Van Buren is associated the very political power which carried the abolition movement into the party organization, which held it there, until its creed was formulated in that party's platform at the national convention at Buffalo in 1848.

It is said that some of the greatest achievements in this life have sprung from acts recorded on the fly leaves of history. The Benjamin Lundy "Liberty men," the practical, old line Abolitionists, the "Wilmot proviso men," the John P. Hale "Free-soilers," the old radical Whigs and Democrats, all united, and met in convention, "under the oaks" at Jackson in 1854, and here, on that ever memorable occasion, like the barons at Runnymede, they not only made some grand history for their country, but their action resulted in securing the magna charta of freedom to six millions of their enslaved fellow beings. This we can truly call the greatest achievement in American politics.

Let us review, in outline, the growth and progress of this great movement. In 1840 the Liberty party nominated as their president, James G. Birney, of New York, and Francis J. Lemoyne, of Pennsylvania, vice-president, and they received 7,059 votes. In 1844, the Liberty party again put James G. Birney in the field as their president, and Thomas Morris of Ohio, for vice-president, and they received 62,300 votes.

In 1848, the same party, now "Free-soilers," put in nomination Martin VanBuren for president and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president, who got 291,263 votes. In 1852 the Free-soilers nominated John P. Hale of New Hampshire, for president, and Geo. W. Julian

of Ind., for vice-president, who got 156,149 votes. In 1856, the young Republican party followed the lead of John C. Fremont for president and William L. Dayton of N. J., for vice-president, who got 1,341,264 votes. Here the old line Whigs who had not joined the Free-soilers, and later Republicans, nominated Millard Fillmore for president, and Andrew J. Donaldson, of Tennessee, for vice-president. This was the American or Know-Nothing party, and got 874,534 votes, almost twice as many as Fremont needed to elect him. In 1860 the Republicans went into power under Abraham Lincoln for president, and Hannibal Hamlin for vice-president, getting 1,866,352 votes.

The presidential campaign of 1852 was memorable as being the last great rally of the old Whig party for restoration to power. It reminds one of the last great rally of the Stuart party under the "Chevalier Prince Charles," at Culloden; it not only met with an overwhelming defeat but one that closed its career as a political party.

It is said that the nickname "Old Fuss and Feathers," killed Gen. Scott as a presidential candidate. Be this as it may, the old Whig party did not die, it merely went out of history as a Whig organization, but came in again almost entire, two years later at Jackson in 1854, as an influential part of the new Republican party, which was organized on that memorable occasion, taking the old party's place. The part that Michigan has taken from first to last in American politics, has not only been an important one, but one that has been far reaching in its commanding and beneficial effects on the entire country.

The important part that Michigan took in this movement is a matter of history and began as follows:

The first call for a convention was made by the free democracy, and was held at Jackson on Feb. 22, 1854. The call was signed by U. Tracy Howe, Hovey K. Clark, Silas M. Holmes, S. A. Baker, S. B. Thayer, Samuel P. Mead, Samuel Zug, J. W. Childs, and Erastus Hussey, State central committee. After much discussion and conferring among the free democracy and Free-soilers, a convention was called at Kalamazoo for May 28, same year, held there, and resulted in calling the harmonious and successful convention at Jackson on July 6, 1854. Here all the different elements of political reformers met in a grand mass convention, when the following permanent officers were chosen:

For president Hon. D. S. Walbridge of Kalamazoo.

Secretaries J. VanRenselaer, of Detroit; J. F. Conover, of Wayne; A. B. Turner, of Kent; and others.

The ticket nominated at that time was:

Governor, Kinsley S. Bingham of Livingston.

Lieut. Governor, George A. Coe of Branch.
Secretary of State, John McKinney of VanBuren.
State Treasurer, Silas M. Holmes of Wayne.
Attorney General, Jacob M. Howard of Wayne.
Auditor General, Whitney Jones of Ingham.
Commissioner of Land Office, Seymour B. Treadwell of Jackson.
Supt. of Public Instruction, Ira Mayhew of Monroe.
Member of Board of Education, John R. Kellogg of Allegan.
Member of Board of Education, vacancy, Hiram Miller of Saginaw.

This ticket, composed of good and true men, was elected. The honor of having founded and named the great Republican party, has been claimed by other states.

> "Seven Grecian cities claimed great Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged for bread."

Nearly as many states claimed the honor, as we have said, of founding and naming the Republican party.

In reference to these claims in behalf of other states, Henry Wilson truly says in his "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America." "But whatever suggestions may have been made, or whatever action may have been taken elsewhere, to Michigan belongs the honor of being the first state to form and christen the Republican party," and James Freeman Clark, in the "Anti-Slavery Days," emphatically indorses what Mr. Wilson says on the subject of Michigan's having the honor of founding and naming the Republican party. This ought to settle the matter as far as historical facts are concerned. These two men, and authors, of all others the most deeply versed in the anti-slavery history of this country should make it conclusive. Vice-President Colfax says on this subject "I remember too, right well how that harmonious and auspicious gathering of free Democrats, Whigs, Abolitionists and anti-Nebraska men under the oaks at Jackson, formed themselves into a united Republican organization, and how it inspired us in Indiana to redoubled exertions, so that we changed the democratic majority of 15,000 in 1852, to a republican majority of 12,000 in 1854." And aside from these undeniable historic facts, the name and principle of the new party founded at Jackson, Michigan, were successively adopted by the political reformers in all the other states. Wherever, in any state, there were practical old line Abolitionists, Free-soilers, radical Whigs and Democrats, these united and organized, under the new flag, given to the breeze at Jackson and equipped in the new republican armor were ready to join their sister states in battle for progress and reform. Thus to Michigan belongs the honor of being the founder of the

National Republican party. And we simply state an historical fact, when we say, that it was the barnburner or free-soil movement that revolutionized American politics, and finally resulted in the formation of this National Republican party at Jackson, July 6, 1854.

The stronghold of the Abolitionists in central Michigan was the little brown Quaker "meeting house" in Battle Creek. Here, in this unpretentious little building, used to gather many of the distinguished abolition orators and their followers. Battle Creek was the home of the Husseys, the Meritts, the Cornells, the Laphams, the Suttons, all Quakers and all Abolitionists or moral reformers. Consequently here came, in those anti-slavery days, Parker Pilsbury, C. C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, and Abbey Kelley Foster, Henry C. Wright, Garrisonians of the genuine type, and like their leader the most impracticable, yes *incorrigible,* class of reformers known in the history of American political annals. This small number of resolute, ultra Abolitionists who cared little for the union in comparison with the one cause of human rights, and whose moral fervor found in the compromises of the constitution, so dear and sacred to all American statesmen, only a covenant with hell, this class were, as far as coöperation in any practical reform was concerned, of no benefit to the genuine anti-slavery movement of Lundy, Lovejoy, Birney and their compeers. Neither did Gerrit Smith aid the true reform party movement, for he believed that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the states where it existed. Hence like the Garrisonians he was impracticable as a reformer of his day. That these *ultra* Abolitionists did great good to the cause of anti-slavery, by their bold and able discussion of the question of human freedom, is undeniable. But for all effectual, practical abolition reform they were of no use to the great moral conflict by which the reform party eventually succeeded in getting into power. While the great political anti-slavery movement was going on, these *ultra* Abolitionists under the lead of Garrison, Phillips and others had decided to oppose all voting and all political efforts under the Constitution. They adopted as their motto—"No union with slaveholders." Nothing but a dissolution of the union would accomplish their object. This republic was not a model, but a warning to nations,—"dissolve the union and abolish slavery," was their battle cry. Wendell Phillips said on one occasion "Thank God, I am not a citizen of the United States!"

Among those who were accustomed to lecture or discuss anti-slavery questions in the Quaker meeting-house in Battle Creek, were, besides those we have named, Henry C. Wright, Stephen S. Foster and a Mr. Walker, a noted "come-outer," all Garrisonians. James Freeman Clarke

says of Stephen S. Foster and Henry C. Wright: "These Garrisonian orators had the keenest tongues ever given to man. They said the sharpest things that were ever uttered. Their belief was that people were asleep, and the only thing to be done was to arouse them; and to do this it was necessary to cut deep and to spare not for the crying."

Foster's book—"The Brotherhood of Thieves, A True Picture of the American Church and Clergy," will indicate the sentiment of the man on the anti-slavery question. He used to preface his discourses by laying down the proposition that it would be better for the people of a town and for virtue and happiness among them, to establish a hundred rum shops, fifty gambling houses and ten brothels, rather than *one church*. He interrupted a preacher on Sunday in a church in Portland, Maine, and undertook to expound the gospel of Abolitionism. The result was he was put out of the church with his coat nearly torn off his back. At another time, in a meeting in Boston, these fiery orators denounced the churches and clergy so violently that the meeting became nearly a riot, and for more than an hour no speaker had been allowed a hearing. At length Foster came in arrayed in a coat, one tail of which was torn off (in the church at Portland), while around his neck was a ponderous iron collar with four large prongs protruding above his head, and in each hand he held a heavy chain and shackles. The collar with prongs and the chain and shackles were instruments for punishment of slaves, obtained from New Orleans. In this extraordinary garb he looked somewhat like the devil, as that personage is popularly represented, and his sudden apparition stilled the tumult enough to allow him to be heard. Shaking his chains and wriggling his horns and turning round to exhibit his mutilated coat he shouted in his loudest and most taunting tones—"Behold the emblems of the American church and clergy!" This caused a renewal of the tumult, and the convention soon broke up in disorder, though without any serious outrage. These fanatics also assailed the *State* as well as the church, and the national government with equal fury. Pilsbury had published a book entitled—"The Church the Forlorn Hope of Slavery." Listening to these Garrisonian orators in those early anti-slavery days in Battle Creek, I have never forgotten their bitter, fiery denunciations of church, state and government. And it seemed that they exhausted their vocabulary of epithets and adjectives in their denunciation of the "church and clergy." To one who still remembers the speeches of these ultra, impracticable, wildly fanatical orators, it is not difficult to account for the extreme hate borne them by the old line Whigs and Democrats. But to Hon. Erastus Hussey of Battle Creek, to I. P.

Christiancy of Monroe, and to Hon. Hovey K. Clark of Detroit, and their compeers in Michigan, all credit and honor is due for their able and successful efforts in carrying on the great moral conflict that resulted or culminated in the formation of the National Republican party under the oaks at Jackson, July 6, 1854. They differed from Garrison and his impracticable school, and could not, and did not work with them. Garrison had written when in jail in Boston,

"I am an abolitionist,
And glory in the name,
Although by slavery's minions hist,
And covered o'er with shame."

Lundy, Lovejoy, Birney and their co-workers, were just as good Abolitionists as William Lloyd Garrison and his co-workers, and did a thousand times more for the anti-slavery cause and for the emancipation of the southern slaves.

I give here a very valuable letter, or paper, from Judge I. P. Christiancy of Lansing, which is not only connected with this history, but confirms, and more fully completes it, by the addition of much important historical matter:

LANSING, June 27, 1890.

A. D. P. Van Buren, Esq., Galesburg, Mich.:

DEAR SIR—Allow me in the beginning to ask your indulgence for my imperfect handwriting, as owing to the infirmities of age, I find it very difficult to write at all. I listened with great pleasure to your address to the pioneer society and fully agreed with the general tone and spirit of it. I felt and feel that it was meant to be entirely just to all. But we can never all feel or think exactly alike, because we have all been placed and grown up under different circumstances and influences, and some of us must therefore give more force to one set of circumstances and some to another, according to the particular circumstances which have affected and influenced us. For myself I intensely hated slavery from the day I first learned of its existence, between nine and ten years of age. My parents had before that explained to me the war and the declaration of independence which I nearly knew by heart, but they had kept back from me the knowledge of the existence of slavery in our southern states lest, if I learned it too soon, it would destroy all distinctions in my mind between right and wrong. I remember the terrible shock I felt when I first learned it—and which I never got over. I wondered how a just God could permit such evils to exist. At first and before I learned the object of the constitution of the United States I became a thorough abolitionist.

But by the time I was nineteen I had learned the nature of the constitutional compromise, and saw that congress could not abolish it without the danger of producing greater evils to the nation. And from that time, though still hating slavery as much as ever, I became simply an anti-slavery man and could not act with the abolitionists.

At the age of twenty I was called upon at Pleasant Valley, Montgomery county, N. Y. (now Rockwood, Fulton county), to deliver a 4th of July oration. In that oration I attacked slavery with great earnestness, as a moral wrong and a national disgrace. This was before I had ever heard of Garrison or the action of Gerrit Smith. The next year I delivered a 4th of July oration at the same place, and again attacked slavery. I then removed to Ovid, Seneca county, N. Y., and the year following, 1834, was sent for again, to deliver the accustomed 4th of July oration at Pleasant Valley, which I gave, attacking slavery as before. In 1835 I was the 4th of July orator at Ovid, on which occasion I omitted slavery in the oration but gave notice that I would make a speech in the afternoon at the courthouse on the slavery question, which I did to a large audience, and an anti-slavery society was then and there formed.

I came to Monroe, Michigan, in 1836, at the age of twenty-four. The question of slavery was not involved in the presidential election of that year. On the 4th of July, 1839, I delivered the usual oration in Monroe, in which I showed the evil of slavery, and declared my belief that the south intended to bring Texas into the union to strengthen the slave states.

In the presidential election of 1840 the question of slavery did not enter. But in that of 1844 it was directly raised by the nomination of Polk, who avowed himself in favor of the annexation of Texas. I at first determined to vote for Henry Clay who had more than once declared anti-slavery sentiments. But when he was driven, in that campaign, to declare that he "had no objection to the admission of Texas," I determined to vote for neither him nor Polk, and did not.

From my youth up, opposition to slavery extension and its increasing influence upon the government had been my governing motive in politics. But until 1848 I could see no opening in the thick darkness, no chance of making any efforts of mine of any avail. But then, Gen. Cass became the nominee of the democratic party and, as you and I know, because of his celebrated Nicholson letter in favor of "squatter sovereignty," which met the views of the south. I was a friend of Gen. Cass, had been agent of his in Monroe county, for property there, and until that letter came out, I was quite willing to see him elected to

the presidency. But this letter took away all possibility of any aid from me. He understood this as well as I, and there was no loss of friendship between us, though I vigorously opposed his election.

Just at this time the contest between the "hunkers" and "barnburners" in New York culminated, the former giving their influence in favor of Cass and slavery, and the later against slavery and its extension. Here for the first time in my life occurred the first appearance of light, the first opportunity which promised a hope of success in our efforts against slavery and its extension. I ardently embraced it; and I am bound to say that the pamphlet put forth by the barnburners of New York, and understood to be the work of Martin VanBuren, was the ablest and most influential political pamphlet ever yet issued in the United States. It was truthful, exhaustive and complete. No amount of political or judicial talent could have made it more complete and effectual. It was unanswerable. It has never been answered, and never can be. The efforts of Chief Justice Taney and associates who supported him, are in my opinion, the efforts of narrow-minded pigmies and bigots against an intellectual giant who might look down upon them with the contempt which statesmen may look upon pettifoggers who could never arise from fictions to realities.

But, to proceed, the first encouraging light for which all my life I had been looking and longing, began like the morning twilight, in 1847 in the breach between the hunkers and barnburners, of the democratic party in the State of New York. I then thought I saw an opening for a fair discussion of the question of slavery extension before the people which I felt confident must ultimately result in a triumph for the cause of freedom, though I did not even then venture to hope for the extinction of slavery in the states of the south for many years (perhaps a century) to come. And when the pamphlet of Martin Van Buren appeared early in 1848, though it was nothing more than my own thoughts more skillfully presented than I could have presented them, yet, coming from a man who, for many years, had been recognized as the most skillful and trusted leader of the democratic party, I thought I saw in it what would overcome the mere routine course of thinking among all the thinking portion of that party, and to a great extent, put an end to the prejudices of the honest minds among them on the slavery question. In fact, I looked upon it then and still consider it the *Declaration of Independence* upon the whole question of human slavery.

When, therefore, a convention was first proposed in 1848, to be held at Buffalo, of those opposed to the extension of slavery and its influence upon the government, I went into that movement at

once with earnestness and enthusiasm, and succeeded in getting several influential democrats to go with me, among whom were two postmasters. At that convention (at Buffalo) I first met Hovey K. Clark and in the course of a single hour, recognized him as a pure minded man, enthusiastic in everything tending to the good of the human race. A man after my own heart. He was in the Michigan house afterwards while I was in the senate of the State, and we corresponded by letter afterwards till the republican party was formed. And I always have loved and admired him for his conscientious devotion to truth and duty though sometimes a little crochety in his ideas of policy, but always, in the end, coming cordially into movements best calculated for the success of our principles. But, coming back to the Buffalo convention, I was selected by the Michigan men as one of the conferees to make the Presidential nomination; and we unanimously agreed upon Martin Van Buren. Not because we expected success in that campaign but because he had taken and ably supported our principles and given us an access to the democratic party to make converts to our principles, which was the most we could then hope. And I fully sympathized with and deeply appreciated the statement expressed by Samuel Lewis of Ohio, who was one of the old abolitionists, or liberty party, when, after the nomination of Van Buren he declared "The wickedness of man and the providence of God have brought about in a few hours what we have not hoped to accomplish in fifty years."

From that convention I returned to Monroe, and at once opened the campaign in that most discouraging county, where the democratic party had for some years had a majority in every township. I was first alone as a speaker, but soon two or three others came to my aid. Junius Tilden, Eleazer Barnes and Samuel J. Holly, all foremost democrats, and the whigs finding they could do nothing alone, finally joined us. And the result was that we elected a free-soil ticket for the county officers and for the legislature with the single exception of one democratic member of the house. And so much influence had the free-soil movement in Michigan that the legislature of that year (elected in 1848) while they elected General Cass to the senate, instructed him to support the Wilmot proviso, excluding slavery from the free territories. During the summer and fall of 1849, the democrats had found that they could not elect the senators in our senatorial district (composed of Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale and Branch counties) unless they consented that at least one of them should be a "free-soiler." I flatly refused to accept their nomination unless they put themselves on the Buffalo platform. The democratic

party of Monroe did that at their county convention; but in the other counties in the district they did not, and I therefore refused until the afternoon of the day before the democratic senatorial convention was to be held at Adrian, when I received a pile of letters from the free-soilers in Lenawee, Hillsdale and Branch, insisting upon my acceptance of the democratic nomination for the senate because they wanted a senator who could oppose the rescinding of the resolutions of the legislature of 1849, instructing Gen. Cass to support the Wilmot proviso. Under this free-soil pressure I felt compelled to tell the democratic delegates to their senatorial convention, that I would accept their nomination, but with the distinct declaration that I would vote for Littlejohn, and the rest of the free-soil nominees for the State ticket. In the face of this declaration the democratic senatorial convention nominated me for the senate, and all the leading free-soilers insisted upon my acceptance. The next week the whig senatorial convention also nominated me, and the free-soilers without a formal nomination supported me, so that I was unanimously elected and accepted the office with great reluctance and at great sacrifice. In the early part of the canvass Barry (democratic candidate for governor) had written a letter to E. G. Morton, a democrat of Monroe, to be shown me, declaring himself in favor of the Wilmot proviso, and at the beginning of the session he had called me to his room, and voluntarily declared himself in favor of the Wilmot proviso. And until the 7th of March speech of Daniel Webster he seemed to be as earnest as I was in holding Gen. Cass to his instructions. But that speech changed everything. It set the majority of the whigs in the legislature in favor of repealing the instructions to Gen. Cass of the previous year, and brought the whole power of the democracy to bear in favor of the repeal of the instructions; and they were repealed by the casting vote of Fenton, president of the Senate.

In 1850 the compromise measures (so-called) were adopted. And the politicians of both the democratic and whig parties passed resolutions against permitting even the discussion of the slavery question. At which, strange as it may seem, I rejoiced. I knew that steam when allowed to escape freely into the air, exerted no force, but when confined would rend all bonds and even the rocks and mountains. And I also knew that a great moral principle, under outward restraint, would act in the same way.

But, from 1850 to 1854, was to all outward appearances, the most discouraging period for the free-soil cause. Many both from the

whig and democratic parties who had joined in that cause had become discouraged, and gone back to their old parties. But I never faltered. I told these free-soilers the darkest time was just before day. In 1852 to my great surprise and against my wishes, I was nominated for governor by the free-soilers, which I attempted to decline, but they would not allow my declination to be published. This was at the time Hale was nominated for president; and we fared about alike as to votes. Pierce was elected to the presidency in this campaign, and McClelland, my old legal preceptor, and in 1849 and 50, my partner was elected governor of this State; but was soon after made secretary of the interior, under Pierce, while Jeff Davis was made secretary of war. From this time to 1854 everything looked dark even to me. But early in the session of Congress of 1854, I became satisfied that, under the lead of Douglas the democrats would pass the Kansas-Nebraska act, repealing the Missouri compromise,[1] and admit slavery into all the territories of the United States. And I felt satisfied that if this was done it would be the death knell of that party; that they would then have pulled the string of the old party till it must break. But the free-soil party, against my protest, had met at Jackson on the 22d of February 1854, and nominated a full State ticket. I did not attend the convention, being satisfied it was premature, though satisfied that the ticket nominated by them were all good free-soilers. I waited the action of Congress on the Kansas-Nebraska bill; and when, in the month of May of that year, the Kansas-Nebraska bill passed I at once opened correspondence with the leading free-soilers of the State and with the committee of that party and some of its leading candidates, suggesting and insisting that even the free-soil party must withdraw its late nominations, and appeal to all men of all parties opposed to that bill, without regard to former party associations, to call a mass convention and make a new party of all those opposed to those pro-slavery measures, forgetting all party attachments, thus uniting on equal terms and forming a new party. I insisted that we could not expect the anti-slavery men of the whig and democratic parties to come to us as the distinct and only anti-slavery party and vote for candidates in whose nomination they had no voice. And while to my astonishment, almost all of the parties to whom I wrote were opposed to my plan, they saw that there might be something in it. And the leading candidates of the free-soil party and the most of their committee assented to a *private* meeting with me in Detroit, at the office of the Peninsular Freeman (then I think the Free Democrat) to take place but a few

[1]See appendix.

days before the meeting of the free-soil convention appointed at Kalamazoo.

The above matter I have abridged from an account of my life lately written for my children. And now as to my action with the formation of the republican party, it is substantially set forth in a letter of mine dated April 11, 1884, addressed by me to Frank A. Flower, author of the History of the Republican Party, written at his request, and will be found on pages 170 to 174 of that work."

[For its genuine historical value in this connection, we herewith give that letter in full]:

Lansing, Mich., April 11, 1884.

DEAR SIR—Having refreshed my memory by reference to correspondence and documents of 1854, and by reading your manuscript, I will add a few things further:

Immediately after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the State committee of the free democrat party, as such, issued a call for a mass convention at Kalamazoo, for the 21st of June. I fully sympathized with the committee in the object but could not resist the conviction that they had adopted the wrong means to accomplish that object, viz., the thorough union of all men of all parties opposed to the extension of slavery and its influence.

I felt that cordial union of this kind could never be effected under a call issued by any party organization *as such*; that, though we might thus obtain larger accessions to our party, we should not obtain enough to carry the State, the prejudice of party and attachment to party organizations being too strong.

But I also felt sure that if a movement for a mass convention should be initiated by individuals of all parties agreeing in the object, the pride of party associations would be overcome and all could unite with us without laying themselves open to the charge of having gone over to the free-soilers, or "woolly-heads;" and that all who might take part in such a movement would feel that they entered the new organization upon exactly equal terms. As early, therefore, as the 27th of May I opened a correspondence submitting these views to some of the candidates of our party, nominated the winter before, and to the committee, as well as with other leading men of our own and of the whig and democratic parties whom I knew to be anti-slavery in sentiment. A small minority, at first, both of our committee and of our nominees, saw at once the justice of my reasoning; but, to my surprise, the majority both of the nominees and the committee, were opposed to them, and seemed to cling to the idea that we could bring to *our* organization all the anti-slavery sentiment in both the whig and democratic parties, and thus carry the State by its influence.

But finally I succeeded in getting the consent of the majority of the candidates and the committee to meet at Detroit at the office of the *Peninsular Freeman* (then, I think changed to the name of *Free Democrat*) to consider my proposition, with K. S. Bingham, free-soil candidate for governor, and some other leading men present. A part of the committee and a part of our candidates met me there, and Bingham and a few other leading men were present. I submitted my proposition to them anew, and at first the majority of the candidates, and all the committee, except W. M. Murphy, who was with me from the first, were opposed to it, but one after another came over. Bingham finally approved it, and finally all came over, with this single proviso: That the free-soil party should not

disband, nor their candidates be withdrawn until the mass convention had met and adopted a platform embodying the principles of our party.

I readily assented to this because I felt sure such a platform would be adopted. Many of our party had little confidence in the whigs, while I felt sure the great mass of them would place themselves on such a platform, and I knew that many democrats (the best of the party) were ready to do the same. This understanding having been arrived at late in the afternoon, some of the leading whigs of Detroit, who had been notified of what was going on and were known to be in sympathy with the movement, were invited in and fully concurred in our views, and assured us that the great mass of that party would cordially unite in the movement. I then suggested that the better mode of calling such a mass convention, was to draw up a call to be subscribed to by those who approved the principles set forth in it, and of the convention, numerous copies of which should be distributed as far as practical through the State to the right men, who would procure signatures, and that the call should not be published in the papers until numerously signed. This was to prevent the force of party discipline in the democratic party and among those of the whig party who still clung with tenacity to their organization, from being brought to bear to prevent their members from signing the call and joining in our movement, until after the call had been so numerously signed, and so many had already committed themselves to it, that the force of discipline would be exercised in vain. I had already prepared a draft of such a call, which I read, and the principles of which were approved. Some additions and amendments were made to it by Jacob M. Howard and Samuel Barstow, and it was left with Messrs. Howard and Barstow to be struck off in a hand bill form, and sent to trusty men in all parts of the State for signatures. This was done with a promptness and efficiency worthy of all praise.

In a few days one of the calls circulated in Detroit and numerously signed was printed in the *Detroit Tribune*, and was followed by the publication in different parts of the State of the calls there circulated. That in Detroit was published about the time of the Kalamazoo convention of June 21, or perhaps a day or two after the proceedings of that convention were published.

Several of the free-soil committee who had attended the Detroit meeting, and others of the same party who had learned and approved its action, attended the Kalamazoo convention, taking with them copies of the call for the Jackson convention, for July 6, and explaining the result of the Detroit meeting.

This Kalamazoo convention was not largely attended, though many men of prominence and ability were there. The call for the Jackson convention, got up at the Detroit meeting, had led the great body of the free-soil party to look upon this Kalamazoo convention as of comparatively small consequence, its purpose having been superseded by the broader and more general movement initiated at Detroit. This was appreciated by that convention, as their resolutions sufficiently show,[1] and so well satisfied were they of the propriety of my course, though I had opposed their plan of acting as a party, they elected a new State committee, placing me at its head as chairman. The committee of sixteen who were to decide upon the sufficiency of the platform to be adopted by the new party at Jackson.

In the meantime, the *Detroit Tribune* had, about the time of the Detroit meetings, come out fairly and squarely in favor of the plan of that meeting, and

[1]See resolutions of that Kalamazoo convention on page 170 of Flower's history of the Republican party, which show the effect the Detroit meeting had upon the free-soil meeting at Kalamazoo, which adopted entire the plan of the Detroit meeting.

many of the whig papers in the interior had done the same. The *Detroit Advertiser* (whig) had held aloof and denounced the movement for some weeks after the Jackson convention, but finding the masses of its party had gone zealously into the new movement, also followed suit.

Prior to the meeting of the mass convention at Jackson on July 6, these calls had been so numerously signed by the leading whigs and free-soilers, and by so many of the leading and most influential democrats (about 10,000 names being attached to the calls returned to the convention, besides nearly as many not returned) that the whole convention saw and felt that victory had been organized and that we already had the State.

Horace Greeley had been watching this movement and fully approving the manner in which it had initiated, had great confidence in its success, and in a letter to a prominent member[1] of the Jackson convention suggested that the new party take the name of "Republican," which was unanimously approved by the convention.

At the meeting of the mass convention at Jackson, an understanding was had among the leading members of the free-soil party that they should remain in the background and not be pressed for prominent positions either as officers of the convention or as candidates for nomination; but that these should be taken mainly from those who had left the democratic and whig parties to join in our movement.

It became my duty, as chairman of the free-soil or free democrat committee, to announce before adjournment, as I did from the stand, the dissolution of the free-soil party and its absorption into the republican party, composed of men from all the old parties, but now no longer democrats, whigs or free-soilers, but republicans *all*, animated by a common and patriotic purpose to check the further advance of the slave power, and to make freedom instead of slavery national, by every means permitted by the federal constitution.

I am very truly yours,

I. P. CHRISTIANCY.

"And now I wish to be distinctly understood that I do not claim the credit of being the inventor or founder of the Republican party. That credit belongs solely to Him who implanted in the brain and hearts of men the love of freedom, of equal rights and equal justice, of hatred of slavery and oppression, and pity for the poor and oppressed who were unable to right their own wrongs. A similar plan, it seems to me, must have occurred to many, perhaps to thousands, about that time. But circumstances in Michigan at that time threw me into this position of being the first to prepare and the most active agent in securing the adoption of the only true plan of forming a new party, christened at its birth the "Republican party." The suggestion for this name came from Horace Greeley in a letter to Jacob M. Howard, and I think also to Joseph Warren, then editor of

[1]Greeley wrote to Jacob M. Howard that he had been advised that Wisconsin would adopt the name "Republican" on July 13, and urged Michigan to anticipate her sister State on the 6th, which was done. This letter was shown to Mr. Christiancy, Zachariah Chandler and others on the day of the convention, and is abundant proof of the correctness of the assumption that A. E. Bovay suggested the name to Greeley.

the Detroit Tribune and the propriety of the name was at once seen by our convention. I did not then know, nor did the convention, that this suggestion, as to the name, was not original with Greeley. Nor did we know that it came to Greeley from a man in Wisconsin who had been laboring to bring about a union of all men opposed to slavery and to its extension, exactly upon the same principle, and about the same length of time, as I had. But from Flowers' history of the party I am entirely satisfied that Alvan E. Bovay, of Wisconsin, had been reasoning upon exactly the same plan as I had, except that he had not to encounter the obstacles that I and my (at first few) associates had to encounter here, viz., that of a previous and premature nomination by the free-soil or free democrat party, which had to be got out of the field before the general and more comprehensive plan of a new party could be adopted. This, in Michigan, was the only real difficulty. And it was a serious one, and one, which, but for my persistent efforts and those of a very few who associated with me, the democratic party would have carried Michigan in 1854, and the success of a republican party in this State would have been deferred at least another year. I claim no credit for the adoption of the name of the new party. I devoted myself only to the plan of organizing such a party, leaving it to the mass-convention to be held at Jackson, to give it a name, while Mr. Bovay not only adopted the true principles of organization, but the name of the new party."

I am very truly your friend,

I. P. CHRISTIANCY.

I consider the above letter which Judge Christiancy kindly wrote to me, at my request, including the one he wrote to Mr. Flower, at the latter's request, a valuable acquisition to Michigan political history. Taken together they constitute a clear, concise, comprehensive and historically correct statement of the free-soil movement in Michigan, which culminated at Jackson, July 6, 1854, in the formation of a new political party in the United States. It is the true story of that memorable movement briefly and faithfully told. If additional assurance of the important part Judge Christiancy took in the free-soil movement in our State was needed, it can be found in the following from Judge Talcott E. Wing's History of Monroe county, just published, and which I received since the reading of my paper at the annual pioneer meeting of June, '90, at Lansing.

On page 244 of that history, Judge Wing says of his old life-long friend, Judge Christiancy: "It was his plan, more than that of any other one man, upon which the Republican party, distinctively as such, was first formed—the plan of uniting all men irrespective of past party

affiliations, who were opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska measures of President Buchanan's administration, and to the extension of slavery, into a single harmonious party. To this, almost alone at first, he devoted himself. And after long, earnest and persistent efforts in overcoming the opposition of some of the leading Whigs, and inducing the free-soilers to forego their separate organization and nominations he finally succeeded; and the mass convention at Jackson, in the summer of 1854, when the Republican party was first formed, was the result."

This is great, and justly deserved praise to Judge Christiancy. And though coming from an old and intimate friend who was generally opposed to him in politics, it comes from one who was well and intimately acquainted with his course in the formation of the new party.

The political historian has neglected to give full value to the ethical element that got into American politics, during the bitter strife between the Hunkers and Barnburner portion of the New York democracy, in 1847 to 1849, and the influence it had upon succeeding political movements throughout the land. Judge Christiancy says that "the first encouraging light, for which all my life I had been looking and longing, began, like the morning twilight, in 1847, in the breach between the Hunkers and Barnburners of the Democratic party of New York." No more slave territory was the Barnburners or Free-soilers' battle cry. It was this movement that nominated Martin Van Buren for president at Buffalo in 1848. This feud, this battle cry of the Barnburners, caused great changes in the Democratic party. As the Saxon crossed over from Napoleon at Leipsic to the allies, so the reformed Democrats left their old party by hundreds, and crossed over to the Free-soil organization in all the northern states. And, they were Democrats who would not join the Abolition party but cheerfully went into this free-soil movement. And in this movement the old line Abolitionists, Liberty-men, and *all* who had been allied with them in political reform,[1] made common cause not only with their late Democratic foes, but with the old line Whigs who had also caught the spirit of reform, and came over by hundreds and thousands, to the new organization, till finally the old party was absorbed in the new. The prevailing sentiment in this movement was non-slavery extension. In this, all the old and new political reformers throughout the country united, and eventually carried the day And Michigan, at this time, under the lead of such reformers as Isaac P. Christiancy, Hovey K. Clark, Erastus Hussey, F. C. Beaman, Austin Blair, Kinsley S. Bingham, with their coadjutors, soon became master

[1]This, of course, leaves out those impracticable Abolitionists, Garrison, Phillips, Gerrit Smith and their adherents.

of the situation, and carried the State for Free-soilism in 1854. Thus she gained the honor of not only founding a new party, but of carrying the first State election in that new party's cause. In reviewing the political annals of Michigan's past history you will find no name more familiar to the old residents of this State, in connection with this great moral conflict, than that of Isaac P. Christiancy. When, at one time Salmon P. Chase seemed a little disaffected, Hon. Erastus Hussey of Battle Creek wrote to me: "Think of our dear Chase leaving us. But thank God, we have got Christiancy with us."

BENJAMIN LUNDY

As Benjamin Lundy was the originator of this great moral movement I give here a brief sketch of his career, and also of James G. Birney and Elijah P. Lovejoy, who so successfully continued the great reform he began; Lundy was a genuine reformer.

His "Genius of Emancipation" published monthly (1822) became the instrument of what is called modern Abolitionism, and foreshadowed the beginning of successful Abolitionism. He also published the "Weekly Recorder," an indefinite title, which was his way of sugaring what soon became in the region where it was published, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, a very bitter pill. Benjamin Lundy was a Quaker of the Hixite[1] school. There is a history of the anti-slavery cause made up of acts, not recorded in books, which constitutes the true history of Benjamin Lundy's life. William Lloyd Garrison said of Lundy—"It is to Benjamin Lundy that I owe all that I am as the friend of the slave." Lundy removed in his old age to Illinois. The Garrison and the Gerrit Smith parties sent their lecturers through that state and the north west. But it was of very little avail against the organized opposition of the old parties. But the Liberty party proper led by Lundy grew stronger at every election, and finally commanded the entire situation. For the real anti-slavery movement west of the Ohio had none of the clique issues, and side issues that divided the anti-slavery reformers of the eastern cities. Lundy not only gave life, and spirit to the cause in the west, but he begat sons—Rankin, Giddings, Gamaliel Bailey. Washburn and Lincoln. These sons carried out his doctrine, the Government of the fathers, the Declaration of Independence being the bond of Union and interpreter of the Constitution. They were his anti-slavery followers, voting Abolitionists under the Constitution. They were Liberty party men on a large basis, voting citizens, regarding slavery as a political power that must be destroyed by political influences. This movement finally commanded the entire situation, and

[1]Hicksite Quakers—followers of Elias Hicks an eminent Quaker preacher, born 1748, died 1830.

gave existence to the Republican party and Lincoln to the presidency as the legitimate growth of the policy that had shaped its course from the beginning—all of it carried forth under the banner that Lundy had first set up on the western prairies.

JAMES G. BIRNEY

With the name of James G. Birney is associated the very genesis of the Republican party—even before it was named as such. No greater change in public opinion has ever been witnessed than was brought about by the work of the old abolition leaders. They were in no sense united. William Lloyd Garrison and others of his kind held aloof from all political action. They denounced the Constitution and refused co-operation with the larger wing of the party who believed in exerting the powers of the nation to restrain slavery and prevent any additional territory or state's admission with human slavery. Of this class Mr. Birney was the leading pioneer, and for many years the most active and efficient advocate. He traveled from state to state, visited legislatures and commanded attention. It was thus that in the winter of 1837-38 he visited every state capitol from Maine to Ohio and Michigan in which a legislative body was in session. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania he was instrumental in having enacted laws which gave fleeing slaves a trial by jury; Connecticut repealed her black laws, and nearly every other state visited, passed resolutions demanding the right of petition, and expressed opposition to the admission of Texas with slavery. Anti-slavery societies were formed everywhere east and west, and unpaid agents and lecturers traversed the country scattering books and pamphlets and challenging in debate. The anti-slavery leaders soon saw their disadvantage in not having representatives in Congress. John C. Alvord of Massachusetts was elected, and great hopes and expectations rested with him, as he was a prominent leader. But his death occurred before taking his seat. John Quincy Adams was elected the same year. William Slade, of Vermont; Benjamin Wade and J. R. Giddings, of Ohio; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; Seth M. Gates, of New York. With such men as these in the front and the determined efforts of southern statesmen to strengthen their lines, the great battle was fully on in "the repeal of the Missouri compromise" measures, and never again settled until the surrender at Appomattox. The part played by women in the great movement was fully equal to that of the men, although small mention is made of it in the volume. It is even doubtful whether any ten men did as much to mass public senti-

ment behind the anti-slavery cause as did Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The Quaker church, always the open enemy of slavery, sent out a host of women workers led by that noble and eloquent woman Lucretia Mott,[1] aided by Lucy Stone[1] and others. Mr. Birney was a Kentuckian, and his grandfather and father were slaveholders, but were really opposed to the institution. Mr. Birney graduated at Princeton in 1810. He returned to Kentucky and married Agatha, daughter of Judge McDowell. In 1816 he was elected to the Kentucky legislature. From Kentucky he moved to Alabama, settled upon a plantation, and began the practice of law in the Huntsville circuit. He and his wife had both inherited a number of slaves, which they took with them to their new home in Alabama. He proved himself to be a poor farmer, and in addition had the misfortune common to the country, to bet heavily and lose. He was compelled to mortgage slaves and farm, and afterward sold out his slaves to an intimate friend who promised to treat them kindly. In 1826 he joined the American Colonization Society and began to take an active interest in it. He was appointed attorney for the Cherokee Indians, a very important trust. During all this time he was making a full study of slavery and becoming more and more convinced that it was crime. When convinced of this he resolved to move northward. He wrote in November, 1833, to Gerrit Smith of New York, his convictions, and set about looking for some place where he could settle and take "a stand against slavery." He stopped for a time in Kentucky, freed the remaining half dozen slaves yet held by him and soon after we find him in Cincinnati taking active part with anti-slavery leaders, of which from that time on he was the principal leader. The men and women who were living at that time, and were lookers on or actors in the stirring events will read the history recited with great interest. It is told by somewhat broken and disconnected methods, and small justice is done to the many great men who took an active part in this pioneer movement. Samuel Lewis, Gamaliel Bailey, Benjamin Stanton, Arnold Buffum, Owen Lovejoy, J. R. Gidding, Ben Wade, G. W. Julian, Levi Coffin, Charles Osborne, Edward Harwood, and scores of others upon whom Birney leaned for support in every movement are barely mentioned—and many of these not mentioned in the chapters. And yet the history is wholly incomplete without them. But with such faults it is yet entertaining and instructive history, and in its results the grandest movement for the actors in all the century. The volume makes up 443 pages and is printed with clear type on good paper.

[1]See appendix.

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY

He was born Nov. 9, 1802, at Albion, Maine. Graduated from Waterville college, Maine, 1826. Soon after emigrated to St. Louis, Missouri, and engaged in school-teaching and also contributed to the columns of the Missouri Republican. In 1828 published the Times, advocating Henry Clay for the presidency. In 1832 embraced Christianity, and entered Princeton, N. J., theological seminary, to study for the ministry. Graduated in 1833 with license to preach the gospel. Preached in New York, Newport and other places. In the fall of 1833 edited the Observer, in St. Louis, Mo. St. Louis being the center of a large slave-holding aristocracy, his writings denouncing slavery, brought about him malignant and unsparing enemies. They soon organized a mob who passed resolutions that the discussion of slavery was obnoxious, and he must discontinue it. The result was the mob demolished the office of the Observer. A removal across the river to Alton, Illinois, was next decided upon. The mob followed and destroyed his press there. A new one was purchased for the Observer on September first, and his paper came out with a double circulation, and with arguments no less powerful and eloquent against slavery. On the twenty-first of August, 1837, a mob of St. Louisians, some twenty in number, again utterly destroyed his press, and wounded two of his employés. Another press was obtained Nov. 5, 1837, and on Nov. 7, near midnight, while defending his property in the warehouse at Alton, he was shot. The following incident, which occurred a short time before his death, is given by Mr. Flower. Mr. Lovejoy resided then at Hunterstown. While going one night near 11 o'clock, to the drug store at Alton, some three-quarters of a mile from his residence, he was arrested by a mob of ten or twelve men who told him they were going to tar and feather him. With the most perfect composure and calmness he immediately replied to them: "Gentlemen I have but a single request to make of you. My wife is dangerously ill, and it is necessary she should have this prescription immediately, and which I was on my way to town to procure. Will one of you take it and see that it is delivered at the house, but without intimating what is about to befall me? I am in the hands of God and am ready to go with you." For a few moments entire silence reigned. At last it was broken by a medical man who was one of the disguised party, exclaiming: "Boys, I can't lay my hands upon as brave a man as this is," and turning away was followed by the rest. Thus Lovejoy was spared the degradation they were about to impose upon him. A few weeks later,

as we have shown, he suffered the death of a martyr in defense of the liberty of the press and of speech. A nobler and braver man never engaged in reform, or made tongue and pen more effective in the cause of human freedom. Elijah P. Lovejoy was the Arnold Winklereid, who, by his heroic death, made way for universal liberty throughout the land.

MICHIGAN IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1856.

The presidential campaign of 1856 formed an era in American politics. It brought into political life a new party with a platform containing the substance of the anti-slavery code of ethics. The old Whig party having passed out of history, its mantle may be said to have fallen on the shoulders of this new party aspirant, which, arrayed in its anti-slavery armor, and having chosen its issue—no more slave territory—flung its banner to the breeze with the motto—"Free-soil, free-speech, free-labor, and free-men," inscribed thereon. The old Democratic party, had of necessity, to meet this young and defiant foe on the new issue. The civil war in Kansas, lasting from 1854 to 1857, was then the exciting political theme of the day. Both parties had to confront "The Troubles in Kansas," the Democrats arguing that the "Beecher Bibles" and the aggressive course of the Republicans were the cause of all the difficulty in the new territory. The Republicans, on the other hand, charged the trouble to the Border Ruffian raids into Kansas, and their importing voters from Missouri, in order to carry the elections and plant slavery there. Consequently, for the first time in the history of American politics, the Democratic party was confronted with the full anti-slavery question, by a political opponent worthy of its steel. For it was no mere anti-slavery organization headed by a few Abolitionists, as in former days, that it had to confront, but the combined elements of all the old anti-slavery forces, except those of Garrison and Gerrit Smith, united with the Free-soilers, and the larger part of the old Whig party, with radical Democrats, and anti-Nebraska men.

THE PLATFORMS OF THE PARTIES

Democratic Platform

The democratic platform merely reiterated its former principles. It sustained the organic law that established the Kansas and Nebraska act, as the only sound law on the slavery question. Free soil and a progressive free-trade throughout the world.

Republican Platform

Was opposed to the Missouri compromise; denied any power to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States. That Kansas be immediately admitted as a free-state. No more slave territory.

The American, or Know-Nothing Party Platform

Americans must rule America. Citizens in any territory of the United States to frame their own constitution and laws. Twenty-one years' residence in this country to constitute citizenship.

The Garrisonians, or American Jacobins, who believed that slavery could only be abolished by *disunion,* and Gerrit Smith with his radical Abolitionists, who believed that Congress had the power to abolish slavery in any state where it existed, these ultra and violent factionists, had no connection with any party, in this campaign, but their own.

This campaign aroused a great deal of the old political enthusiasm, and the spirit of oratory and song, that had once held full sway at the hustings. The campaign of 1840 demonstrated the fact that the out-door meeting, the stump-speaker and song were the winning factors in a presidential campaign. At any rate, the presidential campaign of 1856 was memorable for the uprising of the people through these out-door gatherings. And it seemed as if the spirit of song, so remarkable in 1840, was yet retained by the old whig element in the new Republican party, and burst forth with something of its old power in their open air meetings. There was breadth enough in the old democratic platform of 1856 to give full swing to democratic eloquence. There was inspiration enough in the young Republican party as it flung its free-soil banner to the breeze to arouse the enthusiasm of its followers. The spirit of oratory, so long the glory of the old hustings, seemed to animate the public gatherings of both the old and the new parties in this campaign.

It is said that the finest feathers have been plucked from our bird of oratory. That he is thus restrained in his flight, and fixed to the earth. There is much truth in this. The campaign I am writing of, 1856, seems to be the one in which the glory of political oratory departed in this country. At least it may be said that with it the stump-speaker disappeared. S. S. Cox says that the art of stump-speaking is a lost one. That the days of Gentry, Prentiss, Corwin, Wise, Clay, Hamer, Hale, Lincoln, Douglas, John VanBuren, Nye, and we would add, of Bradley, Stewart, Littlejohn, Van Arman, Lothrop

and their compeers, "like the days of chivalry are gone." And is it not true that the occasion that called them forth is *gone?*

This campaign is memorable for efforts put forth by both parties to elect their candidates. There seemed to be nothing left undone on the part of Michigan democracy to defeat their young republican foe. Their press was all powerful in its influence to carry the State for Buchanan. Their ablest orators, headed by the venerable statesman, Gen. Cass, took the stump, and harangued the people in mass meetings in all parts of the State from August till the polls closed in November. Democratic orators who had won their laurels in the glorious campaigning days of the past, were eloquent and powerful with the masses, as in the old days. There was G. V. N. Lothrop of Detroit, *clarum nomen,* among Democrats; Robert McClelland of Monroe, John Van Arman of Marshall, Charles E. Stuart, N. A. Balch and Joseph Miller of Kalamazoo, F. J. Littlejohn of Allegan, and many other democratic speakers. Then the array of distinguished democratic orators of national fame who came into the State to help carry Michigan for democracy. Gen. Cass and John VanBuren made a campaign tour of southern Michigan. Stephen A. Douglas spoke in the central part of the State, as did Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, John C. Breckinridge and Col. Preston of Kentucky, and Jesse D. Bright of Indiana.

On the part of republican orators the distinguished Illinoisan, Abraham Lincoln, spoke for the Fremont and reform, at Kalamazoo; Col. Hawkins of Kentucky, made a canvass of the central part of the State. While in the State, Jacob M. and William A. Howard and Zachariah Chandler of Detroit, were powerful advocates for the new party. Austin Blair of Jackson, Marsh Giddings and Dwight May of Kalamazoo, and many other republican speakers in all parts of the State were arousing the masses and carrying the banner of free soil, free speech, free labor and free men into the very stronghold of the enemy's quarters. In fact, to use a current expression of the day, stump speakers in every locality were thicker than "governors in Kansas." The time is long past, but the stirring scenes and events of that day are yet clearly impressed upon my mind. Politics abounded. It absorbed a great deal of people's time, attention and money. The country was alive and jubilant with it. Every city and town, every school-house and cross-roads in the country had its party mustering, its pole-raising, its flag presentation, its speakers and speeches, its glee clubs and campaign singing, its band music, and shouting and cheering for the candidates. American politics had its field day once more throughout the land.

The following from H. Greeley's sketch of Lincoln, is so appropriate

to my theme it is here inserted. "I perceive and admit the faults, the vices of our system of electioneering; and yet I hold that an American presidential canvass, with all its imperfections on its head, is of immense value, of inestimable utility, as a popular political university, whence even the unlettered, the ragged, the penniless may graduate with profit if they will. In the absence of the stump, I doubt the feasibility of maintaining institutions more than nominally republican; but the stump brings the people face to face with their rulers and aspirants to rule; compels an exhibition and scrutiny of accounts and projects, and makes almost every citizen, however heedless and selfish, an arbiter in our political controversies, enlisting his interest and arousing his patriotism. The allowance of a monarch, exhorbitant as it is, falls far below the cost of choosing a president; but the acquaintance with public affairs diffused through a canvass is worth more than it costs. There never was yet a stirring presidential canvass which did not leave the people far better, and more generally informed on public affairs than it found them. The American stump fills the place of the *coup d'etat* and the Spanish-American *pronunciamento*. It is in an eminently practical sense, the conservator of American liberty, and the antidote to official tyranny and corruption. The canvasser, if fit to be a canvasser, is teaching his hearers; fit or unfit, he can hardly fail to be instructed himself, and never was there a better or more effective way, to teach and convince the people, than he had. It was more popular, and far better, in regard to getting in touch with the masses, than the best in-door meeting could be. Day by day the stump-speaker was presenting his facts and arguments, and reading in the faces of his hearers their relative pertinence and effectiveness. It was in such an enthusiastic public school that our greatest political orators have been developed. It was in such a school "that Abraham Lincoln trained himself to be the foremost *convincer* of his day—the one who could do his cause more good and less harm by a speech than any other living man."

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING IN KALAMAZOO, SEPT. 5, 1856

The park was filled with a dense crowd of Democrats gathered about the mound which rose in their midst, like an acropolis surmounted with a rostrum, on which were the officers of the day and the distinguished orators who were to address them. These were Gen. Lewis Cass, Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, John C. Breckinridge and Col. Preston of Kentucky, Jesse D. Bright of Indiana, then president of the U. S. Senate, Flavius J. Littlejohn and other Michigan orators.

Breckinridge was speaking as I came up in front of the stage. I at once caught the thrilling tones of his voice and began to feel the effect of that Kentucky eloquence that once had such powerful sway over the southern masses. As he extended his hand in enforcement of some fine thought, his index finger quivering, his whole frame trembling with the intense feeling of his subject, that beat at his heart, and passed in electric vibrations to the ends of his fingers, and off into the crowd before him, his manner evinced the perfect command of the trained speaker, the self-reliant, the proud independence of southern bearing. I thought of Clay the moment I caught the sound of his voice, and felt the magnetic influence of the orator. He had great power over a public gathering.

The next speaker was Col. Preston, of Louisville, Kentucky, I think. He began in something of a declamatory style, but getting away from it, he soon became animated and impressive. He is keen and rhetorical, though his wit did not flash out in short pointed phrase, he appeared to collect it and let it off as by a valve, exploding like a fire-cracker, at the end of a sentence. He "suits the action to the word, the word to the action." He reminded me of William C. Preston, the brilliant South Carolina orator.

He said before we sent a northern man to Congress he should spend six months in visiting the south in order to find out how slaves were treated, and get acquainted with the people. He would be a wiser and a better representative in Congress for both the north and the south.

Daniel S. Dickinson, called the "Democratic War Chief," of New York, and a distinguished political orator of national fame, was then introduced. Tall, and of commanding presence, he came forward amid loud applause from the multitude before him. He has long bushy gray locks on each side of his head, which was somewhat bald at top. The great power that this celebrated orator had over the masses was apparent as he stepped to the front of the stage and began his speech, immediately getting control of them. There was much of the genial in his countenance, and his voice and manner were suited to captivate a crowd, and to hold them the most interested of listeners, while he convinced them by reason and argument that were made clever and more forcible by apt illustration. His intellectual and oratorical resources, wit and humor seemed inexhaustible. No one thought of getting tired though the rain fell at intervals in copious showers, not a person stirred from his place; he held them as by a spell, till his speech was finished. Dickinson is master of every art and resource that are needed in an oratorical equipment at the hustings. The

dullest would find delight in his rich fund of anecdote and wit, that came with such irresistible force as to split the sides of gravity with laughter. All that I had heard and read of him in his oratorical triumphs in political campaigns in years agone, I now realized, and can say, that, great as his reputation was, his performance surpassed it. His great power in argument, which is always clear and strong, his dialectic skill, and genius in illustration, his wit and humor, placed him in the front rank as political orator. When he struck the subject of "Bleeding Kansas," as he termed it, he said, with a face expressive of inimitable drollery, "Yes, poor, suffering Kansas, she has bled, and bled, and bled, till every pore in her body is a conduit, and there is no more blood in her than in a white turnip." And in further reference to the trouble in Kansas, then at its height, he said it was got up for campaign purposes. It reminded him of the patient whom the doctor ordered to "take wine and bark," the Peruvian bark being then in use. The next morning the doctor called and asked how his patient was. The wife replied "he is doing very well," (he sat up in the bed barking) "he has taken the wine and now, you see, he is barking." "So," said he "it is with Kansas, she has taken the wine, and now she is barking."

He said he disagreed with Col. Preston in regard to sending our congressmen south before going to Congress. Democrats might go, but should Republicans go there, they would, through their love of the slave, perpetuate slavery in this country. He quoted from Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and from scripture, for which, like S. S. Prentiss, he was noted; closing his speech with a beautiful passage from the Old Testament. That I have heard Daniel S. Dickinson in a great speech at the hustings of 1856, is one of the memorable events in my life. He was a Burke and Sheridan combined as orator.

Hon. Jesse D. Bright of Indiana, president of U. S. Senate, was the next speaker. He spoke with strong, emphatic clearness. Began with a fine compliment to Gen. Cass; reviewed the political course of both parties, and dwelt on democracy and its principles as being the panacea for all the ills of the nation. He is a man of clear, sound intellect. He closed his speech with an eloquent tribute to the veteran statesman at his right, and said—"Democrats, should you fail to carry your State this fall, and to keep your time-honored statesman in the Senate, I shall enter into a joint resolution with my own state and give him my place in the Senate." The State went Republican and Gen. Cass was not returned to the Senate.

Gen. Cass was then introduced. He came forward with trembling

lips, eyes dewy with tears, amid the loud and repeated shouts of the crowd. They would not let him speak, he raised his hand and attempted to address them, but the shout went up in one tumultuous voice. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but his words were lost amid the plaudits of the multitude. It finally subsided, and the vast assemblage hung with breathless attention on every word that he uttered. He spoke as the Nestor of his party, his words coming to them as oracles clear of ambiguity. He said the Union was in danger, we were on the threshold of a revolution. He spoke of our Government as being the best in the world. A man could prosper, grow rich and live happy under its sway. "Fellow citizens, did this Government ever injure any of you?" Cries of "no, no!" "Then why are you discontented, why would you dissolve the Union?" Thus he continued for some time dilating on this great and good republic, and closed.

Flavius J. Littlejohn of Allegan, followed Gen. Cass. He said it seemed out of place for him to attempt to address this vast crowd that had just been listening to these distinguished Americans who had already carved out their own imperishable greatness. But he was willing to respond when the people called, he made a short but eloquent speech, which closed the exercises of the day. Though it had rained often during the afternoon, yet it did not disturb the progress of the meeting. This meeting has aroused the spirit of democracy to its old fervor and enthusiasm, which seem likely to hold past the "Ides" of next November.

Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, addressed a large meeting of Republicans in Kalamazoo sometime during this month, the last part of it I think. I did not hear him, but the bare assertion that he addressed a republican gathering in Kalamazoo, during the campaign, is enough to convince any one that his speech was a masterly argument for the Republican party and its principles.

His visit here is yet the occasional theme of the old resident of Kalamazoo, who will still, in his reminiscent mood, grow animated and glowing in describing this great speech of the famous Illinoisan. He was then unknown to the nation, merely known as an able Illinois lawyer, and an old line Whig who had heartily espoused the cause of the new party. Hon. O. N. Giddings of Kalamazoo thinks that Lincoln spoke on the "Omnibus Bill' as connected with Kansas matters. He spoke from the Indian mound in Bronson Park, which, from its elevated and conspicuous site, and from its long use as a rostrum for public speaking, and from the eminent orators who had spoken from it to the people, all these have made it the "Acropolis" of Kalamazoo.

Among all the distinguished speakers who have addressed the public from it, the name of Abraham Lincoln still holds a permanent place in the memory of those who heard him.

Mr. Lincoln while at Kalamazoo, was a guest of Hon. David S. Walbridge. Some ten or twelve years after his visit to that place, a member of Mr. Walbridge's family found a pocketknife that he had lost at the time of his visit, and it was sent to his son Robert T. Lincoln, who most thankfully received it as a relic of his distinguished father.

REPUBLICAN RALLY AT BATTLE CREEK, SEPT. 13, 1856

A lady from Kansas had been announced to lecture on the "Troubles" or border ruffian war in that territory. The lecture was to be delivered in the old Methodist Episcopal Church in Battle Creek. But when the time came she failed, from lack of courage, to appear before the dense crowd that had filled the church, and swarmed about the windows and door. As I walked up street to the church, Dr. Campbell, a Democrat, remarked to me—"And yet she's spared to tell the tale!" The reply was—"Yes, an o'er true tale." The lady having failed to come, the crowd grew restless and called for a speech. It seemed a pity to let such a grand opportunity pass without a speech. And while some of the leading Republicans were trying to find some one to address the meeting Conrad Eberstine, an old settler of Battle Creek, and a ready and witty speaker was discovered, and almost taken by force to the platform in the church. As the crowd caught sight of him, they cried out "Coonrod" "Coonrod," the familiar name he went by among his friends. The notice of the lady's speech had called out the Battle Creek ladies in large numbers; these with the great number of men present, as we have said, more than filled the church. Conrad Eberstine was a German whose native accent had not left his tongue. He was well educated in German, and had been a diligent reader of American history and politics. His quick insight into law as well as politics, had made him popular in managing the law suits for the old settlers, till as *pettifogger* for his client, he was considered better than half the lawyers. His pithy, off-hand sayings, and his German accent or manner of pronouncing our words, gave additional interest to his speeches and his ready wit so enlivened whatever he said that even his "broken English" was made to tell with *riant* effect upon his hearers. For over an hour and a half he kept that crowd applauding his blunt assertions and stubborn facts, or convulsed with his wit, or his droll illustrations.

He began by saying he was sorry the lady could not deliver her

lecture; and, he was sorry they had not chosen some one abler to address them than he was, on such an important occasion. "But you have got me before you, and I am too good a Republican to back out of so good a movement as the one which has called us together today and more especially so, as I have," looking towards the ladies, "the 'flower of Battle Creek' before me. And I only wish I had the gift to give you a speech worthy of so grand an occasion. But after all, Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, it is the thought more than the style, the principles more than the oratory, that are of most consideration to us. Let the Democrats grow eloquent, and flower out into all the beauties of speech over free trade and the Kansas and Nebraska act, and more slave territory, but give us the principles that inspire our party-leader, no more slave territory, the spirit of which illumines the motto on our banner, free soil, free speech, free labor and free men." And, after giving a glowing description of their gallant leader, Gen. John C. Fremont, he turned to the chairman, and asked: "Who Mr. Chairman, have the Democrats nominated for president?" Pausing a moment he replied, in his German accent, *Jeemes* Bu-*chanan,* an old bachelor! And an old bachelor is enough to make a woman *wommit* any time!" This was greeted with an outburst of applause. Referring to the idea that Buchanan if elected would buy Cuba for the United States, he said "well, if we elect our candidate, we'll buy Cuba. And, Mr. Chairman, I'll tell you how we will do it. I would appoint a committee to buy that Island, and I would put on that committee, Ned Packer, and Chet Buckley (two of the sharpest street brokers in Battle Creek) and if they wouldn't get it at the lowest possible figure, and at the best bargain for 'Uncle Sam,' then it couldn't be got, that's all. But the trouble with the Democrats is that not one in fifty reads history, and those that do don't understand it. History says that a nation that gets rich by conquest is sure to fall. Now if the Democrats get into power, instead of buying Cuba, they would go to work and take it by conquest the old Bourbon way; and that would involve us in a war with Spain. This will never do. The historian has said that Alexander fell a drunkard in the midst of his conquest, and Rome got drunk at the same bowl. But, fellow citizens, there was a little of that liquor left, Rome didn't drink it all up; and the old Democratic party has got some of it, and Cuba may furnish the occasion for their having 'a high old time' to use up all that liquor, and this great Republic too." Nothing could equal the outburst of applause that followed this and his other witty expressions. "Bill" McCollum sprang up on his seat, swung his hat and shouted, others joining him—"Coonrod forever, Coonrod

forever!" This rousing speech gave a fresh impulse to the republican movement in Battle Creek.

DEMOCRATIC RALLY IN BATTLE CREEK, SEPT. 13, 1856

Late in the evening, after the republican meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church was over, we went to hear Joe Miller of Kalamazoo, and John Van Arman of Marshall, address the Democrats in Wakely's hall. Miller had about finished his speech. It was called an able argument on constitution and party legislation to sustain the Democrats in their present position.

Van Arman gave one of his best speeches on this occasion. In his happy choice of words, and in their logical arrangement he showed the rhetorical tactics in which he excels, and by which he carries a crowd of Democrats at the hustings, as he does the stubborn twelve in the court room. He has that rare gift in addressing a crowd, of saying his own thoughts, in his own voice, in his own way, and swaying them at his own will. He said that the Republican party was such a novice in politics, that they were acting *them* in most everything, and would steal their principles if they knew enough. And when they were not acting the Democrats they were singing campaign songs like the old line Whigs. They are beating about the bush, hoping that something will turn up and something *will* turn up. Let them and their Pathfinder *beware,* when they meet the Democratic party in full force, at the coming election. They may have read of battles and defeats in the history of the past, but the defeat that awaits them this fall, will be one in which these republican "pretenders," will get such an awful "whaling," that compared with it, the overwhelming defeat of the Scotch Pretender at Culloden, will, ever after, seem a small affair.

The Republicans got the "whaling" as Van Arman predicted.[1]

DEMOCRATIC GATHERING IN BATTLE CREEK, SEPT. 23, 1856

The Democrats are making a strong campaign. They, like their foes are out in full force. The masses throng to the hustings in the old time spirit and enthusiasm. Political oratory has yet its full power over them. For interested listeners no gathering surpasses that of the Democrats; and none are more responsive with the plaudits that fire a speaker or give enthusiasm to a cause. Let the faults of the old party

[1]John Van Arman died in California, April 6, 1890. In a memorial meeting of the Chicago Bar Association held in the latter city, in January, '91, Luther Laflin Mills, the orator of the occasion, paid a noble and eloquent tribute to the distinguished lawyers, members of the association, who had passed away during the year 1890. He said of Van Arman, "where will you find a lawyer who possessed the genius of persuasion more winning than Van Arman. He was unequalled in advocacy in Illinois during this generation." This, as we have said elsewhere, was true of him in his career as a lawyer in Michigan.

be what they may, no political organization in this country has ever "stuck to its text" with such unanimity as the Democratic party has done. Herein lies the secret of their power and success. It is not so much, once a Democrat always a Democrat, as, while you claim to be a Democrat, vote with your party, that has made it so famous in American politics.

The meeting at Battle Creek was held in Peninsula hall, and was addressed by Hons. Charles E. Stuart, of Kalamazoo, G. V. N. Lothrop of Detroit, and Robert McClelland, of Monroe. Stuart was first introduced. Always a favorite with the people, he was now in the zenith of his fame as a political orator. And as he came forward to address one of Battle Creek's best audiences, which was rendered more attractive by the large number of ladies present, the occasion seemed to put him at his best. He caught the inspiration for the hour as he looked upon the fine gathering of Democrats before him. He began, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, this is one of those occasions that fills the heart with pleasing emotions, one that should encourage every Democrat, and nerve him to do his best towards achieving a glorious victory this fall." The intelligence and beauty in the audience before him reminded him that Battle Creek was like—

> "Auld Ayr, which ne'er a town surpasses
> For honest men and bonnie lasses."

"The honest men to battle and vote for our cause, and the intelligence, worth and beauty of our ladies favoring us we cannot fail of success in the November contest at the polls." Stuart's speech was worthy of him and the occasion.

Robert McClelland's speech was a strong and forcible presentation of the issues of the campaign from a democratic standpoint. He said that the people would not be misled by the inexperienced and motley party called Republican. It was really the old Whig party gone daft on the abolition question, and with them were allied a few stray Democrats won over by the trumped up story of "bleeding Kansas." When these Republicans talked about the principles of their party it made him think of absent friends. They make their issue on bleeding Kansas, and they will keep her bleeding till after election.

Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop of Detroit was the last speaker. Those old democratic orators were well trained in all the subtilties of political discussion. And, laying aside one's party views, it was always a pleasure to listen to their speeches. They were the orators *par excellence* at the hustings thirty and fifty years ago. And among them was

G. V. N. Lothrop, of Detroit. Nature had bestowed upon him rare intellectual gifts; this with his classical education, legal training and attainments, and long practice as a public speaker at the bar and the hustings, placed him in the front rank as an orator. Like Stuart his presence was commanding and his oratory captivating. The advice of a western orator to a young speaker, "Get full of your subject, and then let nature caper," is nothing more than what the poet, the sculptor, the painter and the orator have done in all ages. And this is what has produced all the masterpieces in poetry, painting, sculpture and oratory that the world admires today. And it was what the political orators in the old days of which we are now writing did. They got full of their subject, felt its full inspiration, and spoke like men inspired by their cause. And the masses heard, and felt that wonderful eloquence, that is now only a delightful memory with those who once enjoyed it in the political days of half a century ago.[1] Mr. Lothrop was no exception to this rule. And if we did not get one of his best speeches, we got a speech which if I could give in full, would be a fine specimen of the campaign oratory of thirty-five years ago. Among other good things in his speech, I have a clear recollection of his description of the two candidates. After giving one of the Pathfinder, at the head of his forces composed of the political odds and ends of defeated old line Whigs, stray Democrats, Free-soilers and fanatical Abolitionists, with other nondescript adherents, he then gave one of the democratic candidates "Buck and Breck," as they were styled, "Fellow citizens," said he "you have heard that men when hunting, as they come across a fine large deer in the woods, are apt to get the "buck fever," and shoot wide of the mark. What do you think, fellow citizens, these valorous Republicans will do this fall, when they see our "Buck" in all his splendid proportions, with his magnificent branching horns "the antlered monarch of the waste," when, I say, in November next, they see him coming—"Mighty God, won't they get the 'Buck fever!'"

REPUBLICAN RALLY AT LEONIDAS, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, AUG. 23, '56

As we drove into the village of Leonidas the republican flag was floating from a pole erected near the hotel. Wagons and horses bannered and "evergreened," bands playing and men hurrahing, greeted

[1]This was before the day of political "campaign funds" when the candidate's money, as it does now, pays for all the expenses of the canvass of a state or entire country. A little money then paid all necessary expenses of the campaign. The cause of the party aroused all the power and enthusiasm of the people, all the influence of the voters, all the eloquence of its orators. Almost the reverse of this is true now. Elections are too much of a moneyed game to arouse the enthusiasm of the people.

us from the different roads leading into town. The speeches were made by Perrin Smith, lawyer of Centreville, and by W. L. Stoughton of Sturgis. We met here that sterling, old line Abolitionist, Chester Gurney of Centreville. He said to me "We have been waiting, and waiting for the people, now they have come up to us!".

Still there was a part of the old Whigs yet disaffected. Frank Granger had given the "Roderick Dhu whistle" to call together the old retired Whigs to do political battle again. In his enthusiastic call he says, "Friends and old time-honored Whigs, let us battle 'nom de guerilla' a while with Fillmore, and then after the contest (we don't expect to elect our candidate) we can rally under the old whig standard again." They voted for Fillmore but, as Whigs, never rallied again.

Zachariah Chandler, that "stalworth Republican," stumped the State for Fremont and Reform. We heard him at Dowagiac. He evinced in this campaign that ability and power as a political speaker, for which he was afterwards to become famous in the nation. Hon. Schuyler Colfax came over from Indiana to aid the young Republican party in its first presidential campaign. Other eminent speakers from abroad came into the State, and other prominent speakers in this State aided the Republicans in this political contest; making it one of the memorable campaigns in American politics.

Mr. S. D. Bingham of Lansing, informs me that Hon. Daniel L. Case and Gov. Moses Wisner did most excellent campaign work for Fremont and Dayton. And we would say that S. D. Bingham did the same. I heard Wirt Dexter address a large crowd of enthusiastic Republicans one evening in Battle Creek during this campaign. Gen. Cass had lately spoken in Marshall. And to say that Dexter followed the general, and made havoc with his Marshall speech, was, to a Republican, putting the case just as it was. Dexter's wit and power of ridicule were put to the best use. Like a rhetorical "moss-trooper" he went, cutting and slashing right and left, through Gen. Cass' speech, and when he got through, there seemed to be nothing left of it. Wirt Dexter, then in his young manhood, proved himself by this speech to be a very promising political orator. He made eighty speeches during this campaign. In after years he obtained, at Chicago, the front rank as lawyer and orator. To the above list of speakers in this campaign should be added F. C. Beaman, R. R. Beecher, Henry Waldron, Francis W. Kellogg and Austin Blair.[1]

[1]War governor of Michigan, 1861-1865.

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING AT CENTREVILLE, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1856

We find the following in our journal of the above date:

As the Republican party is engaged in a presidential campaign with its Democratic foe, we are led to ask what is the situation or character of American politics today? There are the Garrisons, those American Jacobins, or disunionists; the radical Abolitionists under Gerrit Smith; the Know-nothings under Fillmore; the modern Democrats with a democracy that is squatter sovereignty at both ends, under Buchanan; and the young Republican party, under their gallant chief, Col. John C. Fremont. September 26 of this year will be memorable in the annals of this political campaign as the day when Gen. Cass and John Van Buren addressed the democracy of Southern Michigan in mass meeting at Centreville, St. Joseph county. I had gone from Battle Creek, with my two democratic brothers, especially to hear John Van Buren on this occasion. We reached the town about noon, and found every road leading into the village thronged with a long procession of bannered wagons filled with Democrats, and drawn by two, three, and often four span of horses, that were tricked off with small flags, all moving to the stirring peals of cornet bands or martial music. A grand stand had been erected in the public square in the center of the village. To this we repaired. At the appointed time that old democratic chief, Gen. Cass, ascended the steps to the platform, amid the loud and prolonged applause of an assembled throng of over ten thousand people.

At this time it was asserted that "John Van Buren will not be here today!" Disappointed, we turned to hear the Nestor of American democracy, who in his old age had joined his brethren in arms, to aid by his wisdom, influence and eloquence, the young democrats in beating back the uprising of this new and formidable republican party. Here he stood at the head of the same redoubtable democrats that had so lately defeated the famous old whig party in the memorable campaign of 1852, and as the old hero mounted the stage he felt flushed with the prestige of that victory over that noble old foe.

I will not attempt to describe his hour and a half speech, but will simply confine myself to some of its incidents and to what I saw in him as a public speaker that interested me. This speech was the best I ever heard him deliver. To call him the "old man eloquent" might be adorning him with borrowed feathers; but yet I thought him, on this occasion, an eloquent old man, and if that is assuming anybody's else title, let it be so, he was the "old man eloquent" to me, and thousands of others that day. The interest was in *him,* to hear him discuss the

political questions of the day in his own interesting manner. There were parts of his speech in which he alluded to the past history of the democratic party, and which was but the history of his own experience, which held that vast gathering spell-bound during its narration. It was getting a most valuable part of our history from the distinguished statesman who had helped make it. Reminiscences and incidents of the last fifty years were made doubly interesting by his manner of relating them. Among them was the narration of his first meeting with a young lieutenant of the army, as they were crossing the river at Sandusky, which held us with as much delight as the reading of one of old Homer's narratives in the Iliad. "I noticed," said he, "a young man with a keen black eye and a manly, soldierly bearing, as he stepped into the boat at the head of his company. From the first his appearance impressed me as a young man of mark. I soon formed his acquaintance, and made up my mind that he had the material in him to achieve eminence. I saw that he was taking the right course; active, observing, keenly alive to his duty, without fault in his habits; I watched with pride and pleasure his course while connected with the army, and his after life, and I am happy to say here today, that I have lived to see that young lieutenant attain to places of the highest distinction in our country. You know him as John J. Crittenden."

As a public speaker Gen. Cass made no attempt to please, to impress himself on his hearers; to captivate and carry the crowd with stirring appeals, or "bursts of eloquence;" but you listened to his speech as you did to a deeply interesting narrator, who held your rapt attention through his whole story. He was truly the "Pylian Sage," speaking the words of wisdom and instruction that came as most valuable lessons to us from him whose life had been given to the service of his country during a long and faithful public career. And each of those ten thousand listeners, whether Democrats or Republicans, (as many of the latter were in the crowd) looked up to him as a venerable and wise statesman, and listened implicitly to his council and instruction.

One rather amusing incident occurred in his speech. In denouncing some evil he attempted to quote Pope's well known lines.—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen," etc.

He began, "Vice is a monster of such—such—such" here hesitating, he began again—"Vice is a monster of such—such," and stopping short, in a fit of impatience, he turned around to Gov. Barry, sitting on the stage behind him, and exclaimed in a petulant tone—"Governor, what

is the next word?" "Do tell me!" The governor repeated the forgotten clause, and the General, catching the clue, gave with unfaltering emphasis the whole quotation, and went on with his speech, which he soon after finished. He sustained the measures of the Democratic party *in toto,* and made a powerful effort to tear in tatters the new Republican organization, and he had nearly got through with his effort, when the president of the day, Samuel Chipman, stepped forward and announced that "John Van Buren had just arrived in town, and would be ready to address the crowd in a few moments!" Instantly a wild and prolonged shout went up from that vast multitude repeated again and again. There is fame, thought I in that applause, it must be music in the ears of the distinguished orator whose coming calls it forth. The general soon finished speaking, and, as he did so, told us that "John" would soon be on the stage to address us. And as he caught sight of him ascending the platform, he hurried forward to meet him as eagerly as a father would his long absent son. It was now getting late, and many who had come from a distance had "got up" their teams. Banners were flying, and the music with some, had struck up. But that announcement—"John Van Buren has come!" went through that vast assemblage like a galvanic shock, producing an instantaneous change in their minds. Their weariness, the long distance to their homes, in some cases thirty to forty miles, and the lateness of the hour, were all forgotten, and involuntarily they gathered around the stand eager to see and hear this prince of political orators, and as he came upon the stage he was greeted with renewed cheering. After shaking hands with Gen. Cass and other distinguished Democrats on the stage, he was introduced to us by the president of the day. His appearance did not in the least disappoint us. A tall and commanding figure; a head and personal bearing that a prince might envy, and a nobleness of manner and manhood that Americans could be proud of.

He began his speech with an apology for having disappointed us in not being at Centreville at the time announced. The train he came on failed to make connections. His speech was of a pacific nature. He reconciled the Democrats with the free-soil episode some had indulged in, but they were now reunited and as strong as ever. It was evident as he came forward and began his address, that he was master of the situation, and when he got through with that vast crowd, it was evident that he had carried it for Buchanan. The human voice is a wonderful instrument, and John Van Buren's distinction as prince of American orators of his day, owed something to the masterly command and skill he evinced in handling that splendid instrument.

His voice was clear, strong, though pleasant, which you easily heard though you were on the border of the vast crowd, and he had the power to hold you, and to interest you whether you believed him or not, for it is the true orator's power that you feel; "that charm in delivery," "that magical art," that captivates and sways mankind. He uses plain Saxon words, his diction is terse though vigorous, his meaning forceful and clear. He never quotes a sentence or word from anybody else; he never makes a blunder, nor utters a superfluous word or a weak one. His wit comes naturally; 'tis never too severe, nor misapplied. He has too much of it to be sarcastic especially with his fund of humor, and a natural vein of drollery, all of which united, tone down his power of ridicule and make his "on-sets" irresistible. His sallies of wit give additional enjoyment to his speech, which with his rare gifts as an orator, make the dullest an interested listener, and a long speech seem a short one. I thought him[1] on this occasion, the greatest public speaker, the greatest master of thought and speech improvised, I ever listened to. I never knew one who had done what he did that day. That crowd when he began his speech was weary with two hours' standing, it was late in the day, and many as we have said had thirty or forty miles yet to go before they reached home; and yet he made them forget all this, and kept them there listening to him an hour and a half longer, perfectly oblivious of everything but the incomparable orator addressing them.

The ladies had been seated close around the stand in front of the stage, and at one time in his speech the platform where he stood needed fixing. While this was being done, he leaned over the railing and addressed himself to them. "The Republicans," says he, "have threatened to give us 'Jessie' this fall. Well, we'll take Jessie, she is an accomplished and beautiful woman, and her old father stands ready to receive her back with open arms, but 'John,' they can't *give* away." At another time alluding to the adjournment of Congress and President Pierce's immediately calling a special session for appropriations in regard to Kansas, he said: "The boys thought school was out, and were going home, but the schoolmaster Pierce, called them back and told them it was only *intermission.*"

"John!" some one called out from the crowd, "what about your Free-soil summerset on the Buffalo platform?" He paused an instant,

[1]It is said of the great Conde, let him enter a battle at any stage of its progress, and he would fight his way out to victory. He was a soldier by natural instinct. John Van Buren has been known to enter the court room when a trial was in progress, and, not knowing anything about it, to have taken hold and won the case. The same rare gift attended him on the stump and on the platform. The occasion inspired him. He was an orator by natural instinct.

and, looking over the crowd towards the one who addressed him, replied "my friend, I tried to explain to you at that time, my position, and have given good reasons for my political course, in my public speeches, since. I have seen woolly-heads, dull-heads and thick-heads, but I have never found before a head so woolly, so dull, or so thick, that it took eight years for an idea to work into it." A shout from the crowd overwhelmed the man, and he asked no more questions. No questions foiled him, he rather enjoyed it, or as the chairman said "nothing suited him better, for he was always ready to give a reply."

He said that a Republican on the cars as he was coming into Michigan, was confident that Fremont would be elected. He said he told him that he was not a betting man but he would wager most any amount that Fremont would be defeated. The reply was that it was immoral to bet. He thought that might be so, but he knew it was immoral to lose.

Few speakers possessed the self command, the rare gift to think, reason and argue on their feet before a crowd, that John Van Buren had. He carried with him to the platform all the ready wit and humor, all the repartee, and that happy faculty of making much of a little thing, that so distinguished him in after-dinner speeches, and made him the great favorite of social clubs. His intellectual resources were unbounded, his presence, his "infinite variety" never staled, hence his great popularity with, and control over the masses, as a political orator. Says a late writer of him "In person tall, symmetrical, graceful. His features wore a look of indolent strength combined with a genial nature, and a manner that was imposing and impressive, and marvelously pleasing. His bearing and deportment, finished and elegant, were nevertheless as popular with the crowd as they were attractive in the haunts of refinement. His voice was high-pitched and penetrating, clear and distinct, reaching to the farthest confines of a great crowd. As with all genius, the secret of his power eludes analysis. It did not lie in a trick of style or a fascinating mannerism. His delivery was deliberate, and impressed his hearers with the charm of its distinctness. And one chief effect of his wonderful and perennial wit was due to the impressive unconcern with which it was uttered. He spoke without seeming effort, and with little gesture. His equanimity was never disturbed, and his blandness never ruffled. His popularity among the masses of the north at this period of his career was scarcely equaled by that of any man then in public life."

That there was an old feud between Gen. Cass and ex-President Van Buren is a well-known fact. It is said to have originated at the

time of the trial of Gen. Hull at Albany, on which occasion Martin Van Buren was Judge Advocate and Gen. Cass a witness. Personal asperities it is believed, at that time, passed between these two gentlemen, and was the cause of a long estrangement between them. But now all was reconciled, and John Van Buren had come, like a young Achilles, subduing his wrath to make common cause with his brother Democrats, and retrieve their fallen fortunes. This was done, and the great democratic victory of 1856 passed into history.

THE OLD WHIG PARTY IN MICHIGAN, ITS LEADERS AND EDITORS, WITH INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES AND CAMPAIGN SONGS

We have said that the old Whig party went out of power and ceased to exist as a party, in 1852. Her career as a party closed then. But in the presidential campaign of 1856, a portion of the old line Whigs, like the followers of the "chevalier after Culloden," cast their fortunes with that of another leader; they went into this campaign under the banner of Millard Fillmore and Andrew J. Donaldson. This was the American or "Know-Nothing" party. And just why this remnant of Whigs should make this presidential demonstration has never been fully determined; probably from the fact that they did not know themselves; making it, on their part, a genuine know-nothing movement.

The history of the Whig party in Michigan began with the history of the State. In fact it came here with the first appearance of politics in the Territory, and from first to last was controlled by some of the ablest and best men in the State. Men of national fame were members of it, leaders in it, and elected by it to some of the highest positions in the State and nation. The old whig leaders were Gov. William Woodbridge, Jacob M. Howard, William A. Howard, Zachariah Chandler, Augustus S. Porter, and other prominent Whigs of Detroit; George C. Bates of Monroe; James Wright Gordon and Henry W. Taylor of Marshall; Dr. Orlando Moffatt and S. B. Thayer of Battle Creek; Horace Mower, Marsh Giddings and the Mays of Kalamazoo, and many others.

The whig editors of the early days were men of mark and high ability. That staunch whig organ, the Detroit Advertiser, was edited by men of abundant resources, ready, vigorous and trenchant writers. Its early editors were George L. Whitney, Franklin Sawyer, George Dawson, Morgan Bates, Gen. A. S. Williams, George W. Wisner, Rufus Hosmer, the most original of northwestern journalists, and Joseph Warren whose influence was so potent in the organization of the Republican party at Jackson in 1856, and other able editors.

The old Whig party disappeared and, phœnix-like, the young Republican party sprang from its ashes. Certain it is, that, on the old party's disbanding, the new party took its place as the political opponent of the old Democratic party. The political orator and editor, as has been said, had much to do with the management and control of a party. The old editorials of fifty years ago would be curious and interesting reading now. The files of the old papers, where in existence, are not easily got at now-a-days. We give herewith some newspaper recollections of the past.

Some time in the forties, Judge David Webster of Kalamazoo, was delegate to a whig convention held in Jackson. Being noted as a Whig for his non-committal policy, his course in the convention was watched by the other party, and his speech in the Jackson convention is thus reported by Volney Hascall, editor of the Kalamazoo Gazette, a sterling democratic organ, because edited by a sterling writer and Democrat: "Mr. President, I rise in this convention, on this auspicious occasion. We are all members of the grand old Whig party, whose history is connected with my early recollections. Mr. President, I was born in an early period of my life, in one of the New England states, which I do not choose to name at present; and I was early taught, by pious parents, to consider doubtful things uncertain." And he took his seat. The writer remembers hearing Volney Hascall repeat this speech of Judge Webster's, and which, he said, appeared in the Gazette at the time of the whig convention at Jackson. It was said by a Democrat, at the time, that "the Judge had but one lamp by which his feet were guided, and that was an old whig lantern that he had had from 'way back,' and that its light was so imperfect it made 'doubtful things' look very uncertain along his political pathway."

George Torrey, Sr., was then editor of the Kalamazoo Telegraph, the whig organ of western Michigan. He had a versatile talent, ready for whatever might turn up, as an editor should be, wielding a trenchant pen, with a vein of humor and poetry in him that give life and spice to his writings.

Bagg,[1] the editor of the Detroit Free Press, had been dilating on "spoilsmen" in politics, the Democratic party being in power, and the Free Press man was supposed to have a good share of the spoils. Torrey replied to his article and said in his closing paragraph, "now all this hue and cry over the spoils is simply misleading, they are all in one Bagg in Detroit, and the devil is to pay."

Torrey, while at the front composing his editorial, saw from his window, in the Telegraph office, farmer Fuller, "half seas over," walk-

[1]A. S. Bagg became the owner of the Democratic Free Press and Michigan Intelligencer on Feb. 16, 1838.

ing on the shadow of an ash pole that fell across the muddy street, thinking it a log. He put the whole incident into type as he saw it, saying as he closed, "I think he was 'Fuller' of whiskey than anything else.

When Crum Stimpson in 1843 or '44 introduced the daguerrean art in Kalamazoo, Torrey said in the Telegraph, "The daguerrean art is nature's pencil dipped in light."

POLITICAL SONGS

We are not a singing nation like Germany, Italy and some other European countries, yet we have made song play a more telling part in our political history than any other country. France is the only country in Europe where public opinion can be freely expressed.

Political songs as a means to aid candidates began in 1840 with the Whigs. There are no earlier political songs in our history. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican wrote to his paper the following sneering allusion to the whig candidate of 1840: "Give him a barrel of hard cider and settle a pension of two thousand dollars a year on him, and our word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days contented in a log cabin." This sneering allusion to Gen. Harrison was the cause of using the "log cabin," "the hard cider," and the "coon skin," that played so important a part in starting "the great commotion the country through."

The songs of the campaign of 1856, also played an influential, as well as amusing, part with the Republicans. The most famous of these songs is the following, which was sung at all the republican gatherings "the country through."

Buchanan is represented as an old gray horse, and Fremont as a lusty mustang colt:

There's an old gray horse whose name is Buck,
Du da, du da!
His dam was Folly and his sire Bad Luck,
Du da, du da day!

CHORUS.

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day,
I'll bet my money on the mustang colt,
Will anybody bet on the gray?

The mustang colt is strong and young,
Du da, du da!
His wind is sound, his knees not sprung,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

The old gray horse is a well known hack,
Du da, du da!
He's long been fed at the public rack,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

The mustang is a full-blood colt,
Du da, du da!
He cannot shy, he will not bolt,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

The old gray horse when he tries to trot,
Du da, du da!
Goes round and round in the same old spot,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

The mustang colt has a killing pace,
Du da, du da!
He's bound to win the White House race,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

Then do your best with the old gray hack,
Du da, du da!
The mustang colt will clear the track,
Du da, du da day!—*Cho.*

The south was bitter against the north in this campaign, as the abolition element in the Republican party had drawn all its fire anew, as will appear in the following "Ballad for the Young South," by Joseph Brenan, an Irish exile of 1848, which I got from the "New Orleans Delta:"

Hark to the howling demagogues—
A fierce and ravenous pack—
With nostrils prone and howl and bay,
Which run upon our track!
The waddling bull-pup Hale—the cur
Of Massachusetts' breed—
The moping mongrel, sparsely crossed
With Puritanic seed—
The Boston bards which join the chase
With genuine beagle chime;
And Sumner snarling poodle-pet
Of virgin's past their prime;
And even the sluts of Woman's rights—
Tray, Blanche and Sweet-heart all
Are yelping shrill against us still,
And hunger for our fall.

Here follows another short appeal from the southern Irish muse, to arouse the South:

"Sons of the brave the time has come
To bow the haughty crest,
Or stand alone, despite the threats,
Of north, or east, or west!
The hour has come for manly deeds
And not for puling words—
The hour is past for platform prate—
It is the time for swords!
And by the fame of John Calhoun,
To honest truth be true;
And by old Jackson's iron will,
Now do what ye can do!
By all ye love and all ye hope,
Be resolute and proud,
And make your flag a symbol high,
Of triumph—or a shroud!

This poetry bubbles right out of Helican. This Irish Southron (Southerne) has the poetic fire of Erin's muse; one can feel the Irish pulsings as he reads it over. These poetical selections from the campaign literature of 1856, would be incomplete without some from Kansas, hence we give here the "Border Ruffian Rally," from some of their poets:

"Brother Ruffians! ye who dwell
In your shanties built of logs,
All along the brink of hell,
Chain your "boys!" unleash your dogs!
Don't remain at home for trifles!
Mount your horses! load your rifles!
Children at their a, b, abs!
Hear 'em in the wilderness!
That's a steam-mill sawing slabs—
That's a free-soil printing press!
That's a church bell clanging yonder—
We must stop it—blood and thunder!
They'll destroy our institutions;
They're our Union's dissolution!
Up and at 'em for your lives!
Kill their cattle, burn their sheds!
Stab 'em with your bowie-knives!
With your bludgeons break their heads!
If we let 'em grow much bigger,
They will leave us not a nigger!"

Thus cries out the Border Ruffian Rally, and echoes throughout the domain on Kansas. "Come brothers, come—

[1]Thomas Southerne, dramatist and poet in the early part of the 18th century.

Alabama and Carolina!
Our dear sister Arkansaw!
Send your ruffians; help to twine a
Rope to throttle freedom's jaw!
For if we don't stop her clamor,
She'll dissolve the Union—d—her!"

In giving this history, or these reminiscences of Michigan politics, I have had no desire but to state the facts and truths in the case, no other motive than to subserve the purposes of history. And whatever errors may be found in these recollections of past political events are those of judgment or memory, for I have written with "malice towards none, and charity to all."

THE MAKING OF MICHIGAN

BY HON. GEORGE WILLARD

[Read at the annual meeting June 12, 1890, having been written for and read at a meeting of the Kalamazoo county Pioneer Society]

Mr. President and members of the Kalamazoo county Pioneer Society:

Though I am not a pioneer of your county, allow me to say that fifty-three years since, I came within a half dozen miles of being one, and have been separated from you only by that interval of distance, most of the time intervening. For over two years I was a resident of your county seat, and formed personal acquaintances which I have always prized, and whose presence here today makes this meeting peculiarly agreeable to me, and deepens my appreciation of the honor conferred by the invitation to address you on this occasion.

The subject upon which I shall attempt to speak this afternoon is the making of Michigan, and at the outset let me suggest that your society has nearly outgrown its name; it is a pioneer society, chiefly in being composed, not of pioneers, but of the children of pioneers. The surviving Michigan patriarchs, whose presence lends dignity, and a reverential character to these assemblages, are becoming very few. Not many here can claim to be the men and women, but only the sons and daughters of the men and women, who are really entitled to the credit

of laying the foundation of our great and prosperous commonwealth. Any tribute, therefore, which we as citizens of Michigan may now pay to those who made the State,[1] is relieved of the charge of self conceit; with most of us it is but an obedience to the Divine Command, "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land."

Two average generations have passed since this part of Michigan received its first permanent settler. The first pioneer set his stakes at Kalamazoo sixty years ago. This period extends much more than half way back to the American Revolution, and brings us within twelve years of the close of the last war with Great Britain; and the date 1829, when Titus Bronson pitched his tent on the burr oak plain at your present county town, was just midway between that war and the war with Mexico. This was only three years after the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, who both died on the semi-centennial of American independence, the one being the author and the other the foremost champion of that great charter of our liberties; one of the signers of that instrument then survived, Charles Carroll of Maryland. That many of the soldiers, however, of the revolution were still living, is shown by the fact that $5,000,000 had been paid out for their pensions, during the administration of John Quincy Adams just closed. The United States had then less than one-fifth of its present population, and the entire territory of Michigan numbered but a little more than the city of Kalamazoo.

Jackson had been in the presidential chair but a few months, when Bronson had erected his rude log cabin within your borders, and upon it the snows of the first winter had not ceased to fall when the nation was electrified by the memorable speech of Webster in reply to Hayne in the United States Senate. The counties in this part of the territory were laid out in that year, 1829, and at the christening of eight of them, Jackson, Calhoun, Van Buren, Eaton, Barry, Ingham, Branch, Berrien and Cass, the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the entire cabinet, and the territorial governor took occasion to write their names conspicuously and indelibly upon this part of the map of Michigan. This county formed an exception to this political nomenclature and took a name, I am glad to say entirely and purely American, and as rhythmical as the flow of the limpid stream from which it was appropriated.

The seven years which elapsed from the date of the first settlement of this county, until the admission of our State into the union, marks the actual period of the making of Michigan. For, the real builders of the goodly fabric of this commonwealth of which we are so proud,

[1]Michigan was admitted into the Union as a State, June 1, 1837.

were not the French explorers, post traders and missionaries; they were not the British soldiers and adventurers who followed them; they were not even the mixed population of Canadian habitants, American fishermen and fur-merchants who occupied the territory under the American flag, during the first quarter of the present century, but the true founders of Michigan were the men who came within its limits during the half dozen years which succeeded the first planting of Kalamazoo county.

But while this is so, it will not do to underrate the importance of previous events which conspired to create a suitable theatre and to provide the requisite material for the successful formation of a state. We are not authorized to break the sequence of the facts of history, nor to say how much or how little one event is dependent upon another in the chain of human affairs; but there certainly seems to be a most natural link of connection between the first American pioneers who sixty years since occupied this region and the first white men who set foot on its soil, a hundred and fifty years previous; who at the close of winter, amid unparalleled hardships, with such constant fear of the Indians, that they dared neither to make a fire to warm their numbed limbs, nor to cook their food, lest the light by night or the smoke by day should attract their enemies; who cautiously and painfully threaded their way, near this very spot, led by the undaunted La Salle,[1] altogether the greatest of the world's explorers since Columbus. This great Frenchman shared more of his career with Michigan than with any other western state. His name, therefore, might more properly be commemorated in our State geography, in the names of streets in our cities, and in civic monuments in our public places than in those of Illinois, which seems so desirous to monopolize his fame. The services rendered by this first white man who, with his four comrades, trod the soil of this county, passing over its prairies, marshes and oak thickets, in March, 1680, were invaluable. His expeditions to find where the Mississippi met the sea had much to do in creating the frame work in which this our Michigan was to be set. For had not La Salle, with indomitable courage and endurance planted the lilies of France at the mouth of that river, thereby paving the way for the extension of the French North American Empire to Louisiana, it is more than probable that the western half of our continent would have been consolidated with Mexico and the two Floridas, under the colonial dominion of Spain. This would have been the result if the Spaniards, instead of the French, had founded New Orleans and given to Louisiana an entire Spanish population; as a consequence the United

[1]See Winsor's *Mississippi Basin.*

States would now have the Mississippi river for their western boundary and the gulf of Mexico would be a mere Spanish or Mexican lake, and our republic wholly shut out from it, on its southern border, and with no sea coast but that of the Atlantic from Georgia to Maine. Spain did hold Louisiana for a short time in subsequent years, when France had abandoned her North American possessions, but she never obtained more than a nominal supremacy and the colony went back to its original possessor, the French government, which ceded it to the United States in 1803. Thus La Salle's discovery and the claim he established, in the journeys of which his expeditions through this and other counties of lower Michigan form a part, led, in the logic of events to the purchase made by Jefferson, a transfer by which France, jealous of England, for a mere bagatelle, doubled the territorial dominion of the American republic, and enabled Michigan to become a part of a national domain whose shores are washed by the Pacific on the west and by the gulf on the south as well as by the Atlantic on the east. La Salle, though he had no part in the actual building of Michigan, yet incomparably more than any other foreign pioneer, either French or British, worked, though unconsciously, for the extension and grandeur of that vast political community to which Michigan was to belong.

A circumstance not to be overlooked in the formative period of our State, is to be found in the pacific character of the Indian tribes which then occupied the territory, but by recent treaties made with Gov. Cass, had conveyed most of their lands to the United States government. The pioneers of this region were not required like many others, to initiate civilization, under the ordeal of the tomahawk and scalping knife. The river which divides your county unequally as it runs through it toward the lake, was the separating line between the Pottawattamies and the Ottawas, who thus shared between them, the greater part of the Lower Peninsula at the time of its American settlement. Neither of these tribes had long possessed this region for their hunting grounds. The Ottawas, called by the French explorers, the "native of the standing hair," to which the great Pontiac belonged, occupied early in the seventeenth century, the eastern part of Canada; and a century later, the Pottawattamies immigrated from northern Wisconsin to southern Michigan and the country adjacent. The Ottawas once warlike had become peaceful, while the Pottawattamies were always reckoned among the most docile and intelligent of the Indian natives of the northwest. The "nitchanobbies" as these red men called themselves, were prepared to

bid the "chemokomon," the white man, a hearty welcome, when the time came for the building of our State.

A most fortunate antecedent to the making of Michigan, and one which served to essentially shape its structure, is seen in the fundamental law which the founders of the American republic provided for molding the institutions of the old Northwest Territory. The Continental Congress, almost in the closing days of its existence, gave to that territory in the ordinance of 1787, a political bible, the two testaments of which have been an invaluable legacy to every northwestern state. In the one testament the command was thundered with a voice that could not have been more impressive if it had come from the top of Mt. Sinai, "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall be duly convicted." The other testament embodied the gospel of political salvation in the golden precept which shines with all the lustre that gilds the sermon on the Mount: "Religion, morality and knowledge, being essential to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." This ordinance, made just fifty years before Michigan became a State, secured for its foundation those solid and enduring corner-stones which no earthquake or revolution can displace, and which no changes of time can ever crumble or corrode.

There was good fortune in the peculiar juncture in our national history in which Michigan was made. It was in the fullness of time, when American institutions had been perfected, when experience had been made in forming new states, when an almost purely American population profiting by the example of others and warned by their errors, were called to the task of adding a new star to the American constellation. The tide of emigration and civilization during the first forty years of the republic had set in other directions than toward this region between the great lakes, and there had been a long rest from state-building when Michigan was erected. At the close of the last war with Great Britain five states had been added to the original thirteen which formed the Union. Kentucky[1] and Vermont, Tennessee and Ohio, by alternating a slave state with a free, with the addition of Louisiana, made a sectional equilibrium that was carefully maintained until the close of the first half of the present century. Within the six years following the war just mentioned, the admission of Indiana and Mississippi, Illinois and Alabama, Maine and Missouri, yoked in pairs, preserved the equilibrium, and brought into the Union all the territory east of the Mississippi with the exception of Florida, just acquired

[1]See appendix.

from Spain, and the region now occupied by Michigan and Wisconsin,[1] and had even added a state beyond that river. Into these new states the current of emigration steadily flowed from the east for a generation, leaving Michigan an unsurveyed and almost unknown wilderness. When this, our State, was admitted into the union, Missouri had been a sovereign state sixteen years, Illinois nineteen years, Indiana twenty-one years, and Ohio thirty-five years.

During this sweep of population into the great middle states of the west, there was a long period of suspense in state making; for it is to be noted that when Arkansas and Michigan were respectively emblazoned as the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth stars on the national flag, they were the first addition which the flag had received in fifteen years. It seems as if in this extended interval, while Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri had become leading commonwealths, and had long been shining conspicuous in the national galaxy, the territory of Michigan had been preserved a choice portion of the national heritage to receive the very best elements of civilization and statehood that America could confer. Former periods found these elements less fully developed and less complete. Later periods have found them subject to an admixture that made them less distinctively and less purely American.

The political and social institutions which Michigan received at its formation, were like choice seed wheat which is obtained by the farmer after many generations of judicious selection, thorough sifting, and careful culture. These free institutions which had their remote origin in Germany, which were subsequently transplanted to England and, after centuries of development under peculiarly favorable conditions, were again removed and transferred to New England and the colonies adjacent, and there improved and developed for their final planting in Michigan, in the decade that followed the settlement of Kalamazoo, were never so perfect, were never so well fitted for insuring human welfare, as when they were lodged in this virgin wilderness of Michigan. In no part of the globe had these institutions, whose growth under the mellowing influence of the gospel makes modern history, become so thoroughly developed as the instrument of good society and good government, as when, in 1829, and the few following years, they were brought by New Yorkers, New Englanders, Pennsylvanians and other pioneers, to be incorporated into the commonwealth of Michigan.

When the propitious time arrived for the making of our State, no one man took a pre-eminent place in this task. There was no chief builder; but the builders were the pioneers who swarmed into the for-

[1]Wisconsin admitted May 29, 1848.

ests and upon the prairies, and brought with them the timber for the edifice, dressed and fitted for its purpose and ready to be at once put together by their own hands. It was a repeated boast that Rome, owed its political construction to no single chief. Unlike Sparta which had her Lycurgas, unlike Crete which had her Minos, unlike Athens which had her Solon, the city on the Tiber had no one to monopolize the credit of giving shape to her institutions. In like manner, Michigan has no chief architect, no pre-eminent pioneer whose fame eclipses that of his associates. The formation period of Michigan is thickly studded with illustrious names of whom some of the most prominent are the proud inheritance of this country, but the State has no single heroic figure to embody the traditions of its creation. Virginia has her Captain John Smith, New York has her Hendrick Hudson, Rhode Island has her Roger Williams, Maryland has her Lord Baltimore, Pennsylvania has her William Penn, Georgia has her Gen. Oglethorpe, Kentucky has her Daniel Boone, but Michigan has no one to stand forth in history as the representative of her inauguration. Detroit may immortalize Cadillac as her local founder, but Cadillac lived and died more than a century before the first blow was struck for the real making of our commonwealth.

If Michigan shall ever desire to select an appropriate figure to symbolize its first pioneer, it will not be a helmeted minion of Louis XIV, it will not be a territorial governor, it will not be any prominent statesman or lawgiver who shaped its first constitution; it will not be any of these, nor will it be of classic type; but it will include a rugged form habited in the coarse jeans and corduroy of sixty years ago. It will be a figure whose rustic head-gear is equally fitted for summer's heat and winter's cold; a figure standing in stout brogans or in moccasins, rude in workmanship and homely in appearance; a figure ornamented with no sword or other insignia of official position; but if you choose to add an emblem significant of the soil which fitted Michigan for civilized occupation, let it be the hickory goad that guided the patient ox in his Titanic task of turning the first furrows, let it be the beetle that split the rails for fencing the first field, let it be the sickle that gathered the first autumn harvest. Place beside him in corresponding homeliness of costume his wife, the ready sharer of his every privation and hardship, their sun-tanned boys and girls who, curtailed in social and educational privileges, were daily receiving lessons essential to the noblest manhood and womanhood. Erect this group with the log dwelling and the log school house in perspective, and place it on a monument to

be witnessed and admired by mankind in all coming generations as the typical Michigan pioneer family, the true germ of our social and political growth, and write beneath, "These are they who laid for this grand commonwealth amid the Great Lakes, a foundation as permanent as the solid granite which underlies its physical structure; these are they who made Michigan." These will be hailed as our genuine nobility; and time will see these badges of pioneerhood, in behest to the demands of fashion, reproduced as household and personal ornaments set off with jewels, and wrought with choicest gold, just as the wealthy Athenians wore golden grasshoppers in their hair and on their garments to denote the associations of their stalwart origin. Give us a coat of arms made up of these emblems, rather than one surmounted with a griffin, a lion or a dragon. The pioneers and their daily surroundings determined the certain destiny of Michigan and any one could read its future prophecy, simply in their character.

I need not recount here what an inviting field these builders of Michigan found in this county of seven prairies and its expanse of oak openings that rivaled them in fertility and beauty. Daniel B. Eldred in company with his father, Hiram Moore and a few others, in the early spring of 1831, explored the east part of the county. Encamped by a small lake, they built a fire at night which spread and enveloped in flame a large prairie just at the eastward. All night long this bright light shone around the pioneer campers. The question arose, "What shall the prairie be called?" Finally, after his companions had severally made their suggestions, Daniel B. said: "It seems to me this 'caps the climax' of all we have seen," and forthwith it was agreed that the prairie should be called Climax, a name it has since borne. I vividly recall from my boyhood a descriptive expression which my own vision afterward found to be justified. A gentleman, with a rare eye for the charm of a lovely landscape, after visiting your Prairie Ronde, declared, "I have seen beauty's eye ball;" but these Prairies, Climax, Tolland, Gull, Genesee, Grand, Gourdneck, and the chief of them all, in the midst of which Schoolcraft was early planted as a jewel. These localities though generally sought as rare prizes by the first settlers were soon found to contain but a small portion of the treasures which Kalamazoo county had to offer to her pioneers. These treasures were appreciated all the more from the peculiar condition of those who sought them. The pioneers, of whom we speak, came, like the New England Pilgrims, to secure homes in the wilderness, their only resource for independence, their only security against the bondage of want and penury. The hard times that make so conspicuous a feature of the

financial history of our country and of England, for at least a dozen years before Michigan was colonized for statehood, had acted upon many families in every eastern community with all the rigor of a relentless persecution. The wages of labor were nearly twice as low as they are now, and the necessities of life were nearly twice as high. Many who possessed small farms were compelled to surrender them, and those who were without farms had little hope of obtaining them. The prevailing distress had a result in enforcing lessons of industry and economy for the honest and the enterprising, and thus giving a preparation for thrift and success when the door for their attainment should be opened. Most of the first settlers of this portion of our peninsula had been disciplined in a severe and costly school, and by that discipline had acquired a robustness which their descendants may well recall and emulate. They came to this inviting paradise, but they knew from the experience of their predecessors in the middle western states, that the occupation of the west was no holiday task. They knew it meant a face to face conflict with privation, with long and wasting disease, with the chance of the death of some of the dearest members of their households, with the loss, for awhile, of school advantages for their children, and the severance of the ties of kindred and the probability that the old homestead would never be revisited. The hardships to be encountered, unfortunately, did not exist in the mere imagination. They proved to be a stern reality. The pioneers came here, most of them, with little more capital than sufficient to furnish the purchase money for their land, and as Edmund About[1] tells the workingmen of Paris, "It is less dangerous to walk unarmed against a tiger than to clear a virgin soil without capital." This truth was much less understood then than now, after the wide experience obtained from peopling the portions of our vast national domain further west. Great, therefore, as were the hardships anticipated by our early settlers, in many instances still greater ones were found.

Some of us recall the period when this part of Michigan was even more remote from the average center of emigration to its borders, measured by the time of travel, than Alaska is from the city of London via New York. In 1836, the family of which I was a rather unimportant and inconspicuous member, was one month in removing from Vermont to Battle Creek, the journey as far as Detroit being made by lake and canal navigation, and the remainder by the regulation conveyance, the emigrant ox team. Two weeks were consumed in traversing the one hundred and twenty miles from Detroit, including a rest of one day. When a few years ago I left my home after my usual day's work and

[1]See appendix.

went to Detroit, attended a public reception, and was again in Battle Creek about the time people usually retire after attending an evening's entertainment, the contrast presented with the journey of my boyhood seemed like some tale of the Arabian nights; and yet we must remember that 1836 is a comparatively late date in Michigan pioneering, and that the time of Titus Bronson's first settlement of Kalamazoo county, carries us seven years further back, to the date of the first steam railroad in the United States, when the Erie canal had been completed but four years. In this early period, the food question often became the most absorbing one of the day. It takes many months to prepare even the most fertile untilled ground for seeding, and to bring the sown or planted crop to its fruitage.

And when the harvest came, the mills to grind the grain were few and far between. Even by the census taken in October, 1837, the grist mills throughout all Michigan numbered but 114, so we may judge how scattered they were when the State had one-sixth of its then population. To illustrate the inconvenience arising from the distance of mills from most of the early settlers and the difficulty of reaching them when there were no roads and bridges, a former resident of my own city, Joseph Farnsworth, who settled on Climax prairie in 1831, relates that he was nine days in going and returning from the nearest gristmill, located at Flowerfield, in St. Joseph county, with a small grist, and that he was obliged to go to the same place for his lumber, before Judge Eldred had built his sawmill at Comstock.

Judge Sands McCamly, the pioneer of Battle Creek, was obliged to use the grit of pounded corn for his family bread supply, but requiring a change of diet for an invalid son, he made three journeys of fifty miles each, to John Vicker's mill, at Vicksburg, which was of such limited capacity that it was called a peppermill, before his effort proved successful. As late as July, 1836, I recall a somewhat trying experience with the flour question. The barrel brought from the east to the log cabin in Battle Creek township was empty. Not a pound of flour or meal was to be bought or begged in the neighborhood. The last short-cake had been baked and eaten, while the head of the household, like Jacob's sons in Egypt, to ward off famine, had repaired to the nearest mill, located at Marshall. The place he found thronged with pioneers on the same errand. No flour was to be obtained by purchase except what came from the miller's toll, and this was subdivided among the waiting crowd at intervals, with rigid impartiality. After waiting until the second day, my father received his share, for which a liberal price was paid, and returned home, a

distance of thirteen miles, with just thirteen pounds of flour. Bread has never in my life, been quite so delicious to the taste as the few loaves, sparingly made at intervals from that grist.

These facts are but mentioned to indicate some of the severe conditions under which the work of constructing Michigan went forward from 1829 to 1836. An important thing to be done in political architecture was the complete organization of the township. The European plan of government is first to organize the nation or state, then to mark the subdivisions which are in no sense units, but only partitions. The territorial government of Michigan, both from its imperfection and from the scattered character of the population, was in its type rather European than American.

The legislative council[1] of Michigan first formed in 1824, and successfully presided over at Detroit, by one who afterward became an honored citizen of Kalamazoo, Abraham Edwards, until 1831 was made up of the representatives of a few counties, most of them of large extent. Up to 1827 even the county of Wayne had no townships.[1] But from that time forward they began to be multiplied. This institution had come to be regarded as essential to state building. It had been for a Virginean, Thomas Jefferson, to record the tersest tribute ever given to the value of the New England township, as the unit of our political system, in declaring that the town meeting was "the wisest invention ever devised by man for the perfect exercise of self government and for its preservation."

The first township organized in Kalamazoo county, if one may be pardoned the inconsistent expression, was much larger than the county. It included Kalamazoo and Barry counties and the regions away north of Barry. It was created in 1829 and was designated from that heroic soldier and upright citizen, then the commander of the United States forces at Detroit, Gen. Hugh Brady, whose name is made familiar in more recent times by the Brady Guards of that city. The next year, 1830, Kalamazoo township was organized, as Arcadia, not receiving its present name until 1836 and the village being styled Bronson until a later date. The other townships whose limits like those of the counties had been marked in the government survey, became ready for the edifice one by one, so that the census of 1837 includes the reports from Brady, Comstock, Cooper, Kalamazoo, Pavilion, Prairie Ronde and Richland. Climax was added before the year closed; Alamo, Charleston, Portage and Texas came in a goodly four in 1838; Oshtemo and Ross in 1839, and might celebrate their semi-centennial this year; Brady in 1842, by its appellation, robbing Schoolcraft of its original name; but which how-

[1]See appendix.

ever made a fair exchange in assuming that of its own village, named after the most renowned Indian scholar of his own, or perhaps of any age, Henry R. Schoolcraft, who conferred as much lustre upon pioneer Michigan by his learning, as Gen. Brady did by his sword. Wakeshma, which had held partnership with Brady, was the Benjamin of the group, dating its birth in 1846. These townships, though not all completed when Michigan was admitted into the Union, yet were an essential part of the original design, and are the hewn stones in the solid mason work of which our State is constructed. To each of these townships is committed the duty of protecting the personal and property rights of the citizen. Neither the state of Michigan, nor the entire government of the United States, has as much to do with securing justice to the individual as our local, township and county administration.

By giving perfection to the township organization, and by wisely adding a county legislature made up of township representatives, Michigan secured the essential features of the most complete form of home rule to be found on this planet. It may be said that other states have adopted this same plan. I do not challenge the assertion, but I do say that this and the other counties of this portion of Michigan may be entered in the list of competition in a world's contest for the best local government, with the sure chance of drawing the prize. If the contest should be narrowed to one between counties, there might, possibly, be a stand off between Kalamazoo and Calhoun, but I am confident it would be some county in Michigan, for the reason that all the circumstances attending the construction of our State so emphatically conspired to give it such a perfect system of home government.

Another essential feature in the Michigan edifice, which its builders were careful not to reject, was the provision for public education. The common school system is the counterpart of the township system. The two are joined together more closely than the Siamese twins, and both are necessary to the preservation of liberty. In most of the pioneer communities of this section, the first public meeting was the school-meeting and the first house erected at the common expense was the school-house. Mr. Van Buren, the historian of your county, whose efforts in preserving the early annals of this section of the State from oblivion are of inestimable value and will insure him the gratitude of posterity, has told us in his admirable paper today of these first Michigan school-houses built of logs, in which many of us were pupils and some were afterward teachers. The Michigan log school-house pedagogue is even now a somewhat ubiquitous personage and is taking

a busy part in the activities of the age. But the makers of Michigan were not content with a mere provision for primary education, and Kalamazoo county was one of the first to plant the embryo of a higher institution, which, first devised by Caleb Eldred and others as early as 1833, afterward became a branch of the University of Michigan and when the policy of university branches was abandoned, became the germ of Kalamazoo college. The "old Branch," located on the northwest corner of the public park at Kalamazoo, was the Mecca to which were turned the footsteps of many a youth in western Michigan, who hungered and thirsted after a higher knowledge than was supplied in the district school. In 1842, a pedestrian journey of twenty-two miles brought to its revered portals a boy in his teens, whose previous wilderness associations were in rather sharp contrast to those of the academic shades which he then entered. The village of Kalamazoo, though only thirteen years had elapsed from its first settlement, had to his eyes, as he shyly walked its long street, all the beauty of Damascus and the culture of Athens, and the "Branch" principal, Mr. Dutton, personified nearly all the virtue and wisdom requisite for mankind. Forty-seven years have passed since then, but time has not dispelled the illusion, if it be one, as it remains with me still, and I can never fail to be most vividly impressed with the efficient share taken by this institution in the development of Michigan's educational system, which now, in its regular gradation from the primary school to the University, is the most complete in the United States, and by consequence the most complete in the world. Foreign governments for the study of the best model of state education, send their representatives to Michigan; foreign writers, in discussing the excellent features of our American school system, select that of Michigan for a text.

But the builders of our State contributed something more and better than the mere framework of its political and educational institutions. They added the impress of their own character. Communities, like individuals, have traits which we call natural, traits continued from their birth. The several towns and cities of Michigan have now much the same local characteristics which they had in their infancy. It is so with counties; some are staid and conservative; others are more enterprising, or perhaps adventurous; some are economical, others more lavish in expenditure; in some, the courts are traditionally conducted in the interests of justice, in others, the safeguards thrown around person and property, are less secure; and it is safe to say that if the characteristics developed in these several localities had been carefully

noted fifty years ago, they would be found to strikingly resemble those of the present time. But what is true of a township, city or county, in this regard, is still more true of a State, which is founded on a wider basis and charged with the duty of general legislation for the whole. The pioneers of Michigan embodied in their persons, those elements of "religion, morality, and knowledge," which our fathers who had just passed through the fiery trial of the revolution, declared to be "essential to good government and the happiness of mankind." They brought with them into the wilderness their family bibles; and in every village the unpretentious spire of the rural church invited the wayfarer, on the Sabbath, to a place where the God who had guided our forefathers across the sea, and who had hitherto sustained our nation by his succession of marvelous providences, might still be worshiped. An incident related to me, many years ago, by the late Hon. Wales Adams, an early pioneer of Branch county, shows that a religious service does not of necessity require the aid of artificial ceremonial to give it impressiveness. The chief personage in the incident was the late Philander Chase, Episcopal bishop of Ohio, and afterward of Illinois, who took for his bishop's seal, the motto, "Jehovah Jirah" the Lord will provide. He was the founder of Kenyon College, Ohio, and in 1831, after irreconcilable differences between himself and his co-workers, had resigned his bishopric and college presidency, and started west to begin life anew. He directed his journey to Schoolcraft where a young acquaintance of his, Judge Wells, had just settled, and upon his way, in a one-horse gig, stopped over night at Fawn river, near the border of Branch and St. Joseph counties. Mr. Adams was stopping there, and falling into conversation with the bishop, suggested that if he was looking for a place to locate, he would do well to explore some desirable lands in the vicinity. It was agreed that the next morning they should set out together upon the exploration. The morning was beautiful and the sky serene. The two land-lookers were on foot and after a walk of some miles through the forest, and coming in view of the fertile plains indicated by his guide, as the bishop saw them expand, a billowy ocean of verdure in the gorgeous sunlight, and as he sought, perhaps, a solace for the dejection of spirit caused by his resignation, thinking of the balm so conspicuously mentioned in holy writ, he exclaimed, "This is Gilead, I name it Gilead," thus giving to one of the townships of Branch county a designation which it still bears. At noon came the time for sharing the lunch, which the two had brought with them, and Mr. Adams, setting it out of the basket, presented a portion to his companion and was about to help himself to the food before

him, when he was interrupted by the bishop, in a voice of the deepest solemnity: "Pause, young man, I make it a strict rule of my life, never to partake of any food until I have first invoked the blessing of Almighty God;" and there under the spreading oak, with the silence of the listless noon resting upon the solitary plains and hills, this patriarch, like another Abraham before Mamre, asked a blessing upon the single meal before him, a blessing which Mr. Adams declared to be altogether the most impressive religious ceremony he ever witnessed. He did not profess to be a religious man, but the profound sincerity and the conscientious conviction manifest in this single act, as they were recalled by him, evoked a tribute of the most profound respect for his fellow pioneer, who afterward established his Jubilee college in Gilead, went to England and successfully solicited subscriptions for it, but in 1835, removed it to Illinois, on being elected bishop of that state.

Few, I trust none of us, want a state religion; but, on the other hand, few of us would desire to belong to a state whose people did not possess a deep vein of religion in their characters, and were not endowed with a religious sentiment that continues to beat in strong pulsation, giving ceaseless life and vigor to the whole system. If ever the future of a state may be read in the intelligence and moral elevation of its founders, it was easy to predict what the first fifty-three years of our existence as a commonwealth have already realized. We find ourselves now in the possession of the most perfect local government, in theory and practice, that now exists, or ever has existed since the creation of man; we find ourselves in possession of the most thoroughly elaborated system of public education in the world, freely opening the treasures of learning obtained in school and college, alike to the rich and poor, and our University was the first either in America or Europe, to break down the distinction of sex in the attainment of the highest instruction; we find ourselves in the possession of a purer vernacular tongue, spoken with a better accent and used with a greater correctness than any other population scattered over an equal extent of territory on the face of the globe; and we find ourselves in possession of an ancestral imprint to our institutions, and the rich legacy furnished in the example of the pioneers who made Michigan, which secures the transmission of these blessings to a remote future.

My friends, how frequently human expectation fails to be justified by reality; Florida was discovered only twenty years after the landing of Columbus. It was heralded to the world as the paradise whose flowers and fruits outrivaled the garden of Eden.

It stood at the very portals of the continent and invited a possession by the rival colonists of two of the foremost European nations, nearly half a century before any other settlement within our republic. The praise of its soil and climate was on every tongue; and it has taken almost four centuries to dispel the glamor created by that first false impression. Michigan, on the other hand, was wholly unknown for many generations afterward; the date of the settlement of Detroit stands just midway between the first settlement of Florida and the admission of Michigan into the Union, and the lapse of time was eight years longer from the settlement of St. Augustine to that of Detroit, than from the settlement of Detroit to that of Kalamazoo. Now Florida has two congressmen and Michigan has eleven, more than five times as many, though the territorial extent of the two States is not very widely divergent, Florida being nearly three thousand square miles the larger of the two. This difference of development is, in some measure, to be attributed to considerations of race, government and the historic conditions under which the two states were inaugurated. Recent efforts to revive an enthusiasm for Florida have proved fruitless. The physical resources are wanting. To have a great prosperous State, soil and climate and other physical advantages must concur to furnish a proper site. The builders of Michigan possessed these advantages in an eminent degree. They possessed them to a much vaster extent than they even suspected. Many thought it a poor bargain when the Upper Peninsula,[1] that empire of mineral wealth, was given in exchange for Toledo and the little strip of the Maumee swamp. But in being allowed to lay the geographical basis of their structure upon the two peninsulas, in this one thing, at least, they builded better than they knew.

They erected a noble edifice, a commonwealth, than which none more perfect was ever designed by human wisdom. They may be said to have crowned it with the emblematic figures which stand upon the monument just dedicated upon the Plymouth Rock, the figures of faith, morality, education, law and freedom; and they placed upon their completed work, in letters, which were to shine out to the men of all future generations, as they shall read upon Michigan's coat of arms the legend slightly changed from Sir Christopher Wren's inscription on St. Paul's Cathedral,[2] "Si Quæris Peninsulam Amœnam Circumspice" which in our interpretation today, we may justly expand to the motto: If you wish a beautiful peninsula, planted with a civilization and with institutions, political and social, the most complete upon which the sun ever shone since it parted day and night from the pristine chaos, here you will find it, in this commonwealth of Michigan.

[1]See Mich. Pion. and His. Colls. Vol. XXVII, p. 346, by Annah May Soule.
[2]See appendix.

NEW ENGLAND INFLUENCE IN MICHIGAN

BY REV. WOLCOTT B. WILLIAMS

It would appear to be a very easy matter to prepare a paper setting forth adequately the influence of New England in Michigan, but it has proved to be a very laborious and unsatisfactory task. If these New England people had all come at once, and settled in the same locality, and pursued the same kind of business, it would have been comparatively easy to have measured approximately their influence upon the civilization of the State. Had those who came been bound together by any bond, as were the children of Israel in Egypt, or as one of our great political parties, it would have been easy to estimate their influence.

But they have been coming one by one for an hundred years. They settled in all parts of the State; they have been in every profession and calling. They have been arrayed on all sides of every political and moral question. So I see no other way to trace the influence of New England upon the civilization of the State but to study the history of each individual who has come to the State, and see what he has done, and see if we can group these workers in any way so as to appreciate their influence. Here again a difficulty arises. As I read the early history of the State I find names of men very prominent in public affairs. Their nativity is not given, and I must gather this from some other source. I may hunt up the history of a half dozen men only to find that they were not born in New England. Of many prominent men no biographical sketch has been found. Then again many who took a prominent place in public affairs fifty or seventy-five years ago have long since passed away, so that their names are not familiar to any but historians and the oldest of our citizens. This State is a very large one, 470 miles long, and at an early day traveling facilities were so limited that very able men and well known in their own vicinity were almost wholly unknown in parts more remote. Time is too short to hunt up the written record of every settler, and how can we number or estimate the influence of the great mass of rank and file, who have one by one hewn down the trees, cleared the fields, turnpiked the roads, con-

structed the railroads and built the houses. None of them men of great influence, but who can sum up and give in the aggregate the work of these laborers in the humbler walks of life.

I merely call attention to these things in passing that you may see how much labor is involved in the fulfillment of your request, and also to account for the omission of so much that will seem important to many of you, and the insertion of so much that to others will seem to be of so little consequence.

Perhaps a more skillful annalist would have discovered a much shorter and easier way of obtaining the needed information.

New England influence was felt in the State as soon as this peninsula passed under the control of the United States, about the beginning of the present century, and that influence has not been altogether of such a character as to add any lustre to the fame of the states from which the settlers came.

In 1795, two shrewd Yankees from Vermont, Ebenezer Allen and Charles Whitney, proposed to buy of the U. S. government the whole of this Lower Peninsula, for which they were willing to pay $500,000, or rather than lose a good bargain would even go as high as a million of dollars. They did not propose to be small about it. In order to carry out this nice little scheme it was necessary to secure the sanction of Congress, and they proposed to make it for the interest of several congressmen to support the bill by giving them a share of the profits. To this end they approached one of the congressmen from South Carolina. He waited until the bill came up for action and then rose in his place and exposed the whole scheme. The result was that these unprincipled Yankees were arrested, tried, and one served time in prison, thus affording another illustration of the truth of the old adage, "The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang agley." By the patriotism of a Carolinian, our fair heritage was saved from being gobbled up by rapacious men.

Winthrop Sargent[1] became governor of this territory in 1795. So far as I can learn he was the first governor[1] and was a native of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

In 1805, William Hull, a native of Connecticut, became governor and held the office eight years. He was said to have been a gallant soldier and officer in the revolutionary war, and gained great distinction by his services and also in the suppression of the Shay's rebellion, but he surrendered the fortifications at Detroit, to an English army outside, numerically no larger than his own. He was courtmartialed for cowardice

[1]See appendix.

and sentenced to be shot, but was finally pardoned on account of the valuable services he had previously rendered the government.

Johnson's cyclopedia says he has, in these latter days, been fully vindicated by Maria Campbell and James Freeman Clarke.

Gov. Hull was followed soon by Lewis Cass of New Hampshire, a young officer, who was so indignant at the base surrender of Hull[1] that when ordered to give up his sword to a British officer, he broke it in despair and indignation. I must confess that until I began the preparation of this paper, I was not aware of the great services rendered to this State and country by Gen. Cass. For sixteen years he was governor of this territory and was remarkably successful in negotiating important treaties with the Indians. While still governor of the territory Gen. Jackson gave him a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of War. In 1836 he was sent as minister to France. He became U. S. Senator in '44 and re-elected in '50 and was afterward Secretary of State under Buchanan.

The census of 1880 gives the entire population of the State as 1,636,937. Of these 803,306 were born in this State, 229,657 in New York, 77,053 in Ohio, 36,064 in Pennsylvania, 9,699 in Illinois, 10,775 in Wisconsin and 37,865 were of New England birth, or one forty-third part of our entire population. Emigration to Michigan seems to have been more popular in Vermont than in any other of the New England states, as 12,588 of our citizens were born in that State. Massachusetts comes next with 9,591. Connecticut furnishes us 6,333, citizens. Maine 5,079, while New Hampshire with a smaller area and a larger population than Vermont sent us only 3,300 citizens, or about one quarter as many as came from Vermont, and we had 974 from Rhode Island.

It is interesting to note what parts of the State were specially attractive to these Yankee immigrants. Kent county was the most attractive to Vermonters and 724 of them settled there, 648 settled in Wayne, 563 in Kalamazoo, 540 in Calhoun, 482 in Allegan, 462 in Jackson and 443 in Eaton county.

Wayne was the favorite county with Massachusetts men and 1,128 settled there, 602 settled in Kent county, 476 in Lenawee county, and 382 in Kalamazoo county.

In 1880 Detroit had in her population 936 natives of Massachusetts, 436 natives of Vermont, 377 from Connecticut, 308 from Maine, 190 from New Hampshire and 78 from Rhode Island.

But what sort of people were these 37,865 natives of New England? In 1878 a large volume was published entitled "Representative Men of Michigan." It contains biographical sketches of 1,158 of the more

[1]See appendix.

prominent men in the State. I am well aware that some prominent men are not noticed in this volume, and that some very ordinary men are eulogized in it, but 288 of those noticed are natives of New England, and 182 others are sons of parents born in New England, and very many more belong to this class, but they are not counted because the birthplace of their parents is not given, but it must needs be that many of them were born in New England.

So that in 1880, while New England had furnished one forty-third part of the whole population of the State, she had furnished a fourth part of our representative men.

Every New England state has furnished a governor for Michigan. Maine gave us Alpheus Felch, who also served us as senator, auditor general and judge of our supreme court. New Hampshire sent us Gen. Cass, Vermont was represented here by John S. Barry. Massachusetts seems to have been in haste to get in the first governor and so hustled off to us Gen. Hull, a citizen of Mass., though born in Conn., and as though not quite satisfied with his record, after second thought, tried to retrieve her reputation by giving us Epaphroditus Ransom and H. H. Crapo. Connecticut was willing to stake her reputation on William Woodbridge. Last of all Rhode Island, dear little Rhody, determined to have a finger in the pie and concluded to spare us H. P. Baldwin. Michigan has been governed by men of New England birth for thirty-eight years, and with the exception of Gen. Hull, I believe the administration of every one has been a credit to the State.

Our war governor, Austin Blair is of New England parentage, so also J. J. Bagley.

Men of New England birth have filled the office of superintendent of public instruction for twenty-eight years, and every New England state but Connecticut has furnished us a superintendent. First came Rev. John D. Pierce of New Hampshire, who did more than any other man to organize the University, and to fashion our system of public schools, which is deemed one of the best in the Union. Olivet College deems itself peculiarly favored in securing the only full-length life-size portrait of him that is in existence.

In 1843 Oliver C. Comstock of Rhode Island, was chosen superintendent of public instruction. He seems to have been a man of remarkable versatility of talent, for at different periods of his life he was physician, clergyman and member of congress, and achieved a fair measure of success in every sphere of action. Next in order of New England birth comes Oramel Hosford of Vermont who held the office eight years—nearly twice as long as any other man. Then come Daniel B. Briggs and

Horace S. Tarbell, both of Massachusetts. Some records state Mr. Tarbell was from Vermont.

These are followed by Cornelius A. Gower of Maine, who was soon transferred to the office of superintendent of the Reform School, a position which he highly honors, being one of the few men born to command, gentle and abounding in cheerfulness though very firm in exacting obedience. Last but not least comes our present Superintendent Joseph Estabrook of New Hampshire.

And here we must not omit the name of Cortland B. Stebbins of Vermont, who acted as deputy superintendent for twenty years.

Among the other educators who have done good service, we may name Rev. David Bacon of Connecticut, father of Dr. Leonard Bacon. David Bacon in 1802 taught school in Detroit. In 1808, we read of a school taught by Miss Elizabeth Williams,[1] daughter of Thomas Williams. From 1812 to 1818, a classical school was kept up by Mr. Payne and Rev. John Montieth, and in 1816 we are told that a common school on the New England plan, was opened under Mr. Danforth. Now I do not find any definite record of the birth place of the last named teachers. The names are very familiar in New England, and the fact that a school was to be opened on the New England plan, leads me to conclude that the teachers were Yankees.

Of college presidents John Montieth was the first president of the University while it was still located in Detroit. I suppose he was from New England. Pres. E. O. Haven was from Massachusetts and President Angell from Rhode Island.

Pres. Joscelyn of Albion, was from Connecticut, Kendall Brooks of Kalamazoo was from Massachusetts, Pres. Durgin of Hillsdale was from New Hampshire, President Mosher, from Maine, Prests. Morrison and Butterfield of Olivet, were from New Hampshire and Maine respectively, Pres. Abbott of Agricultural college, was from Maine. The parents of Pres. L. B. Fisk were from New England. Among the new England professors in the University we may name C. K. Adams, Dunster, Friese, Moses Coit Tyler, George P. Williams, William P. Phelps and others. In Olivet we have had Profs. Hosford, Daniels, Goodwin, Chase and Bumpus.

In the Normal School there have been Profs. Bellows and Putnam. Hillsdale has had Profs. Dunn and Butler. These are only a part of the college professors we have had from New England. Professors Louis McLouth, Edward Olney, Austin George, and I know not how many others, are of New England parentage. Then there is the great host of Yankee school ma'ams whom no man can number, that in the log

[1]See appendix.

school-houses on the four corners have been for many years patiently developing and fashioning the boys who are now guiding the affairs of State. Who can measure their influence?

Among our United States senators have been the following New Englanders: Lucius Lyon, H. P. Baldwin, Alpheus Felch, F. B. Stockbridge, Lewis Cass, Zachariah Chandler and Jacob M. Howard. Surely a noble array of men and talent. Some of them had served in the lower house. In that house we have been represented by Isaac E. Crary, Jacob M. Howard, Lucius Lyon, David A. Noble, William A. Howard, F. C. Beaman, Charles Upson, F. B. Bradley, George Willard, Alpheus Williams, C. C. Ellsworth, R. G. Horr, O. L. Spaulding, C. C. Comstock, Byron M. Cutcheon and James O'Donnell, all of New England birth, and John S. Newberry whose parents were from New England. Among judges of the supreme court we note the names of James Witherell, Henry Chipman, William Woodbridge, George Morell, William A. Fletcher, Epaphroditus Ransom and Alpheus Felch. Then Judges T. M. Cooley and B. F. Grant[1] were sons of New England parents.

Of judges of inferior courts we find such names as these: Henry B. Brown, Charles Upson, Henry Cooledge, William Jennison, Daniel Pratt, Chancellor Elon Farnsworth, whose decisions were rarely questioned, Caleb Eldred, Solomon Withey, Josiah Turner, Louis Lovell, William H. Woodworth, Claudius B. Grant and Frank A. Hooker.

Rhode Island is the only New England state that has never so far as I can learn furnished us with a judge of note while Vermont has sent us five.

Among lawyers of note we have in Detroit, Alfred Russell and S. M. Cutcheon both of New Hampshire. From Vermont we have Col. Thomas S. Sprague, who was editor, printer and railroad man, B. F. H. Witherell, Chandler Richards, Cyrus Lovell and Albert Williams.

From Massachusetts we have William Jennison, Charles Larned, Levi Bishop, Charles Noble, John M. Edwards, Thomas B. Church and Charles S. May. From Connecticut we have had Isaac E. Crary, G. V. N. Lothrop, George E. Hand, Marsh Giddings and James Miller. Of New England parentage we have E. C. and C. I. Walker, C. C. Trowbridge, Witter J. Baxter, A. L. Millard, Charles P. Dibble, Don M. Dickinson and Eugene Pringle.

Of Congregational clergymen we have had Revs. John Monteith, Orson Parker, H. N. Bissell, David Bacon, Moses Smith, James Ballard, J. Morgan Smith, James S. Hoyt, Philo Hurd, A. H. Ross, H. D. Kitchell, Addison Ballard, O. C. Thompson, W. H. Davis, H. P. DeForest and A. R. Merriam.

[1]This should be Benjamin F. Graves.

The Presbyterians have had Rev. William M. Ferry, who came to Michigan in 1821, and Rev. Calvin Clark for many years a most devoted and faithful laborer in the smaller churches of the State. Dr. Ambrose Wight for a score of years pastor of the Presbyterian church in Bay City, was the son of New England parents.

The Methodists have had Rev. E. O. Haven, for a time president of the University, and W. H. Brockway, who was blacksmith, clergyman and railroad builder, and I do not know in which line of work he succeeds best; Marcus Swift and Allen Tibbitts were also of New England descent.

The Adventists have Revs. Uriah Smith and James White.

The Baptists have had Revs. Samuel Graves and James Hill, also Robert Powell, one of the original board of trustees of Madison University. Henry J. Hall and Rev. Oziel Scott who spent thirty-nine years in work in this State. Jeremiah Hall, a native of New Hampshire, came to this State in 1835, and aided in the founding of the Kalamazoo Institute, which has since become Kalamazoo College. He was subsequently president of Dennison University, Ohio. James R. Stone of Massachusetts, was a minister of great ability, who died in Lansing after a ministry of less than two years. Pres. J. A. B. Stone, born in New Hampshire, was president of Kalamazoo Institute, and then of Kalamazoo College, which grew rapidly under his administration. Henry C. Beale of Vermont, came to Michigan in 1864, was a very successful pastor and for thirteen years an efficient general missionary.

Henry Stanwood was one of the first class who graduated from the theological department of Colby University and labored for twenty-eight years in the Baptist churches of this State. Rev. S. Haskell of Maine has had a total pastorate of forty years in the churches of Detroit, Kalamazoo and Ann Arbor. James R. Boise was for several years a professor in the University of Michigan. Of course, these are very incomplete lists of New England clergymen who have done grand service in Michigan.

Among editors we have had John S. Bagg for a time sole editor of the Free Press, Jacob Barnes, who edited the Grand Rapids Enquirer and also Detroit Free Press; Jacob Baxter of the Grand Rapids Eagle, also William S. George of the Detroit Advertiser and Lansing Republican. Volney Hascall of the Kalamazoo Gazette, was son of Connecticut parents.

Among railroad men we have James F. Joy, R. M. Steel, A. W. Wright, Col. Joseph Fisk, Freeman Godfrey and John L. Shaw. I notice that several millions of New England capital went into the

Michigan Central and its branches, but I have been unable to learn how far it has been concerned in the building of other railroads.

How much New England capital has come to aid in developing our agricultural, mercantile, lumbering and mining interests I am unable to say, yet it is certain it has contributed largely to advance these interests. Early in 1806, Russell Sturgis and other Boston capitalists made arrangements to organize a bank in Detroit with a capital of $400,000. I think however that the plan fell through.

Among lumbermen from New England we have A. W. Wright, Newell Avery, N. Gerrish, Dwight Cutler, David Whitney, George F. Cross, David Ward and many others.

The work of physicians is not so much in public as in the seclusion of our homes, and few of them enjoy a state-wide reputation. Among the great multitude of them we can only name Henry B. Baker, Homer O. Hitchcock, Edward S. Dunster, Daniel K. Underwood and Joseph Bagg. Of New England parentage were Drs. John L. Whitney, John H. Beach of Coldwater, Foster Pratt, Z. E. Bliss, C. C. Turner, Alonzo Cressey, A. B. Palmer, A. F. Whelan and Lyman Brewer.

Among the legion of business men we name Luther Beecher, Franklin Moore, W. W. Wheaton, William L. Smith, B. O. Williams, E. W. Giddings, James W. and John P. Sanborn, Luther Westover, Henry and William Chamberlain, Ezra Convis, Charles Dickey, Charles T. Gorham, B. F. Hinman, Luther Trask, John Ball, Thomas D. Gilbert, Henry W. Hinsdale, William Hovey, Ezra and James Nelson, Hampton Rich, Levi Baxter, J. Webster Childs, John K. Boies, W. A. Burt the inventor of the solar compass, John J. Jenness, Samuel S. Lacey and Henry W. Lord.

Among the sons of New Englanders we have in Lansing, O. M. Barnes and James M. Turner; in Detroit, D. M. Ferry, Fred Wetmore, Gen. G. S. Wormer and Philo Parsons; in Marshall, S. J. Burpee and Preston Mitchell; in Jackson, Alonzo Bennett and H. H. Hayden; in Jonesville, E. O. Grosvenor and Gen. Henry Baxter.

There is John P. Cook in Hillsdale, J. G. Parkhurst of Coldwater, J. G. Waite of Sturgis, William Bogue of Portland and E. I. Judd of Saginaw, Auditor General Ralph Ely from Ithaca, and L. P. Alden superintendent of the school for dependent children, Coldwater. But neither my time nor your patience will allow me to continue the list.

The great tide of westward emigration from New England set toward Michigan between the years '30 and '37, about the time of our organization as a State. Since that time it has flowed on to the regions beyond. There appear to have been 1,191 more natives of Vermont in

the State in 1860 than there were in 1880. A few colonies and New England settlements were formed in the State. One at Vermontville, another at Three Oaks, one at Romeo, and one at Somerset. There may be other similar settlements of which I have not heard. Along about those days New England influence was far more potent in Michigan, relatively, than it is today. In the last legislature there were only two senators of New England birth, and in the house of representatives only ten out of one hundred members were born east of the Hudson.

I know that many names will occur to you of Yankees who have been far more potent factors in the development of the resources of this State than those I have named. And I have found the names of many persons of whom I never heard before, who, if their biographies have been truthfully written have been extremely valuable workers.

But the task you have assigned me would require the labor of a lifetime, and then it would be impossible to gather up and trace out every golden thread of New England influence that has been woven into all the warp and woof of our State life.

I have confined myself in this paper chiefly to the influence of men who were born in New England, but western New York and the western reserve in Ohio, were settled largely by immigrants from New England, and their sons came to Michigan. In this class are such men as Sibley, from Marietta, Ohio, Judge Cooley and Gov. Blair. If we reckon the influence of the sons of native New Englanders as New England influence, then New England must surely be held largely responsible for whatever is good or bad in the civilization and civil institutions of Michigan.

DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN MICHIGAN

BY THOMAS D. GILBERT[1]

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Pioneer and Historical Society:

I much regret that I have not had sufficient time to properly consider the subject upon which I was invited to address you at this meeting.

The "Development of Western Michigan" covers an exceedingly

[1]For sketch see Vol. XXVII, p. 234, this series.

interesting period in the history of our State, and anything like a detailed history of it, would require a large volume, instead of the brief statements I am compelled to make. What I have to say on this occasion is the result of my personal observations during a residence of fifty-five years in the Grand River valley. During the ten years previous to 1835 the beautiful and fertile prairies in the southern part of the State, east of Niles, had attracted a few immigrants from Indiana and Ohio, but the great tide of emigration from the east did not set in till after the Black Hawk war of 1832, in Illinois, had made known to the country the unparalleled beauties and natural resources of the then extreme western territories.

In 1834-35 and 36, there was a large emigration to the west, but the fertile prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin absorbed the most of it, and western Michigan was obliged to wait until its great natural resources should attract the attention of those who could appreciate, and had the enterprise and capital to develop them.

At the time of my arrival in this favored region, fifty-five years ago yesterday, the western half of Michigan, from the St. Joseph river to the Straits of Mackinac, was an almost unbroken wilderness.

A small village at Bronson, now Kalamazoo, a few families in and around Grand Rapids, Ionia, Grand Haven and Saugatuck, constituted the white population in the territory lying between the Grand and St. Joseph rivers, while the whole region between Grand river and the straits a distance of 225 miles belonged to the Indians, and was an unknown land except to the few Indian traders, like Rix Robinson, Louis Campau and William Lasley (venerated names in all that region), who had operated there many years.

The Indian title to the lands lying north of Grand River was not obtained until 1836,[1] too late to enable western emigrants to avail themselves of its advantages before the great financial crisis of 1837[2] bankrupted all engaged in active business, checked emigration, paralyzed enterprise, and threw a pall over the bright hopes of the pioneers.

Five years of comparative inactivity ensued, and then came a reaction, followed by half a century of substantial development uninterrupted except by the vicissitudes of business that affected alike all parts of the country.

Early in the period of which I have spoken, it was known that salt[1] could be found in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, and the gypsum beds in and near that city were developed, and every one knew that there

[1]See appendix.
[2]See *Farmer's History of Detroit and Michigan*, p. 849.

must ultimately be great wealth in the vast forests of pine and other timber that covered the whole region.

These great forests proved an insurmountable obstacle to the development of an important agricultural interest, so long as the fertile timberless prairies west of Lake Michigan remained unoccupied. Not many years elapsed before the occupants of those treeless plains began to clamor for the timber of Michigan, and then came our innings, resulting in princely fortunes for some, prosperity for all who chose to avail themselves of the golden opportunity, thriving cities filled with the busy hum of commerce and manufacturing industries, fairly prosperous farmers, educational institutions of a high order of merit, churches and benevolent institutions, and all the concomitants of our modern civilization.

The lumber business of western Michigan has been such an important factor in its development, that a somewhat detailed statement of its origin and progress may be interesting.

A glance at a map of the State will show you, that all the large rivers take their rise east of the meridian line, and after traversing the central and western portions of the State discharge their waters into Lake Michigan.

With the exception of the St. Joseph and the Grand, none of these streams were large enough for steamboat navigation, but all were large enough to float logs and lumber from their very sources, and without them the vast forests of the interior would have been inaccessible. As early as 1835, there were two small saw mills near Grand Rapids, that sufficed to meet all demands. The contrast between the primitive mill of those days, when the sawyer might start his saw and go to dinner, well assured it would not get through the log before his return, and the modern circular saw that requires twenty men to feed it and care for the lumber, forcibly illustrates the progress of the times in that business.

Chicago, then a village of about 2,000 inhabitants, afforded the only market for any surplus product of our small mills, there being no communication with the interior except via the heavy prairie roads.

It was not until the opening of the Illinois & Michigan canal late in the forties, and the construction of the Chicago & Galena railroad, that the business of making lumber in western Michigan assumed large proportions. Then it was that the rivers, our natural highways, demonstrated their usefulness. Mills began to multiply at all accessible ports, the harbors were improved by the general government, and the hitherto unoccupied wilderness became a hive of industry.

As the natural market for all the products of the forest was Chicago and other ports on the west side of the lake, it followed that the merchandise needed in western Michigan was bought there, and thus originated those close commercial relations between the two sections that continue to the present day, despite the numerous railways from the east that now penetrate every part of the State.

As before stated, the active development of the western half of the State dates from about 1850, and was largely dependent on the products, of the forest. There are no reliable data upon which can be based anything more than approximate estimates of the amount and value of the lumber that has been shipped from western Michigan.

I have found in a recent paper a statement of the amount of logs handled by the boom company in Grand Rapids since 1869, which I have no doubt is correct. It aggregates 2,000,000,000 feet, and does not include the large quantity sawed in the interior for home use, that did not pass through the boom of that company. Add to this the lumber produced during the previous thirty years of which no record was kept, and it is safe to say that fully 4,000,000,000 and perhaps 5,000,000,000 feet of pine lumber have passed down Grand River alone.

Add to this the shipments from Muskegon and Manistee and the numerous other smaller streams that empty into Lake Michigan, compared with which, the output from Grand River seems trifling, and you have an aggregate that seems incredible. I do not like to tax your credulity with a statement of what I believe to have been the value of the timber taken from the soil of western Michigan during the last fifty years. It is within my knowledge that there was a time when the control of all this vast wealth, and I may say, the destiny of western Michigan was in danger of passing into the hands of a private corporation, in this way: At the close of the Mexican war, about 1850, the country was flooded with "Mexican land warrants," so called, issued to soldiers who served in that war. Each warrant was good for 160 acres of land, and the market price for them was often as low as $100. Two residents of the Grand River valley tried to enlist sufficient capital to buy enough of those warrants to locate all the valuable pine timber in western Michigan, tributary to the streams that flowed westward.

It was estimated that from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 would be required.

The disastrous result of the speculation in western lands made some twelve or fifteen years previous seemed to be yet fresh in the minds of moneyed men applied to, and the project failed. A few years later, the money could have been had, but the opportunity for a gigantic

monopoly of the pine timber of western Michigan had passed, a million acres had been granted by the government to build the G. R. & I. railroad, another half million to build the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and these grants had absorbed great blocks of the best timber. The lumbermen of Muskegon, Manistee and other streams made haste to secure timber for their future wants, and speculation soon absorbed what was left, thus saving western Michigan from a great disaster.

The pine timber once so abundant is rapidly disappearing, and the last of it that was tributary to Grand River has within the last month gone past Grand Rapids to the lake. Several mills at Muskegon have suspended operations, and the lumbermen at Manistee know that the time is not far distant when their supply of timber will fail, although there are a few men in each place who have enough to last them several years. Notwithstanding all this, it has been clearly demonstrated that the prosperity of western Michigan is not dependent on its pine timber. The men who made the first rude furniture for incoming settlers are yet in the prime of life, are now sending splendid specimens of their handiwork all over the world, and have made the name of Grand Rapids a synonym for every thing beautiful and artistic in innumerable homes.

The flourishing city of Muskegon appreciates the importance of establishing new industries, and many of her citizens who have made large fortunes out of the pine timber are moving in that direction.

Prosperous Manistee has beneath its soil a mine of wealth but partly developed.

No doubt you have all heard the more or less mythical stories of miners, who, after years of unrequited toil, abandoned their claims, despairing of success, leaving them to be occupied by the first tramp who chose to take possession, and who, after a little deeper digging struck the long sought mine and became millionaires. So it was with the salt industry of Manistee. Geologists assured the people that salt was there, and they combined to sink a well. At a depth of about 2,000 feet they became discouraged and abandoned the search. One of their number, more persistent, went a little deeper, and was rewarded with an abundant supply of brine, and now the flourishing city of Manistee is one of the great salt producing centers of the country; and so it is all along the western shore. Hitherto unknown and unexpected resources are being developed, and are having a great influence on the prosperity of the people.

The famous "fruit belt," formerly supposed to be limited to the territory south of Grand Haven now reaches to Traverse City, and

that part of Oceana county that projects into Lake Michigan is fast becoming the great peach-producing region of the State.

No more interesting part of the State can be found than that occupied almost exclusively by emigrants from Holland in the southern part of Ottawa and the northern part of Allegan counties. Their persistent industry has made a garden of what was once a very undesirable part of the State.

An important factor in the development of this part of the State has been the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, the construction of which was made possible by a government grant of 1,000,000 acres of what, was at the time, unsalable land. From Grand Rapids to the Straits of Mackinac, a distance of 225 miles, this road was built through a practically unoccupied wilderness, severely taxing the faith, enterprise and capital of its promoters, but contributing innumerable benefits on the country traversed by it. Previous to the advent of this road, and the Detroit & Milwaukee road built a few years previous, the only means of communication with the east was via the lakes and a plank road to Kalamazoo that intersected the Central road. The highways east were almost impassable and little used. My first trip from Grand Rapids to Detroit required six days of hard travel.

In the upper part of the lower peninsula, and in the region of which I am speaking, there is rapidly developing an iron industry of large proportions, induced by the recently developed facilities for bringing together the ores of Lake Superior and the charcoal produced from the seemingly inexhaustible forests of hard timber that abound through all this region, underlaid by the best soil to be found in the State. With the great command over the forces of nature held by the present generation, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the next twenty years will show wonderful progress through all this region.

A noticeable feature in the development of this region is the fact, that its progress, compared with the booming region along and beyond the Mississippi has been slow. It has never been especially attractive to foreign capital, and as a result the whole region has been exempt from those wild speculations that have been so disastrous to some parts of the west. Whatever has been done is by the comparatively slow, but sure accumulations of the people, and go where you will through all western Michigan, you will find that an unusual proportion of all the splendid improvements you see belong to the resident population, and the accruing profits are being used in further development.

Whatever may be done hereafter, full credit must be given the

pioneers for laying broad and deep foundations of a substantial and continuous prosperity.

A vast amount of visible wealth has been produced during the past forty years. The flourishing cities and villages everywhere found, the innumerable manufacturing establishments, the rapid development of agriculture, the sound banking institutions with their millions of capital and deposits, mostly owned by the residents of this favored region, all indicate a sound and healthy development, unsurpassed by any other portion of the country.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF BEGINNINGS IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.[1]

BY ALBERT BAXTER

In the days of Indian occupancy there were villages of the red men at various points along Grand River between Portland and Grand Haven, the larger ones in the vicinities of Portland, Lyons, Ionia, Lowell, Ada, Grand Rapids, Grandville, Crockery Creek and Battle Point. At Grand Rapids were two, one at the head and one at the foot of the rapids, about two miles apart; each with its chief and sub-chiefs, and here were the headquarters of 2,000 or 3,000 Indians, though the steadily resident native population did not probably exceed 500 or 600. It is not the purpose of this article to go into any details of the Indian history, which is largely legendary and mythical.

Among these Indians, came French traders, as early as 1806 or thereabout. It is related that an agency of the American fur company was at that time, or soon after, established at Grand Rapids, another near the mouth of Grand River, and another at Muskegon Lake. Rix Robinson came to the mouth of the Thornapple river in 1821, and for

[1]These few fragments or scraps of beginnings by white men in the Grand River valley have been hastily sketched—piecemeal and at intervals—while the writer was busy upon another and more arduous task. Not finding time, as he had hoped, to dress over, review and arrange them, they are submitted for whatever they may be worth, in their original, ragged form, without further apology.

ALBERT BAXTER.

Grand Rapids, June 7, 1890.

some years before that time a trading station near the mouth of Flat River had been conducted by a French woman, Madame Laframboise.[1] Daniel Marsac was also a trader with the Indians at Lowell during several years, beginning in 1829. Louis Campau established a trading post at the Rapids of Grand River in the fall of 1826. Robinson and Campau continued their trade in furs and peltries as long as there were Indians about to furnish them—in fact as long as they lived, though in the latter part the traffic dwindled to small proportions. Campau died in 1871; Robinson in 1875. In so far as concerns the legitimate trade with the Indians (leaving out the firewater), it does not appear that they were less upright and honorable than the whites who have displaced them.

The earliest missionary efforts in western Michigan were those of the Roman Catholics, or the Jesuit Fathers. But about 1824 a Baptist mission was planted at Sault Ste. Marie, with the Rev. Abel Bingham in charge, and nearly at the same time the Thomas Station mission was established among the Indians at the Grand River rapids, by the Rev. Isaac McCoy, acting for the Baptist American board of foreign missions. After McCoy about 1827, came the Rev. Leonard Slater to this mission and conducted it until its removal to Barry county in 1836 with a considerable number of Indian converts. The headquarters of the Catholic mission were at Mackinac, and in their cause came the Rev. Fredrick Baraga to Grand Rapids in 1833. His mission was the inception of the growth of what is now the St. Andrew's Society, with its fine cathedral, where is enthroned Bishop Richter of the diocese of Grand Rapids.

The tiers of townships from Kalamazoo county north to the north line of Kent county, and west of Shiawassee county were surveyed for the United States government in the years from 1825 to 1838. Those surveys reached Grand River and to the north line of township seven in 1831. Town seven north, of range eleven west, now Grand Rapids, was surveyed by John Mullett[2] in 1831; and in the same year town seven north, of range twelve west, now Walker, was surveyed by Lucius Lyon. The first land entry in the Grand River valley below Portland was probably that of Louis Campau, September 19, 1831, now in the very heart of the city of Grand Rapids, which is taken from those two townships. In the following year several other entries were made at Grand Rapids and also at Ionia. But not until 1833 did the permanent white settlement of this valley begin. In volumes three and five of the Michigan Pioneer Collections is given some account of the coming of the "Dexter colony" to Ionia, in

[1]See appendix.

[2]County surveyor of Wayne in 1830. Mullet street, Detroit, was named after him in 1835.

the spring of 1833, from which event may properly be dated the active pioneering and beginning of settlements along the river at that point and below. Part of that colony, the Joel Guild and Winsor families, overflowed into Grand Rapids; the former erecting in midsummer of that year the first frame house in Grand Rapids, in fact, the first in the valley, into which they moved on the last day of August. The inrush of so large a company as the "Dexter colony" of sixty-three persons, as the first dash for founding a settlement in the wilderness and among the savages, "150 miles from anywhere," as some of them expressed it, has been the subject of much wonderment among later residents, the query being: How did they learn of this fair valley, and what special incitement directed them hither? That, the writer has been unable to learn with exactness. The more probable explanation is that Samuel Dexter, who organized the emigration from Herkimer county, N. Y., gained his knowledge, first, from the government surveyors of this region, and second by personal exploration. Certain it is that he came in 1832 and purchased considerable tracts of government land at Ionia and Grand Rapids. Then came his colony, with their teams and wagons, cutting their own way through the woods and the swamps from Detroit, camping out nearly three weeks—a toilsome but yet on the whole not an unpleasant journey, in the month of May, 1833. When we talk of the "hard times" and "severe trials" of the early days, such experiences as those are not the ones usually referred to; the harder times and sorer struggles came afterward in the work of founding the new homes, and through temporary privations on account of the long distances from sources of supply, and the difficulties attending transportation. "But we had lots of fun, and enjoyed ourselves, in the main, as well as ever in our lives," is the way the pioneer settlers talk of those days and their incidents. "Hard work it was, of course, but we had stout hearts, fast friendships, good cheer, jolly sports and sound sleep, and did not regard our toilsome experiences as hardships. There was no actual starvation, and though the settlers were at times forced to live upon the plainest and coarsest food, it is also true that many families in the New England States, then as old from settlement as this valley now is, suffered to an equal extent in that respect, at about the same time.

Almost simultaneously, within the period from 1833 to 1835 inclusive, besides those at Ionia and Grand Rapids, settlements began at Lyons, Lowell, Grandville and Grand Haven, and soon afterward smaller ham-

lets at Ada and Plainfield. In 1832, before the coming of permanent settlers, a saw mill had been erected for the Baptist Indian mission at Grand Rapids. This was a little one, on a little creek, near where the Grand Rapids & Indiana and the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee railways now cross each other. For a year or more it was the only mill in the valley, and some of the colonists drew boards from it all the way to Ionia in June, 1833. But in 1834 was another mill at the Rapids, propelled by a long undershot wheel in the east channel of the river; and in the course of the following three years were not only half a dozen or more saw mills on little streams, near the river, but gristmills at Ionia, Grand Rapids and Portland. This was somewhat better for the settlers than going to Battle Creek or Gull Prairie with an ox team to get a bushel of corn ground for hominy. Except at the points which immediately grew into villages, valuable lands along the Grand river, and some not very valuable, were shortly "gobbled" by non-resident speculators; and the same may be said of the country along the territorial or State roads. Thus it happened that for some fifteen or twenty years travelers into Grand Rapids reached that place in great wonder as to where the farmers lived from whom supplies were obtained. These had settled away from the main roads, where they could obtain public lands direct, and avoid paying two or three prices to the speculators as aforesaid; and the latter did not all grow rich from their sharpness and foresight. The better contributors to active and substantial growth were such men as the Ferrys, the Gilberts and the Whites at Grand Haven; Howlett, Ketchum and McCray at Grandville; the Campaus, Guilds, Winsors, Turners, Sibleys, Potters, Reeds, Lyons, Morrison, Almy, Shepherd, A. H. Smith, Godfroys and others at Grand Rapids; Dexter, Arnold, Yeomans, Roof, Lincoln and their neighbors at Ionia and above—men of enterprise and energy who pushed things whether they had cash or not. If they were not all successful, it is certain that from their day to the present the entire community has reaped harvests from their planting.

The early means and routes of communication from civilization into the heart of the wilderness of this valley, were through toilsome, slow, circuitous and weary ways. From Detroit, the passage by water was by the lakes and the Straits of Mackinaw around to Grand Haven; thence the laborious push, push with shoulders against setting poles, for the transfer of heavy freights up Grand River to the rapids; or the use of the flat-bottomed rowboats, or the lighter French bateaux, rowing against the current. Until July, 1837, no steamer plowed the

river waters. The overland routes were several, spreading out like a fan from Detroit northward or westward, by winding ways on Indian trails, and converging again as they neared Grand River. The Ionia colony came in by way of Pontiac and through Shiawassee and Clinton counties. There was a trail by the general course of the river on the north side from Jackson down, never much used for teams, and through by that route in 1829 came one N. H. Osborne on horseback, alone, his journey to the Rapids lasting three or four days. He was an explorer from Connecticut, and ventured in to see what he could discover. A short distance above the rapids, on a rainy day, sick and weary, having lost his pocket compass, he dismounted and laid himself down with his head upon his saddle at the foot of a tree. Here an Indian discovered him and conducted him into the Indian village, which was nearer by than he suspected. That traveler left the country disgusted with its wild people, its mosquitoes and the ague. But he was four years in advance of the settlers. Other trails, traversed by emigrant wagons, were: One from the territorial road, branching near Battle Creek and coming down the east side of the Thornapple river; another west of that river, with devious turnings, and two or three still further westward, by way of Green Lake or the more circuitous route via Allegan, to Grand Rapids or to Grandville. It usually happened that the explorer or emigrant taking either of these routes thought he had chosen the worst one before reaching the end of his journey. Each of them had its chapter of incidents, accidents and anecdotes most of which have found their way into print, some ludicrous and laughable, some serious and some tragic, but very few fatal to life.

In the spring of 1834 four adventurers, one of them a lad of twenty years, started on foot from Ypsilanti or Ann Arbor, for the Grand River rapids. Their route lay through where are now Prairieville and Yankee Springs,[1] and followed the primitive trails or wood-paths. They carried only such goods and provisions as they could pocket or shoulder. The boy, Robert M. Barr, carried a fiddle as the chief of his valuable possessions. Their staples for lunches consisted of raw salt pork and bread, with perhaps a bottle of something, which did not last them half way through. The leader of the party was Alvin H. Wansey.[2] They found shelter one night in a settler's hut. Another night they stopped at an Indian camp in the woods. The weather was cold, the boy thinly clad and shivering. After some "palaver," and with the aid of a few small pieces of silver, they obtained leave to sleep at a distance from the fire on benches of poles from which the squaws had removed their blankets. In the night time an old, grey-headed

[1]See appendix.
[2]He purchased land and settled in Wyoming township, Kent county, May 23, 1834.

squaw stirred up the fire, threw on some sticks of wood, and rolling herself up in her blanket close by, was soon asleep again. Robert ventured near the fire to warm himself, and camped, with no covering, by the side of that squaw. He soon grew drowsy, but was too cold for sound sleep, and little by little he drew upon the blanket until it covered them both. He was awakened at daybreak by a great shout from the whole company of natives. He had heard that Indians never laughed, but disbelieved it ever afterward. He was told that they were laughing at the old lady and the comely addition to her family! Their provisions were exhausted, not even a slice of the salt pork remaining, and after noon the next day, Barr lay down, avowing his inability to walk any farther. It would not do to leave him there. Wansey roused him, cut a beech switch and whipped him soundly, and thus by alternate driving and leading they managed to bring him to the Rapids, which they reached that night. The boy had no sooner entered the pioneer house of Joel Guild than he threw himself on the floor, and in a minute was sound asleep. When he waked, Mr. Guild peered at him quizzically, and, suspecting that he had run away, asked him, "What are you out here for?" The response was another question: "Are all these girls yours?" The host replied, "Yes." "Well then," said Robert, "I came out to marry that one," pointing to the one meant. He did marry her two or three years later, and has been "a lively lad" since to this day.

During a dozen years after settlements were opened in this valley miscalculations were frequent as to the time required to reach the end of the journey by emigrants, hence it was not an uncommon experience to find the bottom of the provision box, come in hungry and be fed. Perhaps it was this replenishment of the stomach, the organ which has so much control over the entire body, with the accompanying rest, inducing a feeling of content and satisfaction, that in many instances made their new homes so beautiful and attractive to the incomers. For many years the roads leading hither were but little improved and were not much easier for teams than the first wagon tracks made in winding ways through the woods. But steadily the settlements thickened, neighbors came nearer to each other, and little villages sprang into life and activity.

The earliest plowing in the valley was at Ionia. Grand Rapids and Grandville. At Ionia some of the colonists in May, 1833, bought the Indian corn fields, and at once began work with the plow and the hoe, thus raising for themselves crops in the first season. At Grandville some land was broken by Luther Lincoln, in the fall of 1832, and the

next year he was at the Rapids, with several saw mill building schemes projected. In 1833 and the following year also, land breaking was done in and near Grand Rapids, by Barney Burton,[1] Jonathan F. Chubb, Joel Guild and others. Little taverns with meager accommodations soon appeared at each settlement by the river, and at intervals of some ten to twenty-five miles, or a day's journey with team, along the main routes of travel by which emigrants came in.

The first dwelling house in Grand Rapids became a resort for new comers or explorers almost before the roof was on. In 1834 the Eagle Hotel was built near by, and within two or three years came the erection of the National Hotel and the Grand River Exchange, on the sites now occupied by the Morton and the Bridge Street House in Grand Rapids; also a tavern at Grandville and another at the outlet of Green Lake. Portland, Lyons, Ionia and Grand Haven likewise provided inns for travelers who were out.

Steamboat building began at Grand Haven and Grand Rapids in 1836-37, and the first steam power for saw mill work was placed at Grand Haven. The first iron foundries were constructed at Grandville and Grand Rapids as early as 1838—the former by George Ketchum and James McCray, the latter by W. S. Levake. The Grand Rapids postoffice was established in 1832, when the Indian traders and missionaries were the only white people there. Leonard Slater was the first postmaster.

The first births of white children in the Grand River valley, of which there are records, were in the family of Leonard Slater, the Baptist missionary among the Indians at Grand Rapids. The children were: Sarah E. Slater, born Aug. 12, 1827; George Slater, Feb. 9, 1829; Francis Slater, Dec. 31, 1832. The first birth among the permanent settlers was that of Eugene E. Winsor, at Ionia, Oct. 14, 1833; the second Therese Carmell at Grand Rapids, June 21, 1834; the third, Lewis S. Burton, at Grand Rapids, Oct. 5, 1834, now a farmer in Cascade, Kent county. The first marriage was that of Barney Burton, a pioneer settler, and Harriet Guild, one of the pioneer family, at Grand Rapids, April 13, 1834.[2] The first death from among the settlers is believed to have been that of George Sizer, in 1835, shot by an Indian who mistook him for a deer, in the twilight, while hunting, a little south of Grand Rapids.

[1]Barney Burton was the first settler in Paris township, Kent county. As early as 1833 he built the first log house in the township and the first barn in the county. See *History of Kent county, Michigan*, 1881.

[2]Toussaint Campau and Emily Marsac were married at Grand Rapids in the fall of 1834.

SOME INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE UPPER PENINSULA OF MICHIGAN

JOHN HARRIS FORSTER[1]

The early history of that part of our State is full of names of distinguished explorers and geographers. Such men as La Salle, Marquette, Mesnard, Bayfield, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Cass and Houghton present an imposing array of adventurous spirits. We owe much to the enterprise of these brave and accomplished men. But of their hardy followers, of the humble men of the rank and file, of individual independent pioneer explorers, we do not hear so much. Yet they were important factors in all organized expeditions; as voyageurs, hunters and packers, they were an indispensable element of success. And the independent explorer and settler, who ventured into the forest alone, unaided by capital or advantageous circumstances, all deserve some recognition. Common men without the aid of whose brawn and sinew, sturdy bravery and enduring patience, the world would be much poorer if not bankrupted in time, find few to sing their praises, and they are generally too dumb to become their own chroniclers.

The writer, during a long period passed on the frontier became acquainted with many such men and was fortunate enough to secure their confidence. He found them for the most part shy and uncommunicative with strangers. The savage nature of their surroundings seemed to have promoted a degree of reticence not found in men in other places. The Indian is very reserved under the eye of the white man. But the bravest men are the most quiet, and this may be the true reason why they who have faced many perils and dangers in the wilderness are so hard to draw out. Their modesty does not permit them to see anything particularly meritorious in their deeds. Kit Carson, Jack Hays and other mountain rangers were among the mildest mannered men the writer ever met; yet in overcoming natural obstacles, in fighting savage beasts, in Indian forays, or on the disciplined battle field they displayed the highest bravery. But they were perhaps above the common level; inured to "dread alarms" from their youth up.

[1]See Vol. XXI, p. 283 and frontispiece, also Vol. XXVI, pp. 327, 328.

The men of whom I am to speak though possessed of the same quality, were of an humbler type. Gathered around the glowing camp fire at night after a hard day's tramp, a cup of tea and a pipe would thaw them out and unloose their tongues. Many "stirring incidents by flood and field" have then come to light, which, if they had been duly recorded would have formed some interesting chapters of pioneer days. The writer now regrets that he did not note them down on paper, for after the passage of years, memory becomes dim and uncertain in recollection. Much escapes the grasp altogether, like the morning mist. But he doubts if in those days and rude times he could successfully have played the role of an interviewer. The sight of pencil and paper would have closed every mouth like a clam shell and destroyed every vestige of sociability.

Under this state of the case the Pioneer Society, Mr. President, may be deemed poorer or richer as you may find. But this much I beg to say, that if I had used more care, at an early day, in collecting material and preserving, I would be more able now to do my duty as a member of this historical society.

In this paper the writer will do his best to jot down his recollections of persons and adventures, living and moving long ago, in the dark forests or on the wild shores of Lake Superior. He only hopes that the recital may not be condemned as too trifling for a hearing.

The first character that I propose to introduce is Edouard Sansavaine an old voyageur familiarly known as old Edward. He came in his youth from old France and always spoke the English language brokenly. He was strong and compactly built, of medium height and possessed of great vitality and powers of endurance. He drifted down to Lake Superior in the year 1810. He had spent some time on the shores of Hudson Bay. The cold, and the floods in the rivers emptying into the bay, he described as something terrific. The short summers of that high latitude were excessively hot, the thermometor registering at noon 120°. The sands under the burning rays of the sun became so hot as to blister his feet though protected by stout shoe-packs. Yet at a depth of three feet below the surface solid ice could always be found. When the writer last saw old Edward he was upwards of ninety years old, still strong and vigorous. On that occasion two men were trying to lift a barrel of whiskey up a step at the entrance of a mining town saloon. Old Edward looking on at their futile efforts in disgust, pushed them aside, seized the barrel by the chimes and lifted it up into the doorway with apparent ease. His regular occupation at this time was fishing and conveying supplies to distant camps in his Macki-

naw boat which he rowed and sailed alone. He had never been sick and even frequent indulgence in too much bad whiskey seemed to have no bad effect upon his iron constitution. A thick mass of iron-gray hair, which he retained after the storms of many arctic winters, only impressed one with the idea of immense strength.

In one of his confidential moods old Edward told the writer how he once spent a winter down on the Brulé River south of L'Anse. The time was in the year 1812 during our war with Great Britain. A French trader and his squaw occupied a rude camp by that river, surrounded by dense forests. Old Edward was their servant. The preceding fall had been a poor one for trade. Rumors of war had excited the Indian tribes. The warriors had gone far away to join their British allies; the old men, women and children had removed further south among the rice lakes of Wisconsin. No corn or wild rice had been stored for the winter use. Now the Indians were gone, an occasional supply of beaver tails would not be looked for. The trader's only resource was fish, found in the shallow Brulé. These must be secured before they migrated, for the ice in the stream would freeze to the bottom. During the mild seasons small suckers from four to six inches long found a home in the Brulé. These were secured by nets, and old Edward diligently employed his time in the face of coming winter, in laying in a supply. The fish were packed in long troughs hewn out of solid logs. But it proved to be a poor year for fish too. The supply fell short of the usual amount. Winter came on sooner than was expected, with great vigor. The cold was intense and the snow-fall exceeded that of former years.

The three solitary people of that camp were snow-bound and isolated from all the rest of the world. Nothing but gloomy, lifeless forests all around and stretching far away! The absent hunters would bring in no juicy porcupine or fat beaver to replenish the larder. Fish was their sole supply of food. Upon frozen fish they lived more or less contentedly for a while. But it appearing to the French trader that the supply was diminishing alarmingly fast he, as a measure of safety, put old Edward on a ration of two suckers a day. After a time he reduced him to a short ration of one of those small suckers per day. This was the closest gauge to starvation point attainable. But it was unendurable. Said old Edward, "I begin starve. I tink of noting but fish, fish, all the time. At night I dream about him. I wake up and oh, my stomac' feel so bad! I go crazee. I say, I moost have some of dem soockers or I die. I steal sly into the room where Frenchman and squaw sleep and keep fish so I can't get him.

I crawl to trough, tear out fish and eat him raw. The trader he see me. We make fight. I try kill him, but hees squaw she help him; so I was whip bad. But dat trader, I s'pose he 'fraid I go crazee, so in morning he let me have plenty soockers. Den I got better and was content. But we were most like dead mens when spring come."

SNOWSHOEING

Snowshoeing at the present day is a fashionable amusement; and snowshoe clubs, including ladies and gentlemen, are quite the *ton* in Marquette and other northern cities. But snowshoeing in the olden time as the only means of locomotion on the deep snows, was quite a different thing. Under the most favorable circumstances when the snow was packed, or crusted over, walking was a laborious effort, although the gait was rapid and long journeys were made in a day. But upon new fallen, or wet snow, the labor was multiplied many fold, as the heavy shoes, sinking into the soft deposit, would become loaded and icy, intailing exhausting and irritating fatigue. Men were often compelled to stop and rest, and if the toes of the feet, as they were apt, from tightening of the thongs by wet, became sore then traveling became absolute torture. Woe to the poor fellow who, thus afflicted, had to keep up with the more fortunate members of the party. Camp must be reached before night unless the unhappy one chose the alternative of laying out on the trail alone. Camps were made when the day's march was ended, preferably in some sheltered spot, under cedar or fir trees. The preparation consisted in scraping out the snow with snow shoes so as to reach the ground and make room for a fire and space for spreading the blankets of the party. Cedar or fir boughs were cut and filled in for a bed. After a hearty supper and a pipe of "soul soothing tobacco," the sleep that followed on these extemporized beds was sound and snoreful. Perhaps on awakening at first gleam of morning light our travelers would find themselves buried in new-fallen snow. Thawing out and putting on moccasins and other toggery was a tedious task while stiffened and sore limbs offered no encouragement for further action. But the snow-whelmed woods, with the thermometer resting at 10° to 20° below zero, was no place for laggards. Go ahead or perish was the only alternative. Winter traveling in the northern forests had this advantage over summer traveling. The thick underbrush and all fallen timber were buried under the snow, so that in a level country, a smooth, clean, park-like plain lay before you.

In the absence of beaten roads or trails, snowshoeing was the only mode of locomotion in that new country. If you wished to visit a

neighbor, go to the post office twenty miles distant, or undertake a longer journey, snowshoes were the only things available. The ordinary traveler, the doctor or the missionary, used the same common means in calls of mercy or business. The late Bishop Baraga, when a simple priest, though past his prime, used to travel about in this way, all through the upper peninsula, with an Indian retainer to pack his provisions and blankets. Many a cold night did this zealous man of God sleep out in the snow, freely enduring all of the hardships of the great wilderness. The Methodist minister, Reverend Pitzel,[1] had youth on his side, but he was equally zealous in the cause of the Master, and undertook long journeys to preach the gospel to isolated Cornish miners.

These two worthies often begged a night's entertainment in the cabin of the writer. In those times, to see a strange new face was like a benediction. For the time being, the stranger was recognized as an angel. One time it so happened that my ghostly friends rested with me on the same night. At the breakfast table whereat my people numbered ten or twelve, there was an evident commotion on the question as to which of the reverend gentlemen should say grace. My people were all Roman Catholics, therefore I decided that Father Baraga should ask the blessing. My Methodist friend was evidently grieved, but to comfort him, I whispered in his ear that as I was the only Protestant sinner present, he might pray for me!

SQUATTERS

In the early days of copper explorations there were not a few examples of heroic pioneer struggles and adventures. Many so-called mineral locations were held for several years by squatters. Far back from the lake in the trackless woods, on the bank of some stream, he built his rude cabin of poles or shakes and covered it with birch bark or cedar. During the deep snows of winter this cabin looked like a white mound with smoke issuing from the top. A rude bedstead made of poles and stakes driven in the ground, and deeply covered with thick, soft, gray moss and fragrant cedar occupied one corner of the small apartment. Some trap-rocks rolled together in a circle, in the middle of the room, formed the fire place, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof, or spread itself throughout the hut as it listed, smoking the sole inmate a good bronze or ham color. In the ashes, like a light on a vestal altar, reposed a big iron pot, always holding a supply of simmering bean porridge. That vessel might be regarded as the household god,—the charmed penate. In all weathers, night or day, when the heart was sad or the stomach urgent, that black,

[1]See appendix.

grimy pot was an unfailing source and resource of felicity. He who sang the praises of bean-porridge hot, nine days old, unconsciously pealed forth an anthem which remains the triumphant hymn of the backwoodsman. A rude table of shakes and a camp-stool made of a big chip, split from a log, with one leg in it constituted the furnishing. A well-thumbed book or two composed the library. Current literature or even letters from the outside world were not thought of. The larder was stored with the resonant bean, some salt pork, flour, hard bread, tea, coffee, sugar and salt. Thus situated, with no human companionship, no work except cutting a little firewood, no recreation except an occasional snowshoe tramp, this hermit of the woods spent the livelong winter, eating and sleeping being his chief animal enjoyment. Unless very stupid, his social and intellectual nature would often cry out in solemn protest, but those silent woods sent back no answer. No one who has not been similarly situated can form any idea of the horrors of such an isolated life. Cowper well says of it:

"For solitude, however some may rave.
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave.
A sephulchre in which the living die."

COLD QUARTERS

At Wheel Kate mountain, near Portage lake, a small party of miners in 1846-7, passed the winter in a canvas tent. No habitation less suitable, could be devised for that climate; nor one more uncomfortable and unhealthy. The open fires built in front of the tent caused the snow that covered it deeply to melt, condense into an unwholesome vapor and, when the temperature fell at night, congealed into ice. In the course of time these miners found themselves living in an ice cave not unlike that of an Esquimau.

One of these miners was severely injured in the head by a premature blast, in fact his eye was torn out so that it lay exposed upon his cheek. The nearest surgeon was fifty miles distant, and this poor wounded wretch had to walk that long distance through the cold and snow to obtain relief. He stopped with the writer over night, enroute.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE

A party from Ontonagon going to visit Eagle River, a distance of about eighty miles, to avoid the more difficult trail through the woods undertook the journey on the ice, which at that time covered Lake Superior. All went well until they came to some high perpendicular sandstone cliffs west of Grand Portage. Suddenly to their horror, the ice parted at the

cliffs and began to move bodily out into the lake with them on it. They leaped over the rapidly widening crack and clung desperately to the shelving ice adhering to the cliffs. The fissure widened, and presently became a cold, dark stream. This on one side of them, the frowning rocks on the other. To scale those slippery precipitous heights became now a stern necessity. Their lives depended upon the success of their undertaking it. There was no other way out. Fortunately they had hatchets; with these, with infinite toil, they cut steps in the face of the cliffs and finally worked their way to the summit. After that experience they stuck to the woods.

PERILOUS NAVIGATION

One dreamy October day in the year 1846, when the Indian summer was in full glory, the writer sailed in his Mackinaw boat down the shore of the great lake from Ontonagon eastward. A brisk southwest wind filled his sails and he sped along the coast rapidly, the while admiring the autumn-tinted woods banked up on the south—a world of brilliant foliage, without a single break in the continuous outline. Late in the afternoon the dreaded sandstone cliffs were reached. They presented a solid wall to the water, excepting where here and there a little stream poured over in a cascade. Now and then were seen short beaches where a boat could rest during calm weather. But the whole line of rocks for six or seven miles, constituted what is termed an iron-bound coast. Woe to the vessel that should be driven upon them in a storm; nothing could withstand the thundering waves which hurled the spray to the very top of the cliffs and which, in course of time, had shaped them into many fantastic forms, eating holes and caverns into the very heart of them.

We had nearly reached the eastern terminus of these red rocks, and while in sight of the long shingle beach at the Grand Portage, when the southwest wind suddenly died away and we were becalmed.

Our men lowered the sails and took to the oars. Presently happening to look out upon the lake to the north, to our surprise and terror we saw a mile or two distant, the bosom of the water white with foam. The roaring wind and waves came rushing down upon us with great velocity. Row for your lives was the quick, sharp order, as the boat running before the gale, headed for the beach. Before the shore could be reached the waves were rolling high, and the wind lifting the water, covered us with spray. As the boat touched the land we all jumped into the surf and seizing her by the gunwales carried her up bodily beyond the reach of the raging sea. We sat down drenched and exhausted and thanked the Lord for our narrow escape from drowning.

We encamped upon the high sand-dunes, and all that night the storm raged fearfully. This was a foretaste of the wild storms which swept over Lake Superior late in the fall and winter.

GRAND PORTAGE

This famous carrying place, well known in history, but now superseded by a ship canal, was two miles across, from lake to lake. The highest point on the line was about forty feet above water, or lake level. We dragged our Mackinaw boat over it by main strength using wooden rollers to move her on. We launched her into a small creek which emptied into Portage lake. We then returned to the Lake Superior side and packed our camp equipage on our backs to the boat. A whole day was consumed in these operations, but in spite of fatigue, we loaded the boat and continued on in the night many miles down Portage lake before we went into camp.

A WET ROOSTER

The old explorer carrying on his back only actual necessaries, took to the woods with the confidence of an Indian, trusting that the storms of heaven would visit him lightly. At all events he took the chances, shelter tents and other impedimenta were out of the question. If storm came and beat upon his head he must submit, using such philosophy as he could command.

The writer was once exploring among the rocky ridges found in the country south of Huron bay when, late one afternoon he heard the distant bellowing of thunder. Interested in his work he lingered too long in the rocky highlands. It grew dark rapidly and he hurried down to the low land, where he had left his pack of blankets and provisions, as it happened, under a cedar tree in a swamp. The dry cedar had been selected as good material for a camp-fire. But by the time he got there the storm burst upon him in all its grandeur and wetness. He was speedily drenched to the skin. No fire could be built, no refreshments served. So unrolling his blankets, he wrapped them around him, as unlike a warrior taking his rest as possible, he sat him down on the ground with his back to the big cedar, and took in the situation. Mem. 1. He was in for it (the swamp) for the night. Mem. 2. The night is dark enough to be felt, whither could he go. Mem. 3. The glare of the lightning among these trees, and the crashing of the thunder is somewhat awful to a lone man. Mem. 4. The downpour of rain is a reminder of Noah's flood. Mem. 5. The swamp water is evidently rising and inundating his extremities. Mem. 6. What

shall be done in and for this extremity? The Dryads answer, nothing, nothing, my saturated mortal, but sit it out till morning.

The dawn of another day did not improve the situation. A barn-yard fowl would, under no combination of unfavorable drenching, have looked more draggled and crest-fallen than the writer. How he felt, "no tongue can tell," as they sometimes say on tombstones. He fortified his courage with raw pork and hardtack. Then he resolved to get out of this wilderness. The bright, sunny lake shore was only ten miles distant. He shouldered his wet pack, which weighed somewhat less than a ton, and started on a section line.

Poets have sung often of the glorious effects of rain upon herbage. They talk of pearls in the grass, rubies in the hedge and diamonds sparkling everywhere in the morning sun. Now the dense underbrush of that obscure section line trail was literally loaded with water jewels. Every leaf and stem was just glittering with 'em. But they were not appreciated. Passing through these thickets evolved a continuous shower bath. More than this, pushing through the wet brush rubbed the moisture in. So that one became not only drenched, but parboiled, like a red lobster. Upon reaching the lake shore, after several hours' travel in the hot, steaming forest, the writer deliberately waded out into the lake and took a good honest bath without change of raiment.

EXPLORING IN THE SNOW

John Reid, a genial, but dry Scotchman, a good surveyor and sweet singer, and the writer, with a party of Frenchmen late in the fall of 1846, were sent to explore certain tracts of supposed mineral land lying fifteen or twenty miles west of the mouth of Sturgeon River.[1] Leaving our Mackinaw in Pike Bay, we took to the woods, packs on backs, and in due time reached the tract to be examined. We built a wigwam of hemlock boughs and established camp. For several days Reid and I made a diligent survey of the ground, looking in vain for vein of mineral, or even an outcrop of trap-rock. The country was level, well wooded, doubtless good farming land, but the underlying rocks were covered by a deep drift of sand and clay. The tract was evidently not on the mineral range and it would be a loss of time to look for copper there. In short, the parties who had purchased the land, on the recommendation of certain honest explorers, had been sold.

Before we had finished our survey, as it must be done thoroughly, so that there could be no mistake as to the value of the purchase, there was a heavy snow-fall of about two feet in one night. There was something preposterous as well as disagreeable in our prospecting in the

[1]Flows northeast into the southwestern part of Portage Lake.

snow, but the work had to be done, so that a map could be made, complete, otherwise new suspicions would arise.

Our rude hut became a most uncomfortable abiding place. The big fire in front of it melted the snow on it, and the water ran down into it, soaking our beds and garments.

As soon as possible we beat a retreat. In our haste we did not calculate time or distance and the consequence was, at night we brought up in a dense cedar swamp, so common in that country. To move on in the dark was impracticable. So the party camped in the snow with only our blankets for cover. During the night a thaw came on, and in the morning we found ourselves saturated with melting snow. Before moving, the blankets had to be dried before a huge fire of dry cedar trees; they could not be packed wet. At noon we again set out for the boat; walking in the sloshy snow was difficult and exhausting. In a short time the writer gave out and fell behind. His heavy, wet cowhide boots had chafed his ankles to that degree that walking became absolute torture. He sat down on a log and after much trouble succeeded in removing his boots. He then bound his chafed feet in silk handkerchiefs, which he happened to have, then supplemented these bandages with strips of his blanket cut on purpose. Throwing his *"Sacra bots,"* as the French say, over his shoulders, he resumed his march, following the trail made by the party. Them he only overtook at the boat. The Frenchmen were debating whether they should not leave him to his fate in the woods and, but for his friend John Reid, who combatted the utterly selfish proposition, they would have sailed away without him.

A few hours boating brought the party to safe and comfortable quarters, where they were received by the late John R. Grout, a pioneer indeed, and one of the ablest engineers, practical explorers and geologists who ever visited the Lake Superior country and helped to build up the extensive copper works and interests that now distinguish that section of our wealthy State.

SOME TALL TRAMPING

Late in the fall of 1847, Mr. C. C. Douglass, one of the most noted pioneers of the Lake Superior country, assistant State geologist, explorer, miner and capitalist, who died in London, England, and the writer, started on an inspecting tour of the Ontonagon district. We took a birch bark canoe at the head of Torch lake, where the great Calumet copper mills now stand, and paddled down that lake through the connecting river into Portage lake, down that lake and river of the same

name into Keweenaw Bay, thence up that beautiful sheet of water to the Catholic mission.[1] Here we hauled our canoe out and hid her in the bush. Shouldering our packs we took to the woods. It was now about sundown but we followed an old trail through the pines and we hoped that the full moon would help us to find our way. We marched slowly and with some difficulty, keeping the trail in the obscure light, but about midnight we reached a clearing with two log houses reposing in the moonlight. A deep hush and stillness brooded over the place. Except ourselves there was not a living soul near. The place was utterly deserted. Finding the door of the principal house locked we pried open a window and burglariously obtained entrance. We found a large room swept and garnished, with a good cook stove, table, chairs and a nice wide bed neatly made up and ready for occupancy. We found candles, struck a light, built a fire in the stove and proceeded to cook supper, ample material for which we found in the store room. We enjoyed our supper thoroughly and went to bed with no compunction as to our burglarious proceedings.

This we set down as an abandoned location. We found that considerable mining for copper had been done here. A trap knob, standing out in an otherwise level country was the foundation of the mine. Of course it was a mistake. A little geological knowledge would have prevented the undertaking at first. This knob was far removed from the mineral range. But at that early day miners groped much in the dark. Much money was expended uselessly from want of knowledge and experience.

This property had evidently been recently abandoned without the removal of furniture, tools and supplies. It was left to rot or be stolen as the case might be. Many another mining enterprise has shared a similar fate since that day.

After carefully washing the dishes and closing the window, we resumed our march. We traveled all day leisurely, through a pleasant wooded country enjoying the perfect October day. The fallen leaves formed a soft footing for our moccasins. But we paid the penalty of our dilatoriousness; at night we brought up in the inevitable cedar swamp, failing to reach our destination, the Douglass mine. We lay down by our fire, but about midnight, the north wind began to sigh in the trees and the snow to fall. In the morning we were covered deeply with the "beautiful" but we shook it off and started on. We reached the mine within ten minutes—all night so near and yet so far.

We tarried two days at the mine and at daylight of the third day we began our return march. There was no time to lose; winter was

[1]See appendix.

near and we had much to do. We took to a section or town line, which led directly east to the mission, thirty-five miles distant; there was no trail. We started out on a dog trot and kept it up all day. Reaching Sturgeon river, we built a raft of cedar logs and ferried across. On again, first one leading, then the other. for the blazed line was at times difficult to keep. Some time after dark we would hear the welcome sound of barking dogs and presently we came to the Indian village. We secured comfortable quarters with a white friend. We went to bed in due time, but the writer found that he could not sleep. The long rapid march had strained the muscles and tendons of his legs to such a degree that his limbs seemed on fire. He arose, sought the smooth sand beach on the bay shore and walked for an hour, thus gradually soothing his overtaxed members.

Next day with canoe and on shore, we accomplished fifty-three miles, halting for the night at Eagle River. That night it was decided that we would leave the country. The last boat of the season was soon to sail from Copper Harbor. Time short! Pressing! The writer found it necessary to retrace his steps a distance of sixteen miles. He started at 3 p. m. and trotted the whole distance on a trail in the wet snow, in moccasins, up hills and down. He slept in an abandoned cabin over night, without fire or blankets and wrapped in some filthy cast-off mining clothes. At daylight next morning he returned to Eagle River, took breakfast there and loading all of his worldly effects on his back, he started for Eagle Harbor. There he learned that the steamboat Julia Palmer[1] had sailed from Copper Harbor but would touch at Lac La Belle on the opposite side of the point. By another strong pull he might catch this forlorn hope vessel. Away over the range he went, following obscure trails, and bruising his feet on the sharp rocks. To his infinite joy about sunset, mounting a high knob, he beheld far off and below him, the Julia Palmer lying quietly in the offing.

The next morning we sailed away toward the Sault on her; one hundred or more happy men, who had been buried in the northern wilderness for two years, for the most part rich only in experience.

MINE SPECULATIONS

In these days of rapid transit, telegraphs and telephones, a retrospective view of primitive times in the mines, as far back as 1846 occasions many curious reflections. Mining stocks were even then held as valuable chattels. So whenever an important discovery of mineral in some new lode or working mine was made, there was apt to be a great stir among interested parties. If possible, the discovery was kept

[1]This steamboat of 300 tons burthen, was built at Buffalo in 1836, and was formerly a sailing ship. It was lost on Lake Superior in 1847.

a profound secret by the local management, from not only the residents of the district but from mine owners in Boston, New York and Detroit. Mining stocks were considered as being of more importance than the mine itself, for a boom in stocks put money in the purse while the slow waiting for profits from the actual output of the mine might never be realized. Mine work in those early days was in a great measure tentative. It was an "infant industry" without the backing of a protective tariff. After the lapse of nearly fifty years, with most successful results, it is still recognized as an "infant industry" supported by a high tariff. As before stated, keeping a discovery a dark secret, the minds of the few enlightened ones were scheming how to reach the stockholders in the remote east. There was no other way but by personal visitation. So some trusty member of the party in the conspiracy was chosen for that purpose. In the dark hours of night he prepared his outfit, and accompanied by one follower, he departed before daybreak, seeking the land of civilization on his snow-shoes. At least 300 miles of wilderness had to be traversed before a railroad could be reached. Severe cold and deep snows could not dampen his ardor. Vision of untold wealth, the fruition of successful stock speculations, lured him on and on. If first in the market he generally made a good thing of it. He was perfectly willing to make money out of his dearest friend. Sentiment does not generally bother stock speculators. All is fair in war.

But there are reverses in war under the best generals. The clandestine way in which our speculator left the mine where every one is known and where one is speedily missed, excited suspicion and inquiry. The truth was soon known. A second party took to the woods by another route and out-traveled our speculator, thus forestalling the market. When he, in a leisurely way entered Detroit, great was his surprise to find himself circumvented, and one dare not even contemplate his profanity as he met the well-known individual whom he had left at his desk at the mine. But the whole affair was regarded as a good joke in mining circles.

The more legitimate and praiseworthy business of entering lands at the government office was, in those early days, a serious matter. The land office was at the extreme end of the mineral district, in fact far beyond it and business centers at Sault Ste. Marie. This place was several hundred miles distant from the copper mines. To reach it the traveler had to follow for the most part the winding shores of Lake Superior, with limitless ice on one hand and a trackless, snow-whelmed forest on the other. Yet this long, tedious and dangerous journey had

to be undertaken by the man who wished to secure 160 acres of land.

It goes without saying that our common country owes much to the hardihood and bravery of our pioneers all along the line. But his day is passed. Perhaps in the "better civilization" now prevailing, he will not be missed. Yet a philosopher may well question whether this new civilization will breed better men, more true, patriotic and self-sacrificing than those who have passed, or are passing off the stage of human activity.

We call the roll of the venerable silver-haired men and women who used to sanctify, by their presence, these annual pioneer meetings and how few there be who answer to their names!

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1850

BY HON. ELIAS S. WOODMAN[1]

In pursuance of the act, approved March 9, 1850 providing "for the time, place and manner of holding the convention to revise the constitution" the delegates assembled at the capitol[2] June 3, 1850. The Hon. Charles H. Taylor, Secretary of State appeared in the hall of the house of representatives and proceeded to call the list of delegates. Out of the one hundred delegates elected to the convention, all were present and answered to their names except John B. Graham[3] of Hillsdale, Cyrus Lovell of Ionia, Ebenezer Daniels of Lenawee, Hiram Hathaway of Macomb, Lorenzo W. Mason and Reuben B. Dimond of St. Clair and James M. Edmunds of Washtenaw. The Hon. Isaac E. Crary of Calhoun was appointed president *pro tem.* D. P. Bushnell of Wayne was appointed secretary *pro tem,* and Diodate Hubbard of Oakland sergeant-at-arms *pro tem.* When on motion of James Kingsley of Washtenaw the convention proceeded to the election of a president, which resulted in the choice of Daniel Goodwin of Wayne, who received seventy-five votes. John Swegles, Jr., was appointed secretary of the convention; Horace S. Roberts and Charles Hascall, assistant secretaries. Daniel Hubbard, sergeant-at-arms and Edwin C. Merrifield, doorkeeper. On motion of Robert McClelland, standing committees were appointed

[1]See *Vol. XVIII,* pp. 455-458, this series. He died Oct. 3, 1894.
[2]The Capitol was moved to Lansing, Dec. 25, 1847.
[3]Jonathan B. Graham, See *Michigan Biographies.*

as follows: seven on the bill of rights; five on the election franchise; five on the division of the powers of government; nine on the legislative department; nine on the executive department; nine on the judiciary department; five on State officers except executive; seven on county officers and county government; seven on township officers and the government of townships; five on the organization and government of cities and villages; five on impeachment and removals from office; seven on the militia; nine on education; nine on finance and taxation; nine on banking and corporations other than municipal; seven on salaries; five on seat of government; seven on exemptions real and personal and the rights of married women; seven on the punishment of crimes; seven on miscellaneous provisions; five on the mode of amendment and revising the constitution; seven on the schedule; eleven on the arrangement and phraseology of the constitution.

By reference to the journal or the debates it will be seen how these committees were divided up among the members. I will mention the chairmen of several of the committees: Executive department, Chief Justice Charles Whipple; legislative department, Robert McClelland; judicial department, Isaac E. Crary; township officers; Charles P. Bush; education, DeWitt C. Walker; finance and taxation, Calvin Britain; seat of government, James Kingsley; exemption and rights of married women, Rev. J. D. Pierce; punishment of crimes, B. F. H. Witherell. It will be remembered that the government of this State at the time of the assembling of this convention was under the control of the Democratic party, John S. Barry being the Executive of the State and he spent much of his time in Lansing during the session of the convention.

On the second day of the session Judge Witherell introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That his Excellency be invited by the President to take a seat within the bar of the convention during its session.

The Governor availed himself of the invitation until August the 5th, when W. F. Storey of Jackson, offered the following:

Resolved, That the resolution adopted by this convention on the 4th day of June last by which the Governor of the State was invited to take a seat within the bar of the convention during its sittings be and the same is hereby rescinded.

If any member of our society present is anxious to read the comments of members pro and con on this resolution I refer them to the debates, where it will be found that only one member favored the resolution, to-wit; William Norman McLeod. The resolution, after a brief debate, was laid on the table, where it remained some days. The

Governor, in the meantime, refusing a seat within the bar. I was not present when the resolution was offered, but on my return finding by the journal what had taken place in my absence, on my motion the resolution of Mr. Storey was taken from the table and indefinitely postponed. It is proper to state that by this act of mine I incurred the everlasting displeasure of Messrs. Storey and McLeod. While Storey and McLeod charged the Executive of the State and other State officers with attempting to influence members of the convention, it was the almost unanimous opinion of the convention that the charges were false and malicious. As I purpose in this article to be brief and give only some reminiscences of that convention, I take the liberty to refer once more to Governor Barry, whose political history and integrity is too well known to require any defense by me on this occasion. The Legislature had omitted to make any provision for the payment of postage of the members of the convention. After various propositions the Governor came to our relief by saying there was five hundred dollars in the treasury appropriated by the legislature to pay his private secretary, but he had done his own business without a secretary, and that he would draw his order for the five hundred dollars to be used to pay the postage of the members of the convention. This he did, and this sum and the amount for which the Governor sold the grass in the capitol yard paid our postage and left a fraction to go into the State treasury. While President Goodwin was an eminent jurist and every way a gentlemen, he should not have been selected, as president of the convention; but the experience of such men as McClelland, Crary, Hanscom, J. D. Pierce, and several others I might mention, preëminently qualified them as parliamentarians to have discharged the duties of presiding officer in a more speedy and satisfactory manner. Again, J. D. Pierce or Isaac E. Crary should have been chairman of the committee on education, as the debates will show. I say this with due deference to D. C. Walker, for whom I have the highest respect. Early in the session a discussion arose as to the employment of a chaplain to open our sessions with prayer. Various and conflicting opinions were expressed by the members but it was plainly evident that a majority of the convention were opposed to paying a chaplain from the public treasury. The question was settled by a resolution inviting the resident clergy to officiate alternately to open the sessions with prayer, and receive no compensation except such as the members might see fit to donate.

This principle was embodied in section 24 of the legislative article of the constitution which reads as follows: "The Legislature may author-

ize the employment of a chaplain for the State Prison but no money shall be appropriated for the payment of any religious services in either house of the Legislature." This I am free to say received my cordial support and I have never had cause to regret it. Section 47 of the legislative article, after lengthy debate was placed in the constitution where it remained for sixteen years. It reads as follows:

"The Legislature shall not pass any act authorizing the granting of license for the sale of ardent spirits or other intoxicating liquors."

This also received my support, and I will here add parenthetically that I believe that if this section was now in the constitution it would remain there as far as the people of this State are concerned, and Michigan would be a prohibition State the same as Kansas and Iowa. I believe it is generally conceded that if we had any talent and ability in this State, it was represented in this constitutional convention. The bench and the bar and the pulpit certainly furnished some of the most eminent men of the State in their several professions, while the farmers and mechanics were equally represented in numbers and ability according to their avocations and educational advantages. Of the nine members from Oakland county, all were lawyers, doctors or ministers except your humble servant who was then a farmer and a "country pettifogger." It would be a pleasure to me had I the time and ability to speak of the eminent service of such men as McClelland of Monroe, Witherell, Fralick and Backus of Wayne, Crary and J. D. Pierce of Calhoun, Hanscom and Whittemore of Oakland, Bartow and Leach of Genesee, Lovell of Ionia, Bush of Ingham, Church of Kent, Britain of Van Buren, Kingsley and Edmonds of Washtenaw, Walker of Macomb, Wells of Kalamazoo, and in fact many others whom I might mention. But any one familiar with the debates will readily see that these men in particular have left their impress upon the present constitution of our State. To J. D. Pierce, Isaac E. Crary and Ira Mayhew we are mainly indebted for our system of education and common schools, and their names are indelibly fixed with the educational history of this State.

While in Denver five years ago I spent some time in the office of "the silver tongued" George C. Bates, deceased. This man was too well known by the pioneers of this convention to need an introduction from me. I found Mr. Bates a walking encyclopedia of political knowledge and that Michigan and her interests were then near and dear to him. In speaking of our political men he paid a high compliment to his political opponents Govs. Barry, Alpheus Felch, Robert McClelland, Isaac E. Crary and the Rev. J. D. Pierce. In speaking of Gen.

Crary, Mr. Bates referred to Tom Corwin's speech in congress[1] in which he took occasion to scathe Gen. Crary in language peculiar to Tom Corwin only, stating that the only battle Crary ever was engaged in was the one known in Michigan as "the battle of the watermelon patch." Mr. Bates remarked that the life and public services of Gen. Crary would remain a monument to his memory when all that Corwin had done or said to benefit the world was buried in oblivion. As will be seen by the debates the principal discussions were had upon the judiciary, legislative, educational, exemption and married women's rights articles. The main difference on the judiciary article was in relation to the establishment of an independent supreme court. A compromise was reached by which the legislature was empowered with authority to establish an independent supreme court which they in their wisdom have done. McClelland, chairman of the legislative department, carried his report through with very few important changes although considerable discussion took place on some of its provisions. The committee on education reported in favor of free schools, but the method of raising the tax for the support of the schools, whether by district, township, county or State, had its advocates, but free schools were provided for. The committee on exemptions and married women's rights, reported through their chairman adversely to a homestead exemption but the chairman (Rev. J. D. Pierce) subsequently presented a minority report, which report was presented to the convention and substituted for the majority report after a lengthy and interesting discussion on the principles of exemption, and it now forms Art. 16 of the constitution of this State.

It is probably well known to most of the pioneers of the State that "Father Pierce" was styled while living the "father of exemptions;" he having introduced and got passed in the legislature in Detroit a bill to exempt a team from execution; but in order to do this the value of the team was limited to eighty dollars. This caused the eccentric McLeod to call the bill "Pierce's Pony Bill." A slight opposition arose in the convention against locating the capital permanently in Lansing. The principal objection (as will be seen by the debates) to its remaining in Lansing was "that the mosquitos were too large and presented their bills too often." It is proper to say that this beautiful city then contained but a few hundred inhabitants and difficult of access, the nearest railroad station being Jackson. These sidewalks were then covered with brush and log heaps: churches were like angels' visits "few and far between" and cow bells were more numerous far than church bells. The "Benton House" kept by William Hinman (now

[1]See Corwin's speech before the House of Representatives, Feb. 15, 1840.

a resident of this city) "the Lansing House" and the "Seymour House" were the hotels. These with a few private boarding houses did all they could to accommodate the delegates and make our stay pleasant. I say for one I found genuine hospitality and kind treatment from the people of Lansing. Its principal men then were Charles P. Bush, E. Danforth, John Thomas, William Hinman, with several others equally entitled to notice whose names I cannot recall. A separate resolution was submitted with the constitution to the people for their adoption or rejection with the constitution in relation to Negro suffrage. While the constitution was adopted by a large majority the resolution was defeated receiving but a few thousand votes. And we also made provision for an agricultural college and a juvenile house of correction. Fellow pioneers, I have adverted to the constitutional convention of 1850. Most that I have said is from memory. I have aimed not to be invidious by the omitting of any names who were equally entitled to notice as well as those whose names appear in this article. I believe one and all of the one hundred men who constituted that convention were actuated by no other motives than those of patriotism and fidelity to their constituents. I am satisfied that not to exceed twenty-five per cent of our number survive the "pale nation of the dead." The rest have been "gathered to their fathers" with a goodly name stamped upon their useful lives. And now that they have passed away from earth to dwell in heavenly scenes, peace to their revered ashes, and may their bright exemplars of the past long serve as beacons of light to their numerous descendants and namesakes! May their virtuous doings upon earth ever be held in sacred memory. Their spirits may be hovering over us. Be it so and may we confidently and joyfully anticipate a blest reunion in the spirit world, and may we each and all exclaim in the language of the poet Bryant:

> "So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

THE PRESIDENT

AND SOME OF THE OTHER OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER, AND READ BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD

A new list of presidents has begun
In the person of Orrin Poppleton;
One of Oakland county's pioneers,
Where he's lived for five and sixty years.
He has resided there, as boy, and man,
A highly honored citizen.
It is now about eight years,
Since with us he first appears;
Since that time, his presence here,
Doth our annual meetings cheer.
He is young, as by his looks you'll see,
(For he is only seventy-three.)
But his best friends now have no fear,
In reference to his future career;
For his judgment's clear, his habits good,
And it is now well understood
That his habit of industry appears
To grow on him, with passing years.
When he attends our annual meetings,
He receives from pioneers kind greetings.
Though some are deaf, his voice is so clear
That when he speaks they all can hear,
And of great interest are all his speeches,
For to early days his memory reaches;
And in his written contributions,
Of mooted points he gives solutions.
His memorial report of pioneers,
Which he prepares with passing years,
Is a record of much worth
To generations coming forth.
Since our president he has been,

His interest in our work is seen
In the programme for this meeting,
Which is with former ones competing.
An active member he has been,
Since on our list his name was seen;
And he is doing what he can,
To show the fame of Michigan.
May he for years continue on
In this good work he has begun.
If words of praise are due to any,
They should be said of Mrs. Tenney;
For since our work was first begun,
That part of it that she has done,
No amount of money could procure;
Naught but deep interest could secure.
She is our recording secretary,
And the responsibility she doth carry,
Of preserving all the facts,
By recording our resolves and acts;
Some of the older pioneers,
Now are troubled with dull ears,
Are slow of hearing, and of comprehension,
But to such, she pays attention,
And always makes them understand
The business that is then in hand.
When the committees are called to work,
They all respond, none care to shirk,
While for the people they're employed,
(Their work by them to be enjoyed,)
Then this great and generous State,
Has always paid for what they ate.
When the bills for expenses are all made,
Then she sees that they are paid,
When gifts for the society she receives,
She places them in our archives;
After what's published in our books,
With the greatest care she always looks,
And the original documents are laid
Where reference to them can be made.
Though she has the recording all in charge,
Her correspondence is very large;

If information is desired by any
They always write to Mrs. Tenney.
She, with other societies, our books exchanges,
And those received, with care arranges;
She arranges for our annual meetings,
And to those who come, she gives kind greetings,
And in her annual reports, appear
The proceedings of the former year.
Now the work she's doing on these books,
(Into which for a guide, the historian looks),
Will show great value when she's dead,
But now it does not buy her bread.
Our Secretary, George H. Greene,
Is as good a man as need be seen;
There are now about six hundred names
That each from him attention claims,
To notify them of these meetings,
Where pioneers exchange their greetings.
Before the committees for work convene,
A card from him is always seen;
That notifies each one to appear,
And do the work that awaits them here.
With contributors he corresponds,
And in other ways his influence lends,
By exercising judgment great,
In gathering history of the State.
Of the memorial reports, he has the care,
And for their publication doth prepare.
Each county's being in its place,
Where those concerned can the record trace;
He was born upon Wayne county's sod,
For which, just now, he thanks his God.
For no better native State, has man,
Than this, our noble Michigan.
And there's our friend, Van Buren, A. D. P.
A voluminous writer now is he;
Three hundred pages, in our books,
That may be seen, if the reader looks,
That were all written by his hand,
Telling of early Michigan.
Of our noble University,

He has written a history,
Telling of its branches, eight,
Before they did consolidate.
In writing biographical sketches,
A great way back his memory stretches.
And to our notice, now he brings
Some sad, but many funny things,
And if the reader now doth seek,
The history of Battle Creek,
And likes to read pen pictures rare,
Of the early pioneer,
That record now, may all be found
In the fifth volume, that was bound.
You'll read that volume now with care
For much he's written, you'll find there.
He tells us something of their food,
Although 'twas coarse, it tasted good;
And of a curious chicken pie,
Some parts of which could yelp and fly.
He tells of frolics, long ago,
To let this generation know,
That although hardships were endured,
Great pleasures also, were secured.
He tells of churches and of preachers;
And of early temperance teachers;
And as the question he discusses,
Some noble names he introduces,
Who inaugurate the movement,
Which makes in morals, great improvement.
He tells of patriotism great,
When July the fourth, came one day late;
But then, they had a celebration,
To note the birthday of the nation;
In fact his writings now do show
The very things we wish to know,
The manners, customs, hopes and fears,
And methods of early pioneers.
Then John H. Forster, has much to say
About the Upper Peninsula,
That dreary land of rock and ice,
Which pioneers ne'er thought was nice;

Who, when they found they must exchange
For it, that pleasant southern grange,
(For which in the Toledo war, they fought,
And all their bloodshed came to nought),
Grumbled about the costly rate,
They had to pay to be a state.
His writings do, the disclosure make,
That the pioneers made a mistake
In their estimation of that land;
For its worth, they could not understand.
Mr. Forster's a civil engineer,
And now his writings make it clear,
That for timber and to cultivate,
Some portions are of value great;
That the mineral wealth, that is in that ground,
Is the greatest that can now be found;
There's iron, copper, silver, gold,
Its value now, cannot be told.
If all the wealth, that's in that ground;
Could on the surface now be found;
(Although its value is so great),
'Twould buy the balance of the State.
His biographical sketch, found here,
Of that most honored pioneer,
John Mullett (quite well known of old),
In which his life work, he has told,
Is read with great interest, very,
By those, who with him, were contemporary.
Of interest great, are all his writings,
And we want more of his inditings,
To tell us of that country north,
Which proves to be of such great worth.
By this record you will see,
He's on the historic committee,
Its duties, he is now to share,
With others who have long been there.
He represented on the Senate's floor,
That district which he did explore,
And its features he now portrays,
As they were in those early days.
No better service can be offered,

Than that of Reverend R. C. Crawford;
His addresses to the Throne of Grace,
Are appropriate for the time and place.
And when his voice in song is heard,
The patriotic soul is stirred,
By a desire in every man,
To hail with joy, "My Michigan."
He is a pioneer of old,
And many stories has he told,
Of pioneers and of their ways,
When he was in his boyhoods days.
The graphic picture of the ways
That he pursued, in early days,
Brings to our mind, the long time since,
When we had the same experience.
Like trouble on the Pontiac road,
In hauling through the mud, a load,
Was known to almost every man,
That settled in northern Michigan;
At Mother Handsome's little inn
A great many times, we too have been.
The content he had in the loghouse home,
Was enjoyed by others who had come
To Michigan, to spend their days,
In industry and virtue's ways.
His pleasant ways, and voice so clear,
Doth all our meetings greatly cheer.
His contributions of poetry,
(And more of them we ought to see),
Are adjudged to be the very best,
With which our volumes now are blessed.
Such talent for writing and singing songs,
To no other in our set belongs.
None his equal yet appears,
For entertaining pioneers.
His reading is so good, you see,
That this doggerel sounds like poetry.
With his *twin cousin*, Poppleton,
May he for years continue on.
May they, at many annual meetings,
Receive from pioneers, kind greetings.

And may their pleasant voices cheer,
All that shall then be gathered here.
These tedious lines, to a close I'll bring 'em
After mentioning S. D. Bingham.
He is not the oldest pioneer,
But he is very useful here.
While living here, upon the ground,
When he is sought, he's always found.
If for the society a favor is wanted,
When he applies, it's always granted.
When our annual meetings here convene,
In our midst he's always seen.
If what is said, or read, needs a response
He is on his feet at once,
And the right thing will always say,
Be the subject what it may;
The society's business he well knows,
And all its details can disclose.
He's on the committee executive,
And much good service he does give.
With him, and others who are here,
Now the oldest pioneer
Can leave the work that's to be done
When to his rest he passes on.

THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF HON. SANFORD M. GREEN

BY THOMAS A. E. WEADOCK, OF BAY CITY

It is an old and charitable proverb, "Say nothing but good of the dead," and in our day it is interpreted, "Say good things only of the dead;" criticise and abuse the living. The writer wholly dissents from the latter idea, and believes we should speak well of the living who deserve praise, while they are with us to listen.

The subject of this paper is still at his work. With a sound body and an active mind, at the age of eighty-three teaching by his example that honest work and a pure life make the perfect man.

It is not the intention to go into biographical details, for after all the question is what has a man done, or tried to do; but what differ-

ence had his life made in the lives of his fellows, or the history of his country. The man lives in his work.

The offices Judge Green has held since he came into the State in 1837 range from collector of a school district to circuit judge and judge of the supreme court. He was elected justice of the peace, and later was appointed by the associate judges of the circuit court prosecuting attorney for Shiawassee county. He held that office while he remained in Shiawassee—five years. In 1842 he was elected to the State senate. The 6th senatorial district then consisted of Oakland county and all north of it. The State was divided into eight senatorial districts. He served four years in the senate. There were four senators elected in each district for two years, and the members of the house were elected for one year. In the winter of 1842-3 he was a member of the judiciary committee of which William L. Greenly was chairman, he was chairman of the committee on State library, also on the committee on State University and school lands, and during that session there was no particular matter before the legislature of any very great importance that he now recollects. Just the ordinary legislation. In 1844 the senate met Monday, January 1, at the capitol in Detroit, and sat till March 11. He was chairman of the judiciary committee, and as chairman of that committee reported, among other things, a bill to provide for the appointment of one commissioner to act with the chancellor, who was then Judge Manning, to prepare a revision of the statutes of Michigan. The legislature of 1846 met January 5, 1846 at Detroit, and Judge Green was appointed to serve on the joint committee on revision of the statutes. He also served on conference on titles 3, 5, 6, 7, and 10, also titles 18, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28 and 30. In this session he was a colleague of Hon. William M. Fenton, sixth district, and in addition to the work mentioned he served on the committee on judiciary, also on State affairs and printing supplies.

There was one revision before that, but it was very unsatisfactory. It was called Fletcher's Code, published in 1835 or 1836. Fletcher[1] was appointed a commissioner to revise the statutes during the first session of the legislature after the State was admitted. The bill which Judge Green reported provided for the appointment by the Governor of such commissioner. It passed the senate, went to the house, and then the question as to who should be the commissioner began to be discussed among the senators, and he was told one day by one of the senators, a friend of his, that he must prepare that revision. He said, "No, sir, I cannot act; I am not eligible. Besides I do not want the responsibility. We have had one revision, and it ruined the

[1]See appendix.

man that made it." He says "You have got to do it." Says he, "I am not eligible. A member of the legislature cannot perform the duties of an office created during its session or by the same legislature." Well, the question then arose whether that could be changed. That provision only applied to appointments by the governor, and the idea was suggested for conferring the power of appointment upon the chancellor and judges of the supreme court, and that change was procured to be made, so that members of either house would be eligible for the appointment by that appointing power. And the result was that every senator, but two, without any solicitation on his part signed a request that he should be appointed and he was appointed. He was to report to the legislature, at the session of 1846, which gave about eighteen months for the revision. His first term had expired of course, and he was out of the session of 1845 but was elected again in 1845 for 1846-7, and served during those years. He was chairman of the judiciary committee during those two sessions. January 25, 1844, Senator Green, from the committee on judiciary reported a bill to provide for consolidating and revising the general laws of the State of Michigan. It was read twice, laid on the table and ordered printed. January 31, he reported it to the committee of the whole. The bill, on motion of Senator Green, was given effect from and after its passage, and as amended it was read a third time and passed by a vote of ten to five. On February 23, the house concurred with amendments. On February 27, the senate concurred in the house amendments. February 28, the house concurred in the senate amendments. March 1, the bill was signed and presented to Governor John S. Barry who signed it March 2, 1844.

He made the report to the legislature, and it was acted upon in 1846.

The revision was a quarto consisting of 1023 pp., 32 titles, 172 chapters, and the title page was:

Proposed Revision
of the
General Statutes
of the
State of Michigan.
As reported to the Legislature
At its annual session in 1846
By
Sanford M. Green,
Commissioner of Revision.

Detroit,
Bagg & Harmon, Printers to the State.

He moved to Pontiac the spring after his first term commenced. After having served one winter in the legislature, he made an arrangement to go to Pontiac and became a partner there with Lieut. Gov. Richardson. It was in 1843 when he moved from Owosso to Pontiac. He lived in Owosso from 1837 to 1843.

There were several very important matters legislated upon during the time of his service in the legislature. The two principal lines of railroad which were projected and partly built by the State were disposed of. The Michigan Central[1] and the Michigan Southern were incorporated and those companies purchased the central and south roads respectively. In 1847 the capital was removed from Detroit to Lansing. Under the provision of the revised statutes, an injunction master was to be designated in each circuit and he was appointed injunction master in the fourth circuit, and served until the spring of 1848, when he was appointed to the bench by Gov. Ransom and assigned to the fourth circuit, to fill a vacancy. It occurred in this way: Judge Ransom was chief justice and resided at Kalamazoo and had a circuit there; Judge Wing, Judge Whipple and Judge Miles were the other judges. Judge Whipple resided in Pontiac. The governor delayed the appointment until March during which time it was understood that a new circuit should be created, which was done and Judge Mundy, who had been a candidate to fill the vacancy, was appointed and assigned to the fourth circuit. He did not apply for the office nor take any steps to secure the appointment, but his friends persuaded the governor that it was best to appoint him and he did so. From 1848 to 1852 the five judges performed all the duties of circuit judges and judges of the supreme court in the entire State. At one time there were but three. About 1840 Judge Whipple was appointed and a new circuit created, and that fourth circuit embraced all the northern part of the State.

He served as judge of the supreme court under the old constitution until the new one took effect in 1851, and then the judges were elective. The election was in April 1851. He had already served from 1848 to 1851, and he had assumed that entire independence which has always characterized him. He would not be under any obligation to any member of the bar or to any body else. He would not have any member of the bar feel that he had any hold upon him whatever. But there was an attempt to make him feel that he was under obligation to some parties who claimed to have been instrumental in procuring his nomination. There was a former senator who resided in Oakland county. He was in the senate at the time when Green was there, or a portion of the time. He happened to have a suit pending in the

[1]See appendix.

Oakland circuit and he deemed it necessary to have an adjournment, and his attorney made application and a proper showing and Judge Green granted the application on the usual terms of payment of costs, but the court required that as a condition, and he was very highly offended. He thought that the judge ought to have remembered his services and excused him from paying costs. He very soon heard that this gentleman was very much offended, but he replied that he could not help it, nor could he consider any man his friend who would desire favor in any official capacity that he held whatever. If he felt that way he wished him to understand distinctly that he was perfectly independent. He had not sought the office and did not care to hold it for a day, but while he did hold it he should act independent and treat all suitors alike. Well, as the time for making a nomination for the next term approached—that was in 1851, the judge was applied to by one or two of the leading members of the bar and asked whether he desired the nomination. He said inasmuch as he was acting in that capacity for the last three years he was willing to continue if the convention should think it best to nominate him, and should he be elected he would serve another term. It was said to him, now if you wish, your friends will go to work and get up a delegation for you, and two prominent lawyers of that circuit, youngerly men, and personal friends proposed that if he only said so, they would go to work and secure a delegation favorable to his nomination. He said "Gentlemen, I cannot say that. I want you to do just exactly as you think is best; take just that course that you think will best subserve the public interest." Gov. Richardson was exceedingly anxious for the nomination, he wanted to occupy that position, but the members of the bar generally and the people did not want him. But there was this disaffected man down in Troy, and he and these others gave their influence and worked for Gov. Richardson, and got up a delegation for him and when they had their convention there were twelve delegates from Oakland county, and twelve from the other portions of the circuit, and they were some twenty-four to thirty-six consecutive hours in making a nomination. They stood twelve to twelve. No one could get a majority. But there were some three or four active men residing in Pontiac who were about the convention, and who determined that Mr. Richardson should not be nominated. After fighting it out in that way for so long a time, they finally persuaded one of Richardson's delegation to cast one vote for the other man. They had been scattering around, and they got him to agree to that, and then they had their forces all trained so that on the next ballot Copeland got thirteen votes. The result was Judge Copeland was

nominated and elected. Mr. John Goodrich[1] was a young attorney living in Genesee county at the time, who had lived in Pontiac and practiced there a considerable time, and when he was elected in the seventh or Genesee circuit, he died before his term commenced. Very soon after this death Judge Green was approached upon the subject of being a candidate there. There were some very strong men there, Fenton, Hascall of Flint, and a good many others there who knew his reputation as a judge, and there was no one in the circuit whom the democrats wanted to nominate. He said to them that he should not seek the office for he didn't want it, but if they thought proper to nominate and should elect him he would serve in that circuit. The result was that he was elected there in 1851. The term commenced in 1852. After the first year Judge Copeland's health rather failed, and he talked of resigning. He was connected with a large lumber business in the Saginaw valley, and he had large interests, and was understood to be very well off, financially, and in conversation one day about it he said he would like very well if he could retain his seat on the supreme bench and have no circuit duties to perform, but he didn't feel able to perform the duties of circuit judge in his circuit, and the duties of judge of the supreme court at the same time. Judge Green said to him "You hold on and perform your duties as judge of the supreme court, take care of your Oakland county circuit courts and divide your salary with me and I will perform the duties in all your other counties." They entered into such an arrangement and he paid him $500 for performing the duties in his circuit out of his salary of $1,500. So for about five years he was earning $2,000 a year, but he had to pay all his own expenses. Under the old arrangements the judges of the supreme court made the appointments of the circuit courts. At that time the seventh circuit consisted of Genesee, Livingston, Shiawassee, Lapeer, Tuscola and Midland. There were six counties in the seventh circuit. Judge Copeland had Macomb, St. Clair, Sanilac and afterwards Huron. As to the number of terms in all those counties, there were four in Genesee, four in Livingston, four in Macomb, and four in St. Clair, and in the other counties two terms each year, which made twenty-eight terms of the circuit court held during the period aforesaid.

Then we had four terms of the supreme court. The terms of the supreme court were held, one in Detroit, one in Kalamazoo, one in Pontiac, and one in Adrian. Judge Copeland had held terms one year in his circuit, and the business had got very much behind in consequence of his ill-health. After this arrangement Judge Green went over to St. Clair to hold spring term. Arriving at the proper time

[1]See page, *Michigan Biographies* 499. John Skinner Goodrich.

and on the morning of the day appointed he went to the room provided for the holding of courts. It was in a business block, up stairs, sort of a hall fitted up temporarily, and at the proper hour for opening court he found a deputy sheriff there and some people lounging around and made inquiry of the deputy sheriff where the clerk was. "Well, he was out some where around, he didn't know where." He asked him if he would go out and find the clerk, he wanted to organize the court. He went out, was gone sometime, and after awhile the clerk came in, but no sheriff. He finally got the sheriff or his deputy in, and set about to organize the court, had him make proclamation that court was open for business. He then had the clerk call the names of jurors. Out of the twenty-four there were not more than half a dozen answered to their names. Things looked pretty squally. Making a little speech to them, he told them he had come there for the purpose of prosecuting public business, and those whose duty it was to be there were as much obligated to be present and attend to their duties as the judge, and it was his business to see that they did so, or to exercise the powers vested in the court to enforce their attendance. The forenoon was lost in consequence. There were some motions for continuance and as the jurors came in he requested that they be kept there and told the sheriff to say to the jurors as they came in that they must remain there as they would be needed. Finally at the hour of twelve, the usual recess, they only took an hour, as they could not spare the time, he gave notice that the jurors were all expected to be there. And if any absent ones were seen he wished them to be notified, and unless they were there at the opening of court in the afternoon it would be the duty of the court to impose a fine upon them unless they had some good and satisfactory excuse for not being there. If they had they better make it. In the afternoon the list was called, and there were a few more there, but not more than half the number. He inquired where these men lived and there were half a dozen of them living right there in town but they did not come in; they were waiting to be sent for. He then drew up the proper order imposing a fine upon them, and had it entered upon the journal. This action created quite a scare. It wasn't long before lots of men were coming in and asking to be excused. Their excuse was that they had not been required to be in court at all unless they were sent for. The judge could hardly credit such a statement. But if it were true they should certainly know that their duties required them to be there, and he imposed small fines, and said to them that if he had occasion to impose other fines that they would be heavier. He gave them a fair opportunity to come in

after that promptly and attend to their duties, but imposed fines on seven or eight, and from that time had a very prompt attendance. O. D. Conger[1] was always in attendance upon the courts there. He resided in Port Huron, and Conger and Mitchell were the two attorneys who tried the most of the cases in that part of the circuit and they went with the court from one county to the other. They used to go to Macomb and up the shore. Mr. Conger drew a sketch of the position of things there, these men coming up to the desk, leaning over, two or three of them at a time, and asking to be excused and have their fines remitted. He held courts there during that season, and the next spring went over pretty early in the spring, and the roads were muddy. He went across from Pontiac in a light buggy, and could not get through the same day, and had to stop over night at a Mr. Cross' on the Gratiot turnpike,[2] some twelve or fifteen miles from St. Clair, and gives this account of the affair:

"Mr. Cross, the landlord, was a magistrate, and he was supervisor, and a pretty prominent man. I did not make myself known to him at all. Had my horse put up and had supper, and in the evening he asked if I was going to St. Clair. I said "Yes that is my destination." "Well," says he, "I have got to go down there. I wonder if I couldn't ride down with you in the morning?" I said "If you do not find any better opportunity. I have got a light horse and a light buggy and if you find any better opportunity you better avail yourself of it." "Well," says he, "I have got to be there by a certain time. I have got to be there by ten o'clock promptly." He wanted to know if I thought I should be there by ten o'clock promptly. I told him I intended to be there before that time. I wanted to get a good start in the morning and if no break down occurred I intended to be there, but," says I, "Is it absolutely necessary that you should be there at that particular time?" "Yes," says he, "I am going down to attend court, I am summoned as a grand juror." I said "Is it necessary that you should be so very prompt?" "O, yes," said he, "I have got to be there or I will be fined." Says I "Judge Copeland is your circuit judge there isn't he?" "Yes," says he, "Judge Copeland is our circuit judge, but he can't hold the courts. Judge Green holds the courts here now, and," says he, "I am told that if a juror ain't there promptly he will slap a fine right straight onto him." During the night a man came along with a light wagon and two horses, who was going down to St. Clair, and the landlord made arrangement with him. He told me at breakfast that he had an arrangement by which he could go with a man who was going right down there. I got started first but they

[1]Omar D. Conger. See *Michigan Biographies.*
[2]See appendix.

passed me, drove faster than I could so that they were there some time before I was, but I was there in time and proceeded at ten o'clock to the court room, and went up into the desk, and there were twenty-four good men and true, in the seats assigned to the grand jurors, and I was very much pleased to see them there. And amongst others I saw my friend there. He looked up at me and then turned his face the other way and I did not see him look up again. He was appointed foreman of the grand jury and his business was to present the bills, and he was the medium of communication between the grand jury and the court. I told the story to Conger and Mitchell. They were full of fun always and knew 'Squire Cross, so Conger edged up to Cross in the course of the day, and says, "Mr. Cross, you are acquainted with Judge Green ain't you?" "No," says Cross, "I never saw him until I saw him coming up into the desk this morning." After that I always had a good time at Cross' hotel. I was attended to first rate."

He was on the circuit bench from 1848 to 1867. He was on the supreme bench from 1848 to 1858, until the new court was organized. During portions of the time he was presiding judge of that court. He used to ride on horseback, and had a pair of large saddle bags, which was the most convenient way of carrying his linen, and they sometimes afforded no little amusement. He used to meet Elder Smith, the presiding elder of the district. He was a man full of fun, and they used to joke about trading horses and one thing or other. Two or three times he was asked where he was preaching. The rig was that of a Methodist circuit preacher of the old style. One day he was passing along by a residence and on an elevation; it was a log house, and a man came out as he was approaching within a few rods of his house, and ran down to the road and met him and wanted him to go right up to his house. Asked what for, he said "My wife is very sick and she wants a doctor and I want you to go right up and see her." He was told he didn't believe he could do her any good if he did. He was sorry to say he didn't know anything about medicine, it was not his profession.

The first edition of Green's Practice was published in 1860. That was in one volume. That was his first work of authorship after the revision of the statutes. There was no second edition of that published. In 1876 he published the first volume of the new work on the practice, embracing the practice in the supreme court as well as in the circuit courts, and that was followed by the second volume in 1877. That was revised and a new edition is now published by Callahan & Co., who own the copyright.

In 1879 he published the work on townships and the powers and

duties of township officers, 533 pp. of which two editions have been published. Of the second edition 10,000 copies were purchased by the State for distribution to township officers. His best work, a treatise on the nature, causes and treatment of crime, was published in November last, and has been very favorably noticed by the press generally. This he esteems to be the most important work he has ever attempted.

The number of terms held in the sixth and seventh circuits from 1853 to 1857 inclusive was twenty-eight as before stated. In order to keep the business up it was customary to begin at eight a. m., and sit until twelve, take a recess of one hour for dinner, and then sit until six p. m., and frequently to hold an evening session from seven to nine o'clock and sometimes later. No cases were assigned for particular days, but they were taken up and disposed of in their order upon the calendar. We had no stenographer, and the judge had to keep minutes of all the proceedings. It was his custom, to which he strictly adhered, to dispose of everything that was ready at each term of court.

Questions of law were frequently reserved for the opinion of the supreme court, and certified by the judge, and bills of exceptions were settled from the judge's minutes of the trial. All those labors, with attendance upon four terms a year of the supreme court were very fatiguing, and it was sometimes difficult to avoid falling asleep on the bench. During the thirty-five years of service as circuit judge there was one occasion when he failed to hold a term as appointed, and that was from a carbuncle that laid him up for a week.

His relations to members of the bar were with very few and slight exceptions uniformly pleasant and agreeable, and during the long period of his service as judge he never had occasion to impose a fine upon or to imprison any member of the bar for contempt of court.

For the facts stated in the earlier work of the subject of this paper the writer is indebted to Judge Green aided by the legislative journals of the sessions in which he participated.

The opinions of Judge Green as a member of the supreme court are found in the first, second, third and fourth volumes of Michigan reports, in which they cover 288 pages, and embrace almost every subject in the jurisprudence of the young State. Dower, navigable streams, riparian rights, (Norris vs. Hill), practicing physicians (Sutton vs. Tracy), pleading (Wales vs. Jones), and many others too many to enumerate, and possibly uninteresting to the lay reader. Notably among those were People vs. John Doe, 1 Mich., 451, where a man was tried and convicted under that common cognomen, and an important question relating to challenges to the array was settled;

People vs. Michigan Southern Railroad Company; Weatherwax vs. Paine, on commercial paper; Hibbard vs. People, where it was held that section seven of the prohibitory liquor law of 1855 authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor was unconstitutional; Regents of the University vs. the Detroit Board of Education.

He concurred in the People vs. Gallagher, with the majority of the court holding the prohibitory law of 1855 constitutional so far as it prohibited the sale of liquor as a beverage, and so the law remained until 1875. He wrote the opinion in the married women's cases, in fourth Michigan, and he dissented with Judge Pratt, P. J. from the majority of the court in the M. C. R. R. Co., vs. the M. S. Ry. Co. He wrote the opinion requiring the M. S. Ry., to pay specific taxes.

In 1871 Judge Green removed to Bay City and began the practice of the law, in which he was very successful, but the work of the active practitioner was not suited to him. He would rather endeavor to ascertain what the law was, than what his client would like to have it. A vacancy having occurred on the bench of the 18th circuit[1] composed then of the counties of Bay, Alpena, Iosco, Otsego, Roscommon, Presque Isle and Ogemaw, he was on June 14, 1872, appointed Judge of that circuit.

In 1877 the circuit was reduced to the counties of Bay, Ogemaw, Roscommon, Crawford and Otsego, and still later to Bay and the county of Arenac, organized therefrom.

During nearly all the time of his service upon the bench the salary was only $1,500. Yet at that time we had upon the circuit bench of Michigan such men as Daniel L. Pratt, Samuel Higby, Edwin Lawrence, John Moon, Charles Upson, A. C. Baldwin and others.

Would we had their equals there today!

On March 2, 1875, the democratic State convention was held at Jackson and Judge Green's name was presented as a candidate for one of the judges of the supreme court of Michigan. On the first formal ballot he received 108 votes to eighty-three for L. D. Norris, thirty for H. F. Severens and fourteen scattering. And on the second ballot he received 111 to 134 for Norris who was thereupon made the unanimous nominee. A terrific snowstorm had prevailed for some time blocking the railways and preventing a great many delegates from northern Michigan from reaching the convention. More than enough were thereby detained than would have been necessary to secure the nomination.

[1]See appendix.

In the same year he was the unanimous choice of all parties in his circuit, for re-election, and was re-elected accordingly.

In 1881 a test was made of the standing of Judge Green in his circuit. At a meeting of the Bay City bar, one of its members, now deceased, was nominated by a majority of four, but the choice did not commend itself to the people.

A petition numerously signed by the citizens without regard to party and from every walk in life asking Judge Green to permit the use of his name as a candidate for the office of circuit judge and pledging support was presented to him.

In his reply consenting to be a candidate he said: "My sense of what was due to myself, as one who might be called upon to fill the position of a judge has always forbidden that I should ask any man to promote my nomination or vote for me at the polls, or that I should be present when the subject of my nomination was discussed or considered."

At the ensuing election his name in obedience to general public sentiment was upon the ticket of each party, and he received every vote cast in the circuit except five.

Cases from his circuit in the supreme court are found in forty-four volumes of the State reports from the twenty-sixth to the seventieth Michigan.

Upon the bench he was prompt, impartial and courteous in its best sense. He saw quickly the decisive point in a case, and if a lawyer thought the judge was "taking sides" against him, it was because his case was weak. He had no pride of opinion. He was willing to change a ruling if convinced he was wrong. He did what he thought to be right regardless of consequences. He was not only absolutely incorruptible, but no one ever even suspected that he was anything else. In criminal cases he was especially careful of the rights of defendants, and in the imposition of sentences he was justice itself. His thirty-five years of service as a *nisi prius* judge ended Dec. 31, 1887.

On January 3, 1888, the bar of Bay county adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The Hon. Sanford M. Green has with the close of the year retired from the bench of this judicial circuit where he so ably presided for the past fifteen years, and

Whereas, We recognize the great debt which the bar, in common with the people of the State, owe to him for the services rendered to the State in the many official positions which he has filled

beginning as a justice of the peace, following as school assessor, prosecuting attorney and as a legislator in the senate of the State of Michigan from 1842 to 1846, for his labors in the revision of the statutes, which after forty years still stand as a monument to his industry and learning and for his long judicial service, beginning in 1848 on the bench of the supreme court and circuit court, for his contribution to the literature of the law, a valuable work on practice which has passed through several editions, and for a practical treatise on the township laws, which has come into general use throughout the State, and above all for the elevated character which he has impressed upon the bar and judiciary of the State by the firmness, ability, impartiality which has always marked his administration of the law.

Therefore be it resolved, by the bar of this county that we hereby express our acknowledgment to Judge Green and assure him that he retires from the bench carrying the esteem and admiration of his professional brethren whose earnest wish and hope is that in his old age he may reap the harvest of attachment and respect which ripens from the seed of good works sown through a long life of exceptional industry and faithful, honest manhood.

With the new year he again resumed practice and has been engaged in some very important litigation, especially as counsel. Relieved from official duties he gave his attention to his Treatise on Crime, a subject to which he had given much thought and thorough research for many years. Now at the age of eighty-three he is still hale and hearty, attending faithfully to his work.

Such a lifework is worthy of study. It is worthy a place in the history of the State, and no better service can be rendered the young men and women of today than to point out to them the achievements of the pioneers of Michigan, and foremost among them stands the heroic form of Honorable Sanford M. Green.

June 11, 1890.

THE PRESS OF KALAMAZOO.

BY GEORGE TORREY

The history of the press of Kalamazoo abounds in incidents and vicissitudes. In 1833 Mr. Henry Gilbert, a practical printer, left his home in Penn Yan, N. Y., for the west, accompanied by his wife,

intending to locate in Chicago, having received a letter from John Wentworth, telling him he would do what he could for him, though not holding out very great inducements to the young man. Arriving, in his long and slow journey, at White Pigeon, Mich., Mr. Gilbert saw on a little building the words, "Printing office" displayed on a sign over the door. He went in and heard the proprietor, who was no less a person than John D. De Frees (afterwards so long and so well-known as a printer and publisher at Indianapolis, and under Cleveland's administration government printer at Washington), talking with a man about selling out. The man soon left and Mr. Gilbert inquired of Mr. De Frees if he wished to sell out. "Yes," said the proprietor, "my home is in South Bend and I would like to go back to that place and am desirous of selling. Mr. Gilbert stepped out and asked his wife, who was very tired and worn, if she had traveled far enough west. She replied that she had and favored the idea of the purchase. Mr. Gilbert had suddenly resolved upon it.

A bargain was soon made on easy terms, Mr. Gilbert to pay by installments. He told De Frees he had no money but thought he could obtain it from friends at the east. It was agreed that Gilbert should pay $100 at the end of the first month and the balance as he could. He at once went to work. The newspaper was a small affair and was called The Statesman. At that time the land office for the western district of Michigan had but recently been removed from Monroe to White Pigeon, a little settlement of a few houses. Maj. Abraham Edwards, register and Thomas C. Sheldon, receiver. They gave the newcomers a hearty reception. In those days it was the practice for candidates for office to announce themselves either through the paper or by hand-bills, and to procure tickets; besides the land office had need of many blanks; there was also a good deal of horse stealing going on in Indiana and the region about White Pigeon, so that with the printing of hand-bills and tickets for candidates, especially in northern Indiana, the supplying of blanks for the land office and reward hand-bills for stolen horses, Mr. Gilbert and his associate, Mr. Albert R. Chandler who soon joined him, were successful from the start. Before the month was up he had money enough from the profits of his work to pay the $100, and money in his pocket. In the spring of 1834, the land office was removed to Bronson, as Kalamazoo was then called, and soon after Mr. Gilbert and the Statesman office followed and the paper began its existence in this place. After coming here Mr. Chandler was appointed one of the clerks in the territorial legislature and disposed of his interest to Mr. Gilbert who subsequently changed the name of

the newspaper to that of the Kalamazoo Gazette. Orrin S. Case, a brother-in-law of Gilbert was his foreman. Mr. Chandler, after his term expired as clerk married a young woman of wealth, Miss Abbott, and made his home in Coldwater where he has ever since been a prominent citizen and business man. The sales of public lands increased enormously after its establishment here, and the office was kept busy in doing printing for the government. In this source of revenue was the main reliance of the Gazette as its subscription list and advertising patronage in the infancy of the settlement gave but meagre returns.

The Gazette was a small affair compared with the present appearance of that prosperous journal. It was a twenty-four column sheet long primer and bourgeois type, and not having a sufficient quantity of type for both sides, one side had to be printed and the type reset for the other. The press was an old-fashioned "Ramage" (Stanbury, I think), the platen covering but one-half of a side, that is one page of six columns, so that it required two "pulls" to print one side of the paper and two "pulls" for the other. Ink balls were used instead of a roller.

The job department consisted of one "case" of full-faced pica for land office blanks, deeds, mortgages, etc., a little small pica, a few fonts of display letter from two-line up to ten-line letter, some partly bruised border and a quantity of bold-faced long primer for head lines to newspaper articles; two or three stands; a broken "bank" with a few quoins; a paper board and a table covered with zinc to serve as an imposing stone.

Volney Hascall was the first apprentice to the printing business in Kalamazoo. He was a witness of many funny scenes and incidents during his service in the office, besides, being at an early age an excellent writer. Henry M. Rice (afterwards a noted politician and United States Senator from Minnesota) edited and published an occasional supplement, a sort of "Night hawk," purporting to be issued from Prospect Hill; freely and sarcastically criticising various people in the town below, that stirred up a good deal of vexation and even downright indignation among the victims. Mutterings of vengeance loud and deep were threatened against the wicked jokers of the clandestine sheets. But the trouble was to identify the offending parties. The secret, however, was so safely kept that they were never discovered. These occasional squibs furnished fun and excitement for the infant village for a year or two, causing one of the early and much talked of episodes of the town.

In those early days the printing of even so humble a sheet as the Gazette was attended with perplexities, sometimes of a very trying

nature. For instance, Mr. Gilbert at one time running short of paper for the regular issue was obliged to send a team to Norwalk, Ohio, for a supply with instructions to make all haste in return, in order that no interruption might occur in the usual publication of the sheet. Ten days elapsed and no news of the man or the paper. A half sheet had to be issued to economize the stock on hand. The next week came and still no news. Another half sheet was printed, which exhausted the stock in hand. Next publication day and no issue. A week later, after an absence of nearly a month, came the envoy jaded and desperate, as empty-handed as he went. Snow and bad roads had caused the delay. Some accident had crippled the paper mill, its stock of paper had all been disposed of, and the errand of the teamster was an exasperating failure. The legal advertisements had to be kept up, notwithstanding, and the coarse wrapping paper used for the next few issues gave anything but a respectful appearance to the Gazette. At another time the ink gave out and a substitute was improvised from lampblack and linseed oil, producing such print that neither gods nor man could have imagined it to have any connection with the art discovered by Gutenberg[1] or John Faust (Fust). Such experiences and others of a depressing character, to say nothing of a limited field of patronage, made the early struggles of the publisher something akin to martyrdom.

In 1836, the entire material of the office was sold and went to Indiana, Mr. Gilbert having gone east and purchased an entire new outfit, no paper being issued for a few weeks during the interval. The sheet in its new dress was called the Kalamazoo Gazette, the name it has ever since borne. Samuel Yorke AtLee took editorial charge of the bright new journal and made it a political power in western Michigan. He was a facile, pungent and witty writer, and there are yet a few old residents who still remember telling points he made for the Jackson democracy. Mr. Hascall in a brief history of the Gazette, contributed in 1878, says: my first political essay was an answer to AtLee's criticisms on Hezekiah G. Wells, whig, who was candidate for congress against Isaac E. Crary. AtLee contended that Wells had a lymphatic temperament, a sluggish intellect and would make no figure in congress, while Crary was bright, highly educated, a superb lawyer, and would do Michigan distinguished credit in the national capitol, moreover, said AtLee, Wells was a native of Southern Ohio, a malarious debilitating climate and was fatally disabled by an unfortunate birth place. Just think of that in the light of more recent

[1]John Gutenberg was probably the inventor of printing with movable type. Johan Fust or Faust also laid some claim to this early invention.

politics when Ohio has furnished presidents and so many brilliant statesmen of both parties.

The writer (Hascall), then a youth of seventeen took up the cudgels in an anonymous communication of great power, research and invective showing that Cæsar and Cicero, born near the Pontine marshes in the warm and weakening climate of Rome had shown the world the true metal in war and oratory, and that Wells, aroused by the grinding of the upper and nether mill stones of congressional life would astonish the miserable Gazette scribbler and the country at large with powers and faculties that even the great Julius and the eloquent Marcus might, were they still on earth, look upon with jealousy. But the youthful vindication failed of its purpose. Crary was elected and soon after was snuffed out in the house, as all well know, by Tom Corwin. Other prominent local politicians were food for AtLee's wit. Gen. Burdick, AtLee represented as resorting to divers "elbow and other punches to aid his cunning schemes." Dr. Brown during the canvass when he was a candidate for the legislature being suddenly called to attend a patient dangerously sick with colic, actually, in his political abstraction, applied his lighted cigar instead of the clyster-pipe, adding a new agony to the afflicted man and losing his vote in the bargain. But it were long to tell, and not greatly edifying to the present generation, of the manifold cantrips of this ingenious editor in making the Gazette of those days a terror to whigs.

In 1840 E. D. Burr was put in charge of the office, but did not remain long, his success being but indifferent. Dr. Lewis F. Starkey was for a time editor of the Gazette. In 1842 Mr. Gilbert was elected county treasurer and disposed of half interest to Gen. Burdick, taking as payment for the same a tract of land on Burdick street, extending from the alley south of the House block to South street, which was estimated at $500, worth now many thousand dollars. Of course the Gazette office has greatly increased in value since that time. But the property exchanged for that half interest has appreciated greatly beyond the value of many times the worth of the entire establishment as it is in the heart of the city and occupied by some of the finest business houses in the city. In 1844 the office management passed into the hands of Volney Hascall and J. R. Adams for one year. In 1845 John W. Breese tried his luck for a few months but with such unpromising results that he gladly stepped out and in May, 1846 the establishment, the title, good will and all fell into the hands of Volney Hascall. The subscription list numbered, all told,

350, good, bad and indifferent, of mercantile advertisements three or four columns, a few legals, and job work mighty scarce. At this period it was all "dicker," money was rarely seen. Says Mr. Hascall, "merchants exchanged goods for produce, mechanics took for their work whatever would feed and clothe them and their families, and all business was done by barter and exchange. The new owner of the Gazette was only too glad to take "store pay" for advertising, and even assumed and felt an affectionate gratitude to the honest subscriber who proposed to pay for his paper in buckwheat straw or saw logs; this was really something to be thankful for, as a goodly number, never, by word or deed, made overtures of payment of any sort. There was, however, one notable exception among those hopeless "delinquents." One particularly hard-headed if not hard-hearted subscriber there was. A sheep having one day been killed by the falling of a lumber pile, his folks, he said, "spleened against the meat and he thought, it would be a good idea to bring it to the editor and pay up the printer."

For sixteen years, from May, 1846, to November, 1862, the Gazette was owned and conducted by Mr. Hascall, although the field from which to draw "patronage" was limited, the population of the village being about 3,000 in 1846, and increasing to 7,000 in 1862. Yet the establishment under Mr. Hascall began to prosper from the beginning and continued to the end of his term to enjoy a good degree of public favor. From a six column page paper in 1846 he turned it over in 1862 to J. R. Mansur, his successor, a nine column sheet with over twenty-two columns of paying advertisements; and Mr. Hascall warmly thanked the public for their generous support. It will be remembered that Mr. Hascall was elected a member of the constitutional convention in 1850.

Mr. Mansur's career lasted but a few months and was neither a political or pecuniary success. After Mansur's exit came the administrations of William Shakespeare and William Morley, followed soon by William Shakespeare and Benoni S. Gleason; then B. S. Gleason alone; then by Joseph Lomax and Elijah J. Clark; then Byron M. Browne, now of Lansing, took Clark's interest. Soon after Mr. Lomax took the concern on his own shoulders. Thus in eight years from Hascall's retirement all these changes took place, presenting a checkered career.

In September, 1870, Andrew J. Shakespeare became the owner of the Gazette. He may be said to be a child of the establishment, having entered the office as apprentice to Mr. Hascall at the age of thirteen years, and "who was," says Mr. H., "fast promoted to 'jour,'

foreman and during Mr. Hascall's absence at various times he had the entire management of both news and job departments. With the exception of a few years spent in the newspaper business at Niles, the Gazette office has been the home of "Shake," as the boys and his fellow craftsmen throughout the State delight to call him." His success has been a notable one, and the Gazette, daily and weekly, stands among the foremost democratic journals of Michigan.

Andrew J. Shakespeare was born in the town of Silver Creek, Porter county, Ohio, January 12, 1839. When four years old his father with his family removed to Yorkville, this county. In 1844 his father bought a farm half a mile east of Hunt's tavern on the Gull prairie road. The relics of this humble home of young Shakespeare may still be seen on what is now the farm of Nehemiah Chase. There he remained till in 1847, the family removed to Kalamazoo and at the age of thirteen years Andrew entered the Gazette office as an apprentice under the training of Volney Hascall. After four years as a printer he became a journeyman and worked for two years more, then went to Chicago and remained several months.

He returned to Kalamazoo and went back into the Gazette office. When Mr. Hascall went to Europe in 1859 he left the office in Mr. Shakespeare's charge. On Mr. Hascall's return Mr. Shakespeare went to Niles, with $400 purchased the Niles Democrat and published and edited that paper during nine and a half years, building up a good business. He paid for the office $1,000 and sold it at the end of his term for $2,200, besides paying for a comfortable home there. In 1870 he returned to Kalamazoo, purchased the Gazette office and greatly improved that paper, which he has ever since owned, and conducted with marked ability. On the 25th of March, 1872, he established the Daily Gazette which proved a success from the start. Mr. Shakespeare has been a fearless editor and a prominent politician as well, having been frequently chosen as delegate to the town, county, congressional and State conventions; being a trusted leader in the Democratic party of this county. On the incoming of the Cleveland administration he was appointed postmaster of Kalamazoo over a number of local prominent politicians and held the office till about the 15th of April, 1890, serving over four years to the general satisfaction of all and especially to the general P. O. department. With a liberal and commendable spirit he retained many or nearly all the republicans engaged in the free delivery department as appointed by his predecessor, Lyman M. Gates. Besides owning a beautiful residence on west Main street he is sole proprietor of the Gazette. His family consists of his wife and a son

and daughter. This is but a mere outline of the career and position of a young man who has done everything for himself and by his own unaided, persistent and intelligent industry.

While Mr. Hascall was absent in Europe, Mr. Frank Little of this city was in charge of the editorial department. A portion of the time while Shakespeare was post-master Ferdinand Peck was political editor of the paper. For several years George Locke has been local editor, succeeding E. W. Hurlbut. Charles Hull is the business manager, George Locke is city editor. The office is a large well equipped concern.

Mr. Gilbert is still a resident of this place. For years he was a member of the firm of Clark & Gilbert the leading dry goods house here for a number of years, subsequently a furniture contractor in the State Prison; a member afterwards of the firm of Conder and Gilbert in the furniture business, and in the same line for a time in Battle Creek. Has heen a member of the village council, a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and a much esteemed and useful citizen. He is now upwards of eighty years, but active, apparently, as a man of sixty. He has lived here since this place was a mere hamlet, and about the only survivor of the settlers of 1834-5. In his old age he enjoys a lovely home and is prosperous in all respects.

The first whig paper here was "The Whig," started in a rather unstable manner by Dowd C. Coleman, in the fall of 1838. Succeeded by the Western Banner, of which J. Holden McBride was editor. This gentleman is still living at Bellville, Kansas, aged 82 years. And in a letter which he wrote me in May of the present year, he says "I have lost all my files and am not able to recall much from the misty past that will be of service to you, for since I left Kalamazoo two generations have come upon the stage of action. It was through the influence of Johnson Patrick I was induced to come to Kalamazoo and take charge of a paper devoted to the doctrines of the Whig party. Johnson Patrick, being a brother of my father-in-law, Thomas Patrick, while in Ohio buying blooded stock for Mr. Dan Arnold (father of Judge Arnold of Allegan, and Levi Arnold the stock raiser of Plainwell, and of Mrs. Frank B. Stockbridge of Kalamazoo). Mr. Patrick called on me at Perrysburg, Ohio, where I then lived, and strongly urged me to come on to Kalamazoo, which finally resulted in my change of residence. This was in the fall of 1838, and in April, 1839, I came on with my wife and one of my apprentices to Kalamazoo, and soon had the Western Banner in successful operation. Had it not been for the curse of intemperance it is more than likely I would have

spent the remainder of my life in your beautiful city. Every influence of a financial character was brought to bear upon me to induce my acquiescence in political measures that I could not tolerate or sanction. Mr.————(here he mentions a name of a former influential and highly esteemed citizen, no longer living) came to me in my office and offered me $200 if I would throw my influence for his nomination to congress and not use it for Jacob M. Howard, who for years afterwards represented Michigan in the United States Senate. Failing in this, they bribed Joe Finch, a bully, to meet and thresh the life out of me, and in this, too, there was an equally signal failure, and could I detail the matter to you orally you would pronounce the fight in a corn field the most farcical fisty-cuff encounter on record. Sullivan and Kilrain, and Henan and Sayers were not half as farcical as that which took place between the editor of the Banner and Joe Finch.

"Well, the next thing I was to be subdued in some way, and my office was broken into and my cases of type scattered in masses of pi on the upper floor, and a portion of the press stolen, and then they had me. This whole matter was engineered by Sheriff Joe Hutchins, and had it not been for whisky, Joe would have been the best of men. The result was that we elected John Parker a Democrat, in Joe's place and that sealed my fate so far as the Western Banner was concerned and making my home for life in your beautiful town (now city.)

"My native town is Alton, Alleghany Co., New York, I was born April 15, 1808, was married October 12, 1837, to Miss Clarrissa S. Patrick of Ware, Mass., came to Michigan first in 1829 and worked in Detroit for George S. Whitney for nearly four years. I learned my trade as printer in Geneseo, N. Y., James Percival, in the Register office. When I first arrived in Detroit I was told that the city had 2,222 inhabitants and that there was something like 13,000 in the territory."

Speaking further about the Banner, Mr. McBride says "The whole outfit was a small affair compared with a modern equipped newspaper office, the press a Smith patent. After the incidents narrated in a former letter I abandoned the concern altogether although I had added much to the office in the line of new type and new fixtures. As I understood the matter, before I first went to your town some zealous Whigs got together, formed a club and chipped in and bought the materials of which I have been speaking and got Dowd Coleman to run the concern, and from some cause, never made known to me, either he or they wanted a change and I was assured before I left Ohio and after I arrived in Kalamazoo that if I would step into the harness the outfit should not cost me a dime. The establishment as run by

Coleman was turned over to me without cost, but the additions I made were abandoned with the rest. I left Kalamazoo for Illinois in October, 1841 and have never since that time engaged in the printing business."

A word of explanation as to the trouble with McBride: Hutchins was a candidate for renomination but there were many who did not like his ways and there was other dissatisfactions among the Whigs at the wire-pulling that was going on. "Whisky Joe" as Hutchins was called was a "sharp" politician, not over scrupulous; in fact he could give ward captains of the present day pointers on conducting campaigns. Now it happened that the Whigs in the east and other portions of the county desired the nomination of O. N. Giddings as sheriff, a gentleman who stood high then (as he has ever since) in public estimation. In the convention Hutchins and his friends saw they were outnumbered and resorted to fraud, and on a final ballot Hutchins was found to have a majority and was declared nominated. It was soon after discovered that Hutchins and his friends had secured the nomination by fraud several more votes having been cast than there were delegates; this created a big row. Giddings' friends subsequently held a convention at Galesburg and nominated him for sheriff, but he declined the nomination. The result was, as McBride states, the election of John Parker for sheriff. Mr. Parker was afterwards a prominent Republican and served as State senator, United States marshal and held other offices. The Banner was first published in a room in the court house but after the "break" caused by Hutchins' unfair nomination it was driven out and occupied a room in the basement of the building known as the old branch of the bank of Michigan.

The next attempt to establish a Whig paper in Kalamazoo was successful. In September, 1844, Henry B. Miller by the aid of contributions from prominent Whigs in the town and county started the Michigan Telegraph. The material was all new and the Telegraph was a decided improvement in appearance and matter to the Gazette and the other papers mentioned. It was a four-page six-column paper. Mr. Miller, like a number of others connected with the press of Kalamazoo, became widely known in other places and other fields subsequently. Soon after the Telegraph was started George Torrey, Sr., became associate editor and afterwards for several years was part owner of the concern.

I have received from Mrs. Miller a fine photograph of Mr. Miller, but it would need a very large canvas to portray Henry B. Miller as he really was in the hard times for Whig papers and publishers during the time he was in Kalamazoo. He was one of.

the cleverest, genial, witty, care-for-naught, everybody's-friend sort of men, a capital story teller and boon companion. He was his own compositor, pressman, editor and business manager, "setting up" editorials "out of his head" without copy before him, oftentimes, dashing off editorial matter for other compositors while holding in his hand a "take" of matter he was in the act of "distributing" when a topic suggested itself to him, royal companion with the wits and wags of the "Old Brig," such as Frank March, J. W. Willard, Gid Foster, Lawrence Vandewalker, H. B. Huston, Edmund Rice, E. R. Ball, Gen. Burdick, Horace Mower, George W. Rice, Dan Fisher, George Thomas Clark, Luke Whitcomb, Bill Stuart, Ichabod Weeks, O. S. Case, Tom AtLee and others, or joining in those wild, uproarious "bonyehs" at a point down the river at or near the old trading-post, which were the events of the period.

It would require pages to describe the pranks and fun and tricks these fellows would indulge in, and be it remembered their company was composed of the leading business men of the place at that time, but they have all passed away. Withal, Mr. Miller was a kind husband and steadfast friend and never suffered in any way from these little indulgences. With scarcely sufficient income to feed and clothe himself and family he was always happy, firmly believing in tomorrow, and this faith was abundantly confirmed in his after life. Many the days and weeks the writer has stood behind the press with the hand roller, with blistered palms, supplying the ink to the small forms that stood between us while he flew the frisket and rolled to and fro the forms and plied the lever, working off the token and a half of Telegraph sheets—this operation occasionally interrupted by his going out to see the "boys" in March & Weeks' store (the Old Brig, as it was called, in which was the postoffice, dry-goods, and wet goods as well) close by, which visits would sometimes be somewhat prolonged, much to the satisfaction of the roller boy aforementioned. I much doubt whether Mr. Miller ever after enjoyed life more completely than in his brief career in Kalamazoo. His office was on Portage street (just below the present Humphrey block,) a little, very little one story building of the Grecian style of architecture after the form of the famous Pantheon, a dark, dingy, crowded room. With such beginnings here this really able man, and first-class journalist and born leader of men laid the foundation of the Telegraph which has grown to such fine proportions and wide influence.

We give here a brief sketch of the life and career of Henry B. Miller. Born in Lebanon Co., Penn., April 16, 1819 and became an

apprentice there. At the age of eighteen years he came west, worked a short time at his trade at Goshen, Ind. From there he went to Cincinnati in 1836; thence he went to Niles in this State, where he conducted a whig paper, the Niles Republican, and to which he united the successor to Niles' first paper, The Niles Intelligencer, which he purchased in 1841. He established a paper at Paw Paw. In 1844 he established the Kalamazoo Telegraph which he run all the fall of 1845, when he sold out to Milliken & Torrey. He then went to Buffalo, N. Y., and started the Buffalo Telegraph, a German paper and continued publishing the same for about twenty years. He was appointed superintendent of lights on the lakes by President Taylor. Having secured a contract on the Erie canal he made a very large amount of money by his shrewd business management which enabled him to begin. It is related of Mr. Miller that to enable him to obtain the contract he had to borrow $300. While in Buffalo he served two terms in the state legislature. In 1865 Mr. Miller again came west to Chicago. He was elected county treasurer, and served one term in the legislature of Illinois, his joining forces with A. C. Hesing making him prominent in republican politics. It was while living in Chicago that he received the soubriquet of "Buffalo Miller" by having a large buffalo head placed over the entrance of his brewery and also from his frequent reference to his old town of Buffalo. He went to Springfield and Riverton, Ill., establishing a large distillery that ultimately placed him in the position of president of the National Distillers' Association. From his connection with this association he enjoyed a large income up to the time of his death. He became, while connected with the distillers' association mixed up with the "Whiskey ring" and for a day or two was imprisoned, but was immediately released. In 1884 he removed to South Bend, Ind. Here in his ease and retirement he proposed to end his days. Much against his wishes he was brought out in the city campaign of 1888 as the republican candidate for mayor, but was defeated though no one took his defeat more philosophically than did Mr. Miller himself. Besides his other business connections, Mr. Miller was a leader in the great telegraph contracts, that took him through various parts of the United States. He had visited every part of the United States and observed as an experienced traveler. He was a man of wide information. When he had seen his own country in all its phases he went to Europe and enjoyed a long tour for pleasure and observation. Mr. Miller was a man of commanding physique, was the picture of health, enjoying life with the utmost zest, was an intelligent companionable gentleman, an

earnest, devoted friend. He was known all over the country, and reckoned among his friends the nation's leading men; as a citizen he was liberal and progressive, and as a husband and parent possessed his family's sincerest affection. The needy never appealed to him in vain. His death occurred at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago the last of November, 1889, from Bright's disease of the kidneys. He had suffered from this malady for three years but believed he had recovered. He underwent an operation for this but though surrounded by the best physicians he sank rapidly, but did not seem to realize that death was so near. He left a property estimated at $200,000. Of Mr. Miller the Chicago Mail said in a notice of his death:

"Mr. Miller was warm in his friendship but bluff in his manner. He was a man of great ability. He was the organizer of the first whisky pool, under the name of the Western Export Association, and from this idea has sprung all the pools and trusts that now claim the attention of the law-makers. The Standard Oil Company was the first organization to grasp Mr. Miller's ideas, which at that time had not brought order out of chaos in the whisky business. The errors of the latter in drawing up the papers were avoided and the Standard Oil Company was the first to attain perfection, and shortly after the distillers adopted the Standard's draft of the papers under which the oil trust was already becoming so rich and powerful."

Mr. Miller was fond of telling newspaper men how he came to get rich. "When I was young," he would say, "I thought it the highest calling to teach mankind the true principles of government and to enlighten the public on all questions generally. That is why I run a couple of papers—one of them a German daily. For years I grabbed for honor and my wife and babies hollered for grub. I thought something must be wrong, and I came to the conclusion that men were like dogs—they didn't want to be elevated—and then I made up my mind that the way to serve myself and the public as they really wanted to be reached was through the belly. I got a little brewery, and for the first time in years we had something to eat at our house. Pretty soon I got a piano, and next a distillery, and—you see this paunch—well, we have had plenty to eat ever since. Young man, quit working for people's brains and go for their stomachs."

In November, 1845, Mr. Miller disposed of his interest in the Telegraph to William Milliken, who came here from South Bend and Mishawaka, and the paper was published by Milliken and Torrey, in the basement of the building formerly the Kalamazoo branch of the bank of Michigan (northeast corner of Main and Rose streets). The fol-

lowing spring the office was removed to the second story of a building on the southeast corner of Main and Burdick streets. In the fall of 1847, Mr. Milliken sold or pretended to sell his interest in the paper to his partner. When Mr. T. supposed everything was all right and "square," and had moved the press and material to the second story of a building on the north side of Main street (part of the present site of the Burdick house), Mr. Milliken came out with a paper of the same name and claimed that his issue was the original, true and only genuine Telegraph; this, despite of all the facts in the case and the appearance of the sheet, which was smaller and different in type, make-up, and style. The two papers denounced each other as frauds, and a bitter newspaper war for months was kept up. This squabble while it afforded amusement (one paper was dubbed the *Torrey-graph* the other the *Tel-lie-graph*, to the citizens, proved profitless to the contestants, and the game of devouring each other was nearly played to a finish when in the interest of party peace, harmony and efficiency the old papers were bought up and the offices re-united in the spring of 1847, by Mr. Alexander Sheldon, a leading citizen and a writer of much ability. The name Kalamazoo Telegraph was then given to the consolidated paper.

Mr. Torrey continued as editor with Mr. Sheldon; Mr. Milliken returned to Indiana. The office, press, and material were re-established in the old stand, over Goss & Darling's store, then standing on the site of the present House block.

In 1849 Samuel N. Gantt became the owner of the paper, but before this time the Telegraph and the Gazette shared the same office together and the two journals were as much alike as two peas, save in the political editorials and selections, which were rather limited as one may imagine—the idea of economy being paramount in the minds of the managers of both weeklies, and it was lovely to witness the harmony which prevailed in that little arcanum of usually antagonistic elements. Volney Hascall was at that time owner of the Gazette, and the office was in the second story of the Gray and Dennison block, on north side of Main street. Mr. Gantt, however, preferred to print his paper by himself, and Mr. Hascall secured other quarters.

About the first of January, 1850, Mr. Gantt sold out to George A. Fitch & Co. On the 5th of February, following, the office was consumed in a great fire which swept away more than half the business houses on the north side of Main street west of Burdick street, and north to Water street. It was a hard blow to Mr. Fitch, then a young man a little more than of age, who had put all the money he

could obtain into the enterprise. But he had pluck that overcame all obstacles. For several weeks he kept the paper alive by issuing small sheets containing the legal advertisements and words to subscribers to generously hold on and that he would soon obtain a new outfit—in the meantime using Mr. Hascall's office.

After two months of preparation the Telegraph again came forth, "like a phœnix," etc., larger, brighter and livelier than ever—the old name "Michigan," replacing "Kalamazoo" at the mast-head. The office was on the third floor of the store of S. S. Cobb & Co., now the site of the Lilienfeld store.

Mr. Fitch retained his ownership and control of the paper for about sixteen years, with a few intervals when the establishment was temporarily in the hands of lessees. Herman E. Hascall was in charge of it from 1858 till November, 1860, while Mr. Fitch was associated with Rufus Hosmer, State printer, and publisher of the Lansing Republican. In the fall of 1859, for a brief period this Mr. Hascall published a daily edition, and from May to November, in the Lincoln campaign the Daily Telegraph, was successful in every respect.

H. C. Buffington & Co., leased the office in November, 1860, and continued in charge for about a year. He was succeeded by R. F. Johnstone, of Detroit (so many years identified with the Michigan Farmer, before and after this time). Mr. Johnstone retired from the Telegraph in 1862, Mr. Fitch returning to the helm. In 1864 Mr. Fitch published for several months a daily edition. He was a vigorous as well as elegant writer. His connection with the Telegraph covered one of the most eventful if not the most eventful period in the political history of our country. He was intimately associated with the leading men of his party, and enjoyed their friendship and confidence; he was an organizer, fertile in schemes for success, forceful and persuasive as a writer. He was among the first to see the new issues that were arising in this nation, among the first to realize that the old Whig party must go, and one of the first to understand, and make known through the columns of his paper, the necessity of a union of men of all parties on a platform of principles to meet the demand that was rapidly growing, to resist the aggression of the slave power and to turn the nation from the fateful drift into which it had swung. He was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Republican party (which had its birth in Kalamazoo county, months before the famous convention under the oaks at Jackson), and the Telegraph was the first journal to advocate it, define its purposes and urge its adoption, predicting it grand, ultimate triumph. While George A. Fitch was

with Rufus Hosmer, who was engaged at Lansing as State printer R. F. Johnstone, before and afterwards editor of the Michigan Farmer, was for a time editor of the Telegraph.

In 1865 Thomas Fitch secured an interest in the property, and Rev. Dr. James A. B. Stone became editor. In July, 1866, the brothers George A. and Thomas Fitch sold the Telegraph office to Clement W. and Horatio H. Stone, sons of Dr. Stone, who remained as political editor. In April, 1867, the office was removed from the House block to the postoffice building, which place it has ever since occupied.

During the war, Burdick street, in front of the office was often filled with crowds of excited people, waiting for the appearance of the printed news received by telegrams and issued in the daily or in extras when a battle was in progress or had been fought.

In April, 1868, the Daily Telegraph was established on a firm footing, by the Stone brothers as above. December 9, 1869, the Kalamazoo Telegraph Co. was formed, Rev. George W. Harris, formerly of the Michigan Christian Herald, of Detroit, became a member of the firm and editor. Mrs. L. H. Stone was a frequent contributor, both when at home and while traveling in Europe. The daily was at first issued as a morning paper, for about a year, when it became an afternoon paper. The regular associated press report was received from the first.

On the 4th of March, 1870, occurred the demise of Horatio H. Stone. In October following, James H. Stone, now of the Detroit Tribune, and Harry H. Smith, now and for many years past, journal clerk of the national House of Representatives, became the proprietors. Under the Stone & Smith ownership occurred an unpleasant incident which caused a great deal of ill-feeling against the publishers—a personal attack upon Senator Chandler. It led to strained relation between Messrs. Stone and Smith, and friends of Mr. Chandler, resulting in Mr. Smith's retirement and the sale of his interest to Herman E. Hascall November, 1871. On the 25th of that month the office and material were greatly damaged by fire, which drove them to other quarters for a short time. Mr. Shakespeare, of the Gazette, gave generously the use of his office to the sufferers and the Telegraph appeared without skipping a publication day. Within three weeks the office was re-established at its former home which had been remodeled and greatly improved throughout.

On the second day of February, 1872, Mr. Hascall died. The Telegraph continued to be issued under the firm name of Stone & Hascall till January 1873 when it passed into the hands of James H. Stone.

Dr. Stone was at this time postmaster and James H. Stone deputy, Mr. Harris, editor, and D. E. Groesbeck business manager. While connected with the Telegraph, Mr. James H. Stone was secretary in the State legislature.

The following letter from James H. Stone of the Detroit Tribune tells of the connection of the Stones with the Telegraph:

Detroit, Mich., April 21, 1890.

Rt. Hon. George Torrey, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The connection of the Stone family with the Telegraph began in 1862, I think in the spring, when father made a contract with George A. Fitch to edit the paper, all except the local department. Father's part of the work was done by himself, mother and myself, and that was the first work that I did on a newspaper. When I began making selections, writing crude paragraphs and leaders, I was not yet fifteen years old. This arrangement continued something over three years, and my recollection is that it terminated sometime along in the winter of '65 and '66, when Dr. Fitch, to whom George was indebted, took possession of things. I was not in Kalamazoo from the fall of '65 till the summer of '66, and I think there were several months about this time that father ceased work on the Telegraph.

Late in the spring of '66 my brothers Clement W. and Horatio H. returned from the south and negotiations began for the purchase of the property by father and them. I think the firm of Stone brothers, took possession of the property June 1, or July 1, 1866. I left Detroit, where I was employed on the Advertiser and Tribune and returned to Kalamazoo intending to remain with them in publishing the paper, and had some small capital invested with them, a few hundred dollars representing my small savings. I don't remember whether I was named in the articles of co-partnership as a partner or not, but I soon found that there was not enough work for us all and I came back to Detroit and resumed my old work on the Advertiser and Tribune.

My brothers ran the paper for something over three years, when Mr. George W. Harris of Battle Creek, came into the firm.

When my brother Horatio died in March, 1870, I was publishing the Times at Port Huron. The Daily Telegraph had been started in 1868. After Horatio died, for nearly six months I had practical direction and control of my newspaper at Port Huron and the Telegraph. I traveled back and forth between those two places, 200 miles apart, twice a week, and did a prodigious amount of work for one man to perform. I remember that it was my custom to work all night two nights in the week and continue about my work during the day just the same as

usual. As soon as I could turn the management of the Times at Port Huron over to another person, I abandoned that field, and on Oct. 1, 1870, in connection with Harry H. Smith, bought the interests of father and Mr. Harris in the paper. The firm of Stone & Smith conducted the paper for a little over a year, or until Nov. 1, 1871, when Mr. Herman E. Hascall bought the interest of Mr. Smith and the firm of Stone & Hascall was organized.

During the summer of 1871, I was absent in Europe four months, and it was during that time that Mr. Edwin Fleming, was connected with the paper. I hired him as my substitute to contribute my share of the work during my absence. I think he was at work there about five months, which something more than covered my absence. Mr. Fleming afterward went to Washington as the correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, the Detroit Free Press and the Buffalo Courier. He is now editor-in-chief of the latter paper.

My recollection is that the firm of Stone & Hascall began business Nov. 1, 1871. Within a few days after the commencement of our partnership, Mr. Hascall was married and started east on his wedding tour. He returned in December, the very day the Telegraph office was burned. We were only together for a few weeks when I was suddenly called by cablegram to Paris. I left the last of January, '72, and a few days after my departure Mr. Hascall committed suicide. On my return early in March, I found things in a decidedly mixed condition, and after some negotiations covering several months, I bought out the interest of Mr. Hascall, and from about Nov. or Dec. 1, '72, until April 5, '74, conducted the paper alone, James H. Stone officiating as editor, publisher and proprietor. During that time the paper had begun to make money, and in the year 1873, the concern was reasonably prosperous. April 1, 1874, I sold half the interest in the paper to L. B. Kendall, and the firm of Stone & Kendall conducted the paper until, I think, Aug. 4, 1874, when I sold my interest to L. M. Gates, under circumstances which you will probably remember. Yours sincerely,

J. H. STONE.

Mr. Stone did excellent work on the Telegraph and when he left it the standing and influence of the paper was high.

A decided change in the Telegraph took place in 1874. In March of that year, Mr. Lucius B. Kendall became co-partner with Mr. Stone. Mr. Kendall soon after received the appointment as postmaster. In August of that year Mr. Lyman M. Gates purchased Mr. Stone's interest. In October was organized the Kalamazoo publishing company, composed of L. B. Kendall, L. M. Gates, O. & R. Ihling, Dwight

May, George M. Buck and Arthur Brown. Subsequently John D. Sumner purchased Gates's share. Other changes occurred in the directory, but Mr. Kendall continued at the head. Some ten years ago the company reorganized with L. B. Kendall, W. L. Eaton, E. T. Mills and Edgar E. Bartlett. Mr. Eaton was editor, Mr. Mills treasurer and Mr. Bartlett secretary.

Mr. Eaton remained as editor till August, 1888. Edward Fleming (for many years past a Washington correspondent), Henry A. Ford now of Detroit, and Henry L. Nelson, now in Washington, were Mr. Eaton's immediate predecessors on the editorial throne. George Torrey, Jr., was reporter and local editor from 1854 till November, 1888, and has been employed in the office from its start. Calvin G. Townsend had charge of the State news and city department for several years, up to March last. Mr. Townsend is now clerk in the land department at Washington.

Mr. Eaton is a graduate from Kalamazoo college, was popular as an editor and became well known throughout the State. Mr. Townsend was connected with the Kalamazoo Mail in its best days, and also with the Times of this city. Fred Britton, now on the staff of the Detroit Tribune, was reporter. Mr. Eaton had as associate editors, Clarence L. Dean (who was subsequently called to the Detroit Free Press, and is now on the staff of the Kansas City News), Willis A. Anderson, whose untimely death occurred last winter while he was completing his course of study in Andover theological college and Fred W. Stone.

Mr. Kendall began his business career on the Telegraph in 1860, when a mere boy, he at that time taking charge of the circulation of the Campaign Daily. From that time we may date his successful career. He established a newsroom at the breaking out of the war and was successful in various enterprises. The Telegraph owes much of its success to his liberal management and direction.

August 13, 1888, Mr. Kendall and his associates sold the Telegraph to Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., member of congress from Maine and Edward N. Dingley, the latter becoming its editor and general manager.

The editorial force at present is as follows: Managing editor E. N. Dingley; associate editor, Fred W. Stone; city editor, John T. Winship. W. F. Cornell and Lewis Hill house reporters, with a large staff of county correspondents.

The Telegraph has ever been recognized as a leading republican journal since that party was organized, is locally popular, and is very

prosperous. The weekly is a fifty-six column paper, minion type. The daily is a forty-eight column paper.

There have been since the establishment of the Telegraph numerous other papers started here, but their existence has been brief. E. Porter Little published The Farmer, an agricultural paper, a few months in 1858. The Home Oracle, a "domestic" journal by Mr. Doty, had a brief and impecunious existence. Soon after The Michigan Christian Herald was moved from Detroit to Kalamazoo, and after a year or two was returned to its old home, Detroit. Messrs. Lintner & Olney were its editors, and afterwards Mr. L. H. Trowbridge, its present proprietor, took charge of it. The Progressive Age, a spiritualist paper, was started here, and held on to life for a year or two, when it sought a more profitable field. A Mrs. Fox was its publisher. Then, during the rise of the Greenback party the Kalamazoo Mail made its appearance, its publishers, Messrs. C. G. Townsend, T. R. Sherwood and others, entertaining great expectations of its success, which, however, were never realized; and it died as a greenback organ. The material, or a portion of it, fell into the hands of a Mr. Lord of unfavorable memory—a libelous paper, attacking those who were not friendly to it, so that it deserved both in appearance and character the name often applied to it of the *Black Mail.* It lived but a few months. In 1880 the Daily Times was started by Leonidas Hascall and C. M. W. Earle. C. G. Townsend was city editor, and Hardwick, who afterwards went to Saginaw, was a reporter and young Hosford who afterward went on the Detroit Free Press and is now their Washington correspondent, was connected with it as editor and reporter, and I think was one of the owners of the Times. This journal professed to be Independent but was really Democratic. Mr. Townsend left that paper and went on the Telegraph staff. After the Times ceased to exist the Daily Herald was added to the list of dailies, and was started as a rival of the Gazette by a joint stock company. The paper was quite a bright daily, but the sequel proved that there was not room for three papers here, and in the winter of 1889 the concern was purchased by Mr. Dingley of the Telegraph. Mr. J. T. Winship, its editor, becoming city editor, which position he still holds.

There are four other newspapers in this county, viz.: The Schoolcraft Express, established by V. C. Smith, in 1874, I think as the Despatch now published by Mr. Budrow. The Augusta Chronicle and the Galesburg "Kalamazoo County Enterprise." The Vicksburg Commercial is a wide-awake journal published and edited by Charles Baldwin, now postmaster at that place. Before the Commercial was started

Vicksburg had the Monitor, published by C. E. Baily & Son. The latest journal established in this county is the Climax Star.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Press of Kalamazoo has had for publishers, editors and writers a number of persons who have become men of distinction, some of them of national reputation. Foremost among them is perhaps Henry M. Rice, U. S. senator from Minnesota. Henry B. Miller, Volney Hascall, George A. Fitch, Dr. James A. B. Stone and his son James H. Stone, R. F. Johnstone, Lucius B. Kendall, Edward Fleming, Henry L. Nelson, Rev. George W. Harris, O. W. Powers, Joseph Lomax, Henry A. Ford, S. Yorke AtLee, Thomas S. AtLee, George Torrey, Sr., Alexander J. Sheldon, Mrs. L. H. Stone, Frank Little, Dr. Stocking, Gen. Burdick, J. W. Breese. While as contributors such names as Hon. Horace Mower, E. Lakin Brown, Dr. George W. Lyon, Mrs. L. B. Adams, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Guernsey, A. D. P. Van Buren, Hezekiah G. Wells, Mrs. Fletcher Nicholson, Harry Smith, A. J. Sheldon, Dwight and Charles S. May. Charles S. May, Jr., of the Detroit Tribune learned the printer's trade in the Gazette office.

George Torrey, Sr., whose name is mentioned in this article, a frequent contributor to the early journals of Kalamazoo, was born in Salem the famous witchcraft town of old Massachusetts, his progenitors coming from England in 1632. After receiving a liberal education he embarked in mercantile pursuits in which business he continued with a good measure of success, till 1833, when he came west and, being pleased with the country, with prophetic eye seeing the vast capabilities which this land possessed, returned to the east, came on with his family and settled on Gull prairie. After a trial of farming for a year or more, on the Porter farm, he removed to Yorkville where he had bought a farm embracing the island in the lake, built a commodious house, for those days, and engaged in merchandising. At this place his wife died, in 1839. Closing his affairs there, in 1840, he removed to Augusta where he purchased mill property. In none of these investments did he achieve much success. In 1843 he taught school in Charleston. In the fall of 1844 he removed to Kalamazoo and engaged with H. B. Miller in the editorship of the Telegraph. In 1845, Mr. Torrey purchased Mr. Miller's interest in that journal and formed a copartnership with Mr. Milliken as heretofore stated.

In 1850 he was appointed lighthouse keeper at Grand Haven. Early in 1854 he removed to Holland, Ottawa county, where he had an interest in about 3,000 acres of pine lands; established a saw mill and carried on the lumber business with the late Jacob B. Baily of Allegan. In the summer of 1854 he was taken very ill, and while, after a partial

recovery, he was on his way to Kalamazoo, by way of Chicago, accompanied by his physician and personal friend, Dr. March, died in that city. His remains were brought here and deposited in Mountain Home cemetery. He died in the fullness of all his mental powers, a ripe knowledge of human affairs and with the best literature and thoughts of the 19th century. Mr. Torrey was a member of one of the oldest and best New England families, a gentleman of fine literary accomplishments, of warm and genial nature, and a useful member of society. He was editor of the Telegraph from 1844 till 1850; was one of the early pioneers of the county and in many ways contributed to the growth and development of western Michigan. He came of a family which for generations had been noted in literary circles, many members of which held high rank in theological, political and professional pursuits and in State, religious and national councils. His writings both in prose and verse were marked with an eloquence of diction, purity of expression, and force and clearness of utterance. Socially he was a favorite with all who knew him, free, open hearted, liberal in his views, though an ardent whig and loyal citizen. For several years he was organist of St. Luke's church, serving as a member of the choir in that and other churches without any other reward than the pleasure of serving others. No man ever loved Kalamazoo or was ever more ready to do his utmost for her advancement and prosperity. Three sons and one daughter survive him. His oldest son, Rev. Charles Cutler Torrey, has been for many wears a prominent clergyman in Massachusetts, and his youngest son, a resident of Boston, both members of the Congregational church. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, the leader of the Ohio colony, who settled Ohio, and was the real author of the immortal ordinance of 1787—a member of Congress, and did more than any other man to procure the passage of that famous instrument that has contributed so much to the right growth of the great Northwest.

Mr. Torrey was a man of singular (not eccentric) character and constitution. Hope was the sustaining element of his life which was full of vicissitudes and many hardships. He was a land speculator pre-eminent, and would have bought up all the land in the western district of Michigan if he could have commanded the funds to have done so; and did buy enough to keep him poor all his life here. He dabbled in inventions and thought himself quite an inventor, but, alas, his name has not descended as a great success in that line. He was a prey, too, to patent right attorneys, being one of the most trustful of men. Yet while he was impracticable ofttimes, visionary in many things, as men

of a sanguine and poetic temperament usually are, yet he was soundly practical in others. He loved the human race and was ever ready to do what he could for others, looking for the speedy advent of the "good time coming." But it came not in his day, and somehow that promised event still delays in making its appearance. He was especially adapted to the life of an editor, full of resource, versatile, enterprising, devoted to local general improvements, and always on the right side of all moral questions.

The press of Kalamazoo has had, and now has, several representatives in the city of Detroit. Henry Starkey, formerly connected with the Free Press, as city editor under Storey, and many years city clerk, and clerk of the water commission, also a veteran of the Mexican war, and of that of the Union, being a lieutenant on Gen. Custer's staff; he was a graduate of the Telegraph. Clarence Dean, Fred Britton, Charles F. May, H. A. Ford, L. H. Trowbridge, James H. Stone, all of the Kalamazoo press; F. W. Fletcher (formerly of the Gazette, late city editor of the Grand Rapids Democrat). E. W. Barber[1] of Bellevue, was formerly connected with the Telegraph, afterwards secretary of the State senate, and reading clerk of the national House of Representatives. James Redpath, the famous journalist, eulogist and personal friend of Osawatomie Brown, learned the printer's trade in the Telegraph office and contributed some of his first writing to its columns. Louis A. Cook, for years press agent and world traveler for Barnum's menagerie, during which he visited all parts of the globe, began his career in this office. It seems to have been good luck for many of the Telegraph graduates to rise in the world.

BENCH AND BAR OF BERRIEN COUNTY, MICHIGAN

BY DAMON A. WINSLOW, SAUGATUCK, MICH.

In preparing this brief history of the bench and bar of Berrien county, where a member of the bar has been elevated to the bench, I have in the main given his history, in the history of the bar, for the sake principally of uniformity in speaking of different ones, otherwise there might seem to be unfair partiality; and in the history of the bar, I have aimed to write only of those who have attained prominence in the

[1]E. W. Barber, editor of Jackson Patriot, was an officer in this society for many years. Many valuable papers of his have been printed in the Collections. He has one of the finest equipped offices in the State.

profession, or in some other pursuit, or in some manner been brought prominently before the public; to include all members, would make a voluminous and cumbersome paper, and one of no general public interest, a sort of college catalogue.

In preparing a history of the bar it is impossible to make it as complete as is desired; the first court in the county was held in July, 1832 but the court journal prior to 1836, and for the fall term of 1839, and for the year 1840 are not to be found. There was no attorneys' roll kept in the county, and there is no means of ascertaining the names of lawyers in the county except by reference to the court journals, and in absence of the journal to the judgment records. We therefore give the names of those attorneys known to have been residents of the county during the time for which no journals are found, and we trust in that respect, the record will be substantially correct.

THE BAR

Francis B. Murdock was the first lawyer in the county and Thomas Fitzgerald was the second. Their names appear as the attorneys on the first judgment records in the county. Mr. Murdock was born in Cumberland, Maryland, in March, 1804, was admitted to the bar at Bradford, Pennsylvania, in 1825; came to Berrien county in 1830, and settled at Berrien, and immediately entered into the practice of his profession. Mr. Murdock was the second probate judge of the county; he moved from the county in 1835, and was for three years at Alton, Illinois. He then went to St. Louis, Mo., and remained there ten years in practice; in 1852 he settled at San Jose, California, where he remained until his death in 1882. Mr. Murdock many years ago abandoned the profession of law, and entered the field of journalism, in which he remained until a short time before his death. Although Mr. Murdock lived to the age of 78 years, he retained his physical and mental powers in a remarkable degree to even his last days of life.

Thomas Fitzgerald was born in Herkimer county, New York, in April, 1796; he moved to the state of Indiana in 1819, and was admitted to the bar of that state in 1821; in 1828 he was a member of the legislature of Indiana; he afterward came to Berrien county and settled at St. Joseph in 1832, and in the latter year was appointed lighthouse keeper[1] at that place. In 1834 he was appointed, by Governor Porter, clerk of the county. He was regent of the State University in 1837, and in 1838 was appointed bank commissioner and in 1839 was elected a representative to the State legislature. In 1848 Mr. Fitzgerald was appointed United States senator to fill the

[1]The lighthouse at St. Joseph was built in 1831 and stood twenty-eight years.

vacancy caused by the resignation of General Cass, and held the position two years, until the expiration of General Cass' term. He was succeeded by General Cass, who was re-elected in 1850. Mr. Fitzgerald in 1851 moved to Niles, and in 1852 was elected judge of probate for Berrien county, and held the office at the time of his death in March, 1855. The colonel's shoulders seemed particularly adapted to the official cloak, or else he was a special pet of fortune. The title "Colonel" was given him as a compliment. In the war of 1812, at the battle of Lundy's Lane,[1] Col. Fitzgerald was wounded by a British bullet that shattered his arm, and in a measure crippled him for life, and he carried the bullet in his shoulder with him to his grave. As a lawyer Col. Fitzgerald had considerable ability, but soon after he came to this county he abandoned his profession and entered other pursuits more congenial to his taste and, we might judge, mostly political.

E. Egbert, at one time a judge in St. Joseph county, Indiana, appears as attorney in the judgment records of Berrien county as early as 1832, but he was never a resident of Michigan.

William H. Welch commenced practice here in 1832, and although never a resident of the county continued to practice here several years. At the December term of court in 1832, and the spring term of 1833, he was appointed by the court, district attorney, as the office was then called for the respective terms, for which he charged the county the unprecedented fee of fifteen dollars for both terms.

N. McGaffy and Marcus Lane appeared as attorneys in the judgment records in the year 1833, they remained in the county but a short time.

Jerome B. Fitzgerald, son of Col. Thomas Fitzgerald was born at Boonville, Indiana, in September, 1822, and came to Berrien county with his father in 1832. He was educated at Middlebury, Connecticut, and was admitted to the bar of this county in 1844. In 1846 he was elected to the State senate from Berrien county. With the exception of from 1850 to 1864 when he resided in New York, his residence was almost continually in Berrien county, he died at Niles, June 5, 1878. Mr. Fitzgerald had a fine legal mind, was an excellent scholar, and was a lawyer of more than ordinary ability; litigation was not to his liking and he chose the more quiet and less exciting parts of law practice, and hence never acquired a very widespread reputation as an advocate; but among his friends and intimate acquaintances, and the business men who knew him, he possessed their entire confidence as counsel and office lawyer. Any special legal matter requiring more than ordi-

[1]Battle occurred July 25, 1814.

nary care, skill and judgment Mr. Fitzgerald was the one to have charge of the case.

Edwin Lawrence was admitted to the bar of Berrien county in October, 1836, but he many years ago retired from practice. Mr. Lawrence was born at Middlebury, Vermont, in 1808, and came to Michigan in 1834; he finally settled at Ann Arbor, and was at one time judge of the circuit court of Washtenaw county.

James Y. James lived at St. Joseph at an early day. He was admitted to the bar at Berrien in Oct., 1837, he remained in the county but a short time after he was admitted, and then went farther west.

Vincent L. Bradford came from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1835, and settled at Niles, and immediately entered into law practice. Mr. Bradford was a ripe scholar, and a lawyer of eminent ability; he immediately took rank among the first lawyers of the State, and soon acquired a State reputation. The field of labor, was at that time, too limited for him, and in 1843 he returned to Philadelphia, and at once took a high rank in his profession, and at the time of his death, a few years ago, he stood at the head of the bar in that city. In 1838 and 1839, Mr. Bradford was a member of the State senate from Berrien county. Few men in Michigan in the profession, or out of it, would outrank Mr. Bradford in learning or ability, or in the qualities that make the man.

Nathaniel Bacon was born at Ballston Springs, New York, in July, 1802; he graduated at Union college in 1824,[1] was admitted to the bar at Ballston Springs, and practiced law several years at Rochester, New York; he came to Berrien county, and settled at Niles in the fall of 1833. Mr. Bacon intended when he came to Michigan to devote his time wholly to agriculture, and with that purpose, purchased 400 acres of land a little east of the present city of Niles; he soon thereafter moved onto the land, and continued to own and occupy it until his death in 1869. The continued calls on him for legal services induced him to open an office in Niles, in the fall of 1834, and he continued in practice, except when he was on the bench, until his death. Mr. Bacon was probate judge in 1837, and in 1855 he was elected circuit judge to fill a vacancy, and was *ex officio* a judge of the supreme court; he was in 1857 again elected to the judgeship for the full term, again in 1866 he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Perrin M. Smith; again in the spring of 1869 he was elected for the full term, but died the following September. Mr. Bacon had a clear comprehensive mind, was a close reasoner and an earnest but dispassionate speaker. He had great influence with the court as

[1]At Schenectady, N. Y.; incorporated in 1794.

an advocate, and was remarkably successful before a jury; his appearance before a jury seemed to say, "gentlemen of the jury, I expect by a calm and dispassionate statement of the facts and law, to convince you that I am right in what I may say to you," and his calm and cool manner before the jury, and apparent confidence that he was right, always told in a case. In addressing a jury he seemed to be unconscious that another person than himself and the jury were in the room.

Charles Jewett was born at Waybridge, Vt., in June, 1810, graduated at Middlebury college, Vt., in August, 1834, and read law at Middlebury. He came to Niles in the fall of 1836, and the same year was appointed district attorney (as the office was then called) for the county of Berrien; he held the office until he resigned in 1840. In 1848 he was elected county judge, and held the office four years; in 1860 he was elected judge of probate. Mr. Jewett never claimed eminence as a trial lawyer, but for counsel, and as an office lawyer, he ranked among the first in the county, and was very popular, especially among farmers and the laboring classes. Mr. Jewett was too independent minded to make a successful politician.

Joseph N. Chipman was born in September, 1803, at Shoreham, Vt. He descended from a family in which were some of the most distinguished lawyers in that state. He graduated from Middlebury college with the class of 1828 with marked distinction, and was admitted to the bar at Middlebury in 1833, and was in practice there several years. He came to Berrien county and settled at Niles in June, 1836, and continued to live there in the practice of his profession most of the time until his death in November, 1870. In 1844 Mr. Chipman was elected to the State senate.

John S. Chipman was a practicing lawyer in the State of New York; he settled at Niles in 1838, and was admitted to the bar the same year; was appointed prosecuting attorney by the court for the April term, 1839. In 1844 he was elected to Congress from his district. He remained at Niles until 1851, when he moved to California, and died there several years ago. Mr. Chipman was a man of very positive character and in ability ranked high in his profession. The two Chipmans being at Niles at the same time, and both being lawyers, in order to distinguish them, John S., was almost universally known as "Black Chip," and is still so referred to; and was thus known throughout the State; Joseph N., was called "White Chip."

Cyrus Dana was born at Owego, New York, and was a practicing lawyer there for many years; he came to Niles in 1838, and was admit-

ted to the bar in November of the same year. He continued to practice in the county until his death in 1847. Mr. Dana was a man of considerable ability, and ranked high as a lawyer.

James Sullivan was a practicing lawyer in New Hampshire; he came to Niles in 1838, and the same year was admitted to the bar at Berrien; he remained at Niles about three years, and then moved to Cass county, where he continued in the practice of his profession until his death in August, 1878. Mr. Sullivan was from a family of eminent lawyers; his father was attorney general for the State of New Hampshire for over twenty years, and his grandfather for a still longer period, and the credit and character of the family lost nothing in James. He was acknowledged to be one of the finest lawyers in the State; he possessed a legal mind inferior to none, but an unfortunate deafness denied him the honorable position, to which as a lawyer or statesman, his learning, ability and sterling honesty and worth entitled him.

James Brown was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., September, 1814; he graduated from Union college in 1836, and settled at Niles in 1838; was admitted to the bar at Berrien in October, 1839. He, several years since, retired from practice except in an occasional special case. Mr. Brown was elected judge of probate in 1844, was re-elected in 1848, holding the office eight successive years. In 1842 he was elected prosecuting attorney, and re-elected in 1844. He was again elected to the same office in 1852. Mr. Brown was a fine scholar, had a remarkable command of language, was a fine speaker, and always made an efficient officer. As an advocate he was very excitable and at times rather eccentric. At times when addressing the court with more than usual earnestness someone would slide a chair in front of him, he would at once mount into it and continue his argument as if in ordinary position. I have seen him enter the judge's seat and argue with the judge with all the earnestness and gesticulations of a pugilist, but as everybody knew "Jim Brown" no one took exceptions. Mr. Brown had a heart that always throbbed for the unfortunate and the oppressed. He died Sept. 16, 1889. He lived and died a bachelor.

Cogswell K. Green was a lawyer from New Hampshire. He came to Niles at an early day, probably in about 1833. He continued in practice in the county for several years and afterward returned to New Hampshire and settled at Exeter and resumed his practice there.

Mr. Green was once judge of probate for Berrien county and held the office three years.

Thomas Conger was born about 1800. He settled at St. Joseph in

May, 1834, and was elected judge of probate in November of the same year. He remained at St. Joseph until 1849, and then went to California. In 1879 he was police judge in Sacramento City and held the office many years.

James Randles came to St. Joseph in 1834; he had but one arm, and was usually called "one armed Randle" to distinguish him from James J. Randal who lived at St. Joseph at the same time. He was elected county clerk in 1834. Mr. Randles was a man of more than ordinary ability, and it was universally conceded that had his life been spared he would have made his mark in the world as a lawyer and probably statesman. Mr. Randles died at St. Joseph in about 1840.

Ebenezer McIlvaine was born in Pennsylvania and was admitted to the bar of that state at Pittsburg; he came to Niles in about 1843, and was admitted to the Michigan bar in October of that year; he was elected county clerk in 1848, and was twice re-elected holding the office six consecutive years. In 1855 he was elected judge of probate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Colonel Fitzgerald, and served the balance of the term. Mr. McIlvaine made an efficient officer and was a good lawyer, but the law practice was not to his liking and he never acquired a reputation as a trial lawyer. Mr. McIlvaine died at Niles several years ago.

Levi B. Taft was admitted to the bar at Berrien prior to 1850; in that year he was elected prosecuting-attorney. Mr. Taft was a fine lawyer, and made a very efficient officer. In 1853 he left Niles, and finally settled at Pontiac, this state, and he was at one time the circuit judge of Oakland county. Mr. Taft held many positions of trust and responsibility, and always with entire satisfaction of his constituents.

Hiram F. Mather was born in Onondaga county, N. Y.; he came to Niles in 1844, and remained until 1853, when he went to Chicago; he died in Chicago in about 1863. Mr. Mather was for four years member of the New York senate before he came to Michigan. He was an able lawyer but he never acquired notoriety as an advocate, but with his acquaintances and especially with business men, his opinion was always taken as the settled law; and as a draftsman his work was always considered as beyond criticism, and as such the State furnished no superior. As a neighbor, a public or private citizen, Mr. Mather was a man in whom any community might take much pride.

Alonzo Bennett was born in Addison, Vermont in September, 1807; he came to Berrien county in 1833 and settled at Niles; in 1836 he moved to New Buffalo, and lived there most of the time until his death some years ago. He was admitted to the bar in 1843, but he never made the

practice of law his main business, but soon after he was admitted to the bar he turned his attention to other pursuits principally merchandising. Mr. Bennett was elected county clerk in 1838 and was twice re-elected holding the office for six consecutive years. In 1842 he represented the county in the State legislature. Mr. Bennett was very popular as a man, a citizen and as an officer; his name was a household word throughout the county, and any one who did not know Alonzo Bennett was not up with the times.

John M. Barber came from Chautauqua county, N. Y., and settled at Niles in 1834, and was admitted to the bar at Berrien in April, 1842, he remained at Niles about eight years and then moved to the city of New York. He was for many years judge of the superior court of that city; every old lawyer feels that he has a personal acquaintance with Judge Barber.

Thomas W. Frulan lived at Niles and was admitted to the bar at Berrien in May, 1845; he enlisted in the United States army and served in the Mexican war. He went to California in 1849 or 1850, and was at one time a judge of a court of record of that state.

Franklin Muzzy was born in Maine, in 1816, and graduated at Bowdoin college. He came to Berrien county in 1842; stayed one year at St. Joseph with the family of Col. Fitzgerald, and in 1843 went to Niles, and always lived there until his death in 1878. He was admitted to the bar in Maine, and was once a law partner of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin; he was admitted to the Michigan bar in October, 1846, and continued in practice to the time of his death. He was elected State senator in 1858, and was for many years mayor of the city of Niles. In many respects Mr. Muzzy was a remarkable and peculiar man; he lived and died a bachelor which fact may account for many of his eccentricities. Probably no lawyer who ever lived in Berrien county has as great influence with the court and jury as he. Always ready, never showing surprise, an opponent not to be courted, but in professional courtesy always meeting his opponent half way. Before a jury his appearance seemed to say, "No use, gentlemen of the jury, I am going to compel you, in spite of yourselves, to view the case as I do," and he generally succeeded. He was not eloquent as a speaker, but his earnestness and his apparent conviction that he was right, gave him great power as an advocate. As a neighbor, Mr. Muzzy was ever kind and obliging, though not a professing Christian, yet no man in the county gave more liberally to the church and clergy than he. Hundreds of poor, did they but know their benefactor, would rise up and call him blessed; he never gave to be seen of men,

but with a basket or package of necessaries, would often go forth in the dark and unseen leave it at the door of some poor family, or would send a delivery wagon loaded with the comforts of life to be delivered to the needy ones, always with the injunction to not name the giver. Many a family has been warmed and fed by his kindness as an unknown giver.

John Grove was the first lawyer who settled at Buchanan, he was admitted to the bar at Berrien, in May, 1848, and was elected to the State legislature in 1845, and in 1846; he died at Buchanan about thirty years ago.

George H. Jerome was born at Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y., in October, 1819; he graduated at Hamilton college in 1842; came to Niles in 1846, and immediately entered into the practice of law; but he very soon retired from law practice, and entered upon other pursuits more to his liking. In 1873 Mr. Jerome was appointed commissioner of State fisheries; he held the position many years, and until his resignation. He in reality made the State fishery what it now is, and so long as the trout, the whitefish, the bass and the grayling shall inhabit the waters of the peninsular State, so long his fame as a fish culturist will not be forgotten. Mr. Jerome is a fine scholar, and science and literature are more to his taste than law.

Strather M. Beeson was born at Uniontown, Penn., in December, 1816. He came to Niles in 1832, but passed much of his time for many years in South Bend, Indiana, and read law in that state. He was for many years a practicing lawyer there, and stood high as a lawyer. He was admitted to the Michigan bar in 1850. He died at Niles, December 30, 1878. Mr. Beeson was a sound lawyer and a fine scholar. He never acquired a wide reputation as an advocate, as he was not fond of litigation, and confined his practice almost entirely to the quieter fields of the profession, yet he was not deficient in any of the fields of practice.

Damon A. Winslow was born in LeRay, Jefferson county, N. Y., in May, 1819. He was educated at LeRay academy,[1] and at Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, in the latter institution under the instruction of the late Bishop Jesse T. Peck. He came to Michigan in 1838, read law at Tecumseh, was admitted to the law courts in June, 1845, at Ann Arbor, and in the same month to the court of chancery at Adrian. After his admission he first settled at Charlotte, Eaton county, and in 1847 was appointed prosecuting-attorney for that county, and held the office two years. He was also master in chancery for the county several years. In 1851 he settled at St. Joseph, Berrien county, where

[1]See appendix.

he continued to reside until 1887, when he moved to Saugatuck, Allegan county, where he now resides. He was elected circuit court commissioner for Berrien county in 1852, 1854 and again in 1862. Mr. Winslow never claimed eminence as a trial lawyer, in fact he had no fondness for criminal or commercial law practice, but confined himself almost entirely to chancery practice and to real estate cases in which branches and as judge of land titles, we trust his reputation was not to his discredit. He is not now in general practice but confines himself to his chosen field, and to chosen cases.

David Bacon was born at Ballston Springs, N. Y., in September, 1827, graduated at Jefferson college, Penn., in 1852. The same year he settled at Niles, was admitted to the bar in October, 1854, and was elected prosecuting attorney the same year. He is still in practice at Niles. Mr. Bacon served in the war of the rebellion, was commissioned lieutenant colonel in August, 1862, for meritorious services, and was severely wounded at the battle of Baton Rouge in April, 1863. He was never able again to enter the service, as his wound was well nigh fatal. Col. Bacon knows right well what hospital life is.

Emory M. Plimpton was born in Ohio, in June, 1826, came to Michigan in August, 1849, and settled at Niles. He was admitted to the bar in September, 1853; he continued in active practice in the county until his death in March, 1888, at Benton Harbor, where he had resided for several years. Mr. Plimpton was elected prosecuting attorney for the county in 1856, and circuit court commissioner in 1870; he was elected representative to the State legislature in 1868. In the war of the rebellion Mr. Plimpton was captain of company M., 4th Michigan Cavalry, from August, 1862, to May 1863, when he resigned on account of illness, and injuries received by being thrown from his horse. After his resignation he was, during the war, active in the provost-marshal's department.

Edward Bacon was born at Rochester, N. Y., in April, 1830, came to Niles with his father, Nathaniel Bacon, in 1833; he graduated from Michigan State University in 1850, and was admitted to the bar in the supreme court at Detroit, in 1853, and settled at Niles where he has ever since continued in active practice. Mr. Bacon is a fine scholar, a good lawyer, and an indefatigable worker in his profession, and unlike most of the profession ignores politics, at least so far as holding office, but he has well-defined political views, and maintains them with tact and talent. He is in general practice, but seems to have a special liking for unearthing and treating, to use a medical term, "chronic cases." Mr. Bacon was in the military service during the

late war of the rebellion; in August, 1861, he was commissioned major, and in June, 1862, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. He was mustered out in 1864. Mr. Bacon is the author of "Among the Cotton Thieves," a work in two volumes, and any one wanting to learn some of the history of the inside workings of that war, should read his book.

John M. Albert came to Buchanan in about 1851, was admitted to the bar in Berrien in 1858, and practiced his profession until he enlisted in the military service during the late war; he received a captain's commission October 10, 1861, and resigned April 27, 1862. He never resumed his practice in Berrien county after he left the army.

William W. Wheeler was born at Niles in about 1836, was admitted to the bar in September, 1859, and was in practice at St. Joseph until he entered the army in 1861; after he left the army he settled in Chicago where he remained until his death in about 1875. Mr. Wheeler entered the army as captain company B., 6th Michigan Infantry; in April, 1863, he was commissioned major 23d Infantry, and received a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the 28th Michigan Infantry in August, 1864. He was mustered out of service at Detroit, July 12, 1866.

Henry H. Cooledge was born at Leominster, Mass., in August, 1811, and graduated at Amherst college; he came to Cass county, Michigan, in 1836, was admitted to the bar of that county in 1844, and was elected prosecuting attorney for that county in 1850. He moved to Niles in 1859, and was elected prosecuting attorney for Berrien county in 1862, and a delegate to the constitutional convention in 1867. In 1872 he was appointed judge of the second judicial circuit, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Blackman, and in 1876 he was elected for the full term, but resigned in September, 1878; after his resignation he resumed his law practice at Niles, and continued in it until his death, May 31, 1884. Mr. Cooledge was a fine scholar and a good lawyer.

Charles R. Brown was born in Lorain county, Ohio, was educated at Berea, Ohio, and was admitted at the bar of that state in 1856. He came to St. Joseph in 1859, was admitted to the Berrien bar in 1860, and was elected circuit court commissioner the same year, and was in 1866 elected to the State legislature. Mr. Brown moved to Kalamazoo in 1867, and in 1869 he was elected circuit judge, and resigned in 1874. He is now in practice at Marquette. Mr. Brown has a fine legal mind, is a good lawyer, has a good command of language, is never lacking in words to express his ideas and his specialty is in addressing the court or jury.

George S. Clapp was born at Columbia, Lorain county, Ohio, in June, 1834, was educated at Berea, Ohio, was admitted to the bar of that state in 1856, settled at St. Joseph in 1862, and was admitted to the Berrien bar in October of the same year. In 1864 he was elected prosecuting attorney, and held the office for six consecutive years. Mr. Clapp is an industrious, energetic lawyer, and was one of the most efficient prosecuting officers Berrien county ever had, and he ranks among the best lawyers in western Michigan. In 1869, Mr. Clapp was candidate for circuit judge against Judge Blackman, and again in 1887, against Judge O'Hara, but Mr. Clapp is a better lawyer than politician. He is now enjoying a very fine law practice at Niles.

Jeremiah E. Chamberlain was born on the Sandwich Islands in about 1830, graduated at Williams college in 1852; after he graduated he returned to Sandwich Islands, and was for several years judge of the recorder's court, and was offered a seat on the supreme court bench of the Islands. He wrote and published some strictures on some of the prominent officials, and he concluded that the Islands, for a time at least, was not really the most desirable place of residence for him, and he returned to the United States, and in 1860 settled at St. Joseph, and was soon thereafter admitted to the bar. Law practice was not to his taste and he soon abandoned it entirely. He returned to the Islands in 1873, and died there in about 1883.

Nathan G. King was born in Rensselaer county, New York, in February, 1819, and graduated at Williams college; he for several years practiced law in Albany, New York, subsequently was several years at St. Paul, Minnesota. He came to St. Joseph early in 1861. On the breaking out of the rebellion he entered the army and received a colonel's commission. After the war he settled at Brooklyn, Jackson county, and gave his principal attention to banking business.

In 1872, Colonel King was elected to the State senate from Jackson county. He still resides at Brooklyn.

Alexander Walker was from Oneida county, New York, he graduated from Albany law school, came to Berrien in 1862, and in July of the same year was admitted to the bar, he never entered into law practice in Berrien county. Soon after he was admitted he entered the army and served during the war. In 1863 he was captain of Co. A, 7th Michigan Cavalry, was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and was mustered out in 1865. Captain Walker's residence at present is not known, even if living.

Jacob J. Van Riper was born at Haverstraw, N. Y., in 1838, received

an academic education in New York City, attended law lectures in 1860 and 1861 at Michigan University, and was admitted to the bar in Cass county in July, 1863. In 1867 he was elected a delegate from Cass county to the constitutional convention. He settled at Buchanan in 1872, was elected prosecuting attorney in 1876, and re-elected in 1878. In 1882 he was elected Attorney General and re-elected in 1884. Mr. Van Riper still resides in the county.

Worthy Putnam was born October 22, 1811, at Brookfield, Madison county, N. Y., he was admitted to the New York bar in 1859; settled at Berrien in 1864, and was admitted to the Berrien bar in December, of the same year. In 1869 Mr. Putnam was appointed circuit judge to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Bacon, and held the office until his successor was elected, in November of the same year, holding two terms of court. Mr. Putnam could never make law practice the business of life, and he was seldom seen in court engaged in the trial of cases. He was a brilliant scholar and a good lawyer, and a fine, impressive speaker, but the busy years of his life were devoted to educational and literary pursuits. He died at Berrien in about 1885 or 1886.

Calvin B. Potter was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., in July, 1837. and graduated from Albany law school in 1860. At the commencement of the late war he enlisted in the 18th N. Y. Infantry and served over four years in the army of the Potomac; he was taken prisoner at the first battle of Bull Run, and was an inmate of Libby Prison five months and seventeen days, and was then exchanged and went back to his regiment. He settled in St. Joseph in June, 1866, and was admitted to the bar the same year. In 1874, Mr. Potter was elected to the State legislature. He is still in practice at St. Joseph.

Almon B. Riford was born in Orange county, Vt., in January, 1840; he graduated from the law department of Michigan State University in 1864; he came to Benton Harbor in August, 1865, and was admitted to the Berrien bar in 1866. Mr. Riford never made the profession his exclusive business, but connected other matters with his law practice. He was elected to the State legislature in 1868, and was appointed postmaster by President Arthur, and held the office until his death in 1883.

Nathaniel A. Hamilton was born in Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1836, was educated at Whitewater Academy, Wisconsin, and admitted to the Wisconsin bar in 1859; he came to St. Joseph in 1870, and was admitted to the Michigan bar the same year, and in 1872 was elected prosecuting attorney and circuit court commissioner. In 1876 Mr.

Hamilton was elected to the State legislature, was elected speaker pro tem., and was chairman of the judiciary committee. Mr. Hamilton is a very fine scholar, and is very fond of the classics, and has a grand classical education, but he is too modest to make a show of his attainments. He is a good lawyer and is now enjoying a lucrative law practice at St. Joseph.

George W. Bridgman, a native of Massachusetts, came to Michigan with his parents in 1856, he is a graduate from Columbia college law school, of the class of 1868; was admitted to the bar of the district of Columbia in 1868, and to the Michigan bar in May, 1871; he was elected prosecuting attorney for Berrien county in 1884, re-elected in 1886, and again in 1888. For six years prior to 1871, Mr. Bridgman was connected with the treasury department at Washington, holding first, second and third class clerkships. Mr. Bridgman makes a very efficient officer.

James J. Canfield was born in Delaware county, Ohio, graduated at Williams college in June 1868, was admitted to the Michigan bar at Mason in June 1872, and came to St. Joseph in September of the same year. He was elected circuit court commissioner in 1874, was re-elected in 1876. Mr. Canfield is now, and has been for several years a professor in Kansas State University.

Lawrence C. Fyfe was born at Isle Aux Noix, Canada, was educated in England and Scotland; he settled at St. Joseph in 1874, was admitted to the Berrien bar the same year. He is now enjoying a well-earned and lucrative law practice at St. Joseph. Mr. Fyfe was in 1878, elected circuit court commissioner and re-elected in 1880. In 1882 he was elected to the State legislature and re-elected in 1884.

Roscoe D. Dix, was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., on June 11, 1839, came to Michigan in 1852, was educated at Albion college. Mr. Dix enlisted in the army in April, 1861, and entered Co. K. 2d Michigan Volunteer Infantry and became sergeant. He was severely wounded in his hip at the battle of Knoxville, Tennessee, and needs not to be told what hospital life is; he continued in the service until his discharge, May 25, 1864. He was admitted to the Berrien bar in June, 1880, but never entered into general practice. He did not enter the profession with a view of practicing it, but as an aid to his own business. Mr. Dix was elected register of deeds for Berrien county in 1864, re-elected in 1866, again in 1868, and was again elected to the same office in 1874, and in 1886 he was elected Commissioner of the State Land Office, and re-elected in 1888, and is now our worthy

commissioner and "Governor Dix" would be a familiar sound to many of us.

THE BENCH OF BERRIEN COUNTY

By act of congress of January, 1805, which took effect the 31st of June following, Michigan was set off into a separate territory.

July 14, 1817, by executive act of Michigan, the County of Monroe was established, and by act of September 10, 1822, the county was given its present territorial limits, and by the last named act Lenawee county was set off and embraced the territory lying between Monroe county and the principal meridian, and was organized by act of December 22, 1826, and all of the territory west of the meridian and east and north of St. Joseph river was attached to it.

October 29, 1829, by act of the legislative council, Berrien, Cass and other counties were set off, and Berrien county was made to embrace the same territory as at present. By act of November 4, 1829, the counties of Berrien and Cass were organized, and Berrien county was attached to Cass. Berrien was organized into a separate county by act of March 4, 1831, the act taking effect September following.

By the act organizing the county of Berrien it was provided that the first courts should be held at Niles, and until a county seat should be permanently located; the county seat was first located at St. Joseph. but in 1837 it was removed to Berrien, where it is now.

Deeming it unnecessary, I will not weary your patience by detailing the history of the organization of the courts of the State, but will simply say, that for many years prior to 1850, the judges of the supreme court held the several circuit courts.

By the constitution of 1850, the order of things was entirely changed —reversed—the State was divided into five circuits, the judges were elected, and the judges of the several circuits composed the supreme court—court in bank. In 1857 the supreme court was re-organized and given a separate and independent organization, and the circuit judges were confined to circuit court jurisdiction.

I also deem it unnecessary to speak particularly of those judges exercising jurisdiction over the courts of other counties, to which Berrien was, for the time being, attached for judicial purposes, as they more properly belong to the history of those counties to which Berrien was attached. The county was organized in 1829, but it was not given an independent jurisdiction until 1831.

The first term of the circuit court was held at Niles in October, 1833. William A. Fletcher presided, he was never a resident of Berrien county.

Judge Fletcher was chief justice of the supreme court from 1836 to 1842, and it was as such member of the supreme court that he held the circuit court terms in Berrien county. He was presiding judge of the "circuit court for the Territory of Michigan," from its organization in 1833, until Michigan became a State; he was at one time Attorney General of the State. Judge Fletcher came from Massachusetts and settled in Michigan in 1820, and studied law at Detroit. He was also a member of the territorial legislative council in 1831 and in 1832.

Epaphroditus Ransom succeeded Judge Fletcher, and held his first term in Berrien county in April, 1837, and continued to preside in that circuit for eleven years, holding his last term in October, 1847. Judge Ransom was a native of Hampshire county, Massachusetts; he graduated from Northampton law school in 1825, and came to Michigan in 1833, and was admitted to the bar at Kalamazoo in 1834. He was appointed to the supreme court bench in 1836, and he became chief justice in 1843; in 1848, he resigned the judgeship to take the governorship of the State to which he had been elected.

Charles W. Whipple succeeded Judge Ransom holding his first term in the county in May, 1848, and continuing to preside in that circuit until his death in October, 1855; he held his last term in July, 1855. He was the first resident judge in Berrien county. Judge Whipple led a very active life, and he held many prominent and responsible positions; the first record we find of him is in 1835, as secretary of the second session of the sixth legislative council; he was secretary of the constitutional convention of 1835, and a member from Berrien county to the constitutional convention of 1850. He was member of the house of representatives of the State in 1835, 1836 and 1837, and was speaker of the house at the session in the latter year. He was associate justice of the supreme court from 1838 to 1848. From 1848 to 1852 he was chief justice.

Hon. Warner Wing of Monroe, as a foreign judge, held the March and June terms of 1856.

Nathaniel Bacon was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Whipple, and was *ex officio* member of the supreme court; in 1857 he was elected his own successor for the full term. Again in 1866 he was elected to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Perrin M. Smith, and again in the spring of 1869 he was elected for the full term, but died the following September. Judge Bacon had a clear, comprehensive mind and had many of the essential qualities of mind to make a popular and successful judge. He was a good judge of the law, but he was a *lawyer,* not a *judge;* not that he by any means failed

as a judge, for he was in the main popular as such. Judge Bacon was a man of very strong prejudices, especially politically, and this peculiar trait seemed to affect him on the bench. It seemed impossible for him to hear a case without unconsciously taking sides, and when a person was arraigned before him charged with crime, he seemed to take it for granted that the respondent was guilty; yet with these strong traits of mind, Mr. Bacon was never charged with intentionally prejudicing a case, or of denying a respondent a fair and impartial trial; the simple fact was that he was too much of an advocate to be a judge.

Perrin M. Smith was elected on the expiration of Judge Bacon's first full term in 1863. He served only about two years, but served until his death which occurred in 1865. Judge Smith was a resident of St. Joseph county.

Worthy Putnam, in 1869, was appointed circuit judge for the county; his appointment was to supply an interim. He held two terms of court. A more detailed history of Judge Putnam will be found as a member of the bar, where it more appropriately belongs.

In the fall of 1869, Daniel Blackman was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Bacon, and entered upon the duties of his office in December of the same year. The duties of judge were not to the taste of Mr. Blackman; he wanted a more active life; the excitement of active law practice was more congenial to his taste and habits, and he resigned in 1871, and soon after moved to Chicago and resumed his law practice in that city. Judge Blackman was a fair, unprejudiced and popular judge, but his proper field of labor is at the bar, and not on the bench.

Henry H. Coolidge was in 1871 appointed for the unexpired term of Judge Blackman, and on the expiration of the term in 1876, he was elected for the full term. He resigned in 1878. The then meager salary of a judge and the fact that he could make more money at the bar than on the bench, and the bar being more congenial to his taste and habits, were the principal reasons of his resignation. Judge Coolidge was a fine scholar, was a graduate of Amherst college; he was a good lawyer and too much of an advocate for a judge; his long practice at the bar rendered it difficult for him to take an impartial view of a case when presented to him; when he had once formed an opinion he was very firm, and he was always very independent, and not unfrequently in deciding a question, after hearing the case from both sides, would base his decision on authorities or on points unnoticed by either side; this was one of his peculiarities. Judge

Coolidge gave very general satisfaction on the bench. He was an indefatigable worker, whether acting as a judge or a lawyer; his life was a life of labor, yet he was noted for his social character, and no one, better than he, enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense; was attached to his friends and never deserted one in trouble. After his resignation Judge Coolidge resumed his law practice at Niles and continued in it until his death which occurred at Niles. The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Coolidge, was temporarily filled by the appointment of Hon. Charles W. Clisbee (Clisby) of Cass county. Mr. Clisby was never a resident of Berrien county; he held but one term of court in Berrien.

Andrew J. Smith of Cass county was elected circuit judge in 1878, to fill the unexpired term of Judge Coolidge; in 1871 he was elected for the full term without opposition; served his term and declined a re-election. Judge Smith was born in Ohio in Sept., 1818; when he was quite young he with his father moved to Indiana; his mother died when he was an infant; his father was a poor man, the country was new and Andrew J. was virtually denied all advantages of schools but like many others in those early times worked on farms summers and went to such schools as were available in the winter season. After all the disadvantages with which Mr. Smith had to contend, he seems to have been in some respects fortune's favorite; he was elected constable in Valparaiso, Indiana, before he was twenty-one years old, and from that on he was almost continually in office, in church, school and political. He moved to Cass county in 1840, and engaged in different occupations, anything that presented prospects of success, and studied law as opportunity offered and was admitted to the bar in 1853; in 1854 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Cass county, and in all held the office for twelve years. In 1874 he was elected attorney-general and served one term, and in 1878 was elected circuit judge as before mentioned. Judge Smith was emphatically a self made man and he need not be ashamed of his work for in all positions filled by him, has been with credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people. Age and failing health rendered it necessary for him to retire almost entirely from active pursuits.

Thomas O'Hara who succeeded Judge Smith was born in Genesee county, New York, March 9, 1856. Mr. O'Hara though young is old enough to show what energy and honesty, and well directed efforts will produce. He is most emphatically a self made man, and his is one of those cases showing what a young man can do for himself, if really in earnest, in this country. Mr. O'Hara had the advantages

only offered by the common schools of those days; he really commenced the business of life at an early age as porter, etc., on a steamboat in 1870; in 1875, he held the position of steward on a steamer, and in 1879, he was promoted to full clerkship; this position he held until he was elected clerk for Berrien county in 1882; he was re-elected in 1884. He commenced reading law in 1878; sailed summers and read law winters, he was admitted to the bar in 1880, and elected circuit judge in April, 1887. Mr. O'Hara was the youngest man ever elected circuit judge for the Berrien circuit, and there are but two cases in the State where those younger than he were elected circuit judges; one was elected in the Upper Peninsula, who was under thirty years of age; another in the twenty-eighth circuit who was but twenty-four. Judge O'Hara has really had no experience as a lawyer. His four years as clerk of the circuit court was improved by him as it would have been by a comparatively few young men. He is a ready, pleasant and forcible speaker, and a close reasoner, and has every qualification to make a successful lawyer, and he would have succeeded at the bar, and he will succeed on the bench; he is honest, earnest and conscientious, and went upon the bench free from that peculiar trait of immediately taking sides, engendered by even a few years' practice at the bar. It was a delicate, and by many considered a very dangerous experiment, electing a man so young, and one of so little experience, to so important and responsible office. Judge O'Hara belonged to young America and they thought that the young men ought to have a better chance in the world of politics than was conceded to them by the "old stagers," and having great confidence in the learning, ability, honesty, judgment and discretion of Mr. O'Hara they nominated him against an old, and one of the best lawyers in that circuit, and against Mr. O'Hara's protest. The politics of the circuit was against him yet he was elected by a very handsome majority, and the writer has yet to hear of the first person questioning the judgment of the people in making their choice, and we yet expect to hear this same voice say to Judge O'Hara "go up higher."

EARLY HISTORY OF CLINTON COUNTY, MICHIGAN

BY DAVID SCOTT, OF DEWITT

The first settlement in this county by white people, was made by Captain David Scott, October 4, 1833. He was a captain in the war of 1812. He came with his wife and two sons, David and Charles, and located on north fraction of section eight, southeast quarter, and east half of southwest quarter of section five, town five north, of range two west.

Captain David Scott was born December 1, 1779. His parents died while he was a small boy, and not having any guardian he worked his own way up in the world. At the age of 22 he was united in marriage to Miss Eunice Forbs, of Shoreham, Vermont, who was born January 14, 1780, and to them were born eleven children.

Shortly after their marriage they moved into Genesee county, N. Y., in 1816, and located on a wild piece of land known as the Holland Purchase, about ten miles south of Leroy. He made a large improvement on his land but the title proved defective, and he had to abandon it, and received but little for the improvements he had made.

In the fall of 1825, he moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan, with his wife and five children, Sylvester, Sally, Lamira, David and Charles. He there bought a wild piece of timbered land of John Allen, one and a half miles southeast from where the court house stands now, better known at present as the Kingsley farm. He remained there about eight years and improved some forty acres of his land, and in the spring of 1833 sold out, and in company with Nathaniel Brown, and with surveyor Stratton as guide, started for the Grand River valley. They were mounted on ponies, and with knapsacks lashed on behind they took a northwest course from Dexter, following the Indian trail; passing through Livingston and Shiawassee counties they came to some Indian shanties on the Lookingglass river, and the captain was much pleased with the place. The company went on by way of Grand Ledge and Portland to Ionia, and there the captain turned back and came to the Indian shanties again on north fractional section eight, five north, two west, looked up the section corners, got the number of the land he wished

to locate and started for the land office at White Pigeon by way of Okemos and Jackson.

On his way from Jackson to White Pigeon he lost his way and stopped with some Indians all night. As they had been taking plenty of fire water they were very noisy and all but one old squaw were rather hostile toward him. She said a few words to them however and they quieted down, and she spread a blanket for him and motioned him to lie down, which he did, but not much sleep did he get. He could not talk with the Indians and as soon as he could see in the morning he mounted his pony and started, and as he did not know where to find the trail leading to the settlement he wandered about for some time, but finally saw an Indian boy catching a pony, and when he came up to him he said to the boy "Gemoca man—wigwam" he knew that meant white man's house. The boy said two shillings, which the captain gave him; the boy then hopped on his pony and away they went, pretty soon the boy turned out to one side and when he got up to him the boy said two shillings; the captain gave him the amount asked again, and on they went for a time, but soon turned out and called for another two shillings, but as the captain could see a rail fence not far in advance the boy failed in his last demand and started quickly back for the Indian camp. Without farther trouble he reached the land office at White Pigeon.

In June the captain went to Clinton county again, taking with him his son Sylvester, and he being well pleased with his father's location, entered at that time the west half of southwest quarter of section five, town five north, two west, but he did not move his family till the fall of 1834.

On the 27th day of September Capt. David Scott, his wife, two sons David and Charles, and a hired man started for Clinton county with four yoke of oxen and nine head of other cattle, one horse and two other ox teams hired by the day, and arrived at their land Oct. 4, 1833.

Captain Scott obtained the consent of the Indians to occupy one of their wigwams for several weeks till their own house was completed to which he then removed his family. The Indian wigwam in which he lived for the time mentioned, was constructed of bark, with bunks at the side and a fire was built in the center the smoke from which escaped through a hole in the top or remained in the room.

While living there, a party of Englishmen on their way to Grand River (now Portland) stopped over night with the captain. One of the party was taken sick, and the captain went to Ionia (about fifty miles by the trail) for a doctor. The man died soon after the doctor

came, and was buried in a coffin made of bark, taken from the wigwam. The funeral was attended by Captain Scott's family, the only white inhabitants of the county, the doctor from Ionia and the hired man.

The log house Captain Scott built was twenty feet square, and was begun Oct. 5, and completed in seven weeks, and occupied with much joy. Ground was broken for spring crops in the fall of 1833, and for wheat in July, 1834, and twenty acres were sown. The captain and two sons, Sylvester and David, went to Ann Arbor for seed wheat with ox teams; not having bags to put the wheat in, it was put loose in the wagon box. On the way home the wagon got mired crossing a swamp, and we had to spread down our blankets and carry the wheat in pails from the wagon and put it on the blankets, and when we got the wagon out loaded up again. The wheat was harvested the next July—yielding thirty-two bushels to the acre. A piece of ground was leveled and logs laid around it, making a threshing floor, then floorings of the wheat were laid, and the grain was tread out by four yoke of oxen. With the exception of 100 bushels that was sown, and sold to parties in Ionia county, the whole crop was hauled to Pontiac to be manufactured into flour.

The trip to Pontiac with ox teams took about ten days, and as there were no settlers, save for a short distance northwest of Pontiac, we had to camp out nights. We put the bells on the oxen and let them feed, but kept a good lookout for them, or we might be short a team in the morning. The second pioneers in the county came in February, 1834, and were Anthony Niles and Stephen B. Groger. They located on section twenty-three, town five north of range four west. Then came Sylvester Scott and wife in July, 1834.

Sylvester Scott, Sr., died in the spring of 1838. His widow is still living with her son, Sylvester Scott, on the land located by her husband in 1833. Then came Chauncey S. Ferguson and his father Daniel. The fifth in order was William W. Webb from Wayne county, Mich. His widow is at present living with her son-in-law, George W. Scott, just west of the village of DeWitt. She has two sons living. The next settler was E. H. Utley[1] from Plymouth who afterwards removed to Newaygo county where he died in 1860. The seventh in order was Franklin Oliver who came from Niagara county, New York, in 1835. Mr. Oliver only lived a few years after he came to the town. Next came Calvin Marvin from Oakland county, who settled on section twelve, five north, three west.

The ninth to come was Alanson Goodrich from Troy, Oakland county; he located on section seven, five north, two west. Both Goodrich and

[1]See Vol. V, p. 328, this series.

his wife have been dead for a number of years. And the only ones who were living in the county from October 4, 1833 to February 1, 1836, who are alive at this date February 14, 1890, are Mrs. William Webb, Mrs. Sophrona Scott, George M. Scott, David Scott of DeWitt and Ezekiel Niles of Eagle Station.

The above land located by Captain and Sylvester Scott in the year 1833, was the terminus of the oak land west in Clinton county. Their land bordering on the timber land west and north. About half of their purchase was rose willow plains and with spots of grass. Most of this land had been cultivated by the Indians, and the corn hills were plainly visible, and in breaking up the land many relics of earthen ware and of stone axes, pipes and arrow-heads were found. Later when some of the streets in the village of DeWitt were graded several skeletons of Indians were found. In 1835 the county seat was located on the south-east quarter of section five, in township five north of two west, and a contract was let to W. H. Utley[1] to build county offices for treasurer, clerk and register of deeds, and also a jail and jailor's residence. The price fixed was $1,517.

They were occupied in 1843. The buildings were erected on the public square. The county seat was removed to St. Johns 1857.

EARLY ATLAS—A PIONEER SKETCH

BY ENOS GOODRICH

The township of Atlas, in the county of Genesee, now embraces one township of six miles square, according to the government survey, and is designated as town six north, of range eight east. It is the south east corner township of Genesee county, being bounded on the south by Oakland county, and on the east by Lapeer county. By act of the State legislature, approved March 23, 1836, Atlas township was formed as follows: "All that portion of the county of Lapeer designated by the United States survey as township six north, of range number eight east, and the south half of township number seven north, of range number eight east, be, and the same is hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Atlas, and the first township meeting therein shall be held at Davison's Mills, in said township." Afterward in 1840 that part embraced in town seven north was

[1]W. H. Utley. E. H. Utley. See Vol. V this series.

detached and became a part of the present town of Davison. The first township meeting held in the township of Atlas on the 4th day of April, A. D. 1836, Moses Goodrich was chosen moderator and Ezra K. Parshall clerk of the day. There was twenty-two voters present, and the election for township officers resulted as follows: Ezra K. Parshall, supervisor; Norman Davison, town clerk; John Brigham, Asa Farrar and James G. Horton, assessors; James Lobban, collector; Moses Goodrich and Aaron Brigham, directors of the poor; Moses Goodrich, Paul G. Davison and Asa Farrar, commissioners of highways; James Lobban, constable; Oliver P. Davison, Levi W. Goodrich and Ezra K. Parshall, school commissioners; Norman Davison, Ezra K. Parshall, Moses Goodrich and Alexander Lobban, justices of the peace; Moses Goodrich, Oliver P. Davison, Alexander Lobban and Samuel Lason, fence viewers; Norman Davison, pound keeper. Road district No. 1. Oliver P. Davison, overseer; road district No. 2, John Brigham, overseer; road district No. 3, Samuel Lason, overseer; road district No. 4, Moses Goodrich, overseer; Ezra K. Parshall, Oliver P. Davison, James G. Horton, Paul G. Davison and Levi W. Goodrich, school inspectors.

"Voted, that all fences be built of logs, poles, rails and boards, and to be five feet high, and the space between the logs, poles, rails and boards shall not exceed four inches, until it rises two feet above the ground, to constitute a lawful fence."

"Voted, that ten dollars be raised on the taxable property of this township for the purpose of purchasing blank books and stationery for the use of said township."

"Voted, that the next annual township meeting be held at Davison's Mills, in said township."

[Signed.] MOSES GOODRICH, Moderator.
EZRA K. PARSHALL, Clerk.
NORMAN DAVISON, Justice of Peace.

This first township meeting was undoubtedly the most harmonious township meeting ever held in Atlas. There was no political strife, no party spirit, no local divisions, and no electioneering for offices. Every one of those twenty-two voters seemed only intent upon the one sole object of organizing a township government where they might make for themselves homes. But such is human nature that such tranquility is not destined always to last. Before the township meeting of 1837 was held, Atlas had received wonderful accessions to its population. Following in the wake of the Goodrich family there came from the one township of Clarence, in Erie county, New York, nearly thirty families,

almost all of whom settled in the central or southern part of the township. A saw mill had been erected by the Goodrich brothers, three miles above "Davison's Mills," on section twenty-two, and there was already some foreshadowings of a rising village at that point. In all such cases local strife is the inevitable result. When it came to the vote on determining the site of the next town meeting "Davison's Mills" were overwhelmed, and the majority in favor of "Goodrich's Mills" was greater than the entire vote of the township in 1836. For quite a number of years thereafter, however "Davison's Mills" came regularly up to the conflict with remarkable spirit, and sometimes were successful, but after having suffered many disastrous defeats they gave up the strife, and for the past 30 years the village of Goodrich has been the metropolis of Atlas by common consent.

In recording the proceedings of the first township meeting of Atlas there was one thing omitted, which, in times like these should not be forgotten. It was on motion of Norman Davison "voted that the public officers of the township should all serve for seventy-five cents a day." It was thus that the principle of economy was at the very beginning placed on a rock bottom foundation, and I believe it has generally been held there from that day till this, not meaning by this however, that their officers have always served the public at seventy-five cents a day, but that the affairs of the township have been generally conducted upon principles of commendable economy. It is possible that the afterwards Honorable Norman Davison had been prompted to this measure of economy by the seeming extravagance of the parent township of Grand Blanc, from which Atlas was set off, for it is recorded in the history of that township that, on March 30, 1835, upon a final settlement of the year's business "the total amount of expenditures for township purposes" for the territory embraced in the nine townships then composing the town of Grand Blanc amounted to $147.63. This territory covered nearly half of the present county of Genesee.

As a model account for a faithful and efficient public servant I desire here to present the following, and especially to commend it to the consideration of our men in high places.

The itemized account of Norman Davison, supervisor and school commissioner for the year ending April 1, 1834, reads as follows:

TOWN OF GRAND BLANC.

To Norman Davison, Dr.,

To holding election 1 day	$1.00
" Returning votes from said township to county clerk's office, 4 days..	4.00
" Services as school commissioner, ½ day	50
" Axeman on road half a day	50
" With town board, 1 day	1.00
Total	$7.00

It may be thought by some that four days' time was a little extravagant for a returning officer; but let the reader remember that Genesee was then a part of Oakland county, and the distance of some 40 miles to Pontiac through the woods had to be doubled, and that too undoubtedly, on foot, for this was a period long anterior to the epoch of Boss & Burrill's stages. But those days of primitive simplicity will never return.

It was at a later period when "Mose" Wisner in defiance of wolves and wildcats used to meet with our debating society in the old Poplar boarding house, and there with Honorable Judge Davison, the Honorable John L. McNeil, the Honorable Aaron Goodrich, and his brothers, Honorables John S. Reuben and the writer, and a host of other pioneers long since passed away, and electrify the very walls and roof and rafters with his high-sounding eloquence. The wilderness of Atlas is now an old country, and the men who mingled in those stirring early scenes are mostly "beneath the clods of the valley." But who can tell how far-reaching has been their influence in shaping Michigan's destinies, or how much of that influence is due to the training which they received in that crude debating hall on the banks of Kearsley's stream now more than half a century ago?

BRIEF HISTORY OF PULASKI, JACKSON COUNTY

BY HON. HIRAM C. HODGE[1]

In order to obtain a full and succinct account of the settlement of this township and a partial history of it to the present time, it may not be inappropriate to give a short account of the organization of the county which finally culminated in the organization of this the southwest corner township of the county.

Jackson county was first known in a legal manner by an act of the territorial legislature in 1829, and by said act was attached to the county of Washtenaw for judicial purposes. On the 30th day of July, 1830, the territorial legislature passed an act providing that a township meeting should be held at the home of J. W. Bennett on the third Tuesday of August, of that year, for the purpose of electing township officers for the township of Jacksonopolis, which then included all the

[1]See Vol. XXVIII, p. 37, this series.

territory of what is now Jackson county. On the 18th day of February, 1831, the territorial legislature changed the name of the township to Jacksonburg. On the 26th day of June, 1832, the county was by act of the territorial legislature organized, the act to take effect on the first day of August, of that year. By act of June 29, 1832, townships one, two, three and four south, and range one and two east, were set off by themselves and named Grass Lake. On the same date the two western rows of townships in the county were set off and named the township of Spring Arbor. On the 6th of March, 1836, the name of Jacksonburg was changed to Jackson by an act of the legislature. The township of Concord, which included also the present township of Pulaski, was organized, and on the 30th day of December, 1837, the State legislature passed an act organizing the township of Pulaski and provided for a township meeting to be held at the house of John Wilbur for the purpose of electing township officers. In pursuance of said act the first township meeting was held as directed, and James Cross was elected supervisor; Warner I. Hodge, town clerk; and James Cross, John M. Chatfield, Sylvester Chesebro and Henry Turner were elected justices of the peace. This first township meeting was held the 2d day of April, 1838. James Cross, who was elected supervisor, having removed from the town temporarily, a special election was held October 1, when the Rev. J. B. Burroughs was elected to fill the vacancy. The names of the supervisors of the township from its organization to the present year, 1890, are as follows: John M. Chatfield was elected and acted as supervisor in 1839; Warner I. Hodge in 1841, 1843, 1844; Elijah Dixon in 1842; John P. Hitchings in 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848; Byron L. Harlow in 1849, 1850, 1864, 1865, 1875; Jas. A. McMillen in 1851, 1852, 1858; George W. Tyler in 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1859; Adam Orr in 1860-1-2-3; Luther L. Tyler in 1866; Isaac P. Wheeler in 1867-8-9, and in 1870-1-2-3-4-6; Thomas Goffe in 1877-8-9 and in 1880-1; Simon King in 1882-3; and Robert C. Brail in 1884-5-6-7-8-9; and in 1890. The township clerks have been as follows: Warner I. Hodge in 1838-9 and 1840; Michael Nowlin in 1842; Byron L. Harlow in 1843-4; Isaac P. Wheeler in 1845-6-7, and 1850-3-4-5 and 1860-1-3-4-5; Luther L. Ward in 1848; James H. Nowlin in 1849; Alexander G. Bell in 1851; Adam Orr in 1852; Alem J. Hutchings in 1855-6-8; Levi Nowlin in 1857; Thomas Lambert in 1862 and 1873-4-5-6; George D. Dixon in 1866-7; William H. H. Snow in 1868; Lorenzo Nowlin in 1869; James C. Shaw in 1870-1-2; James A. McNair in 1877-8; Hiram L. Mason in 1879, 1880-1; Lovel Severance in 1882; Robert C. Brail in 1883;

Samuel Center in 1889 and Newton J. Ackley in 1884-5-6-7-8 and 1890. Of the early residents who have been elected to the legislature are the following: John P. Hitchings served one term in the house of representatives of the State legislature; Isaac P. Wheeler one term and Hiram C. Hodge one term in the house and one term in the senate; and was once elected to the house from Clinton and Gratiot counties, but the seat was given to his contestant.

The township of Pulaski has a sandy, loam soil and was what is called "oak openings." The soil produces well. The land is mostly high and rolling, and the surface well covered with boulders large and small deposited during the drift period, and the same has been well utilized in the building of stone fences, it being asserted that the township has more stone wall than any other town in the State.

The first permanent resident of the town was John Howard, who settled there in 1834. He came from the state of New York, and had two sons, John B., and Lewis T. Howard. In 1835-6-7, the following named persons settled in the town and took part in the election of officers at the first township election April 2, 1838, viz.; John Wilbur and family, who came from New York. The Wilbur's were formerly from Adams, Berkshire county, Mass. Col. Luther L. Ward and family from New York, and Joel Fish and family the same, also W. D. Severance, Sylvester Chesebro and Daniel Chesebro, with their families from Springwater, Livingston county, N. Y., both of whom were formerly from Adams, Berkshire county, Mass. Charles Guiles and family from Adams, Berkshire county, Mass.; Warner I. Hodge and family from the same place; Curtis Guiles and Isaac P. Wheeler, single men from near Boston, Mass.; Isaac N. Swain, from New York; Michael Nowlin, James H. Nowlin and Harry Nowlin, and their families, from New York; James Cross, Henry Turner, Rev. Jesse B. Burroughs, Barnet Dixon, John Lang, Asher Grover, John Thorn, George Williams, W. D. Severance, Byron L. Harlow, Cyrus Daniels, George Huntington, Joshua Allen, Reuben Luttenton, Isaiah Green, Henry Wooden and David Carr with their families, all of whom were from New York, Matthias Enoch and Joseph Fisher, were from Pennsylvania also Benjamin Stookey and family. The first child born in the town was Goodel Wilbur, son of John and Lucy Wilbur, and the first death in the town was Joseph Wilbur, a son of John and Lucy Wilbur, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun carried by an elder brother on a hunting excursion; his age was 13. Goodel Wilbur, the child first born in the town is now over 50 years of age and is a successful farmer in Iowa. But few of the first residents of the town are now, 1890, left; most of

the adults of 1835-6-7-8 are dead. Some of the younger are living. Among those yet living are W. D. Severance, Allen W. Grover, a son of Asher Grover, Isaac P. Wheeler, Byron L. Harlow, Milton H. Hodge, son of Warner I. and Sarah Hodge; a number of the descendants of the Luttenton, Fisher, Dixon and Nowlin families; all of whom reside in Pulaski. George Huntington and Hiram C. Hodge, son of Warner I. and Sarah Hodge, reside in Concord, Jackson county. Descendants of other old residents are scattered far and wide, north, south and west.

The south branch of the Kalamazoo river runs through the western part of the town and unites with the north branch at Albion, in Calhoun county. There are quite a number of lakes in the town, the largest of which are Swains lake, Wilburs lake, Goose lake, etc., There are quite a number of fine springs in the town, mostly on or near the Kalamazoo river. The largest and most noted is on section thirty-three, on the farm first settled by Benjamin Stookey and discharges a large body of water and makes a permanent brooklet which runs for a quarter of a mile a westerly course and discharges into the Kalamazoo river. The citizens of the town have always been noted for their energy and enterprise, having good roads, good schools, and one church edifice located on the southeast corner of section seventeen. There has never been but one hotel in the town and that was many years since. The town has never had a whiskey saloon. The town is very healthful and has no physician living there.

HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SHELBY, MACOMB COUNTY, MICHIGAN

BY GEORGE H. CANNON

The region of territory known as Michigan was formerly a French possession, but fell into the power of the English in 1763, and practically remained in their possession until some time after the close of the revolutionary war, being surrendered into the hands of the Americans, by them in 1796, in which year Detroit was occupied and British rule came to an end in these United States.

In the latter portion of that year the county of Wayne[1] was organized, which comprised a large portion of the Northwest territory, and nine years later, in 1805, the Territory of Michigan was set off and its boundaries defined.

At that date the beautiful region between Lakes Michigan and Huron was occupied by several tribes or nations of Indians not very numerous, probably numbering less than 15,000 souls. Treaties were made with these tribes by the general government, from time to time, for the purpose of extinguishing the Indian titles to the land and thus acquiring peaceable possession of the same, so preparing the way for the settlement and for the linear surveys. The first treaty of importance, affecting this region and northern Ohio, was made with the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees, Senecas and Miamies, on July 22, 1814. Subsequent treaties soon followed, a very important one being made on the 29th day of September, 1817, with the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees, Pottawattamies, Ottawas and Chippewas, and by this treaty an immense portion of the public domain was surrendered to the United States. The treaty of September 24, 1819, made with the Chippewas of Saginaw, completed the extinguishment of the Indian title to all the lands in this portion of the territory, this treaty alone conveying six millions of acres about the Saginaw waters. The region was now clear for exploration and occupancy, while enterprising and designing men were already in the field for the main chance, this portion of the Peninsula bordering on Lake St. Clair being especially desirable, from its location, to the greed and duplicity of adventurers who sought to acquire large tracts of land from the Indians.

An interesting document, in my possession, gives an account of one of these transactions. It was gotten up in great form purporting to be a release by the Indians to certain lands, to be obligatory if confirmed by the government, and was dated at River St. Clair, February 4, 1797. The particular tract conveyed is described as follows: "All that certain tract and parcel of land situate lying and being on the northwest side of Lake St. Clair, in the county of Wayne, butted and bounded as follows, to wit; commencing at a stake and stones on the bank of the lake, seventy Gunter's chains[1] easterly from the entrance of Swan creek, or river, and running thence a northwest course by a line of marked trees a distance of twenty-five miles, thence west by a line of marked trees until six miles west of all the forks of the north branch of the river Huron[1] that empties itself into Lake St. Clair. Thence southeasterly by a line of marked trees, keeping in all places the distance of six miles from the said north branch of said river Huron,

[1]See appendix.

until it intersects a line run due east and west from said north branch, which line is the northerly boundary of a tract of land granted to John Askin[1] and others, thence east on said line to the north branch of said river Huron, thence easterly by a line of marked trees to the southwest corner of a tract of land granted to J. Porlier Banack,[2] thence northeasterly by a line of marked trees in the rear of said tract and in the rear of a small tract granted to Henry Tucker, thence easterly to Lake St. Clair, thence north and easterly along the edge of the lake to place of commencement." The consideration was to be six thousand dollars, or bucks, to be paid by James May, Patrick McNeff and Jacob Harson. This was also signed by six of the principal chiefs of the Chippewa nation: Nongue Totem, Keask Totem, Pecheekee Totem, Wetaney Totem, Messkiass Totem, Chachawenepish Totem. The release being for a term of 990 years for the sum of fifty dollars and other valuable things and clothing made the day before the sale. A statement was also appended affirming that the chiefs were sober when they signed the paper. This document was registered by Peter Audrain in book No. 1, pages 16 and 17, March 17, 1797.

This transaction was followed by another agreement with the Chippewa chief by which the leasors bind themselves as follows: "For and in consideration of the lease and sale to us made by Nongue, Keask, Pecheekee, Wetaney and Messkiass, chiefs of the Chippewa nation of Indians as by their deeds of lease and release to us made, and bearing date the 3d and 4th day of February, 1797, of a certain tract of land situated on the northwest side of Lake St. Clair, in the county of Wayne, as by said deeds will the more fully appear.

"We for ourselves our heirs and assigns agree and promise to pay or deliver unto aforesaid chiefs, or any three of them, or their heirs, for use of themselves and respective families, or tribes, the sum of one hundred dollars, or butts, in clothing or other necessaries independent and clear of what we have already given or advanced to them, yearly and every year for the term of ten years, commencing on the first day of January, 1800; provided the said tract and every part thereof conformable to said lease and release be confirmed to us by and under the government of the United States of America, but no payment to be made before such a confirmation takes place. We also agree and promise to deliver unto the said chiefs and their heirs, every year for the term of thirty years, one-half bushel of Indian corn for every farm of two hundred acres that may be improved on said tract, and every year from thence forward to the full end, a term of 960 years to be fully completed and ended, one quart of corn for every such farm that may

[1]John Askin's claim No. 172 was 625 acres on the Huron (Clinton) river. See *American State Papers.*

[2]This should be J. Porlier Benac.

be on said tract, should the same be lawfully demanded. And secure to the said chiefs, their heirs and respective tribes, the privilege of hunting, fishing, fowling, planting corn, building huts and making sugar on such part of said tract as may not be within the inclosures of such settlers as we may place thereon in as full, free, perfect and ample a manner as they have ever been accustomed to enjoy heretofore.

"In witness whereof we have, unto these presents, set our hands and seals this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven.

"Signed sealed and delivered in presence of

Joseph May,	James May,
Jacob Bogart,	Patrick McNeff,
Bernardus Harson,	Jacob Harson."

A diligent enquiry elicits nothing farther in reference to this bold attempt to acquire an extensive and valuable tract of land of the Indians, for a meager compensation, and there is reason to believe that the government land commissioners, appointed to settle and adjust private land claims, paid but little if any attention to it.

Thus the township of Shelby, with many others, escaped the ownership and vexatious claims of a few adventurous individuals. An ordinance of congress of the 13th day of July, 1787, organized the territory northwest of the River Ohio. The gradual extinguishment, by treaty, of the Indian title, as the settlements advanced, together with the proclamation of Winthrop Sargent,[1] acting governor of the territory, on the 15th day of August, 1796, making the whole of Michigan into one county prepared the way for the extension of the admirable system[1] of land surveys already adopted by the government over that vast region, and these were rapidly making their way northward. The office of surveyor-general had been created by Congress. Edward Tiffin[1] was appointed to that important trust, with his office established at Cincinnati, the most considerable town in the territory. Samuel Williams,[1] a man loved and honored by all the deputy surveyors, was the chief clerk of the office and its real manager.

The field to be surveyed was so extensive, and the settlers so rapidly crowding into the wilderness, that many surveyors were employed and kept in the field. Among those who did a large amount of work in Michigan territory was Joseph Wampler, of Tuscarawas county, Ohio. It would be of interest to know something of Mr. Wampler's history but, after much correspondence and search, we find nothing definite in relation to him except as appears in the report of his survey. It is a matter commonly understood, among the early settlers, that he was a

[1] See appendix.
See proclamation, Vol. VIII, p. 496, this series.

Methodist preacher but the official records of that body do not disclose his name. However this may be we know that Mr. Wampler was appointed deputy surveyor-general and assigned a contract to survey in the territory of Michigan. The contract bore date the 18th day of October, 1816, and comprised the subdivisional survey of eighteen townships in eastern Michigan, north of the base line and east of the meridian, described as towns one, two, three, four, five and six north of ranges ten, eleven and twelve east. Eighteen miles in width, east and west, and thirty-six miles in extent, north and south.

It will be of interest to examine the map of Michigan and note what a valuable tract of land this contract embraced. Not excelled elsewhere we think in this State, for the same extent, as a well-watered, rich agricultural region and desirable location. We find in Oakland county the towns of Southfield, Bloomfield, Pontiac, Orion, Oxford, Addison, Oakland, Avon and Royal Oak. In the county of Macomb the towns of Warren, Sterling, Shelby, Washington and Bruce. In Lapeer county, Almont, Dryden and Metamora. Incredible as it may now appear to us, only the year before, November 30, 1815, the surveyor-general had received a letter from some of the deputies who had abandoned their work and reported the entire country as mostly lake, swamp and marsh and he at once communicated the information to the general land office and added "on approaching the eastern part of the military lands, toward the private claims on the straits and lake, the country does not contain so many swamps and lakes but the extreme sterility and barrenness of the soil continues the same. Taking the country altogether, so far as has been explored and to all appearances together with the information received concerning the balance, there would not be more than one acre out of a hundred if there would be one out of a thousand that would in any case admit of cultivation."

Shades of the past! What a change would those first surveyors behold could they now revisit the scenes of their early work? It appears, however, that the authorities gave but small heed to these reports and continued making surveys.

Mr. Wampler entered upon his work the February following the date of his contract. In this it was expressly stipulated that no member of Congress had any interest in it. The compensation for this laborious, difficult and important work was only *three dollars per mile* and fraction thereof. At that time the winter season was deemed the best practicable time to make surveys, largely on account of the ease in crossing marshes and meandering lakes while frozen over. Previous to entering upon his work his assistants (a marker and two chainmen)

were sworn in and subscribed to an affidavit that they would faithfully discharge their respective duties according to the best of their ability and agreeably to instructions. This was signed by William Johnson and David Hoorne, as chainmen, and by Joseph Clark as marker. These affidavits were recorded in the first field book used and the oaths were administered by the deputy surveyor who was, by instructions from the surveyor general, duly authorized. Before the survey of the district was completed another set of chainmen were sworn in, on Oct. 21, 1817. These were Hatsuld Johnson and Francis Dudley, the latter signing by making his mark. So far as the official records show Mr. Clark did the marking for the entire eighteen towns and the survey of the district was completed within two years of date of contract. The survey of township three north, of range twelve east (now Shelby) was certified to as being correct on Feb. 3, 1818.

In this connection it may not be amiss to say that, taken as a whole, the survey in Mr. Wampler's district was, for those times, quite fairly done. And when we take into account the beggarly compensation of three dollars per mile for so important a work, and the entire want of oversight on the part of any government official as the work progressed in the field—all being left entirely to the honor and integrity of the surveyor—it must be conceded to be a matter worthy of great praise that the work was done so well that the settlers were enabled to locate their land without serious difficulty.

We cannot refrain from noticing here, in passing, that subsequently such was not the case as very many of the surveyors, mainly through the inadequacy of proper compensation, acquired the habit of returning fraudulent work largely made up of imaginary and fictitious notes, thus necessitating a re-survey of nearly all the lower peninsula north of the Saginaws. It would appear that even at that early day the government, as well as individuals, had to learn the important lesson that honest work required honest pay and that both were best assured by one's knowledge; that fidelity to duty was by no means impaired by adequate compensation for work faithfully performed. The survey having been completed the field notes thereof were returned in due form to the surveyor general's office, at Cincinnati, and the president of the United States issued his proclamation announcing the lands for sale. The way was now open for the settlement of the township. No general description, as was afterward required of the surveyor for each township surveyed, was given by Mr. Wampler in his field notes of the survey; however, we may say that the surface of the township was quite level on its eastern portion, elsewhere gently rolling and nowhere

hilly. Undulating, grassy plains, with scarcely any timber, formed its central and southwest portions while a broad swell of land comprised the northwest. The eastern and extreme northern parts were heavily timbered, the remainder but slightly. The soil was fertile varying from sandy to clay loam and clay. In such a variety settlers could find about what they wanted, usually selecting such as reminded them of their old homes.

The Clinton river entered the town on section eighteen, and flowing in a southeast direction left it on section thirty-three. Small spring brooks were abundant and everywhere an ample supply of water was easily obtained. It may be readily seen that our six miles square of land was an inviting field to the home seeker. The first occupants of these lands known to us, were the Indians. There are, however, evidences of a pre-historic race of people, who flourished here long before the Indians, as flint arrows, stone implements and fragments of ancient pottery have been found in various places in the township. Animals unknown to us once roamed and lived on our grassy plains and along the alluvial bottoms of the Clinton river. Remains of these mastodons have been unearthed on the farm of Hon. P. K. Leech, and specimens of the jaw-bone and several well preserved teeth may now be seen in the cabinet of Hon. W. W. Andrus. All these giants of the forest, as well as the ancient inhabitants, have become utterly extinct, only these evidences of immense animal life remaining. Turning now to the later occupants of the soil we find the settlers following closely upon the steps of the surveyors. Roads were not then made, but rough trails through the woods over which, with great difficulty, wagons could be hauled by oxen, afforded a possible means of reaching our township, while the Clinton river, our natural highway, afforded canoe navigation, by which means some of the early settlers moved in. The first house erected in the township of Shelby was built by Nathaniel Burgess in the winter of 1816-17 on section thirty-four. Amasa and Jedediah Messenger, as well as Nathaniel Squires, built houses on section twenty-eight in 1817. Asa Partridge and Ira Andrus came in 1819, settling on section thirty-four, and Benjamin[1] and Robert Stead settled on the same section in 1820. One of the first English schools in Macomb county was taught by a Mr. Hadsel, in the winter of 1818-19, the school-house being on the present site of Utica village. The first saw mill was built by Asa Price on the Clinton river in 1828, and Adam Price in the same year put up a grist mill. An election for delegate to Congress was held the same year, July 9; Wing and Bidwell being the candidates, the latter successful in the canvass. We do not know

[1]See appendix.

by whom, or when, our township received its name of Shelby, but believe it has never been changed since first adopted. Not so, however, with our principal village of Utica, which at first received the uncommon, if not euphonious name of "Macdougalville," changed to the easier pronounced "Harlow," and finally to the present Utica.

We now come to the first buyer of land from the general government in our township, and Blake Curtis has the honor of being the first purchaser. The records show that on May 24, 1819, he secured the southwest quarter of section seven, a desirable selection and one of the best quarter sections in the township.

More than two years passed before another entry was made, as we find no sales recorded in 1820. On September 24, 1821, Ezra Burgess bought the southeast quarter and south half of northeast quarter of section thirty-three, comprising 250 acres. This selection is now in part, the site of Utica village. November 20, 1821, James Hazard entered the west half of the northeast quarter of section five; these two entries being the only land bought in our town that year and, singularly enough, were in opposite parts of the township. In 1822 the buyers were more numerous. Ezra Burgess selecting the west half of northwest quarter, section seven, May 13. On June 8, George Hanscom entered the west half of the northwest quarter, section three. Joseph Miller, on June 12, bought the west half of northeast quarter section four, and on June 18, Nathan B. Miller entered the northwest quarter, section four. Elias Stone on July 27, bought the east half of the southeast quarter of the same section, while John Stone on the same date entered the east half of the northeast quarter of section five. October 3, Oliver Nye bought the east half of northwest quarter of section three. James Loper entered the west half of the southwest quarter, section six, October 14. Samuel Axford, on November 2, selected the southeast quarter of the same section, also the east half of the northwest quarter, section seven, and the west half of the northeast quarter. These nine individuals comprise all who made entries of land in our township during the year 1822.

In 1823 but few entries were made. The tract books show that Solomon Stone selected the southeast quarter, section three, May 24 of that year. Joel Barber, June 28, entered the east half of southeast quarter section seventeen. Samuel Axford,[1] July 5, bought the east half of northeast quarter, section seven. Thus it appears that but three buyers of land, from the general government, were on record in 1823.

The numbers were increased somewhat in 1824, but it seems that settlers came in slowly. February 28, Samuel Axford bought the east

[1]For genealogy of the Axford family, see Vol. XIV, p. 669, this series.

half of the southwest quarter, section six; March 23, George Hanscom the east half northeast quarter section four; William Woodbridge entered the northwest quarter, section 34, on April 26. May 17, Eliphas J. Ruland selected the southwest quarter, section three, and on the same date Elias Wilcox the northeast quarter of the same section. Lemuel Williams, Jr., May 29, entered the east half of the southwest quarter, section four. June 3, Elon Dudley bought the west half southeast quarter of the same section.

Edward Martin, June 8, selected the east half of the northeast quarter section six and on the same date Betsey Ann Martin bought the west half of the northeast quarter of the same section. June 21, John Hersey entered the northwest quarter of section six. William Arnold, on July 1, bought the southwest quarter, section five, and on July 2, Abel Warren selected the west half of the southwest quarter, section four, Russel Andrus buying on the same date, the east half of the northwest quarter section eight. July 4, Calvin Davis selected the west half of the northwest quarter of the same section. August 16, William Arnold entered the east half of the northwest quarter, section five, and on the same date Peter Daniels bought the west half of southwest quarter, section 34.

Thirteen persons had made their selections and bought their lands during that year. In the succeeding year, 1825, we have a list of land buyers up to August 4, at which date Abijah Owen entered the west half of the southwest quarter of section eight. In the order of entries previous to this date we find that Jonathan Kearsley bought the east half of the southeast quarter of section 20, on February 23, and Anson A. Adams, on May 14, the northwest quarter, section two. Elisha Nickols, May 27, selected the west half of the northeast quarter, section eight. July 1, John Gilbert entered the northwest quarter, section nineteen, and on July 6, Rufus Wells, the east half of the southwest quarter, section thirty-four.

The foregoing list of the earliest land buyers in the township of Shelby comprises the names of well remembered citizens whose descendants, to a considerable extent, abide with us and occupy homes in the township but in few very instances on the land bought by their forefathers from the general government. It would be of interest to particularize in sketches of these pioneers, but the field is quite too large for the scope of this paper, and as I have given in detail their names, dates and selections of land your memory will recall the deeds and acts of many of these well-remembered toilers who did the pioneer work in our town and did it well. Those who bought land from the government, with but few exceptions, occupied it for homes, but Governor Woodbridge and Jonathan Kearsley, as well as some others, never settled

here. From this time on, the remaining lands in the township were rapidly bought up and settled upon and measures were taken for a township organization. A legislative enactment of April 12, 1827, gave authority and the first town meeting was ordered to be held at the house of Perez Swift, on section twenty-one, the last Monday of the May following. This was a double log house which probably accounts for the selection.

The township of Sterling, adjoining on the south, was for many years associated with and a part of the township of Shelby. At the first town meeting held, a few of the familiar names of our early land buyers appear as among the chosen for the town officers. Calvin Davis presided at the meeting, Abijah Owen was clerk, and Russel Andrus, William Arnold, Elias Wilcox, Elon Dudley and George Hanscom were selected to fill the various offices for that year.

Our township was now rapidly progressing in material development and our people continued to keep fully abreast with the advanced progress of the day in educational and religious improvement. At the present writing we have in the township six houses of public worship and many district school buildings, of easy access to all the youth of the town who desire to attend, while the fine union school at Utica village meets all the demands made upon it, leading on to a university education. The "press" is represented by the weekly "Sentinel," a local paper of large circulation published at Utica.

The Detroit & Bay City railroad crosses the southeast portion of the town and the Michigan Air Line division of the Grand Trunk the northwest part, thereby giving the people excellent railroad facilities. The Clinton and Kalamazoo canal, of which at one time great things were expected, was constructed along the line of the Clinton river. It proved to be of no material public benefit and is now used as a race-way affording water power for mills at Utica. As a rural community, quietly engaged in farming and kindred pursuits we still may entertain a pardonable pride as having contributed, in an unusual degree, to all the demands of public requirements. During the civil war our township furnished its full quota of soldiers and made a most honorable record in that memorable contest for the preservation of the union.

In the legislative halls of the State we have been largely represented, as the following roster of seventeen names and dates of election will show: In the territorial legislature we find the name of Jacob Summers, elected 1835. In the house of representatives Isaac Monfort, in 1837; Ephraim Calkins, 1838; Orison Sheldon, 1838; G. C. Leech, 1841; Samuel Axford, 1842; Harleigh Carter, 1845-50; Payne K. Leech,

1846; Laman B. Price, 1847; Oliver Adams, 1853; Philander Ewell, 1855-6; William Brownell, 1857-8; H. D. Runyan, 1871-2; Alexander Grant, 1881-2-3-4. In the State senate, Samuel Axford, 1837; Jacob Summers, 1838-9-40; Ira H. Butterfield, 1861-2; Seymour Brownell, 1872; William W. Andrus, 1881-2. Constitutional convention, William W. Andrus, 1867.

We would here observe that the desire for political preferment among our people has undoubtedly kept even pace with our growth of population and we can furnish as many representatives now, in proportion, as when, fifty-five years ago, we first had a member in the territorial council.

We may also note that a number of United States deputy surveyors received their appointment, as residents of Shelby township, to the important duty of executing the linear surveys in the public domain. We recall the names of George E. Adair, George H. Cannon,[1] Levi H. Cannon, James S. Lawson and Walter Warner. These men have done much pioneer work in the land surveys of this State, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, New Mexico and Nevada.

We have thus traced, in a brief way, some features in regard to the early history and settlement of our township which we hope will be of interest and of value in its contribution to historical data. We would here acknowledge the valuable aid rendered us in the preparation of this paper, by Hon. W. W. Andrus, for much of the statistical information as regards the first settlers, and much other material of interest to our favored township. With a pardonable pride we may well apply to ourselves the language of the Psalmist when he says: "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places" and we hereby express the hope that the sons and daughters of Shelby may ever guard, with loving care, their goodly heritage.

[1]George H. Cannon was an officer of this society and contributed several articles to the volumes. One of these on the Western Boundaries caused an investigation in Congress on the Wisconsin line not yet settled. Through his efforts an oil portrait of a Macomb artist, William Gibbs, and the solar compass invented by William A. Burt were given to the society's museum. He died at Washington, Macomb county, Dec. 10, 1909. A fine biography will be found in Vol. XXXVIII, this series, written by his life long, intimate friend, John E. Day of Armada, Mich.

EARLY HISTORY OF ST. CLAIR COUNTY

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INDIANS, OKEMOS, MACONCE, JOHN RILEY AND MOTHERS RODD AND OBEIDIG. CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

BY MRS. B. C. FARRAND[1], OF PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

EARLY DAYS IN ST. CLAIR COUNTY

It has been my endeavor, in the preparation of this article, not to re-construct that which has been written, but to preserve from oblivion facts and incidents in the memory of those now living.

These reminiscences may reveal to those who come after us some idea of the hardships and privations of pioneer life and lead to a desire to honor the memory of those who made possible the development and civilization of the present day.

On the first voyage up the beautiful St. Clair river Father Hennepin is reported to have observed to his fellow voyager, La Salle, "Those who will have the good fortune to possess these beautiful and fertile lands will be under many obligations to us who have cleared the way."

Though two centuries have passed since these words were uttered, there are those now living who helped clear the way—those whose parents fled for safety, with their families, to the fort at Detroit, for fear of massacre by the savage Indians, those who remember when the Indians seemed to be the proprietors of the soil, when they roamed over it free as the air and restless as the river on which floated their canoe.

For the purpose of bringing to mind the conditions of this locality, at the close of the last century I will refer to a chattel mortgage made 19th Sept., 1789, the year of the adoption of the constitution of the United States. It was dated, "Detroit, Province of Quebec." The parties were "Wm. Thorn of the river Sinclair" and "Meldrum & Park of Detroit aforesaid." The amount stated in pounds, shillings and pence, New York currency.

Also to a deed "recorded in land office in Detroit, 13th January, 1796 of land on the river Sinclair, from Alexander Harrow (Harrone)

[1]See Vol. XXXII, pp. 603, 604 this series for biography.

Esq., to James Cartwright, yeoman, containing six acres in front, and forty acres in depth, and that there was delivered a piece of soil, on the said premises in the name of the whole thereof" etc. Consideration £200, New York currency, and a paper is found dated September, 1802, giving a certified list of taxable property in the St. Clair township. By this list we learn that sixty-four persons were assessed for ninety-three horses and 216 cows, (no real estate) "a true return of taxable property" signed "Louis Campau." According to a proclamation signed Jan. 10, 1802, by Wm. Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana territory, and received Feb. 11, 1802, the township at that time must have been included in the county of Wayne, in the northeastern part of the territory of Indiana.

Of these times Rev. O. C. Thompson and Hon. Aura P. Stewart have written full accounts and of the early settlers, which have been already published in the pioneer collections.

Early in this century there was living on the land now known as the Sutherland place[1] on the Canada side of St. Clair river one William Brown, who was born in Detroit in 1784. His wife, Martha Thorn, a year younger than himself, was from what is now Cottrellville and a daughter of the party to the mortgage referred to above. They were married in 1806 and in this quiet home they traded with the surrounding Indians, having bought their land from them. Here were born to them their oldest children, Nancy, now Mrs. Peter F. Brakeman of Marysville, and James D. Brown, living near Marine City. This William Brown is the same who conveyed a number of fat cattle and other supplies to the starving soldiers at Fort Gratiot in the war of 1812. The commissary at Detroit had much trouble to find a safe convoy, as a short time before a U. S. Lieutenant with a squad of troops was attacked on the river and the officer lost his life. Brown went from Detroit to Point Aux Trembles[1] the first night, and the next night delivered the supplies at Fort Gratiot, a distance of sixty miles.

When the British commander, Gen. Proctor, issued his proclamation requiring "all settlers to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain," Mr. Brown and his family removed to Detroit, and with his brothers worked in the construction of the stockade fort. After it was completed he removed to Mt. Clemens (now called) and the next year removed to a point on the river a mile below Marine City, and bought land for his farm, being about the first settler in that vicinity. They remained in this place and cultivated his farm, some of the time keeping hotel, until his death in 1874, when ninety years old.

Peace was declared in 1815. The families on the river owning farms, through the intercession of Father Richard with General Cass, were

[1]See appendix.

furnished with rations. Most of the time during the war they could subsist in no other way, for fear of the Indians, who drove off their cattle and committed depredations, as a means of revenge, because the older members of the families were in the American army. Were it not for this fear they would have had abundance. Wild meat was plenty, with corn and vegetables and white fish. But tea was one dollar a pound, flour twenty dollars a barrel, pork forty-five dollars and meals one dollar each.

It was much trouble to get their corn ground. There were but two mills within reach. One a small wind mill at the mouth of Clinton river, and another on the Canada side ten miles up the Thames river. Going to mill often occupied eight or ten days. With surroundings like these the childhood days of the Browns were passed. Mr. James D. Brown remembers the first steamboat that was on the river, and well named "Walk in the Water." Her speed was not much like the ocean flyers of the present time.

The first schoolmaster on the river was Jacob G. Street, father-in-law of Folkert C. Folkerts, of Alpena, Mich. Capts. John and Albert Stewart, Mr. Abraham Smith, of Algonac, and sisters, and Mr. Angus Smith of Milwaukee, all attended this school. Capt. Peer was also a pupil.

In 1826 and 1827 Mr. Peter F. Brakeman taught school in Algonac; there was then no schoolhouse, no school director, no school laws, no school books. Mr. Brakeman was of German descent, his grandparents coming from Hesse Darmstadt, and at ten years of age, he could speak no English. He was clerk in the first store opened in Algonac, and learned the Indian language. The Indians both loved and feared him. In 1832 he married Miss Nancy Brown, oldest daughter of Wm. Brown before mentioned, who still survives at an advanced age. Possessed of a most retentive memory and familiar in her youth with much that transpired at that early day, and having become acquainted with the Indians in their friendly visits, and their trade with her father, and husband, Mrs. Brakeman is able to contribute much from her rich stores of memory. From Mrs. Brakeman and her daughters, Misses Anna and Hannah Brakeman, has been gathered some of the material for the accompanying short sketches of Indians well known to all early settlers in St. Clair county.

FRANCOIS MACONCE,

chief of the Pottawattamies, lived at Swan Creek or Salt river, where for many years he kept hotel and traded. His father, Maconce, or Cum-e-kum-a-now, was chief of the tribes on the reservation and was

much beloved. His nod was will for the tribes. But this man of commanding will power was himself held by a greater power, that of the white man's whiskey. And so it came to pass that one evening after drinking very freely, he hurried down to the water and jumping in committed suicide. His rapid tread had attracted the attention of Mrs. Stockton and Mrs. Clemens and they heard the splash in the water. His body was found the next day and was wrapped in blue broadcloth, bound together or clasped with silver brooches, his hat ornamented with bands of silver, a string of sixteen silver crescents and armlets decorated his body, and he was buried in the orchard of John Tucker,[1] in the southeast part of Chesterfield. This was in 1816, and Francois then became chief and lived here till 1830, when he removed to Kansas with most of his tribe, where he died but a few years ago. Mrs. Maconce's housekeeping was quite remarkable. The lawyers from Detroit on their way to the county seat stopped on the way and passed a night at the Maconces. There were judges Witherell, Sibley and Whipple and Chancellor O'Keefe. They traveled on horseback. Mrs. Maconce dressed like a white woman and was neat and tidy in person and in her housekeeping. Immediately on the arrival of the travelers they were ready for a meal. Mrs. Mc. would be seen washing her hands preparatory to making the shortcake and frying the venison. All relished the meal thus prepared and pronounced it most luxurious and appetizing. The beds also were nice and clean and the blankets of the purest, cleanest white. Next morning they resumed the journey, and the next night was passed at Billy Brown's near what is now Marine City. Chancellor O'Keefe was always very well dressed, and one night he is remembered to have become so hilarious as to have danced with his silk stockings fallen down over his slippers much to the amusement of the children of the family.

The first wife of Maconce was remarkable for the beauty of her hands—they were handsomely formed and soft as those of gentle-folk—so I am informed by Judge Albert Miller of Bay City, at whose house she stopped with her husband, the chief at the time of the sale of the Saginaw lands. They then went on to London, Ontario, where she died. A sister of Maconce was the wife of chief Wawanosh of Sarnia, whose descendants are now on the reservation and many of them are highly educated. Maconce was a Free Mason. He died in Kansas, whither he removed with most of his tribe in 1830.

OGEMOS, OR OKEMOS,

was a nephew of the great chieftain, Pontiac, and like him was a

[1]See appendix.

bold and daring warrior. He was in person fleshy and short, and was full of life and ambition. He was buried in Ionia county, December 5, 1858, and was not less than one hundred years old. On one occasion, on his way to Sarnia for the purpose of obtaining his annuity, he, with his wife and children stayed over night at Mrs. Brakeman's. His wife at the time was very ill with consumption, and he manifested toward her much sympathy and kindness, himself dressing her feet and waiting upon her, much like an attentive white husband. He carried her in his arms to the canoe in which they were to cross the St. Clair river. When near the middle of the stream he hoisted the British flag, but he did not receive the payments for which he made the trip. He said he had much trouble; his wife died on the way, and he returned to bury her, taking her body to the Riley settlement, and afterward went down to Malden to straighten out the annuity business.

How he succeeded I do not know, as he had given in his allegiance to the United States, after the battle of Sandusky, in which he was engaged, and which was the great event of his life, having been left on the battlefield as dead, for two or three days.

He with other Indians had enlisted under the British flag and had formed a scouting party for American scalps. His story as told by himself is already recorded in the county histories of Saginaw and of St. Clair, and I will not now repeat. After his recovery from his wounds he saw he was on the wrong side and took the oath of fealty to the United States which he faithfully observed. But I have not satisfied myself of his entire honesty in claiming the protection of the British flag in 1844. Perhaps his poverty knew no law. At the time of this visit of Okemos at Mr. Brakeman's, which was Dec. 21, 1844, they conversed together in Indian the whole evening. Okemos stated he was well known in Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Dexter, Jackson and Pontiac, and pulled his shirt up over his head and showed the scars of the fearful wounds made by the tomahawks and the indentations of the bullets in the battle of Sandusky.

A picture of him was taken just before his death which in 1881 was in possession of O. A. Jenison, of Lansing.*

His totem was the bear.

JOHN RILEY OR RYLEY,

one of the leading spirits among the Indians, was an Ojibway chief and for many years resided on the south side of Black river, Port

*This picture (photograph) is now the property of The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. Mr. Jenison had it framed and presented it to the society, and it now hangs in the society's room in the State capitol.—*G. H. G., Cor. Sec.*

Huron[1] (now called), near the corner of the present Military and Water streets. He was a half-breed, a man of commanding appearance, quite courtly in manner, with very good features, almost white, considerably educated, and spoke English very well. He was here in 1813, and may have been earlier. There was only one other house, that of the Frenchman, Anselm Petit. The father of Ryley was James Van Slyck Ryley, incorrectly given by Saginaw county history, son of Philip, born October 3, 1861, and died January 8, 1848, aged 86. J. R's. mother's name is mentioned three times in the treaty of Saginaw, 1819, Me-naw-cam-e-goqua, a Chippewa woman, and his brothers, Peter and James.

Art. 3. Treaty of Saginaw. "There shall be reserved * * * * For the use of John Riley * * * six hundred and forty acres of land, beginning at the head of the first marsh above the mouth of the Saginaw river on the east side thereof." Also the same number of acres respectively to Peter and James of same mother.

Signed by Lewis Cass and by the chiefs and warriors of the Chippewa nation of Indians, September 24, 1819.

The location of John Riley's land is now Bay City. Among the witnesses at signing, I noticed the name of James D. S. Riley.

In a letter just received from Isaac D. Toll, one of the vice presidents of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, he writes, "The Ryleys by heritage came from an excellent stock," and also states that he had several papers concerning Judge James Ryley, also one concerning one of the Rileys (John perhaps), guiding Gen. Cass, Judge Moran and others in repelling hostile Indians in suburbs of Detroit in 1812. And of Riley's shooting a hostile Indian in the advance.

"The Rileys were of great help to us in the war of 1812, aiding everywhere with loyal fidelity." So wrote Judge Witherell. The father was a most fearless man of great strength and resolution.

Mr. Toll writes that he knew the father at Schenectady, New York. His grandmother's half brother, and Judge Thompson the father of the late Deacon Edwin Thompson of Port Huron, also knew him, as postmaster at that place. Judge Witherell said no man was more honored and respected, and relates an incident when Ryley as a youth, on his entrance into Detroit refused to work on the King's highway as ordered, and the soldiers were drawn up to flog him, but Ryley dared them to do it, and Major Antrim[2] of the British army was so dazed by his Herculean mould and courage that he let him go. The assistance the Rileys had been able to give to the United States Government was no doubt the cause of the generous reservations of land for their individual use, in the Saginaw treaty of 1819. James Riley's grant was

[1]See appendix.
[2]Major Ancrum

where East Saginaw now stands, and Peter's was on the west side of the river.

In 1836 the father revisited Detroit and met John there, whom he advised to sell his land for a sum not less than $30,000. They were bought by Andrew T. McReynolds and F. H. Stevens as were also the lands of the other Rileys.

John Riley lived near the mouth of Black river in a block house of two rooms. The front and larger room was used by the Indians of his band, of whom there were not less than twelve—often twice that number—sleeping on the floor in their blankets; their cooking was done outside in the open air. The chief, and his wife, occupied the smaller, and rear room. They had a bedstead in one corner; but my informant, Mrs. Davis wife of Col. Davis, says as a little girl she often peeked into the room and the bed was neither nice nor clean looking.

The Riley band of Indians settled the town of Riley, which received its name from the chief. He engaged in trade there and had a fine store, the townspeople making especial mention of his good qualities. One morning he visited the house of Mrs. Ezra Hazen of Memphis, she addressed him in Indian, "Bon-jour," and was much surprised when she received a most correct salutation "Good morning, madam." He was not successful as a merchant, trusted the Indians too much, and failed to make collections. After the sale of the lands in Riley, in 1836, I have not pursued my investigations, except to learn that he died at Muncie Town, on the Thames river, Canada, and was buried in 1842 by Rev. H. P. Chase.

Peter Riley married an educated French woman named Delno, and lived at Belle River. After his death she married Mr. Achan Roselle.

Nancy Riley, a sister of Peter, James and John, married an Indian named Shaw-we-naw-cob-way, who was the grandfather of James Sage the interpreter for the government and for the missionaries. Nancy's daughter also married an Indian whose name was Pe-nasche-we-quom, who again after the death of his first wife married Katicho, the second daughter of old Mother Rodd. They lived at Swan Creek.

At the age of twenty, Nancy Riley's daughter, Mrs. Pe-nasche-we-quom, gave birth to her first child and died. Her funeral was witnessed by the Brown children. Their father said to them, "See that you sit still, you must not act bad when the old man talks." They sat near by partly hidden in the bush.

A long procession of canoes came up the river bearing the tribe and the dead body of the young woman, Nancy the grandmother, with the new-born son in her arms, wrapped in blanket after blanket.

The entire company with faces marked on brow and cheek with charcoal, all clothed with their oldest garments and blankets, a sorry looking company, in sack cloth and ashes, with not a single ornament. They surrounded the open grave and before the body was lowered, the father made a speech. The speech made frequent use of the name of God, which the children could understand.

The grave was in David Cottrell's[1] orchard. Nancy the grandmother, took the babe and put it to her breast and though for twenty years the fountain had been dry it now furnished nourishment and sustenance for the grandson. He grew to manhood, was educated by the missionaries and given by them the name of James Sage, and served as interpreter for the Indian chief at Sarnia, Ontario.

OLD MOTHER RODD[2]

In the State library at Lansing, is hung a portrait made in oil, of this Indian centenarian. It is a gift of the late Hon. D. B. Harrington,[1] a former vice-president of the State Pioneer Society, and your secretary has invited me to give some description of this quaint character, so long seen upon the streets of the towns lying upon the banks of the St. Clair. Her name was by many thought to have been derived from the long staff or rod she always had with her in her travels, and many an impertinent or insolent boy has felt its persuasive power, by a gentle blow upon his head or arm. Mother Rodd was of full Indian lineage, but I will trace it only to her grandfather, May-zhe-ke-osh or Falling-Snow. He had four sons. Wimekee or Thunder; Muck-e-ta-moosh-na, or Black Kerchief; Che-kin-a-bick or Serpent and Pe-tauch-ne-nouk or Running Brook, the youngest and father of Mother Rodd. Her husband, Alexander Rodd was a half-breed, part French, and his Indian name was She-she-pe-anee or Little Duck. He lost his life near what is now Port Huron. Several Indian families were encamped about five miles up Hauviere[3] deludes or Black River for the purpose of making maple sugar. One day Rodd went out from the camp for a hunt and shot a deer, breaking its leg. The next day he went out in search of it, to bring it in to camp, taking with him a cousin of Mother Rodd, named Mass-e-nee-ke-zhick, Mixed Clouds, a son of her uncle Serpent. Wapoose, Wawanorh and two other Indians, had talked the matter over and decided to kill Rodd, and so were on the lookout for him, one shot him in the side, one in the back and one in the head, the last killing him. A Sarnia Indian said not long ago that it was a Saginaw Indian named Shah-ne-schaw-pe-nace or Green Bird, who was the murderer. They buried him where he fell. His coat and gun

[1]See appendix.
[2]See History of St. Clair county, p. 186 for poem written just before her death.
[3]This should be la Riviere Delude.

were brought to Mother Rodd, the coat had a bullet hole in the back. From that time the poor woman despised the whole tribe of Saginaw Indians. After this she was twice married, but was always known by the name Rodd. Her totem was the *turtle*. Among her possessions was an oblong wooden dish, made to represent a turtle, given to her by a friend, who made it, an Indian from Walpole Island. Upon the corner of her white blanket, which she wrapped around her in cold weather, could often be seen the figure of a small turtle worked with red yarn.

Strictly honest in all her dealings, she was also industrious and did her work well—her brooms, baskets and mats were always well made. She would often scold about the lazy Indians, saying it was their own fault, if they were poor and hungry.

In the winter she would camp in the woods, and in the summer on the bank of the river. She would then gather berries and exchange them for provisions of which she always had a full supply for herself and youngest daughter, who remained with her. When she peddled she was dressed in her best and had her berries in a bright tin pail, saying she made a more ready sale for them by so doing. She made good maple sugar and would mold it into cakes to give to the children of her friends, always expecting some present in return. She was a good doctress, using herbs and roots. A peculiar application of her skill I will give as narrated by Miss Anna Brakeman.

"I remember when I was quite young that there was an Indian, a son of Mrs. Obeidig, and a grand-son of Serpent, Whan-go-he-zhe-get by name, who, although he had a wife, had fallen in love with a young squaw and wished to have her for his wife. Mother Rodd at that time had her camp on the back of my father's farm, about one mile south of Military street bridge, Port Huron, and half a mile west of where the tunnel is building. My sister and myself visited her camp and found the Indian above mentioned undergoing treatment, Indian fashion, for desiring to leave his wife. He looked very sober, sitting on the ground in her tent, as if in a fit of sickness. A person unacquainted with the circumstances would have supposed him very ill. His head was bent over an old fashioned frying pan containing water, and a large stone, heated, was placed in it to produce a steam. A large Mackinac blanket was placed around him to keep in the steam. In this way she was sweating the evil, or devil, out of him. The treatment was successful, as he continued living with his wife until his death which occurred after about two years."

Before she became too old and infirm Mother Rodd made yearly visits

to her Indian friends on Walpole island, always traveling in her canoe and paddling it herself. She would there receive large presents of corn, always of the white flint variety, which is much the best for hulling purposes, and she hulled it both for soup and for hominy, pounding it in a mortar made by hollowing out the trunk of a hardwood tree about three feet long, using a wooden pestle.

She was always very fond of the Americans, but her home was on the Sarnia reservation, and her children resided there. She, also, regularly received an annuity from the British government.

One day she started to cross the river in her canoe, and meeting a squirrel swimming across the water, she killed it with her paddle, saying it was a British squirrel and she did not want it to land on the American side.

Twenty-two years before her death, she lived to be a hundred and fifteen (some think), she had her grave clothes made and placed them in care of Mrs. Brakeman. The leggins were of bright red cloth, such as the British government furnished the Indians at that time, and were trimmed with ribbons and beads and were very gaudy. During her last sickness she expressed a wish to be baptized and Rev. Allen Salt, an Indian preacher, administered to her the ordinance of Christain baptism. She lies buried in the Indian cemetery at Sarnia. Her grave is marked by a head board painted white on which in letters of black paint is inscribed her name. Her death occurred in 1870.

A historian should make only faithful representations, and truth compels me to write that in her later years, she was often under the influence of whiskey, and roamed around, visiting only at the homes of her friends, who *never* refused the hospitality of their kitchen floor. So sad the influence of fire water. Two of her children are still living, very aged, blind and infirm, on the Sarnia reserve. They together lived for twelve years with the Moran family of Detroit, and when conversing with each other always used the French language. Their names are Mrs. Charlotte Dupre, and Antoine Rodd.

Andrew Yates, a cousin, who was a son of Serpent, was at the school of Messrs. Hudson & Hart, missionaries of the American Board, and has acted as interpreter for the British Government, is still living, very aged. He was present at Washington at the treaty of 1836. His sister, Mrs. Obeidig, was very gentle, lady-like in every way—used a rocking chair—and was well known to many of the best families of Port Huron and vicinity until quite recently.

Both Mother Rodd and Mrs. Obeidig retained the use of the Indian blanket and the moccasins as long as they lived.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO

BY E. L. WENTZ

Bay City, Michigan, October 9, 1889.

Judge Albert Miller:

My Dear Sir—In compliance with your request, I give you some of my recollections of the Saginaw valley, about the time you and I first became acquainted; together with a few of the incidents that occurred during my residence in the valley fifty-two years ago.

I left Binghamton, New York, my native town, in company with Alfred Hovey, on the 19th day of June, 1837, with the view of finding employment in the west. We traveled by stage to Olean, New York, and there purchased a skiff, and rowed down the Alleghany river to Warren, Pennsylvania, where we took stage again and went to Dunkirk, New York where we expected to get a steamer up the lake. But on our arrival at Dunkirk, we learned that steamboats did not land there, so we took passage on a schooner to Cleveland, Ohio, and there changed to a steamboat going to Monroe, Michigan. There we changed to another steamboat, and finally reached Detroit on the first day of July, making the journey from Binghamton, New York, to Detroit, Mich., in twelve days.

At Detroit we saw same flaming posters, advertising very low fare to Saginaw City, by the steamer Governor Marcy.[1] On account of the depleted condition of our finances, the low fare was a temptation, and we took passage on the Governor Marcy, and arrived at Saginaw City July 3, 1837. When we saw Saginaw City we were disappointed. We had not known before, what might constitute a western city. Where we expected to find a city of at least ten thousand inhabitants, we found a little hamlet of about fifteen buildings, and not over one hundred white people. The prospect for finding employment was not very flattering. I went to an old log tavern and engaged board for us at two dollars and fifty cents per day each. The sleeping rooms were

[1]See appendix.

all in one, and contained about thirty single beds with the numbers chalked on the logs at the head. The entrance to this bed chamber was up a ladder through a hole in the floor.

We got our baggage to the hotel and stowed away under our beds, and then took a walk to the river and up along the bank to an old sawmill, and sat down on a saw log to talk over the situation. Mr. Hovey counted his money and found he had just two dollars and fifty cents. I had no money to count. We were perplexed to know what to do. I suggested that we could cut wood, as there was plenty of it in the country. Hovey said, "Yes, but there are no people here to burn it." While we were canvassing the matter, we saw a large canoe-like craft coming down the river, propelled by twelve oars, and when it got nearly opposite us, it turned in and landed directly in front of where we were sitting, and the first man to step out of it was Charles F. Smith, the chief engineer of the Saginaw and Grand River canal.[1] Mr. Smith had come down from the woods at Bad River, bringing his whole corps of engineers and camp equipage to Saginaw to celebrate the fourth of July. I had worked with Smith for some time on the New York and Erie railroad in New York, and knew him intimately. He soon told me that he had work for both of us, and we took hold with a will and helped to pitch the tents on the bank near the north-east corner of the old government stockade, and the first night in Saginaw I spent in a tent with the engineer corps of the Saginaw and Grand River canal. What was projected as the Saginaw and Grand River canal, is better known at the present time as the "Bad River canal." Smith held the party in Saginaw several days to allow some of them to sober up from their celebration, and then sent us to the woods at Bad River, he remaining in Saginaw City.

SAGINAW CITY

When I first saw Saginaw City, it contained not over fifteen buildings all told. At the extreme south end of the town, on the bank of the river was a steam saw mill, with one upright saw, that if closely tended, might have cut one thousand feet of lumber in twenty-four hours. A short distance from the mill and a hundred yards from the river, was a red building where Judge Miller and Dr. Miller kept store. Gardner Williams had a residence about a thousand feet back from the river at the extreme south end of the town. Near the red store were two or three small buildings, in one of which was the postoffice, and many a lark we had at that old postoffice while waiting for the mail that came to Saginaw but once a week on horseback by way of

[1]See appendix.

Flint and the old Indian trail. About a thousand feet from the post-office down the river and immediately on the bank was a ware house, directly back of which at the foot of the bluff, was a small building, in which some one kept a stock of Indian goods, and still further back on the top of the bluff was an old government stockade. Two hundred feet north of the stockade, was the old log tavern, kept by an Englishman by the name of Malden. Six to eight hundred feet further north and a hundred feet further back from the river was a small building where Henry Pratt kept a shoe shop, and still further north was Richman and Lyon's store, a little north of which and immediately on the bluff was a dwelling, but I have forgotten the name of the family who occupied it. At the extreme north end of the town, Mr. Jewett had a nice residence in which he kept a hotel. There was also a very nice residence in the southwest part of the town occupied by a Mr. Little. There might have been two or three other buildings in Saginaw City, but I think I have named and located all of importance.

When in Saginaw City, I made my home at Malden's log tavern for the first year, and then the Webster house was built and opened by Mr. Harring, after which I made that my stopping place, often assisting Mr. Harring in the hotel office when there. I have a vivid recollection of a high lark that Henry Pratt and I had at the Webster house a short time after it was opened. There was some doings that brought all of the people of the country into town, and they all stopped at the Webster house. I was assisting in the office. The country guests all took off their boots, shoes and stockings in the office and left them there, going up stairs bare-footed to bed. After all were in bed and the house quiet, Pratt and I went to his shop, got some shoe brushes and blacking, returned to the hotel and blacked one of every pair of boots and shoes we could find in the house. We worked at it until daylight, then blacked one of our own in the same way, and went to bed for about an hour. I came into the office early to see the effect of our night's work. When the people began to come down the fun commenced. Everyone tried to get a pair of polished boots or shoes, some didn't know their shoes and looked half an hour for them, some accepted the joke and laughed, while others cursed a blue streak, threatening to kill the person who blacked their shoes if they could find out who did it. During the day nearly every man to be met on the streets had on one polished boot or shoe, and that was evidence that they were guests of the Webster house.[1] Pratt and I kept very still and had our laugh all to ourselves. Saginaw was at

[1]Built in 1836.

that time very dull, and anything that created a little excitement was enjoyable.

In 1837 Saginaw was quite isolated, there was no communication with the rest of the world, except by the Saginaw river, the bay and lakes, or by the old Indian trail to Flint. I have walked the old trail several times, it was a wet and dreary road, all the way through a dense forest, with no improvements of any kind along it. My first journey over the trail was on the 18th day of September, 1838. I was on my way home for a visit. On my return I walked by the trail from Flint to Saginaw, carrying my trunk on my back. Again about the 25th of December, 1838, I walked over it on my way to Detroit to settle with the auditor of the State. Among my duties as assistant engineer was that of commissary of subsistence, and necessitated my expending some money for the State. In settling my accounts on the first day of January, 1839, the auditor disputed an item of six boxes of soap in my bill, and insisted upon my taking the item out, saying that soap was a "luxury" that the State could not allow. I told him that we were "allowed brandy, whiskey and stock-ale," and that I thought soap just as necessary as liquors, and then occasionally, when we forgot what was on our tin dishes last, we washed them, we also washed our own clothing and required soap for these purposes. He finally audited my account and I returned by stage to Flint and then walked the old trail to Saginaw.

During the fall of 1837 and the winter of 1837 and 1838, the line of the canal was located, and early in 1838 the contract for building the entire work was let to Smock & Little, and Myron Smock, a son of the contractor, came from Detroit and went onto the work as superintendent for the contractors. The work of construction went along finely, until October, 1839, when all of the timber for the locks was out and on the ground, and about one mile of the earth work completed. Financial embarrassment of the State stopped the work, the laborers were discharged without pay, and went to Saginaw City and threatened to mob all parties connected with the contract. They finally left after a big scare of the people of Saginaw, which was the end of the Saginaw and Grand River canal. The canal as projected was twenty miles long with ninety feet width and nine feet depth of water. In traveling between Saginaw and our canal work we were compelled to use canoes, there being no roads or trails, and the country was low, flat and wet, with numerous streams and bayous to cross that made it almost impossible to get there excepting by the rivers.

When I returned to Saginaw after my visit home in the fall of 1838, I found two of our engineering party there, shaking with the

ague, and the following day I began shaking too. After a few days we concluded to go to our camp in the woods at Bad River. We started from Saginaw in a canoe early in the morning, and by noon got to the mouth of Bad river, where we found the river so full of ice and snow that we couldn't force the canoe through it. We drew the canoe out on the bank and started to walk. The bayous forced us back from the river and it being cloudy and dark, we soon lost our points of compass, and traveled until dark without finding our camp. We lay down on the ground for the night, and to add to our discomforts, it soon began raining, and rained all night. It was the latter part of November and quite cold. The next morning, wet, cold and nearly starved, we started at daylight and traveled the whole day until dark, and found no camp. After an hour's work we succeeded in getting a fire with flint and punk. We gathered a lot of wood and had a comfortable fire through the night. In the morning started again at daylight and traveled hard until nearly dark, when Winthrop, one of our party said, "If you can take us back to where we sat down on the log to rest, I can go to the fire where we stayed last night." I objected, but they both insisted upon going back. Feeling a little democratic at the time, I allowed the majority to rule, and soon took the party to the place Winthrop had designated, and then turned the lead over to Winthrop, I going some way behind, to see the course he would take. We traveled for an hour and came to the fire, I went about two hundred feet away from the fire, and found the place where I had given Winthrop the lead. Our third night out was just before us, we were wet, cold and hungry, three days had passed since we tasted food. I didn't sleep any that night, for I began to think that possibly we were lost, and I felt a little uneasy about the situation. It was the longest night that I ever experienced. About an hour before daylight I was standing by the fire trying to dry my clothes and warm myself; I noticed a red appearance in the horizon and thought it was caused by the sun coming up. I called the other boys and we all felt certain that it was in the east. We knew that if we could travel east we would come to the Shiawassee marshes, and could then find our way back to Saginaw. I selected three trees in range with the red appearance in the horizon, and ran a line by keeping three trees in range, determined that we should not stay a third night by that fire. About noon we found a thorn-apple tree loaded with fruit. We stripped the tree, filling our pockets and hats with the fruit, and went on our way rejoicing. A little before night I discovered that the ground fell off to our left, and I left the boys to watch our line, and went down about

three hundred feet and came to the bank of Bad River. I called the boys, and we examined the surrounding closely to be certain that we were right, for things were rather mixed. There was a large tree turned up by the roots, laying across the river, that we had drawn a canoe over a hundred times, and we felt certain that we could not be mistaken in the tree, but as it now appeared to us the roots were on the wrong side of the river, and we wondered if some fellow had been there and changed ends with it. We were about two miles from where we left our canoe, and seven miles from our camp. There was no current in the stream, and we had some discussion as to which way was up the river and which down. We concluded that the tree was just as we had always known it, the roots on the north side of the stream, and knowing that the river flowed easterly, we started up it. We soon came to a branch of Bad River that we had to cross, and found it frozen over, the ice about half an inch thick. I took a club and went in, swimming against the ice, and breaking it with the club. I got about half way across and the cold water forced me out. Winthrop then went in and succeeded in getting across. "Jimmie" a little Irishman of our party could not swim, so I helped him to get some long poles and we laid them out on the ice and "Jimmie" crawled out on his hands and knees on the poles. And by hitching first one pole then the other, he succeeded in getting about two-thirds of the way over, when his poles slipped apart and "Jimmie" went in through the ice. Winthrop and I helped him out, and we went on to another branch of Bad River that we crossed in the same way only that "Jimmie" got safely over. We now had five miles before us to camp, with a good dry Indian trail on top of a high sandy ridge all the way. The joy at getting in satisfied all hunger, and we all went to bed without eating.

During the winter of 1837 and 1838 I made a survey of the Saginaw River from deep water in the bay to the head of the Saginaw, thence up the Shiawassee and Bad River to the canal, cutting holes in the ice and taking soundings, showing the channel and depth of water at all points. There were no residences along the Saginaw, Shiawassee or Bad River at that time, excepting at Saginaw City, and one or two others along the Saginaw, one, an old, dilapidated shanty, located, I think, where Bay City now is. There was no East Saginaw, or Bay City, or West Bay City then, and but one saw mill on the river below Saginaw City, located I think in what is now South Bay City. The people had hardly learned of the millions of wealth in the pine timber of the Saginaw valley, and no one thought of the salt that lay only a

few feet under the surface, waiting the enterprise and energy of the people to develop into millions of wealth.

I was never more surprised in my life than on my return to the Saginaw valley in 1882, after forty-three years' absence, found Saginaw City grown from a little hamlet to a beautiful city; East Saginaw transformed from a swamp in a wilderness to a large city, and Bay City built up from nothing to a beautiful and populous city. All of them with their fine public buildings, substantial business blocks of stone and brick, their water-works, paved streets and beautiful flagged walks, their street railways, commodious school buildings and palatial residences, and the Saginaw River spanned with a score of substantial iron bridges and the river's bank lined with mills, piles of lumber, salt blocks and manufactories, all of this together with the four or five railroads, taxed to their utmost capacity in transporting to market the lumber, salt and manufactured goods, together with the products of the rich and well cultivated farms that abound in and surround the Saginaw valley. This was beyond my conception, and when I saw it I could hardly credit my eyes. The clearing up of the wilderness into well cultivated farms, and system of drainage tending to the improvement of health of the country, makes the Saginaw valley of today as desirable a place to reside in, either for health, pleasure or business, as America affords.

With high regards, yours very truly,

E. L. WENTZ

SAGINAW ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

AND THE ORIGIN OF A BAND OF INDIANS, AND OF THE NAME OF A LOCATITY IN GENESEE COUNTY.

BY ALBERT MILLER

But few materials can be gathered from which a history of the Saginaw country prior to 1819 can be compiled.

The well known Indian tradition regarding the conquest of the country by the Chippewas of the north from the Sauks and their last

sanguinary battle at Skull island, near Bay City, has been written by William R. McCormick, Esq., and published in volume number seven of Pioneer Collections. In the "Pontiac manuscript," which is published in the eighth volume of Pioneer Collections, it is stated that on the last day of May, 1763, the great chief of the Saulteux (Sauteaux) of Saginaw, Wasson, with two hundred Indians of his band, had arrived to reinforce the besiegers. The subsequent conduct of the chief and his followers as related in the manuscript confirms the generally received opinion regarding the savage nature and vindictive character of the Indians of the Saginaw country. It is stated that a nephew of the great chief of the Saulteux of Saginaw, Wasson, was killed outside of the fort in a skirmish with the English, and that Wasson, furious that his nephew had been killed, went to Pontiac's camp, abused him, and demanded that Mr. Campbell should be given up to him. Pontiac conceded, and Wasson took Mr. Campbell to his camp, where he was stripped and massacred by the young men of Wasson's band, and his body thrown into the river, when it floated near to the residence of a Frenchman who buried it. [Mr. Campbell was an English officer who had placed himself as a hostage in Pontiac's power at the beginning of the siege.] When the country was first known to the whites in the early part of the present century there were found clumps of bearing apple trees at different points along the Saginaw and Tittabawassee Rivers, many of which indicated an age of fifty or sixty years. The generally received opinion as to their origin was that they sprung from the seeds of apples brought from Canada by the Indians on their return from their annual trips to receive their annuities from the British government. But a simple calculation will show that those trees commenced their growth long before the Indians had occasion to visit Canada for the purpose above mentioned.

Four or five years ago a stone was found on the banks of the Chippeway River, sixteen miles above Midland City, upon which had been roughly sketched three faces, two Indians and one white man with a French inscription and the date 1771 plainly marked, which is proof that the country was known to the French prior to that date, and may account for the origin of those apple trees. But who were the adventurers, and what became of them?

The writer has heretofore advanced the theory that an attempt had been made by the Jesuits to establish a mission in that region, but that the savage character of the Indians had driven them from the field. Upon sending a letter of inquiry upon the subject to the late Judge James V. Campbell, a short time previous to his death, the

answer came that in all his researches he had never found anything written that would show that an attempt had been made by the Jesuits to establish a mission on the west side of Lake Huron.

But it can hardly be supposed that in the numerous voyages made around the great lakes by the early French explorers and Jesuits that they should have failed to discover the Saginaw bay and river, and the surrounding country, and its discovery would surely attract the attention of such travelers. It was the paradise of the hunter and trader, the animals from which the choicest of fur is obtained, such as the beaver, otter, fisher, marten, mink and muskrat were found there in great abundance, also deer and bears, and elk, and moose were found at the headwaters of the streams that empty into the Saginaw. Large flocks of wild geese and ducks resorted to the streams to feed on the wild rice that grew in great abundance on their borders, and the waters were all stored with an abundant supply of the choicest varieties of fish. Aside from all the attractions enumerated above, the fertility of the soil was such that with slight cultivation bestowed by the Indians it produced abundant crops of Indian corn, that indispensable article of food for the red man. As an indication of the extent of the cultivation of corn at Saginaw one hundred years ago we find a letter from Major De Peyster[1] commandant at the post of Mackinaw, dated May 13, 1779, written to General Haldimand commander-in-chief of the British forces, stating that he, De Peyster, had sent to Saginaw to endeavor to procure six hundred bushels of corn to supply the post at Mackinaw. That the idea should prevail that a surplus of six hundred bushels of corn could be found among the Indians at Saginaw, shows that large tracts of land must have been cultivated there, which corresponds with the indications that were found by the first permanent white settlers.

It appears from the report of a committee appointed by Lord Dorchester in December, 1788, for the purpose of bringing to the knowledge of government the condition of inland commerce, that of the four merchant vessels navigating the great lakes in 1789, two of them were built at the Saginaw bay, to wit: The sloop, Saginaw, in 1787, registering thirty-six and one-half tons, and the sloop, Esperance, in 1788, registering twenty and four-tenths tons. The probability is that the vessels were built on the banks of the Saginaw River, for that whole region was then known as the Saginaw bay country.

After Major De Peyster had been transferred from the command of the post at Mackinaw, and had taken that of the post at Detroit,

[1]Major Arent Schuyler De Peyster. See Vol. IX, p. 352, this series for note in appendix.

and Captain Sinclair put in command at Mackinaw, there seemed to have been a prejudice on the part of Sinclair against De Peyster. In a letter from Sinclair to Brehm,[1] dated July 17, 1780, among other fault findings with De Peyster he writes "canoes are allowed to come contrary to orders. They bring tattling letters. The last canoe brings a Mr. Finchley, known to be ill-disposed to the service. A Mr. Fisher of Albany is allowed to winter in the Saginaw bay [country] where there are rebel belts."

The last item throws light upon the name of a locality in Genesee county and on the origin of a band of white Indians, who have long resided there. The idea prevailed among the early settlers of the locality that the name Grand Blanc (Big White) originated from its having been the place of residence of a big white savage. But the writer has been informed by Peter C. Andre, Esq., of Saginaw, but a native of Detroit, where his ancestors had resided for generations, that the "Big White," from whom the name of the locality was derived, was an Indian trader named Fisher, who was well known to his (Andre's) father in the early years of the present century. Fisher married an Indian woman or half-breed and raised a family, and some of his descendants are living in that vicinity at the present time. An obituary notice of one of them may be found in the memorial report of Genesee county, published in the seventh volume of Pioneer Collections.

There is but little doubt that the foregoing is a correct statement, and that the Mr. Fisher from Albany, who was allowed to winter in the Saginaw bay country, one hundred and ten years ago, was the progenitor of the Fisher band of Indians who resided at Copenic Conie lake, and was well known to the writer sixty years ago. They had light complexions, light hair and blue eyes, but their habits were wholly Indian. Mr. Andre says Fisher was a large man from which circumstances the name Grand Blanc (Big White) was given to the locality. The correspondence between the British officers, during the time of the revolutionary war, that is published in the Pioneer Collections has but little to say about the Saginaw country, but the statements in reference to transactions in other parts of the northwest, makes it very interesting reading.

[1] See letter in Vol. VII, p. 578, this series.

CONDENSED EARLY HISTORY,

OR BEGINNINGS OF THE SEVERAL TOWNS IN WASHTENAW COUNTY.

BY EZRA D. LAY[1]

I have been waiting for some abler pen than mine to write the history of the early settlements of Washtenaw county, but having received a circular from our honored corresponding secretary in January last, requesting me to write out the pioneer history of the county I have written, in a condensed form, of the several towns on the following plan: When the town was organized. When and who first settled in the town. When and who were the first elected supervisor and clerk of the town. The first church organized in the town and who preached the first sermon. The first school-house in the town and who taught the first school. The first marriage in the town, the first child born, and the first death, etc.

In obtaining these statistics I have referred to the pioneer history of Washtenaw county; the papers read at the meetings of the Washtenaw county pioneer society, and to my own recollections of events that have transpired, as nearly all the first settlers in the county have passed away.

SALEM TOWNSHIP

The present township of Salem being number one south, of range seven east, was organized by the legislative council in the winter of 1833, and named Salem. The first township election was held at the school-house at Bullock's Corners, April, 1833; George Renwick was chosen supervisor and Alexis Packard clerk. The first settlers in the town were John Dickerson, Joseph Dickerson and Anna Dickerson in 1825, and located on sections thirteen and fourteen in said town. Elkanah Pratt came a few days later. Royal Wheelock was the first justice of the peace and was appointed by Gov. Cass in 1829. The first child born in the town was Isaac Peters in 1827. The first church organized in town was the Baptist church, January 17, 1833, at the house of Wheaton Bullock, at

[1]See ante p. 197.

Bullock's Corners. The first school-house was built of hewn logs in 1829, situated at Bullock's Corners. The first school taught was in the winter of 1829-30 by Charles Dean. The first marriage in town was of Elisha Comstock and Mary Black in 1828.

NORTHFIELD

The township of Northfield, being one south, of range six east, was organized by the legislative council and set off in a separate town in 1832 and named Northfield. The first election was held in the spring of 1833. John Renwick was elected supervisor, and George Sutton clerk. Benjamin Sutton was the first settler in town in 1824. Benjamin Sutton was the first justice of the peace appointed by the governor in 1831. The first school-house built was in 1828, and the first school was taught by Miss Miranda Leland in 1829. The first death in town was Nathan Brundage in 1829. The first church built in town was St. Patrick's, built of logs in 1831. The first marriage in town was in June, 1830, of William Jackson and Joanna Secord.

WEBSTER

Webster township being number one south, of range five east, was set off by the legislative council in March, 1833, and given the name of Webster. The first township meeting was held at the house of John Williams on the first Monday in April, 1833. John Williams chosen supervisor and Moses Kingsley clerk. The first land purchased in the town was by Samuel W. Dexter, in June, 1824. The first house erected was by Samuel W. Dexter, in August, 1824, built of logs, and occupied in the fall of 1824, by Charles B. Taylor. The first justice of the peace was Salmon H. Mathews. The first sermon preached was by Rev. William Page, at the house of Salmon H. Mathews in 1827. The first church society formed was the Presbyterian, January 27, 1834.

The first church erected was in 1834 by the Presbyterian society, afterward changed to the Congregational form of government. The first school-house built was on Boyden's plains, in 1830, and the first teacher was Miss Mary Ann Sears. The first marriage was Samuel W. Foster and Miss Ruth Seymour, in 1827. The first child born was Maria Alexander, June 5, 1827. The first death was the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, August 14, 1828.

DEXTER

The township of Dexter, being number one south, of range four east, was organized in 1836, and named Dexter, from the first person who bought lands in that vicinity. The first township officers elected in the

town were Thomas Lee, supervisor, and Amos Gray, clerk. The first settlers in town were Sylvanus and Nathaniel Noble, in 1825. The first saw mill was built in 1827 by Ousterout & Hull, and the first grist mill built was in 1844. The first religious society formed was in 1836, called the North Lake Methodist Episcopal church, with nineteen members, and met and held services at the house of John Glen, until the year 1846, when Charles and John Glen built a house for church and school purposes, which was occupied until 1866, when the present church was built. Judge Samuel W. Dexter was among the first settlers in the vicinity of the village of Dexter, about the year 1824. He bought the land where the village of Dexter is situated, and other tracts of land in the vicinity, and settled and lived on lands in the northwest corner of Scio town, near the village of Dexter, where he died several years since.

LYNDON

Township of Lyndon being town one south, of range three east, was organized and set off into a separate township in 1836 and called Lyndon. The first township election held after the town was set off as a separate township, was held at the house of John Glen, in April, 1837. Horace Leek was chosen supervisor, and Jesse Rose, clerk. The first school-house erected was in 1837, on section eighteen, and the first school was taught in the winter following by John Yocum. The first settlers were Collins brothers in August, 1833, and the first log house was built by S. B. Collins the same season. The first marriage was performed by Horace Leek, justice of the peace, and united Miss Harriet Gifford and Azel Turner together for life. The first child born was Edwin O. Collins, December 11, 1835. The first death was Abraham Burgitt, in 1837.

SYLVAN

The township of Sylvan being town two south, of range three east, was organized and set off as a separate township in the winter of 1834. The first township election was held April, 1834, at the house of Samuel Dunham. Nathan Pierce was chosen supervisor and Elisha Congdon, clerk. The first person who settled in the town was Cyrus Beckwith, in 1830, and located the half of section fourteen, and built the first house of logs. The first death was Mrs. Jesse Smith (date not known). The first marriage was John C. Winans and Betsey M. Fenn (date not known). The first postmaster was Calvin Hicox at Sylvan Center (date of appointment not known). The Baptist society was the first one formed in town, in 1833. The first meetings were held in

a log school-house at Bingham's mills, in 1833, and the first pastor was Elder Benjamin Danielson. The first school-house built was near the residence of Stephen J. Chase. Miss Harriet Wines was the first teacher. The village of Chelsea is situated in section twelve, located in 1849. Elisha and James M. Congdon first owned the land. The Congregational society built the first church in 1850. Elisha Congdon was the first postmaster, also sold the first goods. W. F. Hatch was the first school-teacher, in winter 1850. The first marriages were Aaron Durand, and May Congdon; N. Robinson and Mattie Beckwith, both couples at one ceremony, in November, 1850. The first child born, a son of Elisha Congdon, December, 1850.

SCIO

Scio, town two south, of range five east, was set off by the legislative council, March 25, 1833, and named Scio. The first township election was in April, 1833, but the records were burned, and no account of township meetings are found until 1843. The first school-house erected was in 1829, on section fourteen, built of logs, but I am unable to state who taught the first school. The first settler in the town was Alexander Laverty, in October, 1825, and located on section twenty-five. Cyril Nichols was the first physician, locating in the village of Dexter in 1826. The first religious society was in the village of Dexter, and was the Baptist society, formed in August, 1831, by Elder E. Carpenter, and worshipped in a school-house until 1840, when the present church was built. The village of Dexter is situated mostly in Scio township in the northwest corner of the town of Scio. The land where the village of Dexter is situated was purchased from the government in 1824, but the village plat was not made until 1830. The purchaser of the land from the government was Samuel W. Dexter.

LIMA

The township of Lima being town two south, of range four east, was set off into a separate town and named Lima in 1834. The first election of officers was in 1834, held at the house of John Hartford; Russel Parker was chosen supervisor and John K. Bingham, clerk. The first land bought and settled on was by Samuel Clements, being 640 acres on sections twenty-four and twenty-five, in August, 1825. The first school-house was built at Lima Center, in 1835. The first school taught in Lima was in 1831 by Abraham Yeomans, in an addition to the Clements house. The first birth was Susan Clements, in 1826. The first death was that of Charles H. Clements, in 1827. The first marriage was that of Thomas Nobles and Caroline Lee, in 1828.

The first sermons preached were by Elder Carpenter, a Baptist minister, and by Elder Baughman, a Methodist clergyman, but the first church built and the first organized society was Presbyterian; but after some years the society disbanded and the church passed into the possession of the town and used for town purposes.

ANN ARBOR TOWN

The township of Ann Arbor, being town two south, of range six east; and the first election was held at the house of John Allen, in May, 1827. Henry Rumsey was chosen supervisor and Jonathan T. Ely, clerk. The first settler on the land now comprising the town of Ann Arbor was Orrin White, who bought the northwest fractional quarter section twenty-six, July 4, 1823. The present territory now included in the town of Ann Arbor, elected H. M. Morey the first supervisor and L. B. Simmons clerk, in 1851. The first adult person who died in town was Prosper P. Clark, in March, 1828, being a cripple, was killed by a log rolling on his neck while chopping rail cuts alone in the woods. The first settlers in school district number eight in said town were Orrin White, who bought the northwest quarter of section twenty-six, July 4, 1824; George Nash settled on the northeast quarter of section twenty-five, in the fall of 1824; Elnathan Botsford settled in May, 1825, on the northwest quarter of section thirty-six; John and Robert Geddes, in June 14, 1825, settled on the south part of northeast fractional quarter section thirty-six; Amos Hicks came in October, 1825, and settled on the east half of the southeast quarter section twenty-six; Elder Moses Clark came in 1825, and settled on the northeast part of the northeast fractional quarter of section thirty-five; Mr. Clark sold out to Elnathan Botsford in 1832. Amos Hicks died April 16, 1835. Elnathan Botsford died January 6, 1853. George Nash died October 9, 1855. Orrin White died February 18, 1864. Robert Geddes died March 11, 1866, and John Geddes died November 4, 1889, aged eighty-eight years and nine months.

SUPERIOR

The town of Superior being town two south, of range seven east, was set off and became a separate township with the name of Superior. The first purchase of land in town was by Robert Fleming, September 29, 1823, and was the northwest part of northwest fractional quarter section thirty-one, but he never lived on the land. Fourteen persons purchased lands in this town in the year 1824, and how many settled on their lands I am unable to state. The first church built was

the free church, built mostly by Parkhurst & Brewer, situated on section fourteen, in 1855. The first school-house built was near the free church built in 1827; and the first school kept was by Parmelia Pattison, soon after the above school-house was completed, who received one dollar per week and probably boarded around. Dixborough village was started in 1824 by Captain Dix, on the west one-half southwest quarter section seven, bought September 28, 1824, but in 1833, he sold out and removed to Texas, and died there. The village disappeared. Augustus Root was the first supervisor, elected in 1829, and Silas Wheelock, clerk. The first death was Abram Brewer, in 1825, or 1826. the first marriage probably was David Frost and Parmelia Pattison, in 1828.

YPSILANTI TOWN

Ypsilanti town being town three south, of range seven east, was set off into a separate township and named Ypsilanti. The first settler in town was Benjamin J. Woodruff, at Woodruff's Grove on July 6, 1823. He was also the first purchaser of lands from the government in the county and the first settler. He built the first house in the county after the French claim in Ypsilanti was abandoned, built the first grist mill in the county in 1825, was the first justice of the peace, the first postmaster and the first sheriff in the county. Daniel and Alvin Cross came to Woodruff's Grove in 1824, and settled on section fifteen, on lands bought by Daniel Cross, in 1824. Daniel Cross afterward sold the land to Jacob Emerick, about 1830, and removed to Saline township and died there February 16, 1875. Alvin Cross claimed to have raised the first wheat in Washtenaw county. He was married to Elona Rogers in the fall of 1828, and commenced living on the farm, being section fourteen, Ypsilanti, where they both died. Mr. Cross died February 19, 1875, and Mrs. Cross January 20, 1887. Mr. Orenta Grant came to Woodruff's Grove with his wife and Elona Rogers, and Jane Johnson, two maiden girls, in the spring of 1824, and afterward bought the east part of the southeast quarter of section fifteen, and lived there some eight years, and sold the land to Edward Phelps, and moved to Indiana where they both died. Hiram Tuttle, wife and one child came to Ypsilanti at the same time with Mr. Grant, and came by the Huron river in a flat boat. Mr. Tuttle bought lands on sections twenty-two and twenty-three where they lived until they both died. Mr. Tuttle died June 1, 1861, and Mrs. Tuttle died October 15, 1871. At the first election after the city of Ypsilanti became a separate government, Samuel B. Reed was chosen supervisor, but refused to

serve and Adam Yeckley was selected by the township board as supervisor for 1858 and Frank Wheeler was elected clerk.

That part of Ypsilanti township where Woodruff's Grove was once situated was on the west half of northwest quarter of section fifteen, where Benjamin J. Woodruff made the purchase of the above land in April, 1823, and in June following built a log house, situated on the northeast corner of said land. He removed his family, consisting of a wife and six children, from Ohio by the way of the Huron river, and commenced living in this house on the sixth day of July, 1823, and named the place Woodruff's Grove. Mr. Woodruff built the first grist mill in Washtenaw county, situated about one and a half miles southeast on the Huron river from the center of the city of Ypsilanti. The mill was built of hewn logs, and it has been said the mill stones were made from boulders found near Woodruff's Grove. Whether this is correct or not I am unable to say. The mill was started in the fall of 1825, with a man by the name of Stevens as miller. But after running some four or five years was abandoned and the water privilege has not been used since. Woodruff's Grove was the first village started in Washtenaw county and had a short existence. When I first saw the place in 1833, there were some ten or twelve log houses there, and all, or nearly all, were deserted, the persons who built them had left and settled in other parts of the country. Mr. Woodruff, the founder of the place had removed to Ypsilanti and he and his wife both died over fifty years since; two of his daughters died in Ypsilanti and the remainder of the family left Ypsilanti over forty years since, and where they are now, if alive, I am unable to say. Major Woodruff was a very social, genial person, just the one to assist the early pioneers in locating their homes, and spent most of his time in that occupation. The first death at Woodruff's Grove was Walter Oakman who died in the summer of 1824. The second person who died at the Grove was David Beverly, in 1825. Previous to Major Woodruff's mill being built they had corn mills at the Grove by burning a hole in an oak stump and scraping them clean of coals and ashes and attaching a mortar to a spring pole and the mill was ready for use. The first marriage in town was in November, 1825, by Andrew McKinstry and Eliza Cross uniting their interests together for life.

PITTSFIELD

Pittsfield township being town three south, of range six east, was set off as a separate township in 1834 and named Pittsfield. Samuel D. McDowell was one of the three persons who first located in town on

southwest quarter, section two, in June, 1824. Ezra Maynard located on section three, in June, 1824. Oliver Whitmore settled on sections ten and eleven, in June, 1824. The above persons were the first to settle in the town. Pittsfield has the honor of erecting the first school-house in the county, on section ten, and Miss Harriet Parsons taught the first school in the district in the summer of 1825. Elder J. S. Twiss settled in the town somewhere between 1827 and 1829, and probably preached the first sermon. John Allison was the first supervisor, elected in 1834, and Jared B. Cornish clerk. A son of Charles Anderson was the first white child born in town in November, 1824.

LODI

Lodi township was organized by the legislative council, March 7, 1834, being town three south, of range five east. The first township election was held at the house of Orrin Howe, in April, 1834, but who were chosen as supervisor and town clerk I am unable to state. Allen Williams was the first settler in Lodi, on May 9, 1825, and entered three lots on sections thirteen and fourteen, and built a log house, the first in town. The first white child born was a daughter of Smith Lapham, in April, 1827. The first marriage* was Polly Gilbert and Robert Craig, by Squire Lapham, in May, 1829. The first death was Miss Betsey Howe, daughter of Orrin Howe, in 1827. The first school taught was by Miss Polly Stratton, in 1827, and the first school-house was a log house built in 1829. The Presbyterian church of Lodi Plains was built in 1837, and the Rev. J. G. Kanouse was the first pastor. Two sawmills were built, one in 1829 and the other in 1838, and both of them have passed away some years since.

FREEDOM

The township of Freedom being town three south, of range four east, was organized and set off by the legislative council as a separate township, March 7, 1834. April 7, 1834, a township election was held at the house of Henry M. Griffin; Henry M. Griffin was chosen supervisor and David C. Raymond clerk. The first settler was James W. Hill, in June, 1831, and built a log house on northwest quarter, of southwest quarter, section twenty-nine. The first death was Jacob Haas who was killed by a tree falling on him. Rev. Arunah Bennett was the first ordained minister in town, and the first sermon was preached at the house of Richard Preston, in June, 1834. The first religious society was organized in 1842, of German Lutheran, by Rev. Mr. Schmid. The first marriage of those living in town were John Lewis and Sarah Ann Miller, in 1832.

*See page 459.

SHARON

The township of Sharon being town three south, of range three east. On the 3d day of March, 1834, the legislative council organized the above township and named it Sharon. The first township election was held April 7, 1834, at the house of Oliver Kellogg. Lewis Allen was elected supervisor and Benjamin F. Burnett, clerk. The first land bought of the government was by Lewis C. Kellam, being the 84 24-160 acres from the northeast quarter section one, June 22, 1830. David J. Sloat built the first house in Sharon, and moved into it in May, 1831, situated on section thirty-four, consequently was the first settler. The first marriage was Loren Keif with a Miss Palmer (date not known). The first male child born was Virgil Peck, in 1834. The first female child born was Minerva Bullard, Sept. 3, 1833. The first school taught was by Miss Myra Winchester, in the Row schoolhouse. The first death was David J. Sloat, in 1833, who was buried on the land that he bought and settled on in 1831. The first religious society formed was the Methodist society by Rev. E. H. Pilcher, at the home of Gilbert Row, in June, 1832.

MANCHESTER

This town was organized as a separate township, March 11, 1837, by the legislature, and named Manchester, being town four south, of range three east. The first township election was held at the school house in Manchester village, in April, 1837. James H. Fargo was elected supervisor and Wm. D. Clark, clerk. Major John Gilbert built the first mills, in 1832, erected by Emanuel Case for Mr. Gilbert. The first postmaster was Harvey Squires, the office being established in 1833. Major John Gilbert platted the village of Manchester in 1832. Newman Granger was the first president of the village, in 1868, after the village was incorporated. The first church society was the Presbyterian, organized Dec. 27, 1835. Rev. A. B. Corning, the first pastor. The Baptist church was organized Feb. 17, 1836. Dr. Bennett F. Root was the first regular physician in town, in 1834, and in crossing the Raisin at the village in November, 1834, on the old pole bridge, fell through the corduroy bridge into the river. The doctor being seventy-one years old, and a regular physician for fifty years, and being a believer in the water cure to the period of his immersion, could never reconcile his ancient faith with his modern experience.

BRIDGEWATER

Town four south, of range four east, was organized in 1836 as a

separate township. The first township election was at the house of John Valentine, and George Howe was elected supervisor, and Norman L. Conklin, clerk. The first settler was Col. Daniel Hixon, in 1829. The first birth was Henrietta Hixon (date not given). The first marriage was Dennis Lancaster and Harriet Frederic (date not given). The first death was Mrs. Thomas Bolton (date also not given). The first school-house was built on section twenty-eight, in 1834, and the first school was taught by Norman L. Conklin.

SALINE

The town of Saline covers town four south, of range five east. The first settler in the town was Leonard Miller, who built the first house in 1826, and kept a public house. Daniel Cross built the second house and also furnished entertainment for man and beast. Orange Risdon purchased land in 1824, but did not settle on it for some years after. Orrin and Chester Parsons came to town in 1826, and purchased lands on section twelve and built the first saw mill on Saline river in 1827, and soon after erected the first grist mill on the same stream. The first birth was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs Leonard Miller (date not given). The first death was Asher Davis, in 1827.

The first marriage[1] was Robert Craig and Miss Polly Gilbert, April 12, 1829, Orange Risdon,[2] Esq., officiating. The first school-house built was situated about a mile west of the present village of Saline in 1831. Calvin Lamb taught the first school in 1831. In September, 1832, Orange Risdon surveyed and platted the village of Saline. The Baptist society was organized in Saline in 1831. The Presbyterian society organized July 18, 1831. Postoffice established 1830, Orange Risdon, postmaster. The first township election was in 1830, Alfred Davis chosen supervisor, and Smith Lapham, clerk.

YORK

The present township of York was organized March 7, 1834. The first township election was held in April, 1834, at the house of Noah Wolcott, the Hon. Wm. Moore was chosen supervisor, and Othniel Gooding, clerk. The first house was built on the farm of Horace Parsons and the second one by Leander LeBaron, both built of logs. The first marriage was that of Arby Lamson and Esther Bonner in 1830. The first death was that of Aretus Belding in the fall of 1831. The first school-house, built of logs, on section eighteen, was in 1831, and the first school was taught by Washington Morton, the winter of 1831. The first sermon preached was by Rev. John Walworth in the house of Steven Bonner. The first religious society was the Baptist,

[1]See appendix.

[2]For note see Vol. XIV, p. 530, this series note in appendix reprint.

formed on August 10, 1832, and first church, built of logs, in 1835. I have been unable to find who purchased the first land in town, but amongst the first purchasers were Caleb Moore, Thomas Shaw, Henry Young, Leander LeBaron, Othneil Gooding, Jacob Cook, also Alanson Snow known as Matchi-agon, the Indian hater. When a lad his father's family in Ohio were all massacred by the Indians, and from that time he swore eternal vengeance on the redskins. He spent most of his time hunting, and sold his farm to Deacon A. R. Wheeler, and went where game and Indians were more plenty.

AUGUSTA

Augusta township was organized in the spring of 1836 as a separate town and named Augusta. The first township election was held at the house of Aaron Childs in April, 1835. Stephen Mead was elected supervisor and Aaron Childs, clerk. James Miller was the first settler in 1828. Andrew Muir and Henry Albright came about the same time. The first school-house was built on section three in 1833, and Richard Gorton taught the first school. The Presbyterian society was organized in September, 1833, and the Rev. Mr. Boughton was their first pastor, and this was the first church organized in the township. The Methodist and Congregational churches have since been added.

Before the present organization of the town in 1836, the following persons settled here. David Brooks, Prince Bennett, Sr., Daniel Russell, John Menzie, Asa Markham, Chester Goss, Asa H. Reddin, Stephen Griffin, James and William Wardle, Timothy Crane, Hiram Thompson, David Hardy, Robert Gardner, Peter Tyler, and Elias Smith.

YPSILANTI CITY

The first persons to occupy the land where the city of Ypsilanti is now situated were Gabriel Godfroy,[1] Francis Pepin and Romaine de Chambre (Louis LaShambre[1]), (three Frenchmen), as a trading post with the Indians as early as 1809. In the year 1811 twenty-five hundred acres of land was patented to them by the government where the city of Ypsilanti is now situated. During the summer of 1825 they sold their claim to Judge Woodward, John Stewart and William W. Harwood and they platted a village and called it Ypsilanti.[1] The first village officers elected on September 3, 1832, John Gilbert was chosen president, E. M. Skinner, recorder, and Ario Pardee treasurer. After the French post was deserted the first goods brought to Ypsilanti was in 1825, by Erastus Belden and Jonathan G. Morton and after a few years they bought and settled on farms; Mr. Belden in Saline and Mr. Morton in Ypsilanti town, where they both died several years since. The first school-house built

[1]See appendix.

in the village was the brick school-house on the east side of the river and is now and has been for a number of years occupied by Charles Woodruff as a dwelling house, and was built in 1829. The first township meeting was held at the McKinstry hotel[1] in the village of Ypsilanti, in 1827. Abel Millington was chosen supervisor and Asa Reading clerk. The township then included the four eastern towns of Washtenaw, viz: Salem, Superior, Ypsilanti and Augusta, and the number of votes cast was fifty-nine. As near as can be ascertained Miss Hope Johnson, at the Grove, and Miss Olive Gorton in the village of Ypsilanti, taught the first schools, in 1826. John Bryan and family were the first who came from Detroit to Woodruff's Grove by land with an ox team, and were four days in getting a distance of thirty miles, arriving October 23, 1823. Mr. Bryan bought the east half of southwest quarter section ten, built a house and moved into it December 31, 1823. On the 27th day of February, 1824, a son was born and named Alpha Washtenaw Bryan, the first white child born in the county. Mr. Bryan being a carpenter built the first bridge across the Huron river, in the fall of 1827, at Ypsilanti. He also built the courthouse in Ann Arbor, in 1834; and soon after sold his property and moved to Constantine and died there several years since. The first sermon preached in the county was by the Rev. Elias Pattee, a Methodist circuit rider, at Woodruff's Grove in the summer of 1823, and formed a class of five persons, which was the first religious society in the county. The Presbyterian society of Ypsilanti was formed in July, 1829, by the Rev. William Page of Ann Arbor, and in October, 1829, the Rev. William Jones came to Ypsilanti as a missionary, and stayed until May, 1830, about seven months. Previous to Mr. Jones' coming to Ypsilanti the leading members of the place thought there was too much drinking for the good of the place and agreed to have a grand time on a certain day and then form a temperance society. At the time of their having that grand time, this missionary came along on foot and some of them said "there is another man, catch him," and trying to catch him some fell headlong, and Mr. Jones' text for the last sermon he preached in the village was taken from the 19th chapter of Genesis, and a part of the 14th verse; it was this: "Up, get ye out of this place, for the Lord will destroy it." In June, 1830, the Rev. Ira M. Weed[2] came to Ypsilanti and remained pastor of this church fifteen years and did more to reform the morals of the place than any other person who ever lived there. A charter was approved February 4, 1858, for the village to become a city. In the spring of 1858

[1]See appendix.

[2]A memoir found in reprint of Vol. VIII, p. 220, this series gives the name as Wead, and as Ira Mason Wead it appears throughout the Collections. The history of Washtenaw Co. gives the name Weed in biography, by Mrs. Norris.

Chauncey Joslin was elected mayor, John McCready, clerk, and Benjamin Clark, treasurer.

ANN ARBOR CITY

The village of Ann Arbor was organized by the legislative council on the 23d day of April, 1833. The first election for village officers was held July 7, 1834. John Allen was chosen president of the trustees. The city of Ann Arbor was incorporated as a city April 4, 1851. George Sedgewick, the first mayor was elected in 1851. The first church organized was the Presbyterian church, on Aug. 26, 1826, by the Rev. Noah M. Wells. The first sermon preached in the village was by Elder Moses Clark, a Baptist minister. The first school taught in the village was in 1825 by Miss Monroe, in a log school-house then standing on the opposite corner from the present postoffice building. The postoffice was established in 1825, John Allen, postmaster. John Hartford was the first merchant in Ann Arbor, in 1824. Elisha W. R. Smith was the first child born in the village, on Nov. 27, 1825, and died April, 1827, the first death in the village I have any account of. The first persons who settled where the present city is located were John Allen and Elisha W. Rumsey, in February, 1824. The county seat was established here in 1824. The first court house was built by John Bryan, in 1834.

MY OLD SCHOOL-ROLLS AND SCHOOLMATES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN

The history of "my schools and my schoolmasters" in Michigan, has been given in volume fourteen of these collections; but for some reason, the lists of the pupils, in most of the schools were left out. I have endeavored to make amends for this omission by giving here, in their order those old school rolls, of a quarter to half a century ago. Some are nearly complete, others where the roll was lost, and memory was imperfect, are as complete as I could make them. The surviving pupils as they read over those old lists, can, in imagination, no doubt, yet hear the rap of the cherry ruler, or the back of a book on

the school-house window, which was the reveille in the early days, to call them together, or the ringing of the school bell, which answered the same purpose in later days. And if in looking over the old "muster rolls," as I have given them here, any one of those pupils does not find his name among those of his school mates, he or she can say with the old soldier "I served in that campaign, and share in all its glory, though my name does not appear in the reported list of those engaged in it."

List of pupils of my first school, 1838, on Goguac prairie, Calhoun county:

Andrus, George	Stewart, Daniel	Mott, Jane, Miss
Andrus, James	Stewart, Joseph	Stewart, Isabella, "
Andrus, William	Simonds, Newton	Stewart, Mary Ann "
Eberstine, George	Young, Jacob	Stewart, Saphronia, "
Eberstine, Charles	Young, John	Stewart, Elinor, "
Gregory, Myron	Young, Andrew	Stewart, Almira, "
Gregory, Justin	VanDenburg, Philander	Stewart, Mary, "
Michael, George	VanDenburg, Jerry	Stewart, Elizabeth, "
Mott, Richard	Andrus, Elizabeth, Miss	Young, Magdalen, "
Mott, Major	Andrus, Mary, "	Young, Catherine, "
Stewart, Charles	Andrus, Marcia, "	Young, Nancy, "
Stewart, Lewis	Eberstine, Benah, "	VanDenburg, Ann, "

List of pupils who attended the select school taught by Mr. Smith Hawkins, in Battle Creek, during the winters of 1839-40:

Phienas Adams	Fanny Newman	Lucy Wheaton
Jane Adams	Chester Phelps	George Willis
Abel Hoag	Calista Potts	Milton Willis
Hastings Hall	Sarah Mallory	Lydia Willis
John Farnsworth	Nelson Rolfe	Jacob Young
Jane Farnsworth	Henry Simonds	William Whitcomb
Richard Newman	Lucy Thurston	A. D. P. Van Buren

List of pupils in the summer school of 1840, in the Luther Olds' district, in Battle Creek township:

Calvin Austin.

Adeline Austin, now Mrs. David Olds in California.

George Austin.

Edward Berger.

Sarah Berger, now Mrs. Simpson Howland of Howlandsburg, Kalamazoo county.

Charlotte Berger, now Mrs. A. B. Simpson of Battle Creek.

Nancy Martin, now Mrs. John Van Woert of Battle Creek township.
Betsey Martin, now Mrs. B. Larmour of Battle Creek.
William Martin.
Henry McCamly.
Nancy Stewart.
Jane Thornton.
Lydia Thornton, Mrs. Henry Berg.
Mary Olds, afterwards Mrs. N. Hunt, since died.
Harriet Olds, afterwards Mrs. Emory Hunt, since died.
Melissa Olds.

List of pupils in the summer and winter schools in South Battle Creek, 1842-43:

George Annis
Darwin Beech
Daniel Beadle
William Beadle
Joseph Beadle
George Bixby
Constanius Case
Thurlow Case
Velorus Case
King Case
James Cronk
Willis Dennison
Almon Gore
Orson Holcomb
Richard Kewney
Ransom Laraway
David Laraway.
Jerome Laraway
John Mason
Samuel Mason
Warren Moorehouse
Henry Porter
Charles Stewart
Lewis Stewart
James Stewart
Edwin Stewart
Miss Juliette Annis
" Cordelia Beach
" Mary Beach
" Betsey Beadle
" Susanna Beadle
" Harriet Beadle
" Pulcheria Case
Miss Salome Case
" Silena Dennison
" Marilda Laraway
" Mary Ann Mason
" Louisa Moorehouse
" Antha Moorehouse
" Amarette Moorehouse
" Malvina Porter
" Martha Porter
" Elinor Stewart
" Almira Stewart
" Mary Stewart
" Eliza Stewart
" Phœbe Stewart
" Relief Mallory

Partial list of students who attended the Branch University at Kalamazoo, during the years from 1843 to 46. Dr. J. A. B. Stone and Mrs. L. H. Stone in charge of the school:

Arnold, Amelia M.
Austin, Fannie A.
Beals, Charlotte
Bulkley, Delia E.
Burdick, Laura
Benedict, Lydia
Booher, Caroline
Browne, Refella
Bowne, Rachel
Patrick, Betsey
Prouty, Martha
Prouty, Loretta
Prouty, Mary
Patrick, Caroline
Ransom, Antoinette
Rice, Ellen A.
Rice, Helen
Rood, Mary
Everard, J. H.
Eddy, Edward
Eddy, Clarence
Eldred, Andrew J.
Eldred, Nelson
Fitch, George
Farrer, J. L.
Gray, Dennis
Goodrich, John

Barrows, Laura
Clark, Mary
Clark, Cornelia
Coe, Esther A.
Clark, Maria H.
Cornell, Abbie
Cornell, Minerva C.
Davis, Anna
Davis, Mary
Dolson, Sophia M.
Drake, Jane
Drake, Elizabeth
Eldred, Louisa
Eldred, Catherine
Fitch, Mary
Fitch, Sarah E.
Foote, Zilpha
Goodwin, Mary
Gray, Emily
Gregg, Mary
Gibbs, Harriet
Hydenburk, Minerva W.
Hydenburk, Mary
Harrington, Agnes
Hinsdale, Genevieve D.
Harkness, Miss
Hoyt, Elizabeth
Hayes, Eliza A.
Hayes, Lydia
Kellogg, Amelia S.
Loomis, Mary O.
Marsh, Jane
Marsh, Elia
May, Cornelia E.
Patrick, Marcia
Rood, Delia
Slater, Sarah Emily
Swayze, Emily A.
Swayze, Caroline M.
Starkweather, Sarah
Trask, Hannah L.
Towne, H. Janette
West, Mary J.
Weaver, Sarah C.
Beckwith, Charles
Beckwith, Henry
Beach, Morgan G.
Babcock, I. J.
Burrett, Jerome
Bush, Harvey
Barrows, William
Brown, Joe
Brown, Frank
Barker, Lyman C.
Burdick, Edwin
Booker, Fred A.
Booker, George H.
Carter, Charles H.
Clark, George
Clapp, Rufus S.
Clark, Lucius L.
Cooley, Elias
Cornell, Joseph B.
Dunham, Edwin
Dunning, Sidney
Davidson, Darius L.
Duncan, James A.
Dolson, James
Eddy, Jerome
Eames, Elisha D.
Goodwin, William G.
Hinsdale, Edwin C.
Hinsdale, Norman
Hinsdale, Myron
Hinsdale, George A.
Hinsdale, John
Hinsdale, Joseph
Hoyt, Henry E.
Hoyt, Seymour
Howe, Winslow D.
Lovell, George
Lovell, Enos T.
Lovell, Lafayette W.
May, Dwight
May, Charles S.
Mason, James
Marsh, Fletcher
Marsh, Well R.
Marsh, Charles
Marsh, George
Nichols, Brownell
Otis, Alfred
Prouty, Wells
Powers, J. E.
Rawls, Paul W. H.
Ransom, Willis C.
Rice, Jeph.
Rice, ——
Starkey, Richard
Starkey, Henry
Starkey, Lewis C.
Trask, George
Watson, Charles
Van Buren, A. D. P.

This list includes a few of the older students who only attended the earlier schools taught by Prof. Dutton and other principals in Kalamazoo.

Winter school of 1845, Antwerp, Van Buren county. List of pupils:

Lurinda Abbey
Anna Abbey
Sarah A. Hunt
Harty Hunt
Julia Mills
Edward Mills

Emily Abbey
Elisha Abbey
Marvin Butler
Mary Butler
Clinton Fitch
Seth Fletcher
Mary Fletcher
Sarah Glass
Merritt Gates
Lorinda Gates
Rebecca Gates
Elinor Erkenbeck
Kate Erkenbeck
William Erkenbeck
Laurentio Hunt
King Hunt
Alvin Holmes
Narcissa Holmes
Philemon Holmes
Phœbe Lawrence
Horatio Lincoln
George Lothrop
Eliva Lothrop
Margaret McPherson
Isabella McPherson
Ann McPherson
Wm. McPherson
Hugh McPherson
Henry Mills
Lyman Mills
Eli Parsons
Daniel Rix
Albert Rix
George Rix
Alonzo Stevens
Monroe Stevens
George Stevens
Mary Spankey
Leonora Sweet
Jesse Taylor
Silas Taylor
William Taylor
Morris Taylor
Amos Taylor
Benjamin Wait

List of pupils in the winter school of 1846, in Battle Creek township:

Harriet Crittenden
Edward Berger
Sarah Berger
Charlotte Berger
Simeon Seamans
Marie Seamans
William Weaver
Monroe Weaver
Sarah Weaver
Margarette Weaver
Samuel Thornton
William Thornton
Jane Thornton
Lydia Thornton
Nancy Stewart
Mary Hart
John Young
Andrew Young
Andrew Helmer
John Helmer
Standish Spencer
Edwin Dickinson

Pupils in the school in Athens township, Calhoun county, in winter of 1847:

Charles Clark
Parker Brownell
Horace Brownell
Benjamin Brownell
Levi Chesebrough
Needham Davis
Lyman H. Chesebrough
—— Ferris
Ruben Hart
Frank Knappen
Edward Knappen
George Putnam
David Riley
Theodore Riley
Judson Rundle
Charles Rundle
John Richardson
Erastus Strong
Byron Stimpson
George Stimpson
Elliot Stimpson
Edgar Stimpson
Harley Stimpson
James Self
Miss Deborah Brownell
" Frank Brownell
" Jane Chesebrough
" Sarah Hart
" Martha Davis
" Lydia Davis
" Laura Putnam
" Esther Rogers
" —— Riley
" Lydia Riley
" Nettie Richardson
" Waity Ann Rundle

Ransom Putnam	John Self	Miss Eliza Rund
Newton Putnam	Henry Winters	" Mary Self
James Putnam	Ozias Wixon	" Sybil Winters
Philip Rogers	Eli Wixon	" Frank Winters
Edward Rogers	Joe Wixon	" Emma Winters
John Rogers	George Wixon	" Martha Willard
Elisha Rogers	Augustus Thompson	" Libbie Wixon

List of pupils in the school of 1848, in the "Sprague Neighborhood," East LeRoy, Calhoun county:

Charles Andrews	Silas Sprague	Miss Verona Quick
Charles Barnum	Edgar Sprague	" Orissa Quick
William Fish	Edgar Spencer	" Alma Quick
LeRoy Fish	Oscar Spencer	" Lydia Robinson
Schuyler Fish	Ephraim Spencer	" Adaline Rolfe
Fred Gould	Luther Spencer	" Elizabeth Robbins
William Kingsnorth	Martin Spencer	" Eveline Robbins
William Mulholand	Chester Spencer	" Jane Sprague
Thomas Moon	James VanTuyle	" Janette Sprague
Abram Moon	Miss Mary Andrews	" Rebecca Sprague
James Morris	" Jane Barnum	" Olive Spencer
Z. N. Robinson	" Waity Fish	" Mary Smith
Freeman Robinson	" Clara Gould	" Laura Smith
John Robinson	" Mary Jane Kingsnorth	" Percis Smith
John Rolfe	" Sarah Jane Kingsnorth	" Lydia A. Sprague
Alviron Rolfe	" Ann Moon	" Florilla Sprague
Adoniram Quick	" Jane Morris	" Camilla Sprague
Truman Quick	" Hattie Morris	" Ellen Thompson
Eliot Sprague		" Laura VanTuyle
Jonathan Sprague		" Harriet VanTuyle
Myron Sprague		

List of students in the Battle Creek high school 1849-50. A. D. P. Van Buren, principal. Miss Mary Brown in charge of botany, music, painting and drawing. Miss E. M. Palmer succeeded her after the first term.

Androus, Henry	Noble, Warham	Farnsworth, Jane
Andrus, Samuel	Perry, James M.	Farnsworth, Fanny
Brinkerhoff, Parsel	Packer, Joseph	Foote, Emily
Brinkerhoff, David	Perkins, T.	Freeman, Charlotte
Burdick, William	Pettee, Silas	Freeman, Hannah

Burdick, George
Beach, Cholett
Brown, Edward
Brown, Charles
Bradley, Edward
Convis, Wallace
Cantine, Charles
Campbell, Alonzo
Coleman, Horton
Coleman, Merrit
Conklin, J.
Dickinson, Edwin
Dickinson, Albert
Dickinson, Jesse
Dake, Charles
Durfee, Bradford
Dobbins, Laurance
Downs, Rinaldo
Downs, Eugene
Dodge, Charles
Daily, Asa
Dorman
Foote, Henry
Farley, ——
Flint, M. V. I.
Flint, Abijah
Farnsworth, John
Farnsworth, P. M.
Goffe, Homer
Holcomb, Orson
Knight, Charles
Lotheridge, Brewster
Morey, E.
Nichols, E. C.
Noble, Alonzo
Rowley, Manly D.
Rawson, Edward
Root, Charles
Robinson, C.
Stillson, Everard
Stanley, George
Smith, Jerome
Stone, Delos
Stewart, Henry
Smith, M. C.
Simons, S.
Twitchell, Charles
Williams, Harmon
Watts, Alfred
Watts, Charles
West, T. J.
Williams, A.
Willis, Milton
Androus, A. Marie
Adams, Francis
Burrell, Mary
Burrell, Sarah Jane
Beach, Mary
Beach, Martha
Burlingham, Delphina
Burlingham, Sarah M.
Beadle, M.
Beadle, E.
Dickinson, Charlotte D.
Daily, Eliza
Daily, Calista
Downs, Hattie
Downs, Helen
Davidson, Rachel
Flint, Eliza
Gardiner, E.
Gilbert, Charlotte
Hoag, Mary J.
Hunt, Sarah E.
Haley, S.
Keith, M.
Loder, Rhoda
Metcalf, H. Marie
Morgan, Marie L.
Morgan, Sarah L.
Marsh, A.
Marsh, Emma
Mott, Mary
McNulty, Marie
Noble, Helen
Partridge, Caroline
Perkins, Frances
Perine, S.
Petty, M.
Packer, Mary R.
Packer, Viola
Pray, Emily
Rawson, Charlotte
Roe, Marie
Roe, ——
Robinson, Kate
Smith, Caroline
Smith, Frances
Smith, Julia
Sweet, Phœbe
Stone, Vernia
Wolfe, Ann Eliza
Wolfe, Sophia

List of students in the Battle Creek union school, 1850-51. A. D. P. Van Buren, principal; Miss Ann Eliza Wolfe and Miss Adeline King, assistants, for the first term. After the first term, the principal with Miss Genevieve D. Hinsdale had charge of the higher department;

Prof. Alanson Conkling of the grammar department, and Miss Emma J. Whitford and Miss A. Marie Metcalf of the primary department.

Avery, Albert
Burnham, George
Barton, Joseph
Beckley, Henry
Bullis, George
Cramer, L. F.
Caldwell, Josiah
Cramer, C. B.
Cantine, Charles
Copeland, E.
Cooley, Ashel
Call, Daniel
Dickinson, Edwin
Dickinson, Albert
Durfee, Bradford
Dobbins, Lawrance
Downs, Rinaldo
Downs, Eugene
Eldred, Hiram
Eldred, Richard
Everett, C.
Flint, M. V. I.
Foote, Henry
Goodrich, Elias
Gregory, Jasper
Hubbard, Henry
Hubbard, Chauncey
Hall, Henry C.
Harrison, A.
Kewney, Richard
Knight, George
Keeler, B.
Knight, Charles
Knight, James
Knight, Calvin
Leggett, Edwin
Lotheridge, Brewster
Manchester, Caleb
Manchester, Stephen
McCamly, Chauncey
Morgan, Walter
Mapes, H. H.
Noble, Alonzo
Noble, Warham
Nichols, E. C.
Peters, George
Pitkin, William
Preston, A. E.
Rowse, Lyman V.
Root, Charles
Rue, Charles
Roe, J. E.
Roe, P.
Ramsdell, Orson
Rowley, Manly D
Rawson, Edward
Smith, Jerome
Simonds, D.
Stillson, Everard
Smith, Asa
Slater, George W.
Taft, H. W.
Thiers, William H.
Tichenor, A.
Willis, Milton
Williams, A.
Wilbur, P.

Ashley, Henry
Androus, Henry
Androus, Samuel
Barber, Milton
Barber, Wm. H.
Brooks, Henry S.
Barber, George
Bradley, Edward S.
Babcock, Luther
Belcher, Edmund
Belcher, Augustus
Belcher, Ebinezer
Brinkerhoff, David
Clark, Jerome L.
Convis, George
Fisher, James
Fisher, Elijah
Frey, James
Foote, Allen
Foote, Alvan
Farnsworth, Richard
Farnsworth, Welcome
Flint, Bijah
Green, Asa P.
Gray, Franklin
Gill, George L.
Galpin, Myrenus
Galpin, Charles
Griffith, Charles H.
Griffith, James
Manchester, Perry
Mapes, Julius
Martin, Charles H.
Moshier, Charles
Noyes, George W.
Perry, James
Perry, Oliver H.
Pettee, Isaac
Pettee, Silas
Rowley, Huntington
Rogers, Silas
Rogers, Eugene
Rogers, Desire
Roe, J. E.
Roe, Ephraim

Chandler, Jesse
Clark, Melville C.
Copeland, George N.
Copeland, William
Curtis, Otis
Church, Frederick S.
Copeland, Frederick
Campbell, Alonzo
Coleman, Horton
Coleman, Merrit L.[1]
Conley, John
Conley, Elijah
Durfee, Charles M.
Durfee, George S.
Daily, Arthur
Daily, Asa
Daily, Charles
Dirymple, John
Durfee, Charles
Davis, Elbert Y.
Davis, Isaac G.
Dake, Theodore
Edwards, Delos
Fairchilds, Melville
Fisher, LeGrand
Griffith, John E.
Hasbrook, Luther
Harris, Byron D.
Harris, Stephen L.
Harris, Frank
Harris, Julius
Hicks, William
Herrick, George H.
Holmes, George
Henderson, Thomas J.
Hunt, Henry W.
Hutchinson, Lewis
Irwin, John
Irwin, James
Jones, Frederick
Johnson, George H.
Jackson, John H.
Lotheridge, Orson
Loomis, Russell
Lillie, Gilbert
Moseley, Willie
Moseley, Francis
Moffatt, Seth C.
Manchester, Stephen
Roe, William
Rogers, Silas
Rennick, Hiram
Stanley, George E.
Smith, Edward
Stewart, William A.
Smith, Charles
Stevens, Peter
Shepard, Freedom
Shepard, Alfred
Stillson, Roswell H.
Stone, Delos
Stone, James
Smith, Lewis
Thomas, Charles
Thiers, Isaac
Wattles, Henry
Wattles, Victor
Williams, Jerome
Wood, Henry
Wheelock, Ira W.
Whitcomb, Joel
Yarhams, William W.
VanNocker, F.

Armstrong, Cyntha
Burrell, Jane
Burrell, Mary
Brundage, Eliza V.
Brooks, Mary
Bryant, Mary
Burlingham, Delphina
Burlingham, Sarah M.
Belcher, Emma
Brown, L.
Caldwell, Eliza
Cantine, Caroline
Clark, Charlotte E.
Casey, Mary
Canfield, Marie
Fuller, F. R.
Grodevant, Helen A.
Gilbert, Charlotte A.
Green, Julia
Green, Cordelia
Goodwin, Helen A.
Hill, Gertrude
Holmes, Sarah J.
Hewitt, Phebe
Hutchinson, Helen
Johnson, Harriet
Jewell, Elizabeth
Larchhead, Teressa
Little, Helen
Morgan, Marie L.
Nichols, Frances
Pratt, Louisa
Preston, Fanny
Packer, Viola
Palmer, Lucy
Robinson, Marian S.
Stillson, Caroline
Smith, Caroline
Smith, Frances
Smith, Julia
Smith, Frank
Simmons, Caroline
Taft, Frances
Thomas, Helen
Thiers, Janette

[1]Merritt L. Coleman was formerly a banker of Lansing and member of and treasurer for this society. He now resides in Redlands, Cal.

Cook, ——
Davis, Angeline
Durfee, Jane
Davis, Josephine
Eldred, Jane
Everett, S.
Freeman, Emeline
Fort, Emily V.
Flint, Eliza
Farnsworth, Frances
Frey, Elizabeth
Frey, Mary
Morgan, Sarah L.
Marsh, Hattie
Marsh, Mattie
McCamley, Jane
McCamley, Margaret
Mapes, Mary M.
Moshier, Martha
Moshier, Margaret
Nichols, Elizabeth
Nichols, Amelia
Nichols, Mary
Nichols, Emily
Way, Charlotte
Whitcomb, Lucy
Whitcomb, Cornelia N.
Woodard, Matilda
Woodard, Julia
Williams, S. A.
Wright, Lydia C.
Waters, Mary
Wheelock, Charlotte
Waring, Josephine
Yovey, Dinah

List of students in select school in Battle Creek, 1852:

Alonzo Noble
Warham Noble
Andrew Etheridge
James Etheridge
Allie Etheridge
Henry W. Taft
Charles Dodge
John Bull
Thomas Jennings
Ralph Cumings
William Sprague
Abram Spencer
Charles Watts
George Burdick
Walter Morgan
Jerome Smith
Elizabeth West
Emeline Crocker
Emma Grover
Frances Smith
Frances Taft
Samantha J. Woodard
Lora M. Woodard
Julia Woodard
Sarah Jane Holmes
Eliza V. Brundage
Cordelia Spencer
Susan Bryant

List of students in the Dowagiac union school, 1856.
A. D. P. Van Buren principal, Miss A. Marie Metcalf, assistant.

John Amadon
Charles Andrews
Eugene Andrews
George Amadon
Aaron Austin
Alverton Baker
Wallace Baker
Hiram D. Bowling
Enoch Bowling
Benjamin Bowling
Samuel Bowling
Herman Biglow
Charles H. Biglow
Hervey Biglow
Julius Becraft
John Muffley
Warren Palmer
Corwin Rutter
George Robinson
Byron Robinson
Stephen L. Robinson
Silas Rutter
Edward M. Smith
William Snyder
Joel Smith
George Sullivan
John S. Stratton
John Snyder
George Salisbury
Reuben Stratton
Miss Sophie Huntington
" Harriet Hale
" Mary G. Hale
" Charlotte Huff
" Elizabeth Huff
" Mary E. Hamilton
" Sarah A. Hawks
" Marie Hazlit
" Ellen Hungerford
" Uretta Hall
" Charlotte Hills
" Mary Ellen Hull
" Florilla Harwood
" Josephine Howard
" Julia Ann Hall

William F. Becraft	Charles Stebbins	Miss Elizabeth Lee
Amos Bacon	Allen Scott	" Mary Ann Lee
Corydon Brownell	William Scofield	" Melissa Lee
Charles H. Brownell	Morgan Snyder	" Rosalia Love
Charles F. Bowman	Franklin Salisbury	" Elizabeth Muffley
Clayton Daniels	Loren D. Townsend	" Mary H. Muffley
Isaac R. Dunning	Parson E. Wilbur	" Lydia Muffley
Ira Deyo	Theodore Wilbur	" Elizabeth McNair
Ellery Deyo	Nathan Wilbur	" Alice Marlett
Squire N. Davis	Charles Whitford	" Emma Mosier
Stewart W. Davis	John Wagoner	" Laura A. Potter
Charles Denison	Miss Mary E. Andrews	" Mary Patton
William F. Fosdick	" Floretta Allen	" Caroline Potter
Jerome Farrow	" Mary Amadon	" Mary L. Rutter
Stephen George	" Rozilla Bock	" Anna L. Rutter
George B. Griffin	" Adeline Bock	" Rosalia D. Reshore
Henry L. Hills	" Mary Beckwith	" Adessa Rutter
Frank G. Hull	" Adel Baker	" Ida M. Reshore
Frank Haight	" Mary Baker	" Sarah Salisbury
Hiram Hall	" Cyntha Becraft	" Lucy Salisbury
Amos Huff	" Catherine Bassett	" Lois L. Stowell
Theodore F. Hall	" Dianthe P. Baker	" Helen Spencer
Arthur Haight	" Emma Barnard	" Margaret Snyder
Aaron Hills	" Sarah E. Carr	" Clara Sullivan
Charles Johnson	" Isadore A. Cook	" Sophie Scott
James D. Lee	" Ellen Cook	" Mary P. Stowell
Charles Lee	" Beattie Dunning	" Sarah C. Stowell
Frank Lee	" Mary H. Davis	" Harriet E. Shumway
George H. Lisle	" Mary A. Fosdick	
Eugene McNair	" Charlotte Farrow	" Mary Townsend
Monroe McNair	" Sarah J. Foster	" Isabella Turner
Elmer Moshier	" Louisa J. Frasier	" Frances Wilbur
George Mosier	" Anna E. Frasier	" Charlotte Williams
Silas Martin	" Ellen Fletcher	" Sarah Wagoner
Laddie Moshier	" Judith Fosdick	" Margarette Wagoner
George B. Marlett	" Mary Gibbs	
Rollin Merrill	" Kate Ann Hardy	" Hannah Vanderhoff
Daniel Muffley	" Lusalia M. Hicks	" Emma Vanderhoff

List of students in "Willow Dale Academy," in Yazoo county, Mississippi, 1858-59:

The academy was established by three wealthy planters, Dr. H. Yandal, John S. Paul and Harrison Barksdale.

Lycurgus Barksdale	Otho S. Paul	Henry Yandal
William Barksdale	Thomas Paul	Miss Susie Yandal
[1]Jimmy Barksdale	Miss Sallie Paul	Emma Yandal
Miss Jennie Barksdale	Willie Yandal	

There were besides the above five or six, other students whose names I have forgotten.

Class of young ladies and young men, in the summer school of 1860 in South Battle Creek:

Miss Charlotte D. Dickinson	Miss Orissa Quick	Miss Belle Van Buren
" Josephine Gregory	" Alma Quick	" Hattie Van Buren
" Lucinda Gregory	" Olive Spencer	William Smith
" Linah Pugh	" Josephine Stewart	Arthur Smith
	" Amelia Stewart	Rolin Gregory

List of students in the Climax high school, Kalamazoo county, in 1863-4:

Henry Brown	William Clark	Miss Lina Pugh
Johnny Capron	—— Clark	" Fannie Z. Lovell
Alphonso Eldred	Miss Jennie Adams	" Helen Reed
De Laun Eldred	" Miranda Adams	" Elicia Scramling
John Howard	" Mattie Adams	" Lilie Sinclair
Clement Gutches	" Sarah Atwood	" Julia Thompson
Adelbert Hunt	" Orrie Coe	" Emma Scramling
Nathan Le Fever	" Agnes Bellows	" Gertrude Sawyer
Willard G. Lovell	" Cornelia Daniels	" Louise Chapin
James Powers	" Sarah Eldred	" Aloza Cole
Preston Lovell	" Kittie Eldred	" Augusta Cole
Heber Reed	" Julia Eldred	" Elsie Seeley
Eli Sheldon	" Estella Eldred	" Sallie Sherman
George Sinclair	" Leoda Eldred	" Elen Walbridge
Wilbur Scramling	" Louisa Brimmer	" Ann Reasoner
Seymour L. Titus	" Sarah Flint	" Adaline Richards
Fred Sawyer	" Jane Pierce	" Alice Richards

Class in English literature, in Galesburg during winter evenings, of 1881-2:

[1]He, years after, when a young man, was the James Barksdale who shot Sheriff Dixon, in Yazoo City.

Miss Ella F. Chadwick	Miss Anna H. Gilson	Miss Nettie C. Carmer
" Ella C. Proctor	" Mary E. Allerton	Mrs. Elida S. Crissey
" Ella L. Salisbury	" Minnie A. Randall	Frank A. Trosley
" Edna A. Pratt	" Julia K. Qua	Prof. James W. Cupples

OLD SETTLERS FROM EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

BY JACOB DEN HERDER OF ZEELAND

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my intention to show you that especially that class of old settlers who came from European countries, certainly had their share, if not the worst, of the struggles and sufferings connected with pioneer life. It is not my object, however, to rehearse to you the terrible trials, perils and sufferings of those oldest and noblest of pioneers from European countries, of the pilgrim fathers who settled in New England, nor of the Dutch who settled in New York and New Jersey, nor of the Germans, French and Spaniards who made the first settlements in various localities of the, till then, unexplored regions of this country. For in comparison with theirs, the sufferings, dangers and privations of the old settlers of the present generation, severe though they were cannot be compared. Still it is proper to remind each other that those of about two centuries ago, also were old settlers from European countries, and that from those insignificant colonies of pioneers issued forth in every direction and with amazing speed a generation of noble and enterprising colonists of which this American nation will ever be proud. Even at the present day the amalgamated descendants of those different nationalities make out the most refined class of the present population of the United States. Even among those present here, there are doubtless several who are able to trace their genealogies to different nationalities of those first settlers from European countries. And is it not marvelous to notice how constantly, silently and yet most powerfully those different nationalities have grown and matured into one free American nation; our blessed Union.

Keeping then those noble foreign-born old settlers of centuries ago

in our holiest memories, let us proceed to trace the experiences of the old settlers from European countries who colonized in Michigan during the first three-score years of the present century, for certainly they too, had their peculiar troubles and difficulties, some facts whereof we can relate from our own experiences. But I desire to speak in general and not about any particular person, locality, or nationality, for reason that, no matter from what country they did come, their trial and experiences were most all very much alike; and leaving it to your sound judgment how their difficulties compare with American-born pioneers, to whom America is their national home, no matter where they settle. It is true, to a certain extent, we had one common lot. Every pioneer had to pass a hard school, replete of severe lessons, and I dare say that but few of us would venture to undertake such a course for a second time, however sweet the recollections of the past to each of us may be; for we shall never forget the howling wilderness and the slow, hard and tiresome process to convert the same into tillable land; nor the shanties and log huts covered with hemlock, elm and basswood bark to protect us against the rain, nor the scanty meals for such hard work. But at the same time the sweet memories of those past days will neither be forgotten; how as sisters and brothers of the same family each settlement lived and associated, helping each other in every possible way, appreciating one another and with encouraging words inspired each other with courage for the future, often taking the harps from the willows to sing praises to the Most High, even under the most trying circumstances; or by united prayers seeking solace and help at the throne of grace, with the happy result of true confidence for the future, not only but by being in the most trying circumstances sometimes unexpectedly provided for by that beneficent hand that even feedeth the ravens when they cry to Him for food. As a result whereof in those humble dwellings often a satisfaction and peace was enjoyed to which many dwellers of princely palaces are strangers.

And, Mr. Chairman, allow us to follow in our imaginations those old settlers from the time of their emigration from Europe, on through the trails following. First, I desire to state that most of the emigrants were not of the poorest class, for they had not at all the means to defray the expense connected with such a journey, neither were they of the rich or wealthy class, for such have no need nor desire to leave country and friends for an uncertain future in a foreign land; consequently as a rule, most emigrants were of the unfortunate, of the middle class, who discovered that their means were constantly on the decline, with no other prospects for the future, than soon to become

day laborers for others, which in several European countries means "slave for life." Therefore many of such decided while they had yet a small portion of their means left, to try their luck elsewhere, to move to America, that free and happy country about which they had heard such glowing (often greatly exaggerated) stories of prosperity, many expecting ease and plenty on their arrival here; not knowing, not considering what a struggle it has been for their friends, the old settlers, before they themselves enjoyed the ease and plenty they gradually attained. But let us not imagine that the decision to leave the old home, old friends, old country and all old environments is reached without a severe mental struggle to which, in many instances circumstances compel them, but it costs them many sighs and bitter tears; that rending asunder of dear relatives, separating, likely for all time, parents from children, brothers from sisters, friends from friends.

Some also, it is true, came hither for various other reasons. But let us follow them once more from the moment they have resolved to leave their old homes; the old homestead must be sold, the chattels and furniture to all of which many a true family are so closely attached; and with a sad heart they cast a last long glance at their dear old home and country, and start on a tiresome journey; especially were they long and tiresome journeys thirty years ago and more; many a journey lasting from two to four months from the place of departure of the old home in Europe till their arrival at the new home in the far west. Sailing vessels to cross the ocean, tugs and canal boats to make the inland journeys, with a taste of a tedious ox team ride to finish up with.

One might suppose, what a grand chance was that to take in all the strange and fascinating sceneries on the way; but very few take hardly any notice of whatever their eyes may meet; in fact they feel themselves everywhere as totally lost, everything is strange to them; with this exception, however, that the sighting of land "of America" and setting foot on *terra firma* after such a tedious ocean journey will never be forgotten. But for the rest they travel like a herd of cattle or sheep, and like them not a few were skinned or fleeced if they dared to turn off. Consequently the grandest sceneries are passed by unnoticed, their only longing is to get to their place of destination, their new home, where at last they arrive. Now they begin to open their eyes for the strange and wild surroundings. Oh, how different from the dear old home, instead of finding cultivated fields, nothing but dense forests on all sides, and instead of the cosy old brick dwellings covered with tiles, they have to erect and build a log hut covering the

same with the bark of trees, and instead of the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and the crowing of roosters, they hear the howling of wolves and the screeching of owls, in fact the whole surroundings more and better fitted for haunts of wild animals than for civilized human beings. No wonder they shudder by times at the disappointment they meet, no wonder that in a fit of disconsolate desperation some one should curse the God that thus far kept him and led him, or denounce the America of which they heard and read so much and of which they had such great expectations, and the friends who had written them such glowing epistles of this country. Or, if they are God-fearing people they very likely take their troubles and anxieties on bended knee to the throne of grace, and there find consolation. Each and every one in his own way is by times filled with dark forebodings, for it is not alone the wild and dreary surroundings, but very soon their means give out while their land is still unfit for cultivation. What shall they, what can they do as total strangers in a strange country? Oh! how often many wished they had never undertaken this foolish step; but it has been done and to return on that long, tiresome journey to their old homes, and then to arrive there homeless and penniless with poverty and shame staring them in the face, that they will never do, come what may.

But it is a fact that many suffered intensely, especially those of riper age; to them it is much the same as uprooting and transplanting an old tree from its native soil and climate into a foreign soil under a different climate; no wonder that for a while many wither and drop many a leaf, and several soon die. Gradually, however, they get used to the new surroundings, used to their new homes and to the climate; slowly the forests are cleared away and grain and vegetables to some extent raised, calves are growing into cows and oxen, pigs and chickens are raised to supply them with pork and eggs. The axe, saw and handspike become lighter; fathers, mothers, sons, and even daughters render a helpful hand in clearing up and improving their new homestead, and is it not very natural that a home thus reared by the energetic and united efforts of each and all becomes to them even more precious and attractive than their old home, dearer than many a fine palace to its rich occupants? Consequently their hearts by times are filled with gratitude and praise, thinking what their desperate lot might, and very likely would have been, had they stayed in their old country. Then, also, they gradually begin to breathe and inhale the free and independent air of the new world; very soon they proclaim that, though this is not their fatherland, it shall be the land of their children, and thank God for it. It is true they notice that they have not

the learned pedagogue of their old country to instruct their children; they, however, soon perceive that the plain schoolma'am of the backwoods takes more pains and pride to instruct their little ones than their old schoolmaster ever did; and besides, practical, common sense lessons, learned by a variety of scenes and circumstances, furnishes them the needed higher grade studies for the future. Yes, they freely admit that for their children especially, if they work diligently, their anxiety has passed away. But although this may be a better country for themselves also, as they must admit, yet they are not so very soon fully Americanized as their children. All is so very different from their old country; the climate, the soil, the people, the customs, the language and dress, each and all so different; even the mechanic's tools and farming implements so strange, though they have sooner or later to admit that they are the fitting articles for the country. In their old country, generation after generation used the same old style of tools and implements and wore the same style of clothing, and as to language, many of them never heard one different from their mother tongue, and now to change all this in a short while is for the aged simply an impossibility.

No American-born citizen can imagine the difficulty of the transformation needed for the old settlers who came here at an age of thirty years or over. But Americanize they must, and do, even more so than they imagine; for of those who have returned to the old country again after having lived here even only a few years, most all soon come back again, admitting that to them the old country can no longer compare with America.

To Americans it is often ludicrous to hear and see the efforts of those foreign-born citizens in their attempts to make themselves understood, and to comply to the American ways and customs. But in my opinion a little bit of respectable foreign blood and foreign brain and of the best customs and manners retained or mixed up with the American, should not by any means be considered a disgrace, but rather an honor and virtue, even a sprinkling of the native brogue into the acquired English cannot, I trust, be offensive to an American cultivated ear, especially to those who have studied languages, as they know the difficulty of the task even if studied while young.

Another difficulty to the aged foreign-born old settler is to overcome his national characteristic and to become fully Americanized in that respect also. But again in this sense it is also true that there are noble characteristics in foreign lands which, if properly blended with the American make America just the country it should be and is, the amelioration of a variety of noble characters into one grand American nation.

Pioneer life! where is the home, the town, village or city of nowadays on American soil which had not a bitter taste of it? With an eye on that history of the past, the old settlers of the first half of this century, as well as those of later date, were encouraged to push along, and ahead, and the blessed results and rich rewards are enjoyed by us at the present day, and will be by our children in the future, if by frugality, honesty, push and patience they proceed in the footsteps of their pioneer parents.

Once more to the foreign-born pioneer, that life may be the hardest, but it is at the same time the most fitting, in order that they may in the future the more appreciate their adopted home and country; such is the stuff that makes thoroughly peaceable, patriotic citizens. While much of the foreign emigration settling and remaining as laborers in our large cities, never taste those happy results of pioneer life but remain in servitude and consequently more or less dissatisfaction all the rest of their lifetime. Such pioneers soon become fully Americanized, and American citizens. Renouncing all faith and allegiance to every foreign king and potentate, as well of their own old country as of any other, they are ready when called upon to defend the stars and stripes of their adopted country. And lastly my friends, with what thankful hearts ought we not to take a survey round about us striking a comparison with what there was thirty, forty, or fifty years ago! Vast forests turned into a beautiful paradise of all kinds of grain and fruit; the haunts of wild animals changed to pastures of grazing cattle, sheep and horses; the narrow, crooked Indian trail succeeded by spacious highways and railroads, wigwam encampments by thriving villages and cities adorned with schools, colleges and churches; the howling, hooting and screechings of owls and wolves by innumerable steam whistles of industry.

Truly a strange transformation; not accomplished by the power of millionaires, nor by a sudden, powerful freak of nature, but mostly by the nerve, enterprise, and persistence of the old pioneers of this and of those coming in from foreign countries, whose untiring labors the Lord was pleased thus to abundantly bless.

And, therefore, why should we not at a moment like this, lifting ourselves from the busy bustle of life upon memory's holy eminence, survey with pleasure and gratitude this wonderful change, and the devious, difficult and dark ways through which we were led from our earliest memories until the present day; thankful to God that he has been our constant guide.

PIONEER SKETCH

OF MOSES GOODRICH AND HIS TRIP TO MICHIGAN IN FEBRUARY, 1836, WITH HIS BROTHER LEVI.

BY ENOS GOODRICH

For Pioneer and Historical Collections

Few subjects are more intensely interesting than those which relate to the selection and building of an earthly home, and few if any make deeper and more lasting impressions on the human mind. In the nomadic times of Abraham and Lot and their compatriots, the condition of the country and the pursuits of the people involved frequent changes of location, cutting off those local attachments which form so surely and take such deep root in the human mind under our modern civilization. It is true that the introduction of stoves and other modern appliances of advanced civilization, have taken very much of the romance out of those classic allusions to the "hearth stones" of our boyhood's days, but the "roof tree" still remains to spread its umbrageous shadows over that spot of all the earth which we idolize and characterize by the endearing appellation of home.

Michigan, like the other states of the west, received the early impetus and the genius of its institutions, from home-seekers. And in this, the Empire State was its heaviest and principal contributor. Western New York was covered with the possessions of the traditional "Holland Company," who sold its lands on indefinite periods of credit, and as a natural consequence got itself shamefully abused by its purchasers. It was very heavily timbered, and a hard country for its pioneers, besides being, (seventy years ago) as badly afflicted with mud fevers as was our own Michigan in its "wild cat" days. No wonder that nine out of ten of those early settlers never paid for their lands. The company were very indulgent, and very few settlers were ever driven off their lands, and many a settler, after living out his third "article" was still peacefully living on. But my father's family was typical of many others. The old hive had got full, and there must be a "swarming." Six sons and a daughter, added to the parent stock, was more than a "Holland purchase" farm of 114 acres could sustain. The condition grew ominous, and caused the parents many an

anxious thought. Buffalo was eighteen miles distant, and was our most convenient trading point, whenever there was any trading to be done. Often, when rounding the summit of a hill five miles east from Buffalo harbor, we would look out upon the blue waters of Lake Erie, and as we contemplated the white canvas of the schooners, "on distant errands bent," our imaginations, with the fleetness of lightning would wing its way to the woods and hills and plains of the far-off Michigan. Once, (it must have been about the year 1831) my father had crossed Lake Erie and wended his way as far west as Ann Arbor and Detroit, which were then just sprouting into existence. He had tramped over Toguish[1] plains, and made the acquaintance of Orange Risdon and Judge Dexter, and other early pioneers of Washtenaw county; and nearly sacrificed his life through an attack of pneumonia caught in a November home passage across Lake Erie. Still, when he could scarcely hold his head up he would talk to inquiring neighbors in most enthusiastic strains of the beauties of the far-off country he had visited, in "the land of the setting sun."

He had come to Erie county when the infant Buffalo[2] was a smouldering heap of ashes. He had shaken hands with the Indian chief, Red Jacket. He had listened, from his woodland home, to the booming of cannon and the distant rattle of small arms when the brave Van Rensselaer captured Queenstown Heights, and that brilliant British officer, Gen. Brock, poured out his life blood on a pile of rails upon that sanguinary battlefield. He had refused the offer of a hundred acres of land for seventy dollars, in the very heart of the present city of Buffalo. He had braved the "frosty seasons" of 1815-16, carrying the product of a six-acre corn field, at one load, to mill, upon his back. And now he had contracted the Michigan fever, a disease which was destined never to relinquish its hold, until his bones were laid in peaceful rest on the pleasant banks of Kearsley's stream, in the county of Genesee. But it was not until the summer of 1835 that the Holland purchase farm was sold and arrangements perfected for a general "hegira" to the new west. My parents, who had both been born in New England, in the year 1774, had now attained the age of three score—and fain would their children have persuaded them to remain with old friends and avoid the privations of a new country, but they would never consent to see the family divided. Moses, the oldest, and myself, the fourth brother, were selected to proceed west and select the spot which was to become the family's future abode. Accordingly, in September,

[1]This should be Tonguish Plains in Nankin township, Wayne county, where Tonguish creek flows into the west branch of the River Rouge. Farmer's *Map of Michigan*, 1831. Also Vol. VIII, p. 164, this series.

[2]See appendix.

1835, (Sept. 13th, I think), we took steamboat from Buffalo to Detroit, and thence proceeded on foot in a northwesterly direction, through Pontiac, and thence onward toward Saginaw. We had taken the precaution to provide an ample supply of township plats at the Detroit land office, having previously stocked ourselves with general maps at Buffalo. As we journeyed onward we met land explorers returning from the woods, weary and foot-sore, and glad of an excuse to sit down by the roadside and rest. Various and conflicting were the accounts they gave of the country they had visited. Some were enamored with the country, and some would not "take all Michigan as a gift, and be obliged to live in it." Thus, we became pretty well posted in regard to interior points, but were very favorably impressed by the accounts of two or three men who reported to have seen a rich country of very heavy timbered land along the Kearsley creek, in the vicinity of "Davison's mill." Bending our course in that direction we found a spot meeting all our cardinal requirements, of good soil, good timber and an abundance of never failing water, all for sale at the government price of one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Returning to Detroit as soon as our weary feet could carry us, we at once purchased a thousand acres of land, all in town six north, of range eight east, then Lapeer, but now Genesee county. Returning to our old home in Clarence, New York, the notes of preparation were now sounded for a general western movement in early spring. But in order to prepare the new home for the reception of the family, it was decided that Moses and Levi, the first and third of the six brothers, should proceed in the winter through Canada by land.

The winter of 1835-6 was long remembered as one of exceptional severity. But frost and snow had no terrors, when a new home was to be won. The outfit was duly prepared, consisting, first, of two substantial yoke of oxen, and an old fashion sled, twelve feet long, and heavy in proportion. On this sled was loaded a substantial lumber wagon, of the old "crotch skein" and linch pin style. A barrel of pork, a barrel of flour, a few farm implements and household goods, and a pittance of hay and grain for the teams, were provided, not forgetting the indispensable well stored provision box.

All being prepared they "flung their canvas to the breeze" on the eleventh day of February, heading first for Lockport through the "Tonawanda woods." Thence, under pressure of a "blue beach" breeze, they plowed through heaped and drifted snow, to Lewiston, at which place they crossed the river to Queenston, having stayed the first night at Mullineaux tavern, four miles northwest of Lockport. Three days of incessant snowing and drifting had rendered the roads

almost impassable. From Mullineaux to Queenston constituted the second day's journey (February 12) and supposed to be about twenty-five miles. The crossing of the Niagara was successfully accomplished, and emigrants and teams put up the first night on British soil; it being the first night that either of the emigrants had ever slept outside of the protecting ægis of the American Eagle. But cold and fatigue rendered their slumbers calm and peaceful.

On the third day, being February 13, their course led down Niagara river in a northerly direction, facing a bitter wind, fresh from Lake Ontario. Levi, whose health had always been extremely delicate, was nearly overpowered by the cold. His lungs were seriously affected, and it was thought it would be necessary to return him to his old home. That night they put up at Hamilton, a small village almost the then size of Pontiac.

"On the 4th day, February 14, struck out to the west through the interior of Canada, passing through some good farm settlements. Along the Grand River passed some valuable bodies of pine timber. The route led through Brantford and St. Catherine's, where we crossed the Welland canal.[1] Both Brantford and St. Catherine's were then quite small towns. Passed through a hamlet called Westminster. Came through twelve miles Indian woods. The last stop we made east of the Indian woods, it was late in the afternoon and was thawing, and we were anxious to push forward. Bated teams and took lunch before entering the long woods. This day fell in with a Canadian emigrant named John Stiles, who was, like us, traveling with an ox team, and whose place of destination was also Lapeer county. He was from near Toronto, and his father's family had preceded him, with horses and sleigh. The night was bright starlight, and grew intensely cold. When we supposed we were about half way through the woods, we called a halt, and gave hay to our oxen, and took a lunch, and as we waited to rest our teams and give them time to eat, we traveled and beat the snow with our boots to keep from freezing. Renewing our journey through the frozen woods, we pushed forward to the banks of the river Thames. At this time, while it was yet dead of night, we entered a clearing. Here the monotony of our journey was interrupted by an unexpected serenade, it being the barking, yelping and howling of several hundred Indian dogs from the opposite side of the river. At this time, while it was yet dead of night, we had reached Moravian Town, the scene of the Tecumseh battle grounds. A little below Moravian Town we came to a tavern, where we turned in and took a morning nap, and at the same time rested, bated, and refreshed our teams. This brought us to the morn-

[1]See appendix.

ing of the 5th day of our journey, being February 15. This day pursued our journey down the Thames, and through a magnificent farming country, with fine fields, buildings and orchards—some of the finest I ever saw. That evening crossed the Thames at Chatham[1] and journeyed down the river some two miles, where we put up for the night. February 16, being the 6th day of our journey, the weather grew warm, and thawed freely till sleighing in spots became very poor. By an early start we reached Lake St. Clair by nine or ten o'clock. Here we found the shore road blockaded with impassable drifts, and we were compelled to take the ice on which the water was ankle deep, and thawing very fast, and many air holes in the ice. It was dangerous, but we felt that we must push forward. Levi walked forward to search out air holes which were discernible far in advance of the teams by the bubbling up of the water, and he would point them out and signal us to shun them. We thus made a day's journey of twenty-seven miles, being the longest yet accomplished, when we brought up at a tavern on the south shore of Lake St. Clair. February 17, being the 7th day of our journey, continued our course all day on the ice, leaving it only at noon when we went to a tavern on shore to feed our teams. Water kept rising, and ice weakening. One critical incident occurred. The ice was cracking and sinking under the weight of our teams and loads. A sharp yell to the teams put the leaders to their mettle. A bow key broke and let loose the near ox of the hind team, but without an instant to be lost the other three oxen bounded forward with the load to a place of safety on sound ice. That night brought up to a tavern at the foot of the lake, where we put up for the night. February 18th the thaw increased, and sleighing was ruined. The wagons were now mounted, and the sleighs and cargoes piled on to renew the journey. The first half day on wheels took us to Windsor, opposite to Detroit, the distance being about eight miles."

Here our voyageurs reached a climax. It was the culminating point of the journey. They had surmounted the arctic winds and heaped up snow-drifts of the Niagara. They had threaded at dead of night, and through intense cold the long Indian woods. They had passed the treacherous ice of Lake St. Clair. And now Michigan, the land of promise lay full in view before them. Its low, level shores fringed with tall timber, here and there broken with small improvements, stretched far and wide as far as the vision could extend. It was the Michigan of their future hopes. It was destined to be the scene of untold struggles and privations, and the receptacle of their dust, and that of their parents and numerous kindred. The land of

[1]See appendix.

their birth, with all its past endearments and severed ties was behind them. What to them was now the noble Empire State, with all its wealth and grandeur? The ties that bound them to it had been severed, and henceforward the wild, the rugged, the inhospitable Michigan was the scene and center of their future hopes. And there it lay, spread out before them—but the turbid waters of Detroit river rolled between. The ice of the St. Clair, which but a day or two before had cracked and heaved and trembled beneath their ox teams, was now rushing down the river in the most terrific manner. To cross the river was impossible. Their supply of hay was exhausted, and grain supply getting low; and not a spear of hay or straw to be bought in Windsor. The hotel keeper had been promised hay, but roads had become impassable, and it failed to arrive. Farmhouses and barns were visited but to no purpose. And still the ice flow continued irresistible. Col. Davenport owned the ferry, and our emigrants, driven to desperation, were hourly importuning him to cross them over. In vain did he reason with them, and endeavor to convince them of the rashness of the undertaking. Moses was in a position of double responsibility. He had upon his person money of his father, himself and eastern neighbors, to be invested in Michigan lands, also description of lands carefully selected the autumn previous. The money was liable to be lost or stolen, and the lands might be bought by other parties. John Stiles, the stalwart young Canadian from Toronto, who had been their fellow-traveler, was an adept in the management of water craft. Moses engaged his services, and succeeded in borrowing or hiring a small skiff, by assuring its reluctant owner that in case the skiff and its occupants were lost, there remained his teams and their loading as indemnity. It was either the 23d or 24th of February, when the perilous crossing the river in a small skiff, among floating ice fields was successfully accomplished by John Stiles and Moses Goodrich. The land office was reached, the selected lands were all found intact. Maj. Kearsley and John Biddle were prompt in making out the papers, and with hearts and pockets greatly relieved, Moses and his faithful companion Stiles safely re-crossed the river; and the heart of the owner of the skiff was made glad by the safe return of his property. That night Moses Goodrich indulged in the soundest slumber of the whole journey.

Morning dawned upon the seething waters of Detroit river, still turbid with the crashing and grinding ice of Lake St. Clair. Teams were suffering for food, and anxiety grew hourly more intense. Col. Davenport was again interviewed and still peremptorily refused to

assume any responsibility of starting the ferry. He did finally consent that his boats might be used in case that our voyageurs would assume all responsibility, and on the further condition, that they could induce his own ferrymen to go in charge of the boat. The ferrymen were hunted up, and in appearance would compare with so many "Norse sea kings of the eleventh century." One captain and four oarsmen, five in all, comprised the crew. The bargain was duly arranged conditioned that they should be paid two dollars each, for the day's service, supplemented with "what they could eat and drink." But now they met an unexpected obstacle, which shows the hoggishness of human nature in a strong light. Two emigrants, with horse teams had been lying idle at the hotel. They had not lifted a finger toward all the arrangements, but they demanded from Col. Davenport their right to cross on the ferry first, and though the ferry was not then being run by Col. Davenport, he insisted on having their claim allowed. After much discussion a kind of "Missouri compromise" was effected, which showed that the cowardice of these two strangers was equal to their hoggishness. They dare not risk their persons or their teams on the boat, but would (magnanimously?) waive their right of prior passage, on condition that their trumpery be ferried over free of charge, and safely deposited in a warehouse in Detroit. And so their "traps" constituted the first boat load. The boat was especially well manned, for besides the five sea kings there were four emigrants, viz.: Moses Goodrich, Levi W. Goodrich, John Stiles, and a young man from near Clarence Hollow, by the name of John Johnson, who had arrived with horse and cutter simultaneously with the others. Thus manned, with two full sets of oarsmen, the boat was loaded for its first passage. But as the current of the stream was found to be irresistible, and huge masses of ice were drifting their dark forms in dizzy whirls along the angry flood, a direct crossing was found to be simply impossible. A long and powerful line was procured and attached to the bow of the boat. Eight men, with strong hands, dragged the boat half a mile up stream, while the ninth with pike in hand kept it off the shore. And now for the desperate launch. The rope is coiled, and the bow of the boat swings into the mad stream. Four men are pulling at the strong oars with the trusty captain at the helm, while one with pike in hand was detailed to push off the ice cakes that were constantly lodging against the up stream gunwale. Steadily did this frail craft push out into the stream, and steady as clock work was the dip of their strong oars; and as one set of oarsmen required a breathing time, the others were instant to take their place. Thus on moved the trembling scow,

veering and steering to avoid as far as possible the large bodies of ice. At last the foot of Woodward avenue was reached, when a brief space sufficed to "discharge cargo." The first trip thus successfully accomplished, entitled our dauntless navigators to another installment of "refreshments." It was Byron who blasphemously asserted that nothing can so embolden the human mind in the hour of danger as "rum and true religion." The convenient saloon was patronized, and the work of re-crossing the empty ferry boat was of short duration.

The ox teams and the merchandise of the Goodrich brothers made up the second cargo. The same laborious process dragged the heavily laden ferry boat up stream, as before, to the point of embarkation. Again the boat trembled and quivered amid surrounding floes, but guided by consummate skill, and propelled by strong and determined hands, it shot rapidly toward the American shore. It was interesting to note the steady stroke of the oars, and the resistless energy with which those stalwart boatmen bent to their task. Even our green hands, or "moss backs," as the modern phrase would have it, bent to the work with a readiness which astonished themselves. Levi, who had been an invalid from his birth, had gathered unexpected strength from exposure to a Canadian winter, and now, drinking in inspiration from the surroundings, pulled away at the oar with a degree of energy which would have done credit to an experienced boatman. Passing the mid-stream, and as the American shore was rapidly drawing near, an immense ice flow was seen to swing out into the channel above them, and to "bear down," upon the frail ferry boat with ominous speed and irresistible force. The captain's eye at once comprehended the peril of the situation. Pointing to the huge mass as it momentarily drew nearer he shouted with an earnest energy—"Boys, if that strikes our boat, saltpetre won't save us." "Strike deep and pull strong—make every stroke tell!" Hundreds of people attracted by the peril of the situation were ranged along the dock, regardless of the February winds, watching with intense and breathless silence every stroke of the oars. For a brief space a funereal silence prevailed, every arm pulling at the oar as if each stroke were to be his last. "Bismilar, now the peril's past"—and as the prow struck American soil the welkin rang with cheer after cheer from the crowd of anxious spectators which lined the shore. Our emigrants and their faithful guides were almost suffocated by the enthusiastic throng which crowded around them, and many a hearty hand shake was indulged in, between parties that never met before, and never will till doomsday. "Refreshments" were once more in order, and swiftly sped the boat

back to Canada for the wordly goods of the faithful Stiles and Johnson. And now the wintry sun looked faintly out of the west upon the dark waters as the last cargo was safely landed on American soil. The ten dollars was duly counted out to the sturdy boatmen—the last liquid instalment duly imbibed, and the parties shook hands and separated with as much apparent fervency of friendship as if they had been life-long companions.

That night, being the night of February 25th, they remained in Detroit—putting up at a hotel, the name of which they fail to record. Next day, February 26, the ox teams having had a long hungry rest at Windsor, proceeded twenty-five miles, through frozen mud, to the village of Pontiac. The only incident of this day's journey was the separation from their friends, Stiles, who left the route at Royal Oak, and proceeded by way of Troy, to Lapeer, his future home. Often did they afterwards meet, when the friendship of former days was cordially renewed. John Johnson dropped out of sight, and the place of his final destination I have never learned. Moses Goodrich never afterwards spoke of his fortuitous meeting with John Stiles, at dead of night, in the long Indian woods, without feelings of manifest emotion; and the culminating point of their acquaintance was the trip in the skiff, amid fields of ice, to reach the Detroit land office. Often in after years, as he recalled these scenes, his voice would quiver, and the tear drops would glisten in his eye.

February 27, 1836, the Goodrich brothers renewed their journey alone. Here, north of Pontiac, they found passably good sleighing—but having mounted their wagons, and all snugly loaded, they finished their journey on wheels. Nightfall overtook them as they were ready to leave the Saginaw turnpike near Stony Run. The remaining five miles to the home of Ezra K. Parshall, on the Thread Creek, were driven in the evening. Having reached a point within two miles of their future home they engaged a few weeks' board and their wearisome journey was now at an end.

Twenty-five cents would then convey a letter back to their friends in "York State," and the time occupied in the passage at this season of the year, was about ten days. They heralded their arrival in the land of promise back to their old home, and the event marked an epoch in the family history never to be forgotten.

* * * * * * * *

Time rolled on. Parents and brothers, and their one lone sister came on the following spring. Hope was strong, and there were also strong hands and stout hearts. In April, 1836, the township was

organized and christened "Atlas." In two summers the Goodrich brothers had placed under cultivation one hundred and fifty acres of "Neshinquak Plains." During that two summers thirty families from Clarence, Erie county, New York, followed the Goodrich family, and made for themselves homes in Atlas.

* * * * * * * *

Time rolled on, and now of all the heads of this thirty families but two remain on earth—Manly Swears, still on the farm he has occupied fifty-three years, and the Hon. George Kipp, who has gone back to lay his bones in the bosom of the old Empire state.

It would require volumes to record the adventures and experiences of this band of pioneers, who left their homes on the old "Holland purchase" to cast their lot in the wilds of Michigan. But as our narrative began with Moses and his pilgrimage to the "promised land," let us follow him to the end of his pilgrimage. Of all men that came to build up our new State, he was the most unassuming, the most unaspiring. Though he had brothers who sat in the halls of legislation, and upon the judicial bench, and though he was endowed with talents which would have qualified him for either station (more especially the latter), he steadfastly shunned all public position, and tenaciously adhered to the honorable and independent walks of private life. It may be safely asserted that he never made a dollar in speculation. His sole occupation was that of a farmer, and by its diligent pursuit he accumulated a competence sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man. Of all the independent farmers of Atlas he was one of the most independent. One incident of his farm experience is worthy to be recorded, as illustrative of his success in his chosen occupation. In the summer of 1864, when wool advanced to a dollar a pound, he sent in one load to Flint, his one season's product, it being 2,240 pounds, and sold it for as many dollars in government greenbacks. His habits of industry had so far become his master, that even in age he found it almost impossible to stop work. The works of nature were his favorite companions; and at eighty years old he would shoulder his axe at early morning, and walk, with vigorous step, a mile, to the rear end of his farm, and there remain as busy and as happy as ever was a bee amid summer flowers, till the shades of evening drove him reluctantly home. During the last two years of his life he was compelled to forego the pleasure of outdoor labors, and when at last on September 10, 1887, he composed his weary limbs in their last peaceful slumber, a community of neighbors and friends and kindred united in mourning their irreparable loss. Besides his immediate neighbors, the city of Flint

sent out a delegation of its foremost citizens, headed by such prominent personages as Mayor Dayton, Judge Newton, Mark W. Stevens, and George Hubbard, to testify their respect for their farmer friend. The funeral was held at his residence, and in accordance with his last request, the exercises consisted of an obituary, by his brother (the writer), and brief feeling addresses from sympathizing friends. Unlike his namesake of old, he had reached the land of promise, and lived in its peaceful enjoyment over half a century. He was born in the town of Sempronius, county of Cayuga, state of New York, and at the time of his death lacked but a few weeks of having completed his eighty-fifth year.

REUNION OF THE GOODRICH FAMILY ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS SETTLEMENT IN MICHIGAN

On Thursday, the 20th day of May, 1886, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the family in Michigan, the surviving members of the original Goodrich family, with as many of their descendants and kindred as could conveniently attend, gathered at the mansion of the oldest brother, Moses, near the village bearing the family name, and on the farm where the family had settled fifty years before. Parties were there whose homes are now far remote from each other; kindred met kindred who had never met before, and who in all probability will never meet again.

There were heartfelt greetings, there were minglings of pleasure and sadness, of joys and sorrows, of smiles and tears, as the recollections of by-gone years were called up from the oblivion of the past. The vicissitudes of pioneer life, the changes of the country—from wilderness to its present condition of advanced improvement—the friends and neighbors of former times that have passed away, were among the interesting themes of discussion.

Aaron, the second brother, had come from his home in St. Paul, Minnesota, bringing fresh intelligence from the wonderful cities of the upper Mississippi, or reverting in his happy manner to his sojourn in Belgium, and his travels in Italy or to his heartfelt and sentimental

visit to "Goodrich Castle," the ancient home of the family on the banks of the river Wye, in the county of Herefordshire, England.

Enos, the next living brother had come up from Fostoria to tell the story how the towering pines of Tuscola county had vanished, and given place to grain fields and orchards and meadows, and to prove by the grip of his strong calloused hand, that he had not gone there to play up gentleman, but to repeat his old time labors of the county of Genesee.

Reuben, the youngest and the last, had come from his home beside the lucid waters of Traverse bay, to take one more look at his old stamping ground, to tell of the gigantic enterprises of Hannah, Lay & Company and of Dexter & Noble and of his recent pilgrimage among the orange groves, the "everglades" and the alligators of Florida. The four gray-headed, but cheerful hearted brothers met perhaps for the last time on earth, cheered and consoled by the consciousness of having at least tried to do something for the benefit of the world in which they have been so long permitted to live.

John Brigham, the husband of the departed sister Eliza, had come up from West Bay City, accompanied by his two sons, John and Samuel, who are established in the legal profession at that most enterprising town on the Saginaw.

The two sons of Reuben, Charles of Traverse City and Frank of Frankfort, were there to cheer and enliven the kindred gathering with their presence. Did space permit the insertion of the "rough and tumble" experiences of Frank Goodrich in Muskegon log driving and lumber camp life, the recital would rival in interest the adventures of Daniel Boone of Kentucky, or David Crocket on the head of the Cumberland; but the individual experiences of the eventful family must remain to be recorded in some future legend or swallowed up in that oblivion which engulfs the past.

The three living sons of Moses; George, Eugene and Nelson, as well as Aaron C. Brigham, the first son of Eliza, and William and James, the living sons of Levi, are all comfortably engaged in agricultural pursuits, and settled and anchored on the free soil of that country surrounding the old homestead, where their fathers toiled in the wilderness fifty years ago, and laid the solid foundations of their prosperity, which is now so magnificently rewarding their early labors.

The third generation from manhood and womanhood down to infancy, were out in force, forming an assemblage of nearly fifty of the kindred, which made the capacious farm house of Moses and Nelson swarm like a bee-hive in the days when the fields are white with clover blos-

soms. It would be difficult to imagine a more busy and bustling scene than that comfortable mansion presented. There were busy women and girls, spreading and loading the ample tables, while gray-haired and venerable brothers were conversing of early experiences and privations, or of incidents of countries far remote. Mature mankind was conversing upon the condition of the crops, the improvement of lands and the business outlook of their honest and healthful occupations; while frolicksome urchins were sporting and gamboling under the ample shadows of the venerable fruit trees, whose towering and outstretched branches almost hide the mansion from the adjacent road.

Time is frequently represented as fleeing upon wings, and in this case the wings of the wild fowl could scarce outstrip its movements, until, when the ample repast was over the sun was far past the zenith.

A call was then made and the kindred gathered together, when, on motion of Aaron, the second brother, Moses, was made chairman and Enos chosen secretary of the family council.

Aaron then took the floor and led off with an appropriate and feeling address, followed by brief remarks from Reuben and John Brigham, senior. These addresses were appropriately but briefly supplemented by remarks from Charley and Frank Goodrich, by the two brothers, John and Samuel Brigham, and also by Mrs. Matilda Goodrich Narrin and Mrs. Alice Goodrich Sanford.

At this stage of the proceedings Enos, acting as secretary, was called upon to present a historical address, which he had been previously requested to prepare for the occasion, and which, after a few extempore remarks, he proceeded to read as follows:

HISTORIC ADDRESS BY ENOS.

Friends and Kindred of the Goodrich Family:

As your presiding officer has suggested, we have met here today to hold in remembrance the settlement of the family in Michigan, the land of our adoption. Fifty years ago today the pilgrimage of a united family from their home in the noble Empire State brought the original Goodriches to this spot in the western wilds, which had been designated as their future home. We were not then stooped and gray-headed as you see us today. The vigor of early manhood was in our forms, and the energy of beaming hope flashed from our eyes.

Volumes have been written to commemorate the landing of our country's early pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock; but with no deeper regrets for the severed ties of a former home, with no fonder hopes for the future, and no sterner resolve to meet their rugged fortunes,

to combat and to conquer, did they enter upon the scenes of their untrodden destiny, than the Goodrich brothers struck for their fortunes in these wilds of Michigan fifty years ago. It is a long and weary road that we have traveled, and as I look back through the dim vista of intervening time, and contemplate the vicissitudes of fortune that have awaited us, the obstacles and privations that we have been called upon to encounter, the successes and failures that have attended our efforts, I feel, that while at times we had hoped to accomplish more, we have, upon the whole, no good reason to be dissatisfied with the general result; on the contrary, I feel that in our case, as in case of us all, the words, *"veni, vidi, vici,"* should be written upon our shield. *"We came, we saw, we conquered."*

In reviewing the past or contemplating the present it is the part of philosophy that we should pass lightly over our reverses, and contemplate with cheerful complacency the bright side of the picture. We, the survivors of the old guard, have been blest with a goodly measure of health and somewhat extraordinary physical and mental powers to combat with the impediments in our path. Though at times prostrated with sickness, we have been spared and raised up to fulfill our destinies on earth. We have been given children "to rise up and call us blessed." While inspired with a reasonable amount of laudable ambition we have not been inordinate in our desires, and our efforts have to a reasonable extent been crowned with success. We have had our joys and our sorrows, and though a goodly number are still in the land of living; we have not unfrequently been called to the house of mourning. Our devoted parents who left their eastern home to share our fortunes have in the course of events been called from us in mature old age, with complacent spirits and intellectual powers fully preserved to the very last. Two of the six brothers passed many years ago from the scene of their earthly labors.

There were two sisters, the first of whom passed from the cradle to the grave years before I was born, but her ashes have been carefully gathered and brought many hundreds of miles, over land and water, and placed at rest among her kindred in the Goodrich cemetery. The other sister, after being spared to fill the place of an estimable and devoted wife and mother, passed years ago from the scenes of her earthly labors, to join those of her kindred that had gone before. Of the third generation there have been twenty-seven in all, of which six grandsons and four granddaughters have passed away, while eleven grandsons and six granddaughters remain. Of greatgrandchildren there have been twenty males and seventeen females, of which four males and

three females have passed away, and sixteen males and fourteen females are still living; thus showing that the genealogy of the family foots up a total number of seventy-four souls, including the original stock, of which number fifty-one are still living, and twenty-three are numbered among the silent dead. Of the four original sons now surviving, the ages are:

Moses, born December 5, 1802, aged 83 years, 5 months and 15 days.

Aaron, born July 6, 1807, aged 78 years, 10 months and 14 days.

Enos, born August 11, 1813, aged 72 years, 9 months and 9 days.

Reuben, born June 28, 1819, aged 66 years, 10 months and 22 days.

Total age of four brothers, 302 years.

It is with greaty brevity that we can allude to a few things that the Goodrich family have within these fifty years accomplished:

First, then, I will point to the general fact, that the natural home of the Goodriches is on the farm. Generally they have not shrunk from labor, however arduous. Following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, Cain, they have generally become "tillers of the soil." One peculiarity of the family, wherever found, is that they are "home makers." Rarely, if ever, was a descendant of Levi H. Goodrich known to live even for a single day in a rented house. Turn one of them loose in the deepest recesses of the wilderness, come back in three years, and what do you find? No ruined and deserted cabin, with rough boards over the shattered windows and pathways choked with weeds higher than the door caps, but a home surrounded with the comforts of life. Their larders and cellars and granaries are stored with the necessaries and comforts of life; their cattle are grazing in the valleys, and their harvest fields are waving on the hillsides. "Home, Sweet Home," is a sentiment which they appreciate for themselves and transmit to their offsprings. It is not strange that their isolated position, their self reliance and their communion with nature beget an original way of thinking and an independence of spirit which so emphatically constitutes and dignifies the man.

Among the results of their labors may be named the making of a score of farms in the wilderness, involving the improvement of thousands of acres of choice agricultural lands. The number of houses and barns and sheds we have built I will not attempt to enumerate, nor of orchards we have planted and reared to vigorous maturity, neither will I attempt to compute the number of miles of fences built, or of blind and open drains sunk to improve the land, nor the number of wells and fountains opened to supply the families and stock with pure

water. Some of us have digressed from the pursuits of the farm long enough to build and operate mills, and to take a hand in the affairs of the political world. One flouring mill and five saw mills have owed their existence to the efforts of my brother Reuben and myself. It would be impossible now to estimate the thousands of bushels of grain, or the millions of feet of lumber manufactured at these establishments. In remembering these enterprises we have this consolation today, that if they have not made us very rich they have materially assisted in the upbuilding and improvement of the country.

In public, though laying no claim to greatness, the family has not been entirely obscure.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MOSES

Moses, our oldest brother, the man who now stands patriarch of the Goodrich family, has always strenuously resisted the allurements of ambition beyond the business of his farm. This field has not been a narrow one, and to this he has devoted himself with diligence, perseverance and success, and when called home, as we all expect ere long to be, he need not be ashamed of the reputation he leaves behind for, an "honest man is the noblest work of God."

Being the oldest of the brothers he was literally the pioneer of the family. In the month of September, 1835, he and the writer were sent out by the family to seek out and purchase a western home. Coming to the then nameless wilderness of Atlas, we secured 1,120 acres, which have since constituted the homes of most of the family, and the farms today attest the wisdom of the selection and the soundness of his judgment. Late in November we returned to the state of New York, to settle up the business of the old home; having first erected a house of tamarack logs on land now owned by William Goodrich, and roofed it with shingles we made from pine trees cut on the east bank of the Kearsley. In February following, accompanied by our brother Levi, he performed the toilsome journey through Canada, with ox teams, occupying seventeen days of one of the severest winters within the memory of man. As a farmer his sound judgment, his frugality, economy and persevering industry have insured success. One incident in his farming life is worthy of notice: In the summer of 1864 his wool clip was 2,240 pounds, which was sent to Flint at one wagon load and sold for a dollar a pound. Many years since he relinquished the charge of the farm to his son Nelson; since which

he has been a deep reader, an intense thinker and a profound student of the affairs of the country and the world. But during all this time he has never relinquished his favorite and life-long pursuits of labor; even since he has passed the age of four score it has been his custom in the "dead of winter" to shoulder his ax and repair to the rear of his farm, a mile and a half distant, with no companion but his trusty dog, and there remain all day long, "making improvements" and communing with the wild scenes of nature, which he has always loved so well.

AARON

Aaron's life has been more varied and eventful. When the rest of us emigrated to Michigan he was engaged in a business partner ship with the illustrious family of Wilkinsons, of Buffalo, where he served as alderman of the city, while Judge Wilkinson[1] (Wilkeson) was its mayor. Of course you will all understand that was before Sam Wilkinson became known to the world as the publisher of "Beecher's Life of Christ."

Soon after we came to Michigan he severed his connection with the Wilkinsons, and coming here resided but a short time, and then emigrated to the state of Tennessee. Settling at Dover, the county seat of Stewart county, he read and practiced law where he numbered some of the wealthiest men of the state among his clients, and among his personal acquaintances and friends some of the most illustrious, not the least of whom was Andrew Johnson, afterwards president of the United States. He was elected and became a prominent and active member of the Tennessee legislature, and finally in the political campaign of 1848 he was nominated on the Whig ticket as a candidate for presidential elector in opposition to Hon. Isham G. Harris former governor and present United States senator of that state. After a spirited canvass, conducted face to face in regular southern style, he was elected, and in the electoral college cast his vote for old "Rough and Ready," the popular hero of the Mexican war. Soon after this he received the appointment of chief justice of Minnesota, upon its territorial organization. After years of service in that capacity, where he saw the city of St. Paul spring up like magic around him, he retired from the bench. Afterwards headed a Seward (Republican) delegation to the Chicago convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, afterwards receiving the appointment of secretary of legation to Belgium. He served in that capacity for eight years, during the full terms of the Lincoln and Johnson administration, and then returning home and retiring to private life, he stands today in your midst a

[1]See appendix.

private citizen, a devoted student, an original thinker, and ripe with an observation of the world which the rest of us can never have.

During his sojourn in the east he visited most of the public libraries of the great cities of Europe and gathered much of the material for a work which produced quite a sensation, "A History of the Character and Achievements of the So-called Christopher Columbus," a work of 500 pages octavo, published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1874. He is now preparing a carefully revised edition, which may not, however, appear for some time. The real name of Columbus is believed to have been Griego, whom he shows to have been a pirate of forty years' cemetery will ever be held in sacred remembrance by the family, and setting up for a discoverer.

ELIZA

Eliza comes next in the order of age. Following the example of both parents she became a school teacher, serving for what now would be considered a beggarly compensation, and "boarding around" according to the custom of the times. Small as was her compensation, her frugality made it more than equal to her wants, and enough was saved to make her a freeholder of Michigan, locating with her own money in her own name the land on which half the village of Goodrich now stands. Our sister enjoyed not the educational privileges of the young ladies of the present age. No female academies invited her within their umbrageous shades; no ladies' library associations spread before her their stories of literature and science, in her early home in the "Niagara Frontier." Not even a township or school district library was within her reach. Yet in spite of all these privations she grew to be a woman of intelligence, and one whose memory reflects credit upon the family name. Subsequently as the consort of John Brigham, she became the mother of a family over which she exercised the same assiduous care which characterized her whole life. The spot where she rests in the Goodrich cemetery will ever be held in sacred remembrance by the family, and the pioneers of Atlas township.

LEVI

Levi comes next in the order of age. A dark shadow seemed to hang over his whole life's history. Feeble in constitution from infancy, his early years seemed a daily struggle between life and death. All the circumstances surrounding his advent to life

> "Gave the sad prestige of his future years,
> A child of misery baptized in tears."

Our mother often remarked that in his early years she never expected

to rear him to years of maturity. But through the utmost assiduity of maternal care he survived, not only to manhood years, but to become the parent of a numerous family, by two different wives. Feeble as he was he entered upon the life of a pioneer with an ambition and cheerfulness far surpassing his physical strength. Struggling with a feeble constitution, bilious miasma and financial embarrassment, he lived to see his first children attain the age of early manhood. Gladly would I draw a veil over his tragical end. During his last years because of the waning energies of life, diseased as he was and oppressed with physical and mental toil, he was counseled by his physicians to resort to the daily use of morphine, under the influence of which he at last put an end to his earthly existence. While we would as a general rule depreciate the action of the suicide in the strongest terms, there are sometimes palliating circumstances which should be allowed to plead in behalf of the unfortunate, and his case was one of this number. Let us not blame his memory for his rash act,

> "But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
> weep to record and give it in."

He was our brother.

ENOS

Next in the order of age comes myself, and my life history might be comprised in this brief statement: I have experienced a fair share of the world's prosperity, and its adversity, its joys and its sorrows, have generally taken things by their rough handles, have rejoiced over the smiles of fortune when they came, have endeavored to buffet the storms of life with manly fortitude, and submit to the inevitable without whining. While it has been the rule of life to obey the calls of my own business, I have now and then stepped aside to obey the calls of my fellowmen. Passing some minor offices I have held, it would perhaps be abrupt were I not to allude to my humble service in the legislature of our State. In 1846, after ten years' residence among this people I was nominated and elected to the popular branch of State legislature. This too was at a time when our county was overwhelmingly opposed to me in politics. At the memorable session of 1847, which followed, I labored as best I could for the interest of my adopted county and State, taking an especially active part in the great question of the session—the removal of the capital. Afterwards when the seat of our State government was fairly domiciled at Lansing, I was chosen to represent my county and Genesee, in the senate. This time, as before, the Democracy being a small minority, I was elected by the combined votes of Democrats and Whigs. I was given the chair-

manship of the most important committee on corporations, and whether in committee or open session, I was generally found at work. If I failed to render faithful and efficient service to my constituency, it was not my fault but my misfortune, and I have yet to learn that they were dissatisfied with my action.

On the advent of the Republican party to power and the war and disasters which followed, I bade adieu to public life, since which period I have endeavored to emulate the example of the man who "got rich by minding his own business." In this attempt my experiences have been various. When the memorable crisis of 1857 swept away the hard earned results of over twenty years of toil. you know that it was not choice but necessity which impelled me to turn my back upon my old home, and my face to the northern wilds. In my new home in Tuscola county, I have generally enjoyed good health, worked hard, ate heartily and slept soundly, and that is what you may call enjoying life. Hundreds of acres of woods have gone down before me, and the pines converted into lumber would build a little city. Fire swept away my mill and with it many thousands of dollars of my hard earned substance. But I rebuilt and pushed forward. For the past ten years the labors of the farm have engrossed my attention, and as agriculture was my first occupation, I have resolved it shall be my last. I have had some of Job's misfortunes, and a small share of his prosperity; but I never like him, "cursed the day in which I was born, nor the night in which it is said there is a man child conceived."

JOHN

Next in order of age comes our lamented brother John: John was born in a rude and unfinished log house in the wilderness of the Niagara frontier. There was not much in the surroundings of his early years that would seem to inspire to the pursuits of learning or of science, and yet at a very early period he developed an unconquerable desire for knowledge; an extraordinary depth of research and a power of memory that I have never seen equaled in any other person. Though originally possessed of a strong constitution (equal to my own, or that of any other member of the family, until impaired by study), he never evinced any aptitude for the pursuits of the farm, always obedient to the mandates of his parents, he tried, mechanically to make a farmer of himself, but his mind was far away, history, poetry, in fact everything in books became his favorite theme, the object of his thoughts and the subject of his daily and hourly conversation and, I confidentially believe, of his nightly dreams. The sports and pastimes

of childhood and youth were scarcely known to his early years, yet he was always cheerful, never sour or austere. The few books that fell in his way he devoured with a rapidity that astonished his friends and his teachers, and before he was thought to have conquered the rudiments of a new book he would be calling for more. The result was that he almost always found himself without an instructor—for he left his teachers behind. Seeing the strong bent of his intellect, his parents, out of their limited patrimony, fitted him out for the Middlebury academy,[1] then the principal and almost the only institution of learning in western New York. Here as at home, he soon left his teachers in the background. But his extraordinary mental efforts had been preying upon and undermining his energies of body; he became pale, and weak at the lungs, and his teachers noticing his declining condition, earnestly enjoined him to lay aside his studies, divest his mind and recuperate his health. Reluctantly did he turn away from the haunts of learning to the rustic surroundings of the new farm. There, for hours of each fair day he would be seen walking in the open fields and holding communion with nature. Gradually the strength returned to his limbs and the bloom to his cheek and I well remember with what joy he hailed the day when he was permitted to go and resume his studies at the academy. Mathematics had become his favorite study, in which he left his teachers far behind, delving alone through the most intricate problems, as far as the most advanced books could lead him. A thorough course of historic reading, in which he repeatedly mastered forty pages at a lesson, by one careful perusal, closed his labors at Middlebury. He never troubled any languages but his own plain English. After some months of recreation at the old home, he went to Buffalo, and entered the office of Hon. John T. Bush as a student at law. Here he continued until the family removed to Michigan, fifty years ago, when he soon came on to join us, and was always ready to lend a helping hand, wherever most needed. Never having fully conquered his old desire for mathematics, he at length united himself with a surveying party, engaged in surveying the line of the old Port Huron & Lake Michigan railroad, a student of civil engineering. This experiment came very near costing him his life. They were working west along the marshes of St. Clair county, I think it was in March, 1838, and water covered the melting ice. Traveling all day with wet feet, and encamping in wet clothing brought on inflammation of the lungs. He reached home with difficulty—lay sick for a long time, and narrowly escaped death. This ended his civil engineering, and he again turned his attention to the study of law,

[1]See appendix.

entering the office of Hon. Alfred H. Hanscom, of Pontiac, he soon became a full-fledged lawyer, and a trusted partner of the law firm of Hanscom & Goodrich, from which Col. Thornton F. Broadhead graduated, to die on a southern battlefield many years after, leaving his name immortal by those memorable words "The old flag will triumph yet." Mr. Hanscom's confidence in him was unbounded; as was also that of Judge Whipple and others of the bar and bench to whom he was best known. Young as he was he became well known in the courts, from Detroit to Saginaw; and in 1851, at our judicial election, under a new constitution, he was elected judge of his district, which embraced the counties of Livingston, Genesee, Shiawassee and Clinton, and about all of eastern Michigan north of Pontiac. I shall never forget the last conversation I ever held with him, except that of his dying hours. It was a bright day of early autumn, on which I drove an open buggy in which we rode together from Goodrich to Pontiac. Conversation turned upon our past lives and future hopes. Said he, I have formed this resolve—that if I live out my term of office I shall not be excelled in legal knowledge by any of the judges of the State, and continued: "I have imposed some severe tasks upon my intellectual powers and they have never disappointed me." But the fates had decreed that he should never sit upon the judicial bench or wear its ermine. How he sickened and died at the Michigan Exchange on the 15th of October, 1851, how he was honored in his last obituary rites by the bar and bench of Detroit, how the railroad company despatched a free train to Pontiac with his remains, and where his ashes now rest in the Goodrich cemetery, are facts which belong to our country's history. Wedded to his studies, he alone of all the six brothers died without matrimony or offspring. When we contemplate this rising genius, snatched away in the morning of life, with the sun of hope full-orbed and brilliant before him, how can we avoid reverting to the words of Job, in his affliction—"And thou destroyed the hope of man?"

REUBEN

Reuben, the youngest of the six brothers, was born at Clarence, New York, in June, 1819, and was consequently scarce seventeen years of age when he came to the territory of Michigan. Possessed of a natural aptitude for almost any kind of work to which he might turn his hand, he early formed those habits of activity which have characterized him in after years. It would have been difficult to find a place on an old or a new farm where he could not make himself

useful. One of his earliest acquirements was the skillful management of a horse team; with which he early became an adept, whether before a plow or wagon. No country, however new and wild, can live without its commerce. While we were making homes our subsistence must be transported from the older portions of the State. Wayne, Oakland and Washtenaw were older counties, and, with some aid from the neighboring state of Ohio, supplied the wants of our early pioneers. To exchange the products of the forest for flour, pork and merchandise was indispensable to the existence of the new settlements. No railroads were here to carry out our lumber and bring back our needful supplies. All must then be accomplished by the sleigh or wagon, over the crude and often nearly impassable new country road. In conducting this traffic Reuben and the horse team became indispensable. Many were the days when through storm and shine, through sleet and snow he was seen driving his team to Pontiac, to Birmingham or to Detroit, carrying the products of the farm or the lumber from the mill, to trade for merchandise, which the family and neighborhood must have. Every rod of distance from the banks of the Kearsley to Detroit River was to him a beaten way, until the most familiar form along the fifty miles of road, excepting perhaps the venerable Josh Terry, was that of Reuben Goodrich. Reuben developed a peculiar aptitude for this kind of commerce; and his journeys became indispensable, not only to the Goodrich family, but to the surrounding country, until his return was looked for with as much interest as was the return of the camels of the desert by the denizens of the eastern world. But time rolled on, the country grew, slowly but steadily did the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the earth, in response to the pioneer's toil, began to give up her treasures with a bounteous hand. The railroad was built to Royal Oak. After a breathing time it came on to Birmingham, and finally to Pontiac. Long ere this, however, we had seen and felt the wants of the country, and Reuben and I had combined our limited means, our energies and our credits, and had built the Goodrich flouring mill. It was a gigantic undertaking for two such chaps as Reuben and myself, and nothing but the rashness of youth could have tolerated such a scheme. How we toiled in mill and store, on farm and in workshop, I have not time to tell. How we managed to establish a credit which was "A, number one" in all the cities from Detroit to New York and Boston is a problem which I cannot solve today. But when the names of a thousand customers were found upon our books whose wants we were making superhuman efforts to supply, there came an evil day, a day never to be forgotten in the commercial

history of our country. It was the crisis of '57. Like the cyclones and tornadoes which leveled the cities of the great northwest, it swept over the commercial world. Strong men bowed before it, and old established houses crumbled before its breath. The earnings of twenty years of such toil of body and mind as no man can duplicate in a lifetime were ruthlessly and irretrievably swept away. It was that which dissolved the firm of E. & R. Goodrich and consigned Reuben to Grand Traverse, and me to the wilds of Tuscola county.

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Want of time and want of knowledge would both forbid that I should follow Reuben to his new home and chronicle the events of his later history.

POLITICAL HONORS

In contemplating the exciting scenes of our business career and our overthrow I had almost forgotten to chronicle the fact, that he, like myself was twice honored with a seat in the State legislature, first in the senate and then in the house of representatives; and in his public life his labors were characterized with the same energy, and activity that marked his business career in earlier days, and the grand old county of Genesee never had occasion to regret the choice it had made. At that time one of the most momentous questions our legislature had to deal with was the disposal of the swamp lands. Assuming the ground that these lands were granted by the general government and accepted by the State on the specific condition that they or their proceeds should be expended for purposes of drainage, until, in the language of the grant they were rendered "fit for cultivation," he became one of the foremost of that band of northern statesmen, who battled to the last against the fearful odds of the older counties, who were determined to disregard the obligations of the grant, and throw into pet female colleges or some sort of educational projects the whole bequeath. Such an act would have been a palpable breach of a sacred trust, and a shameful injustice to the new counties, and yet it was advocated on the start by overwhelming numbers from the populous counties of the south, and in spite of the best efforts of the defenders of northern rights one-half of those lands was taken from one trust fund, where a sacred compact had placed it, and placed in the school fund, under the plausible plea of popular education.

In securing the establishment of State roads, the organization of new townships, and the disposal of munificent bequests of land which

congress had granted to the State for railroad purposes, his influence was always and efficient on the side of the frontier settlers.

The duties of postmaster of Goodrich for twelve years, and of various other local offices, were discharged by him with fidelity and general satisfaction. At Traverse City, where he now resides, he enjoyed for upwards of eight years the honors and emoluments of the responsible position of receiver of public moneys of the land office, and if current rumors can be relied on he became a powerful element in Michigan politics. It is well known that he was the right hand man of Zachariah Chandler and John J. Bagley, and that Senator Ferry secured his first election largely through his influence, does not admit of a doubt. His business career at Traverse City has been varied in its successes, but always characterized with much of the energy and activity of former years.

In his retirement from the higher spheres of public life he does not forget his obligation to make himself useful, but lends an active hand to the busy world around him, in forwarding its local improvements. He has for years been an active and leading member of the common council of Traverse City, and as highway commissioner for sixteen consecutive years he has expended a large fund where it could do the most good, and the rapid improvement of the public highways about Traverse City bear evidence of the fidelity with which the trust has been discharged. As he stands in our midst today his personal appearance bears indisputable evidence of failing health, and should admonish him to guard with care in the future, the portion of life and health that remains.

I have now briefly and imperfectly given you a hurried history of the old guard, the band of brothers, who, fifty years ago, stormed the battlements of Michigan's wilds. It is not for me, it is not for us, but for the community with which we have been surrounded for these fifty years, to decide upon the manner, and to pass their judgment upon the merits or demerits of the record we have made. Our deeds and doings have now become a chapter in the history of our State that cannot be changed.

And now for a moment let me turn to the young, to the rising generations of the Goodriches with which I am surrounded. Gladly would I chronicle something of your individual histories, but it is impossible at this time. You are soon to fill the places that we now occupy. May you do it with credit to yourselves, and honor to the family name and when, on future occasions like this, you meet together,

may you find a historian who will discharge his duty better than I have done today.—Farewell.

The sun was low in the western horizon before the assembled kindred dispersed, but before breaking up, it was mutually agreed that at nine in the morning of the day following, they would hold an adjourned meeting at the cemetery where so many of the kindred have been laid at rest.

AT THE CEMETERY

Friday, May 21, 1886.

Just outside of and immediately skirting the northern borders of the neat and quiet town of Goodrich lies the cemetery, which has now become the resting place of the majority of the older pioneers of the neighborhood. It was originally started upon two acres of ground, donated by Enos and Reuben Goodrich; but has since been enlarged, by additions, first upon the east side and then upon the west, and is now ample to meet the growing wants of the place. It is bounded on the north and east by the Kearsley creek, on the south by the village and on the west by fields and farm improvements, upon which was many years ago the home of Nathaniel Fairchild, an early pioneer of Atlas, who was a neighbor of the Goodrich family in western New York, and whose remains were the first to be deposited in the cemetery. The soil is a light gravelly loam and was, in the state of nature, a combination of oak opening and brush land. It was crossing this piece of ground in June, 1836, that Moses Goodrich and the writer, Enos, startled an old bear and her three half-grown cubs, upon the banks of the stream, and by rushing suddenly upon them, treed the cubs, but the old one escaped. It was a dilemma, as we had no weapon but an ax, but it was soon settled by agreement that Moses should go back to the farm house for a gun, while the writer guarded the bears. There, beneath the elms of the creek flats, armed with the aforesaid ax, and accompanied by a small dog and several millions of mosquitos the writer stood guard, until Moses returned, accompanied by brother Levi and two good rifles. A few shots from one of the rifles soon brought down the young bears, but the mother after having been twice beaten back by the writer, with ax in hand, prudently declined to return to the scene of action, and we went home mortified that we had not made the victory complete.

Such are the present surroundings of the Goodrich cemetery, where the kindred pensively convene to complete their reunion. There, surrounded by the mossy grave stones of many a veteran pioneer, repose

the advance guard of the Goodrich family, who have gone before. Scarcely could a funeral have been more solemn. Indeed it was an aggregation of many funerals in the past, and a foreshadowing of many more, that are yet, we know not how soon, to come. It would have been an impressive scene for the pencil of a Hogarth or a Rembrandt, to have pictured the kindred, as they strolled in pensive groups along the walks, or halted over the green mounds that contain the dust of those they had loved and lost. Some might have been seen, arm in arm, along the more sequestered walks, conversing in deep emotion and with tearful eyes, or a solitary individual resting his head upon a gravestone wet with tears, as the well-springs of memory brought back the images of the past. It is not for human pen to chronicle the deep thought of that sentimental hour. It was with lingering look and pensive tread, on that bright May morning, the living finally *and reluctantly parted with the dead.*

Noon was approaching, when by concerted action the kindred met at the house of Eugene Goodrich. His comfortable mansion is the pattern of home industry and domestic comfort as it stands upon an eminence at the northeastern border of the village, fronting the street and affording a view far down the valley of the Kearsley. Busy hands had prepared a sumptuous repast. All that munificent providers and good cooks could provide, was bountifully spread before us, table after table was filled, with the old, the middle aged and the young. One and all seemed duly impressed with an appreciation of the bounties and the blessings of the condition under which we had met to hold in commemoration the fiftieth year of our settlement in Michigan.

And now we part. The umbrageous shadows of the ample farm house await the return of the aged Moses; where the trees reared by his hands, murmur in the passing breeze, and inspire a contemplative retrospect of his past life, and a grateful tribute of thought, to that nature which has always been his companion and his friend, and whose bounties are well stored for the evening of his life.

The winding waters of the Mississippi are murmuring at the foot of the bustling and opulent city of Saint Paul to welcome Aaron back to his western home. Here, oblivious of the voice of busy commerce, and the turmoil of politics and labor strikes around him, his memory will revert to the stormy Atlantic he has many times crossed; to his sojourn in Belgium, his journeyings through the eastern world, his musings upon the battle field of Waterloo, or his visit to Goodrich castle the feudal home of the Goodrich race.

A small and quiet stream, winding down through its growth of

overhanging cedars and opening out upon a beautifully undulating country of grain fields and pastures and meadows, where the flocks graze on the richest of grass and slake their thirst and lie down by the coolest and purest of waters, and a white farm house almost hidden amidst fruit and ornamental trees, are waiting to welcome the writer to his home in Tuscola county; whose welcome quiet in his declining years he would not exchange for the gorgeous mansions of wealth, or the regal palaces of official power.

And away where the setting sun sinks to rest behind the pure waters of Lake Michigan, at the head of Traverse bay, nestles the home of Reuben inviting him to much needed repose, after a long and busy life, at a time when his failing health loudly admonishes him to much needed repose.

And as we separate, let me call back to memory a sentiment which I many years ago, while languishing in low health, wrote to a distant brother, whom I felt that I might never meet again:

"Let us cherish the memory of all that is kind and gentle and noble, in the intercourse of our past lives, and if anything of a different nature has ever occurred, let us blot it forever from our remembrance."

ASSEMBLAGE AT THE ANNIVERSARY

Names of relatives present at the Goodrich family reunion, May 20, 1886, at the house of Moses Goodrich, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the family in Michigan.

Moses Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich.
Aaron Goodrich	St. Paul, Minn.
Enos Goodrich	Fostoria, Mich.
Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City.
John Brigham, Sr.	West Bay City, Mich.
Eugene Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich.
Nelson Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich.
Aaron G. Brigham	Goodrich, Mich.
John Brigham, Jr.	West Bay City, Mich.
Samuel N. Brigham	West Bay City, Mich.
William P. Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich.
James Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich.
Charles E. Goodrich	Traverse City, Mich.
Frank R. Goodrich	Frankfort, Mich.
Mrs. R. (Eliza J. Eastman) Goodrich	Goodrich, Mich
Alice (Sanford) Goodrich	" "
Julia A. (Marsh) Goodrich	" "

Carrie A. Van Tine Brigham	Goodrich, Mich.
Phœbe Ford Goodrich	" "
Emily Frost Goodrich	" "
Clara Dewstoe Goodrich	" "
Jeremiah Narrin	" "
Thomas D. Sanford	" "
N. A. Strong	" "
Edward M. Goodrich	" "
Matilda L. (Narrin) Goodrich	" "
Florence E. Goodrich	" "
Archer Goodrich	" "
Mary A. Goodrich	" "
Frank J. Goodrich	" "
Fred E. Goodrich	" "
Nettie E. Brigham Delano	" "
William W. Delano	" "
Myrtie Goodrich	" "
Ford Goodrich	" "
Bert Goodrich	" "
Edith Goodrich	" "
Annie E. Narrin	" "
Ella C. Narrin Gale	" "
Charles E. Gale	" "
Minnie Goodrich	Fostoria, Mich.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MEDINA TOWNSHIP, LENAWEE COUNTY, MICHIGAN

BY G. W. MOORE

[Read at the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the township, held at Medina village, Wednesday, May 28, 1884]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has been customary in all ages of the world to commemorate important events in history. The landing of our Pilgrim Fathers and their prosperity have been commemorated by a day of Thanksgiving: the 22d of February is noticed as the birthday of the Father of our Country; and the 4th of July as the most important political event in the history of the United States.

It is proper, after fifty years of hardship and toil, that we meet here under the shades of Oak Grove with our children and grandchildren, to talk over the events of long, long ago.

The first settler in the town of Medina was Nathaniel W. Upton, born in Peterboro, N. H., the third day of July, 1812. His farm was the northeast quarter of section four, the farm now owned by John Monahan. His partner, Dexter Smith, was born at the same place, January 20, 1813. Smith's farm was in the town of Hudson, the farm now owned by I. E. Phelps, but the cabin these men occupied was on Upton's farm in Medina. The county of Lenawee was surveyed by Joseph Fletcher during 1819, and that portion of the county containing the towns eight and nine south, one, two, three, four and five east, was organized April 12, 1827, and called Blissfield. During the winter of 1834 towns eight and nine south, and one, two and three east were organized and called Fairfield. March 23, 1836, town eight and fraction town nine south one and two east was organized and called Seneca. The town meeting that year was at the house of Jacob Baker, and Cook Hotchkiss was chosen justice of the peace and John Knapp commissioner of highways. On the 11th day of March, 1837, town eight south range one east was organized and called Medina, and the 20th of March fraction town nine south was detached from Seneca and attached to the town of Medina. Town meeting was held that year at the house of John Dawes, about one hundred rods east of the present town house. Rollin R. Hill was chosen supervisor and John Dawes town clerk. We had about fifty voters at this town meeting.

Fifty-one years ago there was not a solitary inhabitant in the valley of Bean creek, extending from Devil's lake on the north to the Maumee river on the south, a distance of more than fifty miles. This valley, with but few exceptions, was covered with a heavy growth of timber. Here and there were tracts of a few hundred acres of timbered openings, and then again there would be a few acres without timber. Canandaigua was laid out in timbered openings, but there were a few acres on Main street without timber. Medina was also laid out in opening land, and there were about fifteen acres extending from the district school-house to the Lyon farm, and from the Gaskill farm to the high bank of the creek, that were without timber but covered with a heavy growth of tall wild grass. There were eight or ten Indian mounds in the village of Canandaigua and four times that number in the village of Medina, extending one half mile from the Hotchkiss farm toward

the academy. A portion of the Potawatomie Indians were here when I came in 1834. They had numerous camping grounds in this vicinity: On the south shore of Bear lake, on the north shore of Kelly lake, on section number six in Medina; but the camp where they spent most of the summer months, was at Squawfield,[1] in the southwest part of Pittsford, on the St. Jo river. Here the squaws planted their corn and raised their vegetables. Metaw and Bawbeese claimed to be the chiefs of this portion of the tribe. When the tribe was removed from the vicinity of the Maumee river, in the spring of 1838, to the Indian territory, that portion in Bean Creek Valley refused to go with them, but were removed in August, 1839, by a detachment of United States troops who surrounded their camp at Squawfield in the night, captured all of them, and removed them to the Indian Territory. Numerous Indian trails passed through our State in all directions, among which the principal is the great Washtenaw trail extending from Detroit to Chicago, nearly where the Chicago road now is. A trail left this near Saline, passing in a southwest direction, through Macon and Tecumseh, crossing the Kidder road two miles west of Adrian, thence near the center of Dover to the township of Medina near the Canandaigua, thence to where Morenci now stands and from thence to Defiance, Ohio. Another trail left the great trail at Ypsilanti, passing on the ridge through Mooreville and Ridgeway, thence near Lenawee Junction and joined the Defiance trail at Morenci. A third trail left this last-mentioned trail four miles southeast of Adrian, passing through Madison and Seneca to Canandaigua, thence to Lime lake, Squawfield and Jonesville. A fourth trail leaving the rapids of the Maumee river near Maumee city, thence passing through Morenci, Medina and Hudson, and uniting with the last mentioned trail, to Jonesville a little west of Pittsford station. These were the Indian thoroughfares and from them branched many lesser trails, all as well known to an Indian as our roads are to us at the present time.

In the year 1831 a Mr. Rice was employed by the United States government to cut and mark a road from Maumee to Jonesville. With one Indian guide and an ox team, he followed the Indian trail to Morenci, thence to Canandaigua and Medina, crossing to the south side of Bean creek on the farm now owned by I. E. Phelps, thence passing into the town of Medina through sections five and six, thence into the town of Hudson near the late residence of Daniel O'Neal, crossing the county line into Hillsdale county about one half mile south of Lowe's mill, thence in a northwesterly direction to Jonesville;

[1]See appendix.

parts of this road are now used from Maumee to Morenci and for some miles this side of Jonesville.

In the year 1832 the legislative council of the territory established a road, commencing at Virtula[1] (Vistula) (Toledo), in the town of Port Lawrence, running on the most eligible route to the forks of the Ottawa River, thence westerly in towns nine south, on the most eligible route to the eastern boundary line of the state of Indiana. But little was done on this road until 1834 and 1835. In the fall of 1834 Benjamin Hornbeck and Jacob Baker took a contract to build one mile of this road from Silver creek, near Morenci, west into the town of Medina, including the bridge across Bean creek. This bridge was built in January, 1835, and the first bridge across Bean creek, and where Col. Fletcher run the present state line between Michigan and Ohio. In the summer of 1835 they crossed Bean creek on this bridge. Levi Thompson settled on section four, in the town of Rollin, on the first days of June, 1833, and he must have the honor of being the first settler in Bean creek valley south of Devil's lake. In August, Erastus Aldrich settled on section nine in Rollin, and in the month of October, Joseph Beal and his son Porter, settled on section ten in the same town. October 29, Hiram Kidder came with his family and made a settlement on section six in Hudson, the first settler in that town. On the ninth of November, F. H. Hagaman (Hagerman) purchased on section thirty-one in Dover, and at the same date Gersham Bennett purchased on section six in Seneca. A house was built by Bennett and his family moved there the same month. In December Charles Ames settled on section twelve, and Alpheus Pratt on section thirteen in Pittsford, and Henry Ames on section eighteen in Hudson. William Beal[2] settled in Rollin in December, 1833, but these I believe to be all the settlers on the first of January, 1834, in Bean Creek Valley; but in January, Reuben Davis purchased the west subdivision of the southwest quarter of section eighteen, in Hudson, and settled upon it. This, I believe, to be the situation of the settlement in Bean Creek Valley when I came here on the first day of May, 1834.

Some tracts of land had been purchased before this date in Medina. Samuel Jordan purchased the southeast quarter of section one, September 2, 1833. This land was deeded to William Cavender and is a part of the Daniel Die and Asa Die farms, and the village plat of Canandaigua. Gersham Bennett purchased the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section one, and the northeast quarter of section thirteen in December, 1833. Horace Garlick purchased on section twenty-five, March 10, and Cook Hotchkiss and John Knapp on section two, April

[1]See appendix.
[2]Father of Dr. W. J. Beal, M. A. College; see Vol. XXXII, p. 236, this series.

eighth; but no settlement had been made in Medina before May 28, 1834. I came with the party who made the first settlement of the town of Medina. Our party consisted of N. W. Upton, Dexter Smith, Luke Pierce and myself, and my uncle, William Moore, as a guide. We left Dean's tavern in Adrian on the morning of May 21. We had an axe, a rifle and three days' provisions. We camped that night on the northwest corner of section fourteen in the town of Seneca, and the next day reached the house of Gersham Bennett, and the third day, with F. H. Hagerman as a guide, we looked over land on section three and four in Medina, and on section thirty-three in Hudson. The land suited us and we started for the land office at Monroe. Before night we reached Adrian, and on our way we found a man by the name of Cory who, we were satisfied, wanted a part of the land we had selected. We decided at once to go on to Monroe that night, and Smith and myself left Adrian about dark, in the midst of a severe rain storm, and reached Blissfield about one o'clock next morning. We rested until daylight and reached Monroe about one o'clock p. m., and entered our land—having traveled sixty miles on foot in twenty-four hours. Cory arrived next morning and entered land on section thirty-four in Hudson. Pierce purchased a farm in the town of Franklin.

I returned to New Hampshire, and Upton and Smith returned to the land they had purchased, and commenced the first settlement in the town of Medina on the 28th day of May, 1834, on the farm now owned by John Monahan. They built a log cabin twelve feet square of the rudest construction; it was covered with elm bark, and for a bedstead they placed two poles on one side of the cabin, when the logs were rolled up about three feet apart and wound withes around these poles, and on the withes they placed elm bark. This rudely constructed bedstead served as a bed at night and a table at meal time. The first night after these young men occupied their new home, their fire went out and they were obliged to go three miles to Mr. Bennett's in the northwest corner of the town of Seneca for fire. We must remember that the first settlers of Bean Creek Valley brought with them the flint, the steel and the tinder box. The friction match was not invented until 1833, and was not in general use for two years after. It was called a lucifer match, and sold at first, three matches for a penny. Upton and Smith were only two weeks without neighbors.

On the third of June, William Walworth purchased the water-power where the Canandaigua mills now are, and on the sixth of June, John R. Foster purchased the northeast quarter of section three, and about this time Hotchkiss and Knapp returned to their purchase on the

northeast quarter of section two. Walworth, Foster and Knapp built each a house during the first part of June and moved their families here. Foster brought his family as far as Bennett's when he came, and Mrs. Foster must have the honor of being the first white woman in town.

The house built by Foster stood near the northeast corner of section three, where Mr. Manning now lives. Knapp's house stood a little south of where Mr. Allen's house now stands in the village of Medina; and Walworth's house stood on a rise of ground about fifteen rods southeast of the brickyard in Canandaigua. William Cavender settled upon his farm in October, 1834, the Asa Die farm and the Daniel Die farm in Canandaigua. October 5, Charles Prisbey and Samuel Fincher purchased the north one-half of the northwest quarter of section two, and Prisbey built a house near the present residence of Phillip Rice in this village, and in 1836 Fincher built a house near the present residence of Mr. Cleaves. Cook Hotchkiss left his family in Adrian, and during the summer he built a house and about the first of January, 1835, moved his family here.

The Hotchkiss barn is where his son, Deacon Oliver Hotchkiss, now lives. Horatio N. Wilson built a log house on section twenty-five in November, 1834, and kept bachelor's hall during the winter of 1835. These I believe, to be all the residents of Medina, on the first of January, 1835. Dennis Wakefield, Horace Garlick and Benjamin Hornbeck had purchased land in this town and perhaps had made some improvements upon their lands, but they lived at this time in the town of Seneca, or in town eight south, range two east. Towns eight south, one, two and three east, were then called Fairfield.

In the month of March, Samuel Gregg built a log house on Cavender's purchase, and moved his family here and commenced keeping tavern, April 16. Gregg's house stood upon the site of the present public house in the village of Canandaigua. This house was headquarters for land-lookers in the north part of Medina, the south part of Hudson and the town of Wright. F. H. Hagaman, Orrin and Calvin Pixley, and Burnes Cavender were always ready to show these men government land at two dollars per day. Simon D. Wilson was always ready to show men good land if the men were of the right stamp. If the men were Methodists he could always locate them near him, but if they were Presbyterians or Congregationalists he would go with them over into the center of Medina; if they were Baptists he would send them to Hagaman, but if they were not professors of religion and used profane language, he would send them down to Jacob Baker who,

with Horace Garlick and Arnold Coomer as guides, could always find these men government lands.

My acquaintance with Uncle Simon Wilson, commenced in the land office at Monroe, about May 14, 1834. Our party were then drawing a plat of town eight south, ranges one and two east. Mr. Wilson came in and entered the farm upon which he now lives, and the farm owned for almost fifty years by Elias Baldwin. We very naturally made inquiries in relation to Bean creek country. None of our party were professors of religion at that time, but we neither chewed tobacco, drank whisky or used profane language, and Uncle Simon did not know what to think of us, but thought best to have nothing to do with us, and we could not get a word out of him. Mr. Wilson has repented of this act and has apologized to me many times. Said he thought we were speculators, and if he had known more of us, he would have settled us right down among the Methodists.

The settlement of 1834 had large additions in 1835; in fact most of the land in the town was purchased during the summer of 1835. Many of the settlers came with their families and made immediate settlement. Among them were Noah K. Green, Lewis Shepardson, John Powers, William E. Warner, Thomas Williams, Samuel Williams, James McCrillis, Levi Salsbury, Lysander Johnson, Charles Baldwin, Tyler Mitchell, Benjamin Rogers, Levi B. Wilder, Benjamin Hornbeck, and many others. Dr. I. S. Hamilton, the first physician in town, settled in Canandaigua in October, this year. A large number settled in 1836, among whom were Amasa P. Converse, Benjamin Converse, Asa Farley, R. R. Hill, John Dawes, Newton Dawes, Charles and Nahum Stone, Alonzo S. Hume, Abner Rogers, James Rogers, Orville Woodworth, George W. Moore, Benjamin Holmes, Eli Upton.

In sections five and six there was a colony came, among whom were James Campbell, Andrew and Patrick McFarlain, James Burns, Patrick McKenney and Patrick Trainer, and a few years later James Gahagan, Thomas and Samuel Fitzpatrick, Thomas and Nicholas McCullin, Michael McFarlain and John Monahan. Of those who came in 1836, Patrick McKenney, the last of their number died a few weeks ago. Of those who came later, Samuel Fitzpatrick and Thomas McCullin are the only ones living. All of these were born in Ireland; some of them had lived in New York some years, and their children were born there. They were an industrious, prudent set of inhabitants. They came with but little property, but left their children and grandchildren with good farms and all the comforts of life about them. They were full of the genuine Irish wit and never spoiled a good story for

relation sake; and if I am not mistaken these American born Irishmen inherit much of the wit of their fathers. They did not adopt the new fangled custom of raising a family of one or two children, but followed the example of our fathers by having families of from ten to twelve. Ezekiel Gallup settled on section eighteen, in 1837. His family consisted of six sons and three daughters. He was a native of Vermont, but first settled in Canada, where all his children were born. They were a good industrious set of inhabitants, but the sons were known forty years ago as the jolliest, noisiest set of beings that were ever in Medina. No logging bee or raising for miles was complete without from three to six of the Gallups. They would allow no one to do more work than they did, or make more noise.

The commencement of 1836 found us with few roads, no bridges, no postoffice, no saw or grist mill. We had one public house built in the fall of 1835 for a school house and church, twenty feet square. The house was of logs, the floor of split basswood, the roof of shakes and a stick and clay chimney. The seats were of split basswood logs with legs inserted in two-inch auger holes. Two windows, and a few boards obtained at Adrian for benches and door, completed the house. In this house the first school was kept by Dr. I. S. Hamilton, in the winter of 1835-36. The first church was organized in this house, January 29, 1836. It was styled the First Baptist church of Canandaigua. The place of meeting was afterwards changed to Medina, and the name changed to the first Baptist church of Medina. During the summer of 1836, meetings were held in William Cavender's barn which was built during the spring of 1836, the first barn built in Medina. The first sermon preached in town was preached by Rev. William Woolcot, September, 1835, and the same month a Presbyterian minister, Rev. David Smith, came here from Maumee as a Missionary. He was sent here and supported by the Presbytery of western New York. He moved his family here a few months after and lived in a log house on the farm of Simon D. Wilson, in the town of Seneca, and preached in private houses in Seneca and Medina. He moved to Illinois in the spring of 1837. The first settled minister in town was Rev. Edward Hodge, a Baptist, who commenced preaching June 25, 1836. He received for his services $200 a year. The first Congregational church organized March 7, 1837; the first minister, Rev. Paul Shepard. He also received $200 a year. Rev. Lorenzo Davis was the first Methodist minister upon the circuit. He commenced preaching in September, 1836, in the first log house built by John R. Foster on the northeast corner of section three.

Rev. Lauren Hotchkiss was among the early settlers of Lenawee county, having moved to Adrian in 1831 or 1832; moved to Medina in the summer of 1837; was the first representative in our legislature from Bean Creek country in 1838; was ordained during the summer of 1839, and was pastor of the Baptist church for many years and did not receive more than $125 a year. He built the saw mill at Tiffin in 1840, and fourteen years after added the grist mill. He was one of our most enterprising citizens, and alive to every good work. Rev. William E. Warner settled on the northwest quarter of section four, town eight, in October, 1835. He came from Orleans county, New York, where he had been a minister in the M. E. church for many years, and I hazard nothing in saying that he was the most gifted minister and the most extensively known, of any minister in Bean Creek Valley forty years ago. He could talk upon any subject at any time or place, and interest old and young alike. He usually went to his appointments with his wife, in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen,—the same oxen that moved his family from New York. He was a decided Abolitionist, but did not live to see slavery wiped out. He died in 1864, but he had full faith that when the Rebellion was crushed slavery would die with it. Rev. George Barnum, now of Wauseon, Ohio, was settled over the first Congregational church nine years. After the second Congregational church was organized in Canandaigua in 1859, the first church was changed to a Presbyterian church, and a few years later became extinct; the building was taken down and moved to Prattville, Hillsdale county, and is now used as a Congregational church. Dr. I. S. Hamilton came to Canandaigua in October, 1835. He removed to Adrian about 1844, and from there to Tecumseh, where he now resides. Dr. Kibber came in 1838 and removed to Coldwater in 1853. Dr. Chappell came first in 1844, and is still here. The first saw mill was built in the winter of 1835-36, at Canandaigua. William Cavender purchased the water-power in Canandaigua of William E. Walworth in 1835 and sold to Laban Merrick, who put up the mill and commenced sawing April 12, 1836. The second mill was built at Medina during the winter of 1837, and commenced sawing in April, 1837. The first mill for grinding grain was built by William E. Walworth[1] on Lime creek, on section twenty-one, during the spring of 1836. It was a small patent mill and used only for grinding coarse grain. Mr. Walworth died in August following, and his mill was but little used. The first flouring mill was built during the summer of 1837. The old mill is a part of the present mill in this village. They commenced grinding on Thanksgiving day, in November, 1837. The first frame house

[1]William W. Walworth. See History of Bean Creek Valley, p. 41.

was built during the summer of 1836, by Dr. I. S. Hamilton, in Canandaigua; this house was purchased by Prisbey and Cassius Warner and moved to Medina. They were obliged to cut a road two miles through the woods to move the house. Two plank houses were built during this year in town, one by Horace Garlick, and one by Asa Farley William Cavender built the first frame barn in town, in 1836.

The first child born in town, was Charles A. Prisbey, son of Charles Prisbey, born July 14, 1835. He died at Murfresborough, Tennessee, June 27, 1863, a member of the 24th Wisconsin Infantry. The mother of this child is now the wife of William Pierce and lives in the town of Madison in this county, is here today. The second child was Orrin, son of N. K. Green, born November 14, 1835, is living in town, and is one of the committee of arrangements of this celebration. The third child born was Maria Shepherdson, daughter of Lewis Shepherdson, born February 18, 1836, now living in the State of Ohio.

Our county atlas says that Henry C. Foster was the first child born, but I must differ with the atlas; he was born August 10, 1836, and died of wounds received at Athens, Alabama, September 24, 1864, a member of the 18th Michigan Infantry.

The first death in town was Lauren Knapp, son of John Knapp, died April 7, 1836, and was buried near a small mound a little north of where Chauncey Mann's shop now stands in this village. His remains were afterwards taken up and buried in the cemetery in this village. The second death was a daughter of Rev. William E. Warner, died in June, 1836, and was buried on a sandy knob about fifteen rods from the northwest corner of section four. This grave was enclosed in a pen of rails for about forty years, but is now in a plowed field and its location is unknown. The third death was William E. Walworth, died in August, 1836, and was buried on the banks of Lime creek, on section twenty-one. The location of this grave is now unknown.

It has been supposed, for the last forty years, that John D. Sutton and Abigail Knapp were the first couple married in the township of Medina, but late investigations prove that Horatio N. Wilson and Phœbe K. Wakefield were married in the town of Fairfield, November 25, 1835, at the house of Dennis Wakefield, town nine south, range one east, by Rev. David Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were married September 18, 1836, in the town of Seneca. Both of these marriages were within the present limits of the town of Medina.

The first postoffice was established in June, 1837, Artemus Allen, postmaster. In the spring of 1850, this office was removed to Can-

andaigua, and in 1851 a new postoffice was established, with Ebenezer Daniels, postmaster.

The first shoemaker in the town, was Yankee Robinson. He occupied the northwest corner of Deacon Hotchkiss' kitchen for about one year. This room also contained from one to three families; it was also the place of meeting for the Baptist church for about one year, and the only justice office in town during 1836.

The first merchant was a Mr. Salisbury. He built a small log store in Canandaigua in 1835, and sold goods there for one year. Mr. Green built a frame store in Canandaigua in 1836, the store that was burned twenty-five years ago. The most extensive store we have ever had in town was that of Allen, Daniels & Grant. They shipped their goods to Maumee City in the fall of 1836, and brought them over the old Rice road to Medina with teams. They continued in business here for fifteen years and were very successful. In 1841 or 1842, Franklin Smith built a distillery at Canandaigua, and for many years manufactured, it is said, a very poor article of corn whiskey. We also had, at that time, five public houses in town; all of them sold intoxicating drinks and were actively engaged in manufacturing drunkards. Now we have a lodge of Good Templars and not a place in town where intoxicating liquors can be bought or sold.

The first blacksmith in town was Cook Hotchkiss; he was also one of the first deacons in the Baptist church, the first justice of the peace in town, and the first superintendent of Sabbath school. Dr. I. S. Hamilton delivered the first temperance lecture in town, on the fourth of July, 1836. Miss Caroline Demot introduced the first piano in town in 1839. The first bricks were made in town on the farm of Charles Prisbey, a little north of Mr. Gust's house, in this village, by Amos Knapp and C. P. Warner, in the fall of 1835.

I have in my possession the names of about fifty persons who purchased land in town, and most of them settled upon their land in 1834-5-6, but I find but five individuals who now live upon the land they purchased from the U. S. government: John L. Hall, George W. Moore, Amasa P. Converse, Levi B. Wilder and Justus Cooley, all these, I believe, have the signature of Andrew Jackson on their deeds. I have now detained you too long. Pioneers of Medina! fifty years ago seems but yesterday to me, when I was tracing the surveyor's lines through this wilderness country. But when I take the path of life and follow it through all its windings, it is a long road. Our companions and children have fallen by the way and are numbered among the dead. Our friends and our neighbors are gone, and when our children

and our grandchildren shall meet here on the 28th day of May, 1934, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Medina, not on of us who have borne the heat and burden of the day will be here. May we so live that as we advance in life the bright future may brighten before us.

FIRST LAND ENTRIES

Township 8 south, 1 east

LAND ENTERED IN 1833

Samuel Jordan for William Cavender, Sec. 1 September 2.
Gersham Bennett, Nov. 9.

LAND ENTERED IN 1834

Horace Garlick, March 10.
Andrew McFarland, March 10.
Joseph Hagaman, May 27.
Cook Hotchkiss and John Knapp, April 8.
William Walworth, June 3.
John R. Foster, June 6.
Dennis Wakefield, Oct. 6, Aug. 24-29.
Chester Savage, Aug. 4.
Hiram Lucas, Oct. 3.
Benjamin Rogers, Sept. 24.
Samuel Chambers, Dec. 30.
Justus Coy, Oct. 11.
Amos S. Knapp, Nov. 3

Township 9 south, 1 east—1834

Dennis Wakefield. Aug. 29.
Horatio Wilson, Aug. 29.
Orville Woodworth, Sept. 3.
Levi Goss, Sept. 3 and 4.
Justus Cooley, Nov. 1.
Hiram Farwell, Oct. 25.
Charles Prisbey, Oct. 4.
Samuel Fincher, Oct. 5.

Township 8 south, 1 east—1835

B. C. Durfee, May 25.
Paul Raymond, July 10.
C. W. Badish, June 23.
J. D. Sutton and Levi Salsbury, May 29.
Joseph Hagaman, Feb. 10.
John L. Hall, May 20.
Simon D. Wilson, June 2.
John Powers, May 21.
Cornelius DeMott, Oct. 13.
James A. Rogers, May 1.
William Walworth, May 22.
A. P. Converse, May 16.
James S. Dawes, Sept. 26.
Rollin R. Hill, May 7.
Lewis Shepherdson, May 15.
Noah K. Green, June 1.
Alexander Seely, Oct. 6.
George W. Bower, Dec. 3.
Justus Cooley, Oct. 20.

Township 9 south, 1 east—1835

Dennis Wakefield, Aug. 29.
Levi B. Wilder, March 13.
Levi Goss, July 11.
E. Barnes, July 7.
Christopher Bush, Jan. 15.
Jacob TenEyck, Jan. 19.
Joseph W. Turner, June 8.
Adam S. Sebering, Jan. 9.

OLDEST DEEDS

George W. Moore, May 24, 1834.
Justus Cooley, Nov. 1, 1834.
Amasa P. Converse, May 16, 1835.
John L. Hall, May 20, 1835.
Levi B. Wilder, March 13, 1835.

HISTORICAL P0EM

BY N. C. LOWE

[Read at the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the township of Medina, Lenawee county, held at Medina village, May 28, 1834]

Tick, tick, tick, the minutes fly away,
And tick, tick, tick, the hours form the day,
While tick, tick, tick, the months come rolling on,
'Till tick, tick, tick, a year has come and gone.
'Tis thus that time, with stately tread,
Moves onward; until now, 'tis said,
That spring, with tearful eye, yet smiling face,
Has come; and from stern winter's cold embrace,
With warming sun and gentle shower,
Has rescued shrub and plant and flower;
Has spread her carpet soft and bright
Beneath our feet; and on our left, and on our right,
Has clothed the trees with garments rare;
While feathered songsters fill the air
With music sweet, from morn 'till night,
That fills each heart with glad delight.
The crystal stream with joyous notes,
Sings ever as it onward floats
In shady wood, or meadows green;
Or laughing, as when first 'tis seen,
A reckless youth, a headstrong thing,
To leave its home, the hillside spring,
And onward dash o'er rocky steep
'Till lost in ocean's mighty deep.
Then summer comes with fruits and flowers,

With trailing vines and shady bowers,
With waving fields of golden grain,
Inviting toil with might and main,
While oft beneath the shade is seen
The lowing herd, beside the stream.
All nature warms to active life,
And man springs forward in the strife,
For summer days not long will last,
The reaping time will soon be past.
Now autumn comes, with chilling shower,
With biting frosts and withered flower,
With sighing winds and leafless trees,
With scattering leaves before the breeze,
With ripened fruits, with golden grain,
While joyous hearts, with glad acclaim,
Sing praises to His holy name
Whose loving providence the same
Is seen with each returning year
To scatter blessings far and near.
Stern winter with his icy hand
Comes blustering on through all the land,
And covers with his blanket white
The beauteous earth from out our sight.
His freezing touch, his chilling breath,
Betokens naught but nature's death.
Yet, buried though the form may be
By winter's snow or frozen sea,
Still, sure as seasons come and go,
As sure as falls the winter's snow,
So sure will come again the hour
When winter's chains will lose their power,
And books and birds will join to say,
"The earth is ours, flee thou away."
'Tis thus the years have come and gone,
Until their number reaches on
To fifty springs with bleating herds,
To fifty summers' singing birds,
To fifty autumns' garnered grains,
To fifty winters' frozen chains,
Since first this goodly town of ours,
Where sang the birds in native bowers,

Or stalked the wolf, or crept the bear,
Or bound the deer, or leaped the hare,
Was sought by white man for his home.
The red man, only, then had come.
In fifty years how changed the scene,
As witnessed by the beauteous Bean,
Whose verdant banks and waters bright
Are lying just beyond our sight.
Then, forests grand stretched all around
Where now the waving grain is found.
Then, giant oaks reared high their heads
Toward heaven; the church tower now instead.
The wigwam then, on every hand,
Now, cultured homes o'er all the land;
Then, Indian's war-whoop filled the air;
Now, joyous shouts from childhood fair;
Then, hooting owl or eagle's cry;
Now, engines shriek as swift they fly;
Then, woodmen spared not shrub or tree
Where now the mellow fruit we see,
In memory's well filled journal
Are the records of these years
As they came from the Eternal,
So full of hopes and fears,
Which we've kept as precious treasures
To be used with tenderest care;
Now they bring us purest pleasures,
Which together we will share.
And today with song and gladness,
Let us backward turn the leaves,
And forgetting gloom and sadness
We will look for golden sheaves.
As we glance along the pages
Where our friendships first began,
This thought our mind engages:
That through all our actions ran
Good will and kindly feeling
Toward each, and for all others;
And with fair and honest dealing
All were treated as if brothers;
And in every line there written

Glowed the love of earnest hearts,
Which through years of separation
Bring us nearer, not apart.
To some, life's early morning
With its fresh and fragrant air,
And its golden sun bright dawning,
Spreading glory everywhere,
Was full of hope and promise
For the journey just begun,
And no tinge of gloom or sadness,
Was in the songs they sung.
But with hearts as light and gay
As the songsters in the wood,
They would onward speed their way,
Ever doing what they could.
To some, the morn had older grown,
And the sun had risen higher,
And many of its golden rays had flown,
Like smoke before the fire.
Yet still, with eager hearts they press,
And onward, toiling, pray,
And battled well mankind to bless
Before the close of day.
Nor was their labor spent in vain,
Or vain the prayers they gave
To Him who knows our feeble frame,
And who delights to save.
To others still the morning bright
With all its beauty golden,
Has vanished, save to memory's sight,
And all its scenes were olden;
To them the burning heat of noon
Fell full upon the way,
And o'er the summit, all too soon
Their early pathway lay.
Yet still their hearts were brave and true,
And hope was burning bright,
As onward they the way pursue,
Which ends in earthly night.
Thus met we, when our song begun
Some fifty years ago:

A joyous band, some old, some young,
Just Fifty Years Ago!
Fifty Years! What shall I say
Of those who came that early day
To build the home, to till the land,
That noble, generous-hearted band!
They came from out the Empire State,
With rivers broad, and valleys great;
They came from old New England's soil,
Inured to hardship and to toil;
They came from out the granite hills,
They came from factory and mills;
They came from valleys rich and fair,
They came from cultured homes, to bear
The hardships of those early times,
In this the new, the western clime.
They came from honest folk, and true,
They came from old homes to the new;
They came, the Allens, Daniels, Browns,
The Lyons, Converses, Hotchkiss, Drowns;
The Stones, the Browers, Hawleys, Dawes;
The Gallups, Hopkins, Ingalls, Shaws;
The Humes, the Osborns, Farleys, Hills;
The Halls, the Greens, the Wilsons, Mills;
The Bennetts, Trumbulls, Perrys, Baldwins;
Hamlin, Shepherdson and Spaulding;
Negus, Jewell, Farnsworth, Crane;
Wirtz, Wilbur, Hamilton, and Blain;
Lowe, Worcester, Sutherland and Hale;
Warner, Stockwell, Christopher and Vail;
Harrington, Higby, Moore and Cramer;
Hume, Wiley, Morse and Ranger;
Upton, Wilder, Downer, Willett;
Cooper, Shepherd, Sweeney, Millett;
Coats, Baker, Goss and Blake;
With Bailey, Sutton, Rice and Drake;
All *these* and *many* others came,
Which time forbids me here to name;
These came as many since have come,
To build themselves the future home.
The hardships of those early years,

The hopes, the joys, the struggles, fears,
I cannot, may not, would not tell,
We all remember them too well.
Yet, not in vain has been their life,
Or vain their toil, or vain their strife,
To steer aright till life is o'er,
And make the port—the other shore.
Sometimes the waves have risen high,
And theatening storms have filled the sky,
While hidden bars of treacherous sand,
Or stealthy rocks on every hand
Have filled their way with dangers dire
As seared leaves before the fire.
Yet, still their courage never fails,
With steady hands they furled the sails,
With trusting hearts, the hatchways close,
The while their prayers to God arose
That he would watch, and keep, and guide
Their bark in safety through the tide.
Though sometimes fierce has been the gale,
And rough the waters where they sail;
Yet, most of life, with gentle breeze,
Has sweetly passed on placid seas.
Through all the way which they have been
Their generous hearts are ever seen;
Their open hands for other's good
Have oft provided daily food.
When in these years of early morn,
Where forests waved in place of corn,
They came, with honest hearts and true,
The wrong to shun, the right pursue;
They tried, as best they could to say
"Thy will be done," from day to day.
Thus recognizing on the start,
The God, who claims from every heart,
From rich and poor, from proud and plain,
The homage due His holy name.
These early homes, with humble fare,
Received their first and choicest care;
And oft did midnight's burning oil
Find busy hands in earnest toil

For children dear—for girls and boys
Who filled their homes with purest joys;
And, for their good in various ways
They spent their years, their months, their days.
They tilled the farm with rudest tool,
They worked, as well, for church and school,
And thus, in every way they could,
They labored for their children's good.
Then here today, with joy we come,
Back to the old Medina home,
Where cluster memories pure and sweet,
That fill our hearts with joy complete;
To look again on fields more green
Than any which we e'er have seen
Since first our feet began to roam,
Away from old Medina home,
And walk in paths we oft have trod
With loved ones, now at home with God.
And stray again beside the stream
Where oft we wander, when we dream
Of home with all its scenes so bright,
Which fill our hearts with glad delight;
And look once more in faces dear,
Made doubly so, as year by year
With busy hand the artist time
Has deepened here and there a line,
And added some with careful trace
Along the brow and on the face.
While locks, once brown, or dark as night,
Are threaded now with silvery white;
And into eyes that once were bright
As stars that shine from out the night.
We look again with joy untold,
And see the heart that ne'er grows old.
But not as then, we meet today,
Our hearts are young, our forms decay,
And change is seen on every hand,
In all our homes o'er all the land.
Now here, now there, a vacant chair
Tells of the anguish and despair
Of hearts that then were bright and gay,

And full of sunshine all the day.
But now, are sad, and weeping sore
Because their loved ones are no more.
Not so to all, these changes come,
For God has spared full many a home
To whom death's angel has not spoken,
But left their circles still unbroken.
And, yet to all some changes come,
And joy as well, to all our homes.
The music sweet of childhood's glee,
The croaking cherub on the knee,
The mother's pet, the father's joy;
The laughing girl, the happy boy,
All tell of homes that God has blest
With peace, and joy, with hope and rest;
Then, while we wait along the way
To greet our friends this festal day,
We'll live again the happy hours
Of early life, among the flowers,
Of hope's bright dreams, which blossomed bright
Along the path of truth and right;
And talk of life as seen by each,
Its flowery paths, its rocky steeps,
Its noonday sun with scorching ray,
Its cooling streams along the way,
Its thorny paths, its mountain heights,
Its hopes, its fears, its joys, delights;
Its valleys green, its deserts bare,
Its music sweet, its flowers fair,
Its smiles, its frowns, its joys, its tears,
Its weary hours, its joyous years;
Its hopes most cherished, friends most dear
Which buried lie; its falling tears,
Its aching hearts, its heaving sighs,
Its clouded brows, its tearful eyes;
All these, and more, before we part,
Are on our tongue or in our heart.
'Tis thus we come this gladsome day,
Our hearts are sad, our hearts are gay,
And bitter tears fill many an eye,
While laugh and song, ring loud and high;

And ever thus this life will be,
The sunshine and the cloud we'll see,
The light and shadow go and come,
Until we reach that better home.
Then tick, tick, tick, the minutes fly away,
And tick, tick, tick, the hours form the day,
While tick, tick, tick, the months go rolling on,
Till tick, tick, tick, and fifty years are gone.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT DEERFIELD, LENAWEE COUNTY, AUG. 25, 1876

ADDRESS BY L. ORMSBY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We congratulate you today that under the blessings of a beneficent providence we have gathered here in this pleasant grove of native forest trees where we can clasp the friendly hand of those we knew in earlier days, and recall to our memories many of those incidents of early pioneer life with its joys, and its sorrows, its sunshine and its shadows, as we who have passed life's meridian like so well to do.

But a few years in the past and this was one vast wilderness, and under the shadow of these branches have roamed the wild beasts of the desert, unmolested, except perhaps by the stealthy tread of the red man with his bow and arrow, in the pursuit of his game.

But today, as we pass along this same country, we behold your prosperous cities and villages, your church spires and your school houses, your barns filled with grain and hay, your fields still burdened with the growing crops, your orchards and vines loaded with the ripening fruit, and as we pass by your dwellings, whether the stately mansion or the humble cottage and find them surrounded with beautiful flowers, with trailing vines and shrubbery, all telling of industry, prosperity and refinement, we are ready to exclaim in the language of the great poet of Israel (changing only the future for the present), you have truly "made the wilderness to become a fruitful field, and the desert to blossom as the rose."

Mr. President, I shall ask your indulgence, if, in the few moments allotted me, I shall deviate from the usual custom on occasions like this, and give you a few scattering fragments of pre-historic times, of the early history of this State, of this county, and of this township, closing with a few way remarks, showing the march of human progress in the last half century.

We find scattered over this lower peninsula evidences that this country, sometime in the great past, has been peopled by a race of human beings, and that they were far in advance of the American Indians in civilization.

These evidences consist of ancient mounds, forts and the remains of ancient gardens, which are found in all parts of this State, and especially along on the banks of large rivers; they frequently contain human bones, brass and iron, and sometimes brazen vessels; their great antiquity is established by the growth upon them of huge trees, which are at least five hundred years old.

The forts are not so numerous, and are found principally along our large rivers, but occur occasionally in all parts of the State; some of these are built in a semi-circular shape, others elliptical, while many are square, and still others are rectangular, and some are irregular; to be sure they are crude when compared to modern forts, but still they show some of the principles of the modern engineer.

The ancient garden beds are generally found in the rich prairies and oak openings of the southern part of the State; some of these are said to be still in a good state of preservation; one of these I will describe: It is found a short distance from the village of Three Rivers,[1] in St. Joseph county; it is one hundred and sixty rods in length, and more than one hundred rods in width, and contains more than one hundred acres of land, all regularly laid out in beds running north and south, in the form of parallelograms, five feet wide, one hundred feet long, and eighteen inches deep, with alleys between them one and a half feet wide, and one and a half feet deep; at the extremity of each of these is a semi-circular bed of the same depth, and a diameter corresponding to the width of the beds, and these beds are, or were but a few years ago, as distinctly discernible as if but recently made. It has been estimated that this one garden, with the systematic regularity and order in which it was laid out, without modern improved implements of gardening, must have required the labor of several hundred men. We have also evidences that this ancient people worked the iron and copper mines of the Northern Peninsula. A few years ago a mining company found, eighteen feet below the surface of the ground a mass of

[1] For illustration of these garden beds see Vol. II pp. 30, 31, this series.

native copper, ten feet long, three feet wide, and two feet thick, resting on timbers of oak and blocked by other timbers, still beneath these. These ancient miners after having cleft this enormous mass of ore from its native bed, for some cause, abandoned their work before its completion. Mining tools, such as drills, hammers and stone wedges and sledge hammers were also found, one weighing twenty-four pounds.

Only two years ago, Mr. Davis, in the interest of a Detroit mining company, while exploring in the Lake Superior region, discovered an old copper mine that had been worked for twelve miles, in a nearly straight line, and also found a piece of copper ore weighing three tons with the tool marks of the miners plainly visible thereon.

The great antiquity of these mining operations, like the ancient gardens, mounds and forts of the southern peninsula, are also established by the growth of old forest trees there, and from the fact that the native Indian knew nothing of their existence, until his attention was called to them by the white man.

Nor are these monuments of antiquity confined to our own State. But they are found all over this vast country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from Lake Superior to South America. In the single state of Ohio, the monuments of antiquity number over nine hundred, and some of them are truly wonderful in the great skill and ingenuity in their construction and the enormous amount of labor required for their completion.

From the mounds, we learn that they were very numerous, and must have been counted by millions; that they were a people accustomed to labor, is shown by the Herculean labors required to build those mounds and work those mines. That they were an agricultural people, is proved by those wonderful gardens and from the fact that so numerous a people could never have performed such an amount of labor without receiving their substance mainly from the soil.

These ancient forts indicate to us that there were more nations or tribes than one, as they were evidently built for defense.

These antiquities all indicate that this strange people possessed, in some degree, the elements of civilization.

An old fragment of Mexican history that the Spaniards failed to destroy after the conquest of Mexico, says that about the seventh century of the Christian era, there emigrated to that country from the north, a race of people from the land of Tulian, and that they brought with them to the valley of Mexico the first elements of civilization. They were a people of mild, industrious and enterprising habits. They cultivated the soil, introduced the maize and cotton, made roads,

erected monuments of colossal dimensions, built temples and cities. They could polish the hardest granite rock, make pottery and weave various fabrics in cloth. They understood something of astronomy, knew the causes of the eclipses. They constructed sun dials, they devised a simple system of notation, and measured time by the solar year of eighteen months, twenty days each, adding five days to make up the three hundred sixty-five days, and adding the fractional hours, making twelve and one-half days every fifty-two years, which varies but a small fraction from our own computation.

Their religion was of a mild and peaceful character, their laws mild and humane. Here they lived and prospered till the beginning of the thirteenth century, when they were overrun by another more barbarous nation, and subdued. Evidences of the great antiquity of the early inhabitants of this country are numerous. I have seen an old well fourteen feet deep, and walled up with stone laid in mortar, and the mortar hardened like cement, and the top of this well was twenty-four feet below the level of the ground. It was not in a valley but on a rolling prairie.

I have also seen and handled a copper kettle taken from a coal bed twelve feet below the surface of the ground, at Buffalo Rock, near Ottawa, Ill., a small piece of which I now have in my possession, and thousands of similar relics are found all through the land. And though we may never know the exact period in the great cycle of time when this strange people existed, yet there is some evidence that at some period in the past their feet have trod this soil and their hands cultivated these fields, and that they possessed many of the arts of civilization. Of the American Indians, we have only to say they were very numerous when this continent was first discovered by the Europeans. They were indolent in their habits; in their character, they were kind and generous to their friends, cruel and treacherous to their enemies; and today the nation mourns the loss of some of her bravest sons that have fallen by their ruthless hands, and yet they were defending the homes of their wives and children. But they are fast receding before the march of human progress and civilization, like dew before the morning sun, and in a few brief years they too will be numbered only in the past.

The territory of Michigan was discovered and partially explored as early as the year 1610, a full decade before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. In 1641, a number of pioneer missionaries paddled a bark canoe from the St. Lawrence river, Canada, up through Ottawa river, thence crossing over Lake Nipissing, thence down the

French river to the Georgian Bay, passing the islands of Lake Huron to the falls of St. Mary, and established the first mission in the territory, now State of Michigan. The first settlement was made at Detroit, in 1701, by Antoine DeLamotte Cadillac and others. The first fort was built at Detroit, in the same year. In 1763 this territory, with the Canadian provinces, was ceded by France to England, and in 1783 this territory was ceded by England to the United States. The territory of Michigan was first organized in 1805, and William Hull was its first governor. On the 12th day of July, 1812, this territory was surrendered by Gen. Hull to the British troops under Gen. Brock. On the 10th day of September, 1813, Commodore Perry won his great victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie, and on the 5th of October following, Gen. Harrison won his great victory over the combined forces of British and Indians, at the battle of the Thames, and soon after Detroit was surrendered to the Americans, and at the close of the war in 1814, the territory passed again into the hands of the United States, and Gen. Lewis Cass was appointed governor. Detroit has passed through many vicissitudes of peace and war, and five times has the flag that waved over it been changed; three different sovereigns have claimed its allegiance; twice has it been besieged by the Indians; once captured in war, and once burned to the ground; in 1810 its population was only 770; today it numbers 100,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in numbers and prosperity, and is one of the finest cities in America. In 1835 a dispute arose about the boundary line[1] between the territory of Michigan and the state of Ohio, which for a time threatened serious results. At this time the general government offered to give Michigan 25,000 square miles of territory, and an equal partnership in the confederation of states in lieu of her disputed boundary, an offer which was accepted, and on the 26th day of January, 1837, she was admitted, and was the twenty-sixth state of the Union, and Stevens T. Mason[2] was the first governor.

In 1830 the territory contained 28,000 inhabitants. In 1870 the State contained 1,184,000 inhabitants. She has 3,000 miles of railroad and 1,500 miles of lake coast. Her internal resources seem inexhaustible, with an abundant supply of lumber and salt, and her mines of coal, iron and copper are among the richest in the world. This State has also a system of education equal to that of any of the older states. Here everyone whether rich or poor may have the benefit of a liberal education. Next in importance to Detroit in the early settlement of this State is Monroe. It is situated on the river Raisin, near its mouth, and was first settled by the French in 1784. The first American set-

[1]See Vol. XXVII, p. 346, this series.
[2]Idem XXXV.

tlement was in 1793. Monroe was for many years the depot of the Northwest Fur Trade Company, which made it the central point for thousands of Indians, and they endured all the horrors of Indian wars till the close of the war of 1812. The first church was built in Monroe, in 1790, and Rev. Antoine A. Gillott was its pastor, and Calvin Burnham, late of Summerfield, Monroe county, taught the first English school. Monroe is now a fine and healthful city, and contains about 6,000 inhabitants.

The first settlement in Lenawee county was made in 1824, by Musgrove Evans, at Tecumseh.[1] The first saw mill was built the same year, and the first flouring mill the next succeeding year, both at Tecumseh. In 1826, just fifty years ago, this county was organized, and contained less than forty persons. Now it numbers more than 40,000 inhabitants. The pleasant and prosperous city of Adrian, the pride of Lenawee county, and containing a population of more than 10,000 inhabitants, fifty years ago contained but one log cabin.

In relation to the intelligence and prosperity of this county, I need only to tell you that she supports ten regularly published newspapers within her borders, besides two daily editions.

The township of Blissfield was first settled in 1824, and Harvey and Nancy Bliss and family were its first inhabitants. Their nearest neighbor, till Mr. Kedzie came, was ten miles distant, the only road an Indian trail, their only guide was marks made with an ax upon the trees; the nearest and only market was Monroe, thirty miles away, all wilderness. I have heard these old people tell of the toils and privations, and of the many incidents connected with pioneer life, and sometimes the old lady's eyes would moisten with tears as in her memory she would recall some striking incident of the past; not tears of sorrow, for those days of privation were past, and she sat like a queen in the lap of luxury, loved and respected by all who knew her. You will pardon me for pausing a moment to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of these worthy old pioneers, when I tell you that when I first came into this State, thirty-nine years ago, a stranger in a strange land, weary and sick, it was under the shelter of their roof I found a welcome, it was there we ate our first morsel, and it was there we first laid our weary limbs to rest in this State. And while memory lasts I shall remember with pleasure, the fact that I have lived in the first log cabin, with its puncheon floor and its shake and pole roof, that was built in Blissfield.

The township was organized in 1827. The first school house was

[1]The citizens of Tecumseh erected a fine boulder on the site of this house on the Clinton Road.

built in 1827. The first postoffice was established in 1828. The first Presbyterian church was organized in 1829.

Mr. President, I shall ask you to excuse me for passing lightly over the early history of Blissfield. At your gathering last year, our venerable friend, Mr. James T. Kedzie, gave you a very interesting and exhaustive history in detail of the township, and I hope he will read that document to you today.

The township of Deerfield was organized by act of legislature in 1867, embracing sections one, two, three, four, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, thirty-five and thirty-six, from the original township of Blissfield, and sections twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five and thirty-six from the original township of Ridgeway. The first supervisor was Hiram T. Fife.

The first settlement made within the limits was by William Kedzie,[1] of Delhi, New York, in the year 1826. The first land purchased of the government was purchased by him in 1824, a portion of which we occupy today.

The next early settlers were Benjamin Clark, Daniel H. Clark, Anthony McKey and Benjamin Tibbits, Edward Calkins and Jonas Ray in 1827. In 1828 Abner J. McWilliams and Charles Miller were added to the number. Daniel H. Clark and Charles Miller are the only surviving persons of the early settlers.

A postoffice was established in 1828. William Kedzie was appointed the first postmaster, and died a short time after, and Anthony McKey was appointed in his place. The mail was carried on horseback from Monroe to Blissfield, the carrier making one trip per week.

The first school house was built of logs, in 1829, and Miss Caroline Bigsby was the first teacher.

The first meeting house built in the township was by the Catholic society, in 1843. A Catholic church and society was organized the same year by Father Lewis Gillott.

The first Methodist Episcopal church and society was organized in 1843, and Rev. William Taylor was the first pastor. Their first church was built in 1844.

The first Presbyterian church and society was organized in 1848, and Rev. John Montieth was the first pastor. In 1861 they built their first church.

In 1873, the village of Deerfield was incorporated, and Jason Hemenway was the first president.

Fifty years ago today, one solitary log cabin on yonder river bank,

[1]Father of Dr. R. C. Kedzie so long and faithfully connected with this society and as Prof. at the M. A. C.

the home of those friends through whose invitation you are assembled here today, was all there was within the limits of the present township of Deerfield. But today, it is the peaceful, pleasant home of 1,500 inhabitants.

Mr. President, instead of the one log school house of forty-six years ago, it is with pride and pleasure that we can point you to yonder brick edifice with its modern improvements, that will comfortably seat three hundred students, and also to inform you that we have besides five commodious school houses within the limits of our little town.

I am also happy to inform you that instead of the post boy and one mail a week, we now receive five mails a day (except Sundays), and send the same number away.

We have a small newspaper published in our town. The first number was issued on the first of June, 1875. George W. Grames, publisher and proprietor, a young man seventeen years of age, already sends his little sheet into sixteen different states of the Union.

The wonderful development and utility of practical science deserves a passing notice at our hands. Most of these old pioneers will remember when the sickle was the only instrument used for harvesting wheat, and that the man that would go into the harvest field and with his sickle reap one acre, had done more than an average day's work, but our friend William, the owner and occupant of this old homestead, can harness his team in the morning, hitch them to his carriage (he calls it his reaper), and get into his cushioned seat, go to his field of grain, cut and rake ready for binding ten acres of grain, which he will tell you is a fair day's work. The same advantage is gained by the mower over the scythe, and the horse over the hand rake.

How many of these old veterans have worked hard all day, threshing with the flail, and at night have less than ten bushels of wheat to show for their day's work. But with the improved threshing machines of today, a man has only to invite a few of his neighbors when he gets ready to thresh, and, if not over five hundred bushels, is but one day's work. What would the farmer's boys think if they had all the wheat to thresh either with a flail or by spreading the bundles of grain on the barn floor or on the bare ground, as these people have had to do, and drive oxen or horses over it until the grain is separated from the straw? These are not overdrawn pictures, but are only a few of the real facts, as these old settlers will tell you. I was conversing with one of these old pioneers from Napoleon, a day or two ago, one of the very first settlers; he told me he had to go to Ann Arbor, a distance of forty miles, to mill through the wilderness. It put me in mind of

an incident, which I will relate: Mr. Kedzie, the father of these gentlemen, once took a grist to Monroe to mill, which was thirty miles distant, and all wilderness. When he got there with his grist, the mill was out of repair, and he had to bring it back unground. He then took it to Tecumseh. The crooked paths he had to travel, made the traveled distance for that grist about one hundred miles, and not a good highway, but through an almost unbroken wilderness, with only marked trees and old Indian paths for his guide. Sometimes when I have thought of that circumstance, I wanted to ask these gentlemen, who were boys then, if the bread from that grist did not taste sweeter than the bread of today. Mr. President, to illustrate the convenience of traveling now over what it was fifty years ago, I asked our old friend, Mr. Munson, who came from western New York, how long it took him to come here with his team. He said he made a remarkably short trip. He was only twenty-one days on the road, and traveled only nineteen days. Today, Mr. Munson can take his breakfast at home, and get into a nice railway coach, with cushioned seats and with all the conveniences of a nice parlor, and the same evening take his tea at the old homestead in New York. Equally great has been the change in the transmission of the mails by railroad over the slow mail coach. Mr. President, in our little village of Deerfield, here we get every day, daily papers from Adrian, from Jackson and from Detroit. I can take up any of these papers and tell you the price of stocks, the market reports, and of any event of importance that transpired yesterday in Boston, in New York, in London, in Paris, San Francisco, or any other place of importance in Europe or America.

The progress of science has brought the very elements under our control, and today we can literally travel by steam and talk by lightning.

In all the various departments of human life, similar progress has been manifested. Fifty years ago human slavery was supposed to be a divine institution and sanctioned by heaven. But today all civilized nations of the earth have abandoned the traffic, and in our own country, within the past few years the chains of slavery have been cleft from four millions of human beings.

Woman, too, but a few years ago, was supposed to be only capable of subordinate positions in domestic life. Today she stands side by side with man struggling for liberty and equality; she is already in the counting-room, in the laboratory, at the bar, on the rostrum, and in the pulpit, and is now demanding the ballot at your hands.

By the science of phrenology we find that the organs of the brain determine the capacity of the mind and thought.

Magnetism and psychology, too, have explained to us the mysteries of human life, with its intermediate relations, all of the way from the grossest material to the most etherial or angel worlds.

The science of geology has taken us back through the countless ages of the past, and has taught us that there is a universal law that pertains to all matter in motion, and that law is progress.

The science of astronomy, too, has taken us up into the heaven of heavens, and has proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the myriads of stars that bespangle the firmament of heaven are suns and systems of worlds in countless numbers, making their eternal revolutions in their orbits around their central suns, with the precision of infinite law, like our solar system.

This planet on which we live (though all the world to us), in its relation to the great univerclium of the limitless universe, is but a pebble in the great ocean of matter, and we are led to exclaim, how infinite is infinity, and how finite is man.

In political economy we witness equal progress. The old doctrine that "might makes right," and that "kings and potentates governed and enslaved the people by a divine right," has passed away.

Just one hundred years ago, when those brave representatives of the thirteen original colonies of America, declared to the world that all men were endowed with a divine right to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. The inspiration of truth gave it power, and a nation was born in a day.

And instead of thirteen feeble colonies and only three millions of people, today we number thirty-eight states, and more than forty millions of inhabitants.

And our flag now floats proudly on every sea and in every harbor in the world, giving safety and protection to all our people.

Our banner is an emblem of our nation. The stripes of human experience have spread the wings of the eagle, and the eagle and the stars indicate our rapidly onward and upward progress to an immortal destiny.

Before I close, permit me to say to these old pioneers who have by their labors contributed to the development and prosperity of this country, we bid you good cheer, we acknowledge our indebtedness to you for many of the blessings we enjoy. We shall always cherish for you the kindest regards, we will teach our children and our grandchildren to respect your memories, and as you pass down the declivities

of life it will be a consolation to know that every person who has by his labor contributed to the legitimate wants and necessities of mankind, whether physical, moral, intellectual or spiritual, is equally a benefactor.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE ALLEGAN COUNTY COURT HOUSE, AUGUST 29, 1889

CONTRIBUTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN

In spite of the heat and dust an immense crowd began to arrive in town early in the morning and several of the railroads brought large excursions. Among the first to arrive were the Monterey, Hopkins, Otsego and Plainwell bands, and they all came into town in grand style, heading large delegations from each of their towns. This was the first appearance in Allegan of the Plainwell juvenile band and their appearance and style of playing was fine. They were the feature of the day. Much praise was also due the other bands for their excellent music.

Soon after dinner the column for the street parade was formed on Cutler street, in the following order:

Marshal and assistants
Plainwell Juvenile Band
Fire department
Supervisors
County officials
Ex-Supervisors
Ex-County officials
President of the day
Mayor, Orator, and Circuit Judge
Vice-presidents
Common Council and city officials
County Pioneers
Monterey Band
Holland and Saugatuck Masonic Lodges
Dorr Masonic Lodge
Plainwell Masonic Lodge
Allegan Masonic Lodge
Otsego Band
Otsego Masonic Lodge

Grand Lodge
Knights of Pythias
Odd Fellows
Hopkins Band
German Workingmen's Society
Grand Army
Sons of Veterans
Citizens in carriages

The line of march was on Chestnut to Trowbridge, up Trowbridge to Locust, on Locust to Brady, thence to State, up State to Water, up Water to Hubbard and thence to court house square.

The exercises were opened by a piece of music by the Monterey band, after which Rev. "Father" Bliss[1]—the pioneer minister—invoked the blessing of God on the undertaking.

Mayor Hannibal Hart was then introduced and welcomed the assembly as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my very pleasant duty, as representing the village of Allegan and speaking in behalf of our citizens, to welcome you here today, to take part in and witness the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of this new court house. We would have been glad to welcome you before; the fact is we have long been waiting to greet you with the new court house, and I can assure you that you have today the hearty welcome of every man, woman and child in the village of Allegan. We are not only happy to meet you for the social pleasure your presence gives us, but, as well, for the fact that you are here to assist in an act that you will look back to with pride; namely, the laying of the corner stone to Allegan county's court house.

The proud city of Rome welcomed her generals on their victorious return from the conquest of some distant tribe or nation and heaped upon them honors for their success in war. Yours today is the welcome of peace for the conquests of peace. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." We welcome, as well and as sincerely today those who voted against the court house as those who voted for it, for we know you are as glad as any of us that it is being built. We very much needed a new court house for we had no decent place to hold court in.

It was once the proudest boast of man, that he could call himself a Roman citizen. I am proud today to be a citizen of the goodly State of Michigan, and of the fairest spot in this State—the county of Allegan; but I must say that, heretofore when I have met strangers in

[1]See appendix.

this town, and they have asked me, "Where is your court house?" and I was compelled to point to that old building over there, I felt as though I had rather say, "I am a stranger here; I don't live in this county." I never took any pride in that old court room. I didn't feel like inviting strangers there to view the liberality and public spirit of our people. Why, my friends, when we abandoned that old building, there was not a farmer in the county that would have sheltered a mule of his therein. Some may say, "It is safe and will not tumble down," as the man said about a rotten, leaning old tree. His friends remarked that it would fall some day. "No," said he, "I guess not, for it never has fallen." So that old building never has fallen, but I think it may some day.

Why should we not welcome you today? We have waited some forty or fifty years to welcome you and to have you bring this new court house. And now that you have come, some of us members of the bar have only time to welcome you before we must, perchance, leave you and the new court house for the courts above.

Once on an occasion like this, when they were building a new court house in a western county, a malicious editor (they are most all of them malicious), quoting in his paper the language of the poet, invited the lawyers in the place to "Come view the place where you will shortly lie." Now, that was a mean insinuation, citation and inappropriate application of the language of the poet. The poet meant the cemetery, not the court house. "No, no, lawyers don't lie, and I think I can prove it by—— ——I don't know as I can by Judge Williams but I can by "Phil." Padgham and Capt. Stoughton, "Jake" Rogers, and by my own partner, Capt. Pope, and I don't know but I would swear to it myself before a notary public, not perhaps in court.

But if you say to us lawyers, "Come view this place where we will shortly lie," we will answer that we are glad to do so and glad to welcome you to view this new court house, too; glad to have a decent, comfortable place to lie in, if we must lie somewhere. We began to think, though, that we should all lie in our graves before we should ever have a chance to "lie" in the new court house.

Lawyers are a sort of necessary evil, considered by some an unmitigated evil, but you will never be able to do without them, until the millenium dawns and that dawn don't appear to be very near. As long as you will have doctors among you, you will always see the need of ministers of the gospel to perform the last rites of burial and lawyers to settle up and distribute and divide up the estates of the deceased. Thus you see that

the existence of doctors makes necessary the other two learned professions —the ministry and the law. And who in the world are so capable of dividing up the estates of deceased persons as the lawyers? They may get the biggest share, but the estate is in most cases divided; in some few instances they take the whole of it. Lawyers would not fare as well as they do were it not for the obstinacy and selfishness of men. If clients only went to law after consulting their own interests, they would not, in many cases, be clients, but would settle their own business differences among themselves. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," says the scriptures. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievious words stir up anger." It is when they get angry and want revenge, in many cases, that they become the fly and walk into the parlor of the spider. Almost always men when caught in crime are like the Irishman, who, when arrainged in court and asked if he was guilty, replied: "Faith and how can I tell 'till I hear the ividence." They almost always want to hear the evidence, and they get a lawyer to help them hear it, and to hold a part of the contents of their pocketbooks. Court, court houses and lawyers and judges are a part of the necessary machinery of a civilized government, and the profession of the law is among the most necessary and useful of the needs of civilization, and as a rule the members of our profession have won and proved themselves entitled to honor and renown in every civilized age and nation of the world.

But to return to the matter before us. Permit me to say that you of this county have made no mistake in resolving to build a new court house, unless it be that you did not resolve to do so sooner, and that you did not vote to put more money into it. I think you will soon see the day that you will regret the latter. We ought to have put into this building at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and built it for the needs of a hundred years to come. But we were long in getting the vote of forty-five thousand. We had to convert jury after jury in that old court room, filled with foul air, and neither warm enough nor cold enough to be comfortable, before we could get votes enough to carry even an appropriation of forty-five thousand dollars, and then we lost many of those who had been converted, and an appropriate verdict of a coroner's jury would have been, "died of foul air, in the old court room." All who survived serving on the jury one term became earnest workers for the new court house. We are glad the electors of the county have consented to build so good a building as forty-five thousand dollars will build. All praise to the board of supervisors for their prompt action and speed in giving us the benefit of the appropriation by proceeding at once to build. And let me say that the board have been peculiarly fortunate in the selection of their building

committee, to whom they have entrusted the immediate charge of the construction of this building. The members of that committee are each and all able, honest and efficient men, and this committee have been equally fortunate in securing an honest, capable contractor, a man of well-known character as a builder, and what you see here today thus far of this building must satisfy you that there has been no mistake in the selection of either the building committee nor in the builder. As good a building as can be built for the money is sure to be our new court house.

We ought to take more pride in the erection of public buildings. The character of buildings, public and private, show the character of the people. The state of buildings, public and private, in the State, city, town and county is a sure index of the condition of the people, both as to material prosperity and intellectual progress. Beautiful, substantial, elegant public and private buildings indicate a wealthy, intelligent and progressive people, while the absence of these show an opposite condition. If any one doubts this, they have only to look at this country or England and contrast these two countries, or either of them, with Africa, or you may see this difference illustrated in only a less degree if you will but travel from here down through Indiana, Ohio, and into the southern states.

Every Russian, as he gazes on the white walls and numerous towers and church spires of the Kremlin at Moscow, feels prouder of his country because of that most wonderful building or assemblage of buildings, and every citizen of these United States, when he sees the capitol at Washington, finds his heart swelling with national pride. Fine public buildings are public educators. "A thing of beauty, is a joy forever." You will, therefore, never regret the building of beautiful school houses, court houses, and other public buildings. Your only regret will be, as with this building, that you did not build larger, finer, more elegantly and expensively.

I will not longer delay these ceremonies, and will only add that to the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons, who have so kindly consented to come here to day and lay this corner stone in the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the order, to the visitors out of the county who have honored us with their presence on this, to us, auspicious occasion, and to the people of our own county here today, the village of Allegan extends a hearty welcome. We cannot tender to each of you the freedom of our village in a silver box, because the appropriation for that purpose is exhausted, but the gratitude and joy of our hearts is not exhausted and we can give you from the heart the

sentiment of old Rip Van Winkle, "May you all live long and be prosperous."

Hon. W. B. Williams, president of the day, in response spoke as follows:

Mr. President:

We acknowledge with great satisfaction, your cordial greeting and thank you for your kind welcome in behalf of the village of Allegan you represent, that is being enriched in architectural design and beauty by the structure that has caused this assemblage today, and we fully appreciate the fact that your constituency have long desired to see this day—a day when the foundations should be laid for a suitable building for the capitol of the great, growing and prosperous county of Allegan.

Standing here in the center of your village, upon this elevated plateau, near the geographical center of its lower peninsula, we are reminded by the surroundings to the general conformation, both topographically and geographically to that of the lower peninsula of our grand peninsular state, and you can with just pride, apply the motto of the State, *"Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice"* to the location that has been adopted for a county court-house and say to all standing here, "If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look about you."

We can well congratulate not only your municipality but the county that a site, so beautifully located and so well adapted to the purpose has been selected. The selection however was not the work of an hour, a day or a week, but was wisely planned in the early pioneer days, of fifty years ago, by our predecessors and has been kept steadily in view from that time. While this ground was in the original plat designated a "public square" before any acceptance of it as such by the municipal authorities, it was conveyed by the original proprietors to the county of Allegan for a court house. The first court house, jail and sheriff's residence was erected upon the southwest corner. It consisted of a small frame building with a lean-to of logs attached. The lean-to was the jail, the upper floor of the upright was the sheriff's residence and the lower floor the court room. The building was used for a jail and sheriff's residence until condemned by a grand jury of the county as a nuisance. The jail was low, damp and unhealthy, and some of the prisoners who were fond of quiet and rest complained "that they did not dare to turn over in bed for fear of rolling out of jail." The county offices were located on the northwest corner of the square, near the site of the present ones. It was a one story brick and remained there until the present offices were constructed. The improvements and general supervision of the grounds have been

since, I think, continuously under the charge of the sheriff or county treasurer. Thus by original selection, title, deeds and possession has this ground been dedicated to the purposes and uses to which it has been applied.

The structure here to be erected, while not grand or magnificent in its proportions, will be beautiful in design, practical and useful in purpose and standing here it will tower above the busy mart of trade, commerce and manufactures, flanked on the north and south by the beautiful Kalamazoo with its eastern front overlooking the business center and having for a back-ground, the higher elevation to the west and a large portion of the resident part of your village; no more imposing or desirable location could have been adopted.

Ladies and gentlemen we have met today under the auspices of an ancient order that comes down to us from the ages, ladened with secret and mystic lore, to lay with fitting form and ceremony and by the square, both level and plumb, the corner stone of a new and suitable court house for Allegan county.

We are apt to consider a court house as simply the place of holding the courts of record of the county, but that is far from the true purpose of the structure now in process of erection. It is true, that in this county, from necessity in the past the court house has been simply a court room. The old building standing yonder today a "monument of departed," if not "greatness," at least "usefulness," was simply a place of holding the circuit courts. It was not adapted or intended in its original plan and inception for the purposes for which it was used, and consequently wanted the characteristics required and was used only as a court room.

This building will be in fact, the capitol of the county, a court house indeed and will contain within its walls, all the executive, legislative and judicial functions of the county. All of these intimately connected with the proceedings of the courts and proper adjuncts and appendages to them.

Its walls will hold, and are intended to safely keep, the history of this county both past, present and future. It will contain the records of the marriages, births, taxation and deaths, and of the settlement of estates after death within the county. It will contain the record of the title deeds to all your lands and the record history thereof. It will contain the hall, within which the local legislature, the board of supervisors, will hold its sessions, and a record of all its proceedings. It will contain all the records of the courts of the county, detailing the

proceedings of every case from its organization, and the rooms within which the court will hold its sessions.

And within the corner stone this day to be laid, will be deposited, among other articles, a brief history of the county from its early settlement and of all its townships, the latest publications within the county and proceedings of the day, to be opened only when the needs and demands of the people shall require in future generations, a larger and more imposing edifice.

Thus we are not only providing for the safety of history, but making it as well.

The importance of the uses to which this building is to be dedicated shows the necessity of great vigilance being exercised in the material and workmanship, in order that it may, both in architectural design and solidity of construction, safely perform the duty to which it is to be assigned.

And now my friends, what is the significance of this gathering? Why this form and ceremony? Why are so many gathered here today to witness an act that may be considered so simple, the mere laying of a corner stone to a building? It is because the building is of more than ordinary importance. It is an edifice to be dedicated to law and order. Dedicated to the protection of all the rights of the citizen and the conservation of those rights. Destroy the record history of title to your home or your farm, and your property rights are jeopardized and held only by adverse right or might; overturn and destroy our courts and title deeds afford you no protection; anarchy and misrule gain the ascendancy and might instead of right, would take control. Then indeed would every man's home be required to be "his castle" to be fortified and held by his own right arm, and that of his adherents, as in the days of old. Hence this ceremony and this gathering of the people, and this assembly may be considered as emblematical of the desire of the people that law and order may and shall be maintained.

I desire to close these few remarks with the earnest hope and prayer that the courts that may be held within the walls of this building shall always be courts of justice and shall see that the law is enforced and the rights of the individual, be he rich or poor, are equally protected, and that neither the power and combination of wealth on the one hand or of mob law and anarchy on the other be permitted to influence or awe the majesty of the law, and that Justice shall at all times sit enthroned within its walls, holding her scales in equipoise for all. And thus will be preserved the right of the individual to the full enjoyment of the fruits of his own industry, and equality with justice. Liberty

with law be perpetuated. Equality without justice is misrule. Liberty without law anarchy and destruction of the very foundation of true liberty. Liberty cannot exist where the rights and equities of the citizen are not protected by law.

After a piece of vocal music by the male quartette, the orator of the day, Philip Padgham, was introduced, who gave the following address:

Mr. President, Ladies, Friends, and Fellow Citizens of Allegan county:

We have met today for the first time in our history, to celebrate in an appropriate manner the laying of a corner stone and dedicating to the people of Allegan county this new temple of justice. For upwards of fifty years the law has been administered in this county, and during all that time the fair goddess of justice with her traditional scales has had no permanent abiding place or place worthy to be called her home. But now the people with one accord unite in rearing this beautiful edifice which shall do honor to themselves and to their posterity as a justice-loving and law-abiding people. I have been requested on this occasion to prepare an address, in the nature of a legal history of this county. In fulfilling my task I shall of necessity speak of some of the adjoining counties, so far as they were and have been at times, connected with us for legal purposes only.

By an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, approved March 2, 1831, the present boundaries of Allegan county were established. The act was in the following words: "That the country included within the following limits, to wit: north of the base line and south of the line between townships four and five north, west of the line between ranges ten and eleven, west of the meridian and east of the shore of Lake Michigan, be and the same is hereby set off into a separate county by the name of Allegan."

Afterwards, by an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, approved on the 29th day of March, 1833, the town of Allegan (which then embraced the whole county of Allegan), was attached to Kalamazoo county for legal purposes. This act was in the following words: "Be it enacted by the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, that all that district of country which has been set off into a separate county by the name of Allegan, shall be a township by the name of Allegan, that said township of Allegan shall be attached to the county of Kalamazoo for all legal purposes whatsoever; anything contained in any law to the contrary notwithstanding."

On the sixth day of October, 1834, the governor of the territory appointed three commissioners (as was the practice at that day) to

locate the county seat of Allegan county. Their report of location and the governor's proclamation confirming the same, is not to be found in the office of the Secretary of State, but it is well known that the county seat was located at Allegan village.

In the summer of 1835, a number of persons had located at Allegan village and the people of the county thought themselves strong enough to have a separate county organization. Thereupon the matter was presented to the legislative council, and an act duly passed organizing the county. This act is not published with the other territorial laws, and its exact date cannot be given. But it is learned from the Secretary of State that one section of the act provided for its taking effect on the first day of September, 1835. A meeting was then called to be held at Otsego on the 12th day of August, 1835, to recommend suitable persons to the governor and legislative council to be appointed to the various offices of the county. And at such meeting the following persons were nominated, namely: Elisha Ely and John Anderson for associate judges of said county; Alexander Ely, for county clerk; John L. Shearer for sheriff; Martin L. Barber for county surveyor, and Oka Town for judge of probate. (This meeting made no nomination for register of deeds or for county treasurer, but it is believed that Alexander Ely was appointed register as well as clerk, and that Milo Winslow was appointed treasurer.) A committee of three composed of the following gentlemen, viz.: Eber Sherwood, Daniel A. Plummer and Joseph Fisk, was appointed at said meeting to forward the proceedings of the same, to the governor and legislative council. This committee performed that duty and on the 25th of August, 1835, the governor issued commissions to the persons for the offices to which they were respectively recommended.

On the second Monday of May, 1835, the people of the territory of Michigan, by their delegates, met in convention at the city of Detroit, to ordain and establish a constitution for the government of the State of Michigan. The work of this convention[1] was completed on the 24th of June of that year, and was ratified by the people at the election in October following, and took effect from and after the first Monday in November of the year 1835. And although this State was not formally admitted into the union until January 26, 1837, by act of Congress of that date, still the State government was formed and possessed the powers of State legislation, on the adoption and ratification, by the people of the territory, of the constitution of the State, and the organization of the State government.

Under the constitution of 1835, the judicial power was vested in the

[1]See appendix.

supreme court and such other courts as the legislature might from time to time establish. The judges of the supreme court were nominated and appointed by the governor with the advice and consent of the senate. The supreme court as thus constituted, was composed of one chief justice and three associate justices. The court was held at different places in the State, as follows: Twice each year at Detroit, twice each year at the village of Ann Arbor, once each year at Kalamazoo, and once in each year at Pontiac. When sitting at Kalamazoo it exercised appellate jurisdiction in all suits and cases originating in the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Van Buren, Kalamazoo, Calhoun and Allegan.

Under this constitution also, there was a separate court of chancery and the powers of that court were vested in the chancellor. There were three chancery circuits in the State, the third circuit being composed of the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Van Buren, Kalamazoo, Calhoun, Kent, Ionia and Allegan. The sittings of this court were held for the third circuit in Kalamazoo twice in each year.

The State was further divided into four judicial circuits for the purpose of holding circuit courts. Allegan county was in the third circuit, which was composed of the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Van Buren, Kalamazoo, Calhoun and Allegan. These circuit courts were held in the several counties and were presided over by one of the judges of the supreme court, and two associate judges, residents of the county.

By an act of the legislature approved April 2nd, 1848, the supreme court was made to consist of five judges, and it was by the same act made their duty to divide the State into five judicial circuits, the fifth circuit to be made up of counties in the Grand River section of the State, thus bringing Allegan county into the fifth circuit.

In the year 1851 the State, by an act of the legislature, approved April 8th, of that year, was again divided into eight judicial circuits, Allegan county remaining in the fifth circuit, which was composed of the counties of Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Eaton, Van Buren and Allegan.

Allegan remained in the fifth circuit from 1851 until the year 1858, when by an act of the legislature of that year, the State was again divided into ten judicial circuits, Allegan county being set off into the ninth circuit. This was composed of the following organized counties, to wit.: Allegan, Ottawa, Newaygo, Oceana, Mason, Manistee, Manitou and Grand Traverse, and the unorganized counties of Emmet, Charlevoix, Antrim, Kalkaska, Wexford, Missaukee, Lake, Mecosta and Osceola.

Again in the year 1859, by an act of the legislature, approved February 10th of that year, the ninth judicial circuit was changed so as to take in the county of Muskegon, Allegan county remaining at the head of the list in the ninth judicial circuit.

In the year 1867, by an act of the legislature, approved February 15th, the ninth circuit was again reorganized, and was then composed of the counties of Allegan, Kalamazoo and Van Buren. These three counties formed the ninth judicial circuit until the year 1873, when, by an act of the legislature of that year, Allegan county was joined with Ottawa county and the two formed into one judicial circuit, known and designated as the twentieth judicial circuit, and so remains to this day.

In the year 1846, by an act of the legislature, approved March 18th of that year, county courts were established in each organized county of the State, and were intermediate courts between courts held by justices of the peace and the circuit courts. One of those county courts was established in Allegan county, and continued to do business until the year 1853, when the county court system was abolished by an act of the legislature.

Probate courts were established in each county by an act of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, approved April 12, 1827, so that when Allegan county was formed in the year 1831, she was entitled to a probate court. The jurisdiction and power of the probate court has always been substantially the same since its first organization to the present time.

The first judge of probate Allegan county ever had was the Hon. Oka Town, who is hale and hearty, and is seen on our streets every day. Although at the advanced age of eighty-four years he is remarkably active, and it is the wish of his many friends that he be with us for many years to come. The first session of a court ever held in Allegan county was held by him as judge of probate. The first business of that court was to grant letters of administration upon the estate of Lebbeus Sherwood.[1] Those letters were granted December 25, 1835.

The first session of the circuit court for Allegan county opened on the 7th day of November, 1836. Neither of the judges being present on that day, the sheriff adjourned the court until the next morning at ten o'clock, at which time, to wit, November 8th, 1836, Hon. Epaphroditus Ransom, circuit judge, and Elisha Ely and John Anderson, associate judges were present, and court was opened in due form. The clerk then called the list of grand jurors and the following persons answered to their names, viz.; Thomas H. Thomas, Silas F. Littlejohn, Elias

[1]See *History of Allegan and Barry counties*, p. 53.

Streeter, Milo Winslow, Ebenezer Parkhurst, Eber Sherwood, James Preston, William Finn, Dahartus Willard, Royal Sherwood, James Hawks, Martin W. Rowe, Chandler Hollister, Hiram Sabins, William Dibble, Samuel Weeks, Lloyd FitzGerald, James Bracelin and Alfred Mann.

Silas F. Littlejohn was appointed foreman of the grand jury by the court and the jury, after being sworn and having received their charge from the court, retired under the charge of Hiram Bassett to consider the business before them.

A list of petit jurors then being called, the following persons answered to their names, viz.; L. Wilcox, John Sweezy, David D. Davis, Philip Davis, Jason Torry, Alanson Weeks, Isaac Dexter, George Hollister, Benjamin Foster, William C. Jenner, James Nelson, Orsamus Eaton, Aldrich Atwater, Corydon Eaton, Daniel Bracelin, James McCormick, Seneca Peak, John Peabody and Joseph Rogers.

George Y. Warner then made application to the court to be admitted to the bar, as an attorney and counselor at law. On being examined by the judges he was duly admitted to practice.

The grand jury then returned into court and announced that no business had been submitted to them; that none had come to their knowledge. Whereupon they were discharged from further attendance upon the court. And, there being no business for the petit jury, they were also discharged by the court. There was but one case upon the calendar—the parties being Isaac Aldrich, plaintiff, vs. William Forbes, defendant. This case was put over the term, and the court adjourned *sine die*. This was all the business transacted by the circuit court, for the county of Allegan, at its first session, November, 1836.

The building in which this session of court was held was located in the western part of the village, near the foot of what is now called Seminary hill, and was built for a school house, and used as a school house, church and court house. It now stands in plain view of us all, on the south side of Hubbard street, directly across from this public square, and is now occupied by James Forward as a salesroom for agricultural implements. Its age is an excuse for its appearance, and its size compares with that of its new rival, relatively as the amount of business to be transacted therein. It has outlived many of the pioneers who built and used it, and is one of the few landmarks remaining, that reminds us of the early history and struggles of the heroic little band that located the site of our beautiful village.

Several terms of the circuit court were held in that old building and

afterward the circuit court held its session in a building, known as the Methodist chapel, which was located near the present site of the Methodist Episcopal church. The chapel was afterward burned down and the different courts, for a time were held in a basement to the building occupied by the jailer. This basement was fitted up for county offices and was used for county and court purposes. It stood on the north side of Hubbard street, in the southwest corner of this public square. The courts were afterward held in the basement of the Baptist church. This church was a brick building, the upper part being unfinished, and in 1856, the county purchased the building of the Baptist society for court purposes and the upper part was then finished off for a court room, and the sessions of the circuit court were held there until the building was condemned by the village and county authorities, in the year 1887, and the court then moved its quarters to the dining room of the Chaffee block, where two sessions of court were held, and since then, to the present time, the circuit court has occupied the room over DeLano's store on Locust street, known as Grange hall. The business of the court, instead of being disposed of in one day as in November 1836, has increased to such an extent, that it now has, sometimes, a session of three or four weeks with a jury, besides cases heard and determined by the judge himself. But the present place of holding the court is not very much in advance of the modest old building, which, as I before said, has retired to the business of sheltering agricultural implements.

The first session of the county court held in this county was on the fifth day of April, 1847. This court was held in the Methodist chapel then occupied as a court room in this village, and no business coming before the court at its first session it was adjourned without day.

The first official act of this county court was the appointment of E. B. Bassett[1] as county clerk in the place of N. Manson, Jr., deceased. The Hon. Henry H. Booth, was the first judge of the county court, having been elected to that office in November, 1846, and retiring from that position on the first day of January, 1851. He was a gentleman of refinement and learning and although not educated to the law he discharged the duties of the office with dignity and ability. The Hon. Abram L. Dedrich was next elected to the position of county judge at the November election in 1850, taking his seat January 1, 1851, and presiding over that court until it was abolished by the legislature in 1853. Since that time the business of the county court has been done in the circuit court of this county.

Since its organization in Allegan county the circuit court has been

[1]Appointed April 10, 1847.

presided over by the following named judges: Hon. Epaphroditus Ransom from the year 1836 to 1848; Hon. Charles W. Whipple from 1849 to 1851; Hon. Abner Pratt from 1852 to 1856; Hon. F. J. Littlejohn from 1858 to the summer of 1869, when he resigned and the Hon. Charles R. Brown was appointed to fill his place, and was himself elected in 1870 and served until Allegan county was, with Ottawa, organized into the twentieth judicial circuit when in April, 1873, the Hon. John W. Stone was elected circuit judge but resigned the position in November, 1874, Hon. Dan J. Arnold being appointed to fill the vacancy, held the office by appointment until November, 1875, at which time he was elected for a full term, and has since presided over the circuit court of this county from that time to the present day.

This sketch would be very imperfect without further reference to two institutions of the early days, namely, the grand jury and the associate judges. The grand jury was regularly summoned at each session of the circuit court to investigate and report to the court all violations of the criminal statutes. It was a very one-sided investigation, however, but if sufficient evidence was procured and the jury found a "true bill," the unlucky respondent had to appear and stand trial in the court before a petit jury, the same as at the present day. The business of the grand jury was, many years ago, transferred to justices of the peace, and the preliminary examinations are now conducted by them. The grand jury system is virtually abolished in this county and State, and a grand jury can only be summoned on certain occasions, by special direction of the circuit judge. This has not happened in this county for perhaps the last twenty-five years.

The associate judges (or side judges, as they are sometimes called), were two in number and were residents of the county in which they were elected. They were not required to be lawyers, and in many instances they were like "necessity"—"they knew no law." Their business was to report themselves at each session of the circuit court and hold down the two ends of the bench, while the presiding judge occupied the middle. They were undoubtedly elected to add dignity to the bench, which they very likely did, as they had plenty of time and leisure to do so. They were living exemplifications of the phrase, "otium cum dignitate,"—"ease with dignity, or dignified leisure." For they were not required to take any part in the business of the court, or in giving any legal opinion whatever, the presiding judge taking it for granted that their understanding of the law was in harmony with his own, and that his own was right. Therefore there would be a waste of time in consultation. It is reported however that Judge Ransom did on one

occasion, consult one of the associate judges while on the bench. They were engaged in a long and protracted trial of considerable importance and the court had been in continuous session for about twelve hours when Judge Ransom turned to one of his associates and asked him if he did not think the qualities of the bench would be greatly improved by a cushion. The associate judge agreed that it would. That opinion was probably technically correct and legally sound. The constitution of 1850, however, changed this matter in providing for the election of one circuit judge in each circuit, and since that time their kind and benevolent old faces were not seen occupying a place in the legal tribunals. The persons who were chosen to the position of associate judges in Allegan county were Elisha Ely, John Anderson and John R. Kellogg. The last election occurred in 1844. These men were all prominent characters and excellent business men and had much to do with the financial affairs of Allegan county in its early days.

The judges who have presided over the courts of Allegan county from first to last have been men singularly well fitted for the discharge of the delicate and responsible duties devolving upon them, and they have administered the law impartially and justly to the rich and the poor alike. They made mistakes undoubtedly, but they have been errors in judgment, and I think it can be truly said that no suitor in their court ever had just cause to say that justice was denied him, through any corrupt or mercenary motive on the part of the judge.

The bar of Allegan county has long enjoyed the reputation of being more harmonious and united, both among themselves and with the court, than almost any other bar in the State. There is less of ill-feeling, bickerings and petty jealousies between the members of the Allegan county bar, taken as a whole, than any other county bar within my acquaintance. This is saying a great deal and I trust that I violate no rules of propriety when I say it, because I believe it to be true, and such a condition of things greatly aids the court in the administration of justice, and enables contending parties in court to obtain substantially their legal rights. There have been among its members many able and learned advocates, and from the ranks of the Allegan county bar men have been chosen to fill high and responsible positions in the state and national councils. I can not single out individuals on an occasion like this without a seeming injustice to the rest. The mention of many of their names would suggest a fund of incident and anecdote, which would be pleasant to relate, but I must content myself by simply giving a list of the members of the bar who have been

admitted to practice in this county, and others who settled here for practice, beginning with the first session of the court in 1836, and in the order of admission or settlement in the county, viz.:

George Y. Warner, F. J. Littlejohn, Hovey K. Clark, D. W. C. Chapin, Theodore Chapin, Robert Goble, Gilbert Moyers, T. H. Marsh, H. C. Stoughton, W. B. Williams, Joseph Thew, Elisha Belcher, A. A. Harle, E. B. Bassett, G. H. House, W. C. Edsell, Silas Strafford, J. N. York, J. F. Stuck, Levi Comstock, B. F. Travis, R. B. Coles, H. C. Briggs, B. D. Pritchard, F. X. Ward, D. J. Arnold, J. W. Stone, L. L. Crosby, Alfred Wallin, H. N. Averill, Johnson Parsons, A. H. Chandler, P. A. Latta, H. H. Pope, Hannibal Hart, J. P. Hoyt, J. B. Humphrey, Frank Bracelin, E. B. Grover, A. H. Fenn, J. V. Rogers, E. D. Steele, Philip Padgham, Daniel Earle, M. D. Wilbur, W. W. Warner, Bronson Schoonmaker, J. H. Padgham, W. A. Woodworth, L. H. Babbitt, Odgen Tomlinson, J. M. Eaton, R. L. Newnham, E. J. Anderson, F. S. Donaldson, J. L. Potts, H. B. Hudson, J. E. Babbitt, G. F. Peck, F. B. Lay, D. H. Pope, C. T. Bennett, C. L. Bailey, C. R. Brownell, W. B. Garvin, E. D. Barry, F. H. Williams, C. M. Humphrey, R. M. Parlin, William Connell, E. O'Brien, C. R. Wilkes, F. E. Fish, and W. E. Ryan.

Many of the early members of the Allegan county bar have long since gone to their final rest, summoned to that higher court from which there is no appeal and where no mistakes occur in its judgments or decrees. Many others moved from the county soon after their admission, locating in different parts of the State and other states of the Union, following their profession. But there was never more than one-third of the entire number who ever became active practitioners in the courts of this county.

My friends this beautiful ceremony of laying the corner stone is as old as the history of man. It comes to us from the dim, shadowy past, away beyond the dark ages, and was the symbol of an idea in ancient as well as in modern civilization. It embraces the idea of binding together; of strength, and of unity. It is the principal stone in the edifice, and hence it has come to symbolize that which is of great importance or indispensable. The laying of the corner stone, whether of the cathedral in the establishment of religion, or the court house in the establishment of law, has always embodied as the central idea, the truths of the Bible in the one case, and the fundamental principles of liberty and justice in the other.

Man has always been governed by law from the time the law was handed to the people through Moses, the first great law-giver,

to the present time. The safety, happiness and welfare of men and nations have depended upon the principles of positive law. Despots have assumed that to themselves belonged the power of making and enforcing the law. Tyrants of Greece and Rome have ground beneath their iron heel the servile subject, under the pretense of administering the law. Monarchs and kings have modified the rigors of laws originating under despotic tyranny, and have given to their subjects a liberty and freedom of conscience and action that could not be withheld from a people growing in intelligence and virtue. But it remained to the people of our own beloved land, in these latter days, in this glorious republic, to proclaim and lay the foundation of constitutional liberty and establish among men a government of law based upon the universal brotherhood and equality of man. And so at this time, in the noon-day of universal law and liberty, with all that it implies, we unite in celebrating the laying of the chief stone in the wall of a structure that shall be to us the visible emblem of that security and freedom, which the constitution and laws of our State shall afford us and those that come after us, through all coming time. The people of these United States have the best government and code of laws ever yet devised. They have had the accumulated wisdom and experience of mankind for ages to select from. They have gathered from the ashes of the past the embers of the divine principles of truth and justice, and placing them upon the altar of public conscience, have fanned them into a living flame. Constitutions and laws are formed for the protection of the individual. This is the ultimate end of all good laws, and good government. And where individual liberty and freedom on the one hand, are so interwoven with proper restraints on the other, a just and equitable law is evolved whereby the individual, the state or nation is evenly governed and society enjoys its fullest protection.

But laws, however humane and wise, do not enforce themselves. As a consequence, therefore, courts are established, judges chosen, juries are impaneled, and men, trained and learned in the law, are selected to vindicate the person whose rights have been violated. To this end temples of justice have been erected all over this fair land. It is for this end that the people of Allegan county for, lo, these many years, have labored, in season and out of season, and today have just begun to realize the fruits of their labors in beholding the superstructure of a beautiful edifice, which, when fully completed, will rejoice the heart of every progressive man and woman in this broad county. An edifice whose promised beauty, strength and symmetry, shall typify the pur-

poses for which it is constructed. In this edifice will every true citizen take a lively interest. It belongs to us all. It shall shelter us all. It marks the progress of a rich and growing county. It is a fair index of a thriving, prosperous and intelligent people. It shall stand as a monument, not like the pyramids of Egypt to the aggrandizement of kings and potentates whose memories could in no other way be perpetuated, but as a monument to the united efforts of true manhood, devoted to the principles of the best government on earth.

We dedicate the building which we found today, to the purposes of the law. And the law includes us all. It surrounds us as the atmosphere in which we live. Without it society would crumble and liberty and government would vanish from the face of the earth. There are people in this enlightened age, however, who affect to despise law and those who administer it. Without law what becomes of your property and your right to hold and enjoy it after you have earned it? What enables you to hold your lands and houses as against your neighbor who is stronger than you, perhaps, and could despoil you of them? What becomes of the family, the church, the school, and all the enjoyments of civilized life, without law? The strength and majesty of the law lies in the quiet influence which it exerts over the minds of men. There is no business transaction between yourself and your neighbor, however slight, but what is governed by some rule or principle of law. You can neither buy, nor sell, nor give away, without bringing yourself within some principle of law. Men are apt to forget these things, and when they see or hear a lawsuit in the courts, are apt to think that the ills of life are due to the law and the lawyers. "But it is not, nor is it chiefly, the trial and adjudication in suits at law that work out the benefits which just constitutions and just laws afford us. Those are but the actual results of the collision between the law and its opposing forces. Like accidents in the physical world, which happen from a falling out with the harmony of those laws which govern the material universe. Lawsuits are but incidental catastrophies that mark and emphasize the energy and force of legal principles. It is the silent potency of established law, recognized in the daily walks of men and constraining their actions by the mere force of its authority, which produces order, and through it the golden fruits of peace and civilized life."

For years to come, around the beautiful building of which we lay the corner stone today, the hopes of the people will cluster. *Here* will be gathered and deposited, year by year, the sums of money contributed to the support of the beneficent institutions under which we live.

Here will be found the title deeds of the homes of yourselves and children, and your children's children.

Here will be found in many a volume, the record which tells of man's mortality, and upon whose pages will appear the record of the accumulations of a lifetime, in evidence of the tender care and solicitude bestowed by the ancestor upon the dear ones left behind.

Here will open the doors of justice to all who seek the protection accorded them by the laws of the land. And as, from day to day, this structure shall rise from its foundation stone, slowly gathering form, and shape, and beauty, until at last, its finished spire shall stand in clear and beautiful outline against the azure sky may we each and all be inspired by that sublime sentiment, so beautifully expressed by another, "Here rise the walls of the ideal state—Justice, Truth, Courage, Faith and above them all, based upon all, Law, whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world."

At the close of the oration the male quartet gave another selection.

The following is the article prepared by Col. E. Mix on the pioneers of Allegan county:

The subject of this historical sketch is the county of Allegan under territorial and state government, giving a slight history of the county, townships and villages, from the advent of its first settlers, with its manufactories, agriculture and works of its hardy pioneers, a list of early county and township officers, the press, regiments in which the gallant sons of Allegan county fought in the great rebellion from 1861 to 1865 inclusive, churches, societies and lists of prominent pioneers.

Allegan county's first settlers were William G. Butler, his wife and two children, who came to the mouth of the Kalamazoo river and located his homestead in the fall of 1829. His family came on a vessel in the spring of 1830. He built the first house at what is now the village of Saugatuck. Lucius A. Barnes, afterwards settling at Wayland, being clerk for Indian trader Campau, in 1829, assisted Butler in building his house. Mr. Barnes is still living and with us today at the laying of the corner stone of this court house. He is eighty-four years old. The next settlers in the county were Giles Scott, Dr. Samuel Foster, Lucius Lyon, Hull Sherwood and his sons Eber, Hull Sherwood jr., and Royal Sherwood and their families. These came to what is now called Otsego, in Allegan county, in 1830 and 1831. Also Samuel D. Foster and Dr. Cyrenus Thompson, who erected the first house in Gun Plains. A few more immigrants came to Otsego and Gun Plains and erected a Baptist church, the first church in the county. A territorial road was laid out from Barry county to Gun Plains by William

Duncan, Cornelius Northrop and Carlos Barnes. In 1834 the company known as "the Boston Company,"[1] comprised of Massachusetts and New York capitalists, bought land in Allegan county and sent out Leander S. Prouty, to the rapids of the Kalamazoo river (now the village of Allegan), to commence a clearing for a city. The first nail was driven at Allegan village by Wallace Crittenden. On the 29th day of March 1833, a law was passed and approved which enacted that all that district of the country, west of a line running on the west side of Kalamazoo county should be known as the township of Allegan, and attached to Kalamazoo for State and governmental purposes. The first township meeting was held at the house of Samuel Foster to organize said township, on October 6, 1834.

The governor of the territory of Michigan appointed Oshea Wilder, Cyrus Lovell and Isaac E. Crary to select the county seat, which was duly located at Allegan village. In 1835 a number of people located at Allegan village thought themselves strong enough to have a separate county organization, called a meeting for that purpose the 12th day of August, 1835, and recommended suitable persons for the county officers, as follows: Elisha Ely and John Anderson, associate judges; Alexander L. Ely, county clerk; J. L. Shearer, sheriff; Martin L. Barber, county surveyor; Oka Town, judge of probate. These were approved by the acting governor of the territory, Stevens T. Mason, August 25, 1835, and April, 1836, the treasurer and register of the county were elected by the people. Milo Winslow treasurer and Joseph Fisk register of deeds. This covers the complete organization of Allegan county, Elisha Ely being the first representative to the State legislature.

On the 23d of March, 1836, the legislature divided the county into four towns as follows: Plainfield, Otsego, Allegan and Newark. Plainfield township comprised range eleven west, towns, one, two, three and four north; Otsego township comprised range twelve west, and towns one, two, three and four north; Allegan township comprised ranges thirteen and fourteen west, towns one, two, three and four north, of each range; Newark township comprised ranges fifteen, sixteen and seventeen west, to Lake Michigan, towns one, two, three and four north, of the ranges.

The 4th day of October, 1836, being the first Tuesday in the month, the day appointed by the State for the annual meeting of the board of supervisors for the county, the following persons convened at the village of Allegan, known as the county seat. Hull Sherwood, Jr., supervisor for township of Otsego; Alexander L. Ely, for Allegan; Daniel A. Plummer, for Newark; John Murphy, for Plainfield. Hull Sherwood

[1]See appendix.

was elected chairman and Hovey K. Clarke was chosen clerk and duly sworn in. Thus the county and townships were in full working order by officers elected by actual settlers of the county and towns.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS AND ORGANIZATION OF THE TOWNSHIPS

The first settlement of Allegan county was in the township of Saugatuck, by William Gay Butler, of Hartford, Connecticut, who settled at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river with his family in 1829. Benjamin Plummer and several others came in 1830. Johonnet and Stephen A. Morrison, the first tanners, came in 1833. The township was organized in 1836. The first supervisor was Daniel A. Plummer, the first justices of the peace were William G. Butler and Stephen A. Morrison. There are two newspapers published in the township, one in Douglass and one in Saugatuck. Shipbuilding and fruit raising is the principle business of the township.

The second settlement in the county was at Otsego, in 1830, Giles Scott, Uri Baker, Sloan Eaton, Hill and Yeomans, Scott's wife and two children. In 1831 Dr. Samuel Foster and family, Hull Sherwood, his sons Eber, Royal and Hull Sherwood, Jr., and their families, also his unmarried sons Lebbeus and Edmund, all from Rochester, N. Y. The township was organized in 1836. The first supervisor was Hull Sherwood, Jr. In April, 1836, the first mill erected was by Jabin S. Higgins, on Pine creek, who sawed the first lumber and Willard Higgins, his son, then twelve years old, hauled said lumber through the woods to Battle Creek to build the first houses there. Four newspapers have been started in the township, viz.: Record, Courier, Herald and Union.

The third settlement in the county was Gun Plains. Dr. Cyrenus Thompson, Calvin C. White, John Adams and Jonathan Russell came in 1830 and 1831. William and John Forbes settled in 1832, coming direct from Scotland. This township was organized in 1836, John Murphy being the first supervisor and first sheriff of the county. Four newspapers have been established, viz.: Express, Republic, Independent and Enterprise, the two latter now being published. The pits for the first peach trees to bear fruit in Allegan, were brought from Rochester, N. Y., by Silas Dunham's daughter, afterward Mrs. Duncan A. McMartin.

The fourth settlement in the county, was Allegan, in 1834 Leander S. Prouty cutting the first tree. In 1835 Elisha Ely, Joseph Fisk, Alanson S. Weeks and Corydon Weeks, his brother, who drove in the first team of horses, came to Allegan township. Fisk built the first house and kept the first hotel. Ira Chaffee ran the Boston Company's first

sawmill; a dam, race and mill having been completed this year and the population of the town had increased from three to nearly twenty. This town was organized in 1836. The first supervisor was Alexander Ely. Elias Streeter and W. C. Jenner and their families came in the year 1835. Five newspapers have been established, viz.: Journal, Tribune, Record, Democrat and Gazette. Two machine shops, three carriage shops, paper mill, four flour mills and several small works of manufactory, good water-works and grand fire department. Alanson S. Weeks commenced the chair manufactory with a foot lathe, instructing William Phillips with the use of the same, making the first start for the great John Phillips[1] furniture factory of Chicago. Rev. W. C. H. Bliss came to Allegan in 1836 and is with us here today.

The fifth settlement of the county was Trowbridge, by Leander S. Prouty, in 1835, who went to Otsego in the morning of the day he settled in his new house, married Miss Harriet Cannon, started on their wedding tour in a canoe for their home in Trowbridge the same day. Oka Town (who is with us today) performed the marriage ceremony. Sidney Smith settled in the township the same year. This township was organized in 1842. Its first supervisor was Richard Weare; Leander Prouty, justice of the peace.

The sixth settlement in the county was Wayland, by Lucius A. Barnes and Daniel Jackson, in 1835. Col. Isaac Barnes, his sons, George and Lucius, helped to build the first sawmill on Rabbit river in 1836, calling the town Lumbertown. Lucius A. brought his young wife, Keziah, to keep house for the mill company. George W. Barnes was the first postmaster, Joel Batchelor the first mail contrator. Nelson Chambers, O. H. Rounds, Bronson and Selkrig came later. The town was organized in 1843. Joel Bronson was the first supervisor and justice of the peace.

The seventh settlement in the county was Martin, by Mumford Eldred in 1836, with his wife, two sons and three daughters, bringing the first horse "Old Black Hawk" into the township of Martin. Mrs. Eldred's son, Samuel, was the first child born in the township. Dr. White, C. M. Kimball and Monteith came the same year. The township was organized in 1839. Cotton M. Kimball was elected first supervisor.

The eighth settlement in the county was the township of Watson, by Daniel Leggett and W. S. Miner, in 1836, Mrs. Miner being the first and only lady of the town for some time. Chester A. Miner came in 1837, also Joseph S. Miner, Daniel Bracelin, Eli Watson, Dunning, Allen, Hicks and Wells Field who is here today. This town was organized

[1]See appendix.

in 1842. The first supervisor was Amos D. Dunning; justice of the peace, Wells Field.

The ninth settlement in the county was Monterey, by Gil Blas Wilcox, in 1836, John Sweezy working for him, also making a permanent settlement; also Henry and Horace Wilson, following the Indian trail to Allegan to get to their clearing. Leonard Ross, Noah Briggs, F. S. Day, S. Rumery and H. Sabin all came in 1839. The town was organized in 1847. John Chase was supervisor and Horace Wilson justice of the peace.

The tenth settlement in the county was Manlius, by Ralph R. Mann and family, in 1836. He was employed by John Allen to found the noted city of Richmond, to start a store and boarding house for the benefit of their workmen who were building a sawmill, race and dam. James McCormick and John H. Billings came the same year and made a permanent settlement, also John S. Gidley and the Lamoreaux. The town was organized in 1839. John Allen was elected supervisor; Ralph R. Mann justice of the peace.

The eleventh settlement in the county was the township of Clyde, by Jacob and Leonard Bailey, in 1836 and 1837. They built a large saw mill for a New York company. James Harris, Robert G. Miner, Charles T. and Walter Billings came the same year; also Marmaduke Wood on section one. This town was organized in 1849. Ralph Parish was elected first supervisor, Marmaduke Wood, justice of the peace.

The twelfth settlement in the county was Hopkins, by Jonathan O. Rounds and family, in 1838. The same year came Esek Baker with wife, two sons and a daughter, who married John J. Lardner. Also Parsons, Button, Linsley, the two Hoffmasters and Lane came about 1852. The town was organized in 1852. The first supervisor was Jonathan O. Rounds; justice of the peace, William R. Ingerson.

The thirteenth settlement in the county was Pine Plains, by T. M. West and Daniel Ammerman, in 1838. Also A. Noble, Samuel Bigsby and Major J. M. Heath. Levi Loomis built a mill on Swan creek for David B. Stout in 1837. Ira Chaffee was assistant foreman. The town was organized in 1850. Timothy S. Coates was supervisor and Giles H. Hill, clerk; Eli Hathaway, justice of the peace.

The fourteenth settlement in the county was Ganges, by Harrison Hutchins, John H. Billings, Levi Loomis and James W. Wadsworth, in 1838. Crawford, Hamlin and Goodeve came in 1843. The town was organized in 1847. The first supervisor was Amos A. Haile with Samuel

H. Weaver, clerk; Levi Loomis, justice of the peace. Hamlin and Crawford built a saw mill in 1844.

The fifteenth settlement in the county was Cheshire, by Simeon Pike, Marcus Lane and Jonathan Hinckley came in 1839. Samuel Goodale, Matthew Merchant, Cyrus and James Lindsley, with their families, came and built a mill on Eagle lake. The town was organized in 1851. James G. Lindsley was elected supervisor, Marcus Lane treasurer and highway commissioner.

The sixteenth settlement in the county was Leighton, by Lucius A. Barnes in 1837. He was both tavern-keeper and merchant; George W. Barnes and William Logan engaged in lumbering in 1839. Samuel B. and William S. Hooker, Boughton, Wilson, Bagnell and Lucas came in 1840. This town was organized in 1848. George Lewis was the first supervisor and Seth A. Lucas justice of the peace.

The seventeenth settlement in the county was Fillmore, by Smith, Schorno, Fairbanks and Lamoreaux, in 1841. Kronemeyer and family came in 1847 with the Dutch colony and settled in this township. The township was organized in 1849, and named by Mrs. Julietta Mann in honor of the then president. Isaac Fairbanks was elected supervisor and George N. Smith justice of the peace. Six votes were cast at this election.

The eighteenth settlement in the county was Casco, by John Thayer and Timothy McDowell, in 1843. Mortimer McDowell, William B. Reynolds, James Donnelly and Hiram J. Cox came in 1844. This town was organized in 1854. Timothy McDowell was first supervisor; Sylvester Munger justice of the peace.

The nineteenth settlement in the county was Dorr, by Nathaniel Goodspeed and family, consisting of wife, five sons, Orrin, George, Cyrus, David and William, in 1845; then came Edward and William R. Moore, A. M. Hoy, Edward Johnson, Rodney Sessions and James A. Sterling. This town was organized in 1847. John Parsons was elected supervisor and Edward Moore justice of the peace.

The twentieth settlement in the county was Laketown, by Aaron Neerken, James Rutgers, Lucas, Tinholt and brother, with their families, in 1847. Henry Brinkman and family and Stephen Lucas, all of the Dutch colony, under Van Raalte. This township was organized in 1859. John Rouse was first supervisor, and Geert Rutgers and John Lucas justices of the peace.

The twenty-first settlement in the county was Overisal, by Rev. Bolks, Gerrit Veldhuis and Egbert Nykerk, in 1848; Henry Beldman and family, William Heulsman and family and Gerrit Brouwers, with his

brother Henry and families, came at the same time. This township was organized in 1857. C. J. Voorhorst was elected first supervisor; G. J. Wolterink justice of the peace.

The twenty-second settlement in the county was Heath, by Simeon Howe, John Saddler and his sons, Andrew, Richard and Jonathan, in 1850. Col. John Littlejohn and Howe built a saw mill on Rabbit River. Joseph Shank, Amos S. Judd and Allen Beach came in 1853. The village of Hamilton is in this township, also Dunningville, a station on the C. & W. M.[1] railroad. This township was organized in 1861. James M. Heath was elected first supervisor and Simeon Howe justice of the peace.

The twenty-third settlement was Salem, by Michael Sraher[2] and John Teed, in 1851. William Goodman and Charles Strickfaden and his two sons, came in 1852. Burnips' Corners is an important location in this township. The township was organized in 1855. Its first supervisor was L. P. Brown and first justice of the peace was Henry Wilson.

The twenty-fourth settlement in the county was Lee, by Thomas Scott and Thomas Raplee. Scott came in 1844 as a hunter but remained until 1858. The advent of Raplee, Rice, Hoy Matthews, Davison and others was in 1858. The township was organized in 1859. Thomas Raplee was first supervisor and justice of the peace. Eight votes were cast at this election.

The number of men who went from Allegan county to the war of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865 was over 2,200. Below are the regiments, battalions and batteries and mechanics and engineers that they served in. Also the number of men who went from Allegan to other states. The recorded number is as follows:

2d Infantry	8
*3d[1] "	110
6th "	109
7th "	18
8th "	16
19th and 10th Infantry	46
12th Infantry	18
13th "	320
14th "	24
17th "	45
19th "	108
21st "	10
28th "	45
30th "	57
Mechanics and Engineers	100
1st Cavalry	38
2d "	15
3d "	160
4th "	135

[1]See appendix.

[2]This should be Michael Straher, see Allegan and Barry County Histories p. 319.

*In old and new Third.

5th	Calvary	90
6th	"	25
7th	"	20
8th	"	126
10th	"	15
11th	"	10
Merrill's Horse		5
1st Light Artillery and Batteries 13 and 14		50
To fill other Michigan regiments not enumerated		102
Total recorded		1,825

About four hundred went from the county in regiments in other states, making about sixty-six per cent of all men capable of bearing arms in Allegan county in 1861. Of these there were killed, died of wounds and diseases brought on by hardships and exposure and as prisoners of war about twenty-eight per cent of all enlisted men that went from the county. Population in 1860 was 16,087, at the present time, 1889, about 40,000.

The laying of the corner stone was in charge of Deputy Grand Master John S. Cross of Bangor, according to the ritual of the Masonic order.

A piece of music by the band closed the exercises.

The following is a list of the articles deposited in the corner stone:

Roster of Home Lodge, No. 290, I. O. O. F.; Hermione lodge, No. 41, K. of P.; charter members from Otsego lodge, F. & A. M.; C. J. Bassett post, G. A. R.; Harlow Briggs Post, G. A. R.; Jacob Fry post, G. A. R.; Allegan lodge, No. 105, I. O. O. F.

A copy of each of the county papers.

Premium list of Union Agricultural Society, Plainwell.

View of Allegan in 1840, etched by John Krumbein.

Letter, from Harlow Higinbotham.

Order of exercises to be observed in the laying of the corner stone.

Statistical year book of Seventh day Adventists.

Envelopes from C. H. Adams, J. B. Streeter & Son, Horace B. Peck and a package from H. P. Dunning.

Abstract of history of the First National bank of Allegan.

Proceedings of the board of supervisors of Allegan county, in regard to building new court house.

Early history of Allegan county, written by request of the building committee of the board of supervisors.

List of teachers of Allegan county, Mich. Report of rural schools by P. A. Latta. Notice of teachers' examinations.

Address of Philip Padgham, at the ceremony. Address of village President, Hannibal Hart. Response, by William B. Williams.

EXPEDITION TO DETROIT, 1793.[1]

THE QUAKERS, THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS, AND THE PROPOSED TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE NORTHWESTERN INDIAN TRIBES.

Contemporary Accounts of the Tour to Detroit, the Sojourn in that Vicinity and the Return to Philadelphia.

BY JACOB LINDLEY, JOSEPH MOORE AND OLIVER PAXSON.

[Re-printed from the "Friends' Miscellany," Vols. II, VI, and I. Originally Published by Subscription at Philadelphia between 1830 and 1840. See Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. XII, pp. 63 and 71.]

NOTE.—The following is a copy of the title page of the volume from which the diary of Jacob Lindley, herewith re-printed, is taken.

FRIENDS' MISCELLANY:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS,

BIOGRAPHICAL, RELIGIOUS, EPISTOLARY, NARRATIVE, AND HISTORICAL;

DESIGNED FOR THE PROMOTION OF PIETY AND VIRTUE, TO PRESERVE IN REMEMBRANCE THE CHARACTERS AND VIEWS OF EXEMPLARY INDIVIDUALS, AND TO RESCUE FROM OBLIVION THOSE MANUSCRIPTS LEFT BY THEM, WHICH MAY BE USEFUL TO SURVIVORS.

The memory of the just is blessed.—*Solomon.*
Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John* vi. 12.

EDITED BY JOHN AND ISAAC COMLY, BYBERRY.

Vol. II. SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE EDITORS BY J. RICHARDS,
No. 129 North Third Street.
1836.

[1]See appendix.

JACOB LINDLEY'S ACCOUNT.*

Of a Journey to attend the Indian Treaty, proposed to be held at Sandusky, in the year 1793; interspersed with various observations, remarks, and circumstances, that occurred on this interesting occasion.

INTRODUCTION

As preliminary information to the reader, it may be proper to state, that about the year 1791, a misunderstanding existed between the United States and several of the Indian Tribes. On this occasion, the Meeting for Sufferings held in Philadelphia addressed a memorial to Congress, the object of which was, to show the expediency of pursuing pacific measures towards settling the disputes with the Indians. Their representation was well received;—but the measures they recommended were not then adopted; and the calamities of war still continuing to prevail on the Western frontiers of the States, the Yearly Meeting held in 1792, appointed a large Committee to unite with the Meeting for Sufferings in deliberating on this momentous subject, and if practicable, to recommend such measures as would be most likely to promote peace and friendship with the Indians.

Early in the year 1793, deputies from several Indian Nations visited Philadelphia, with a view of forwarding an accommodation of differences with the United States: and, Government having agreed that a treaty should be held in the Indian country, near Detroit, during the summer following,—those Indian deputies repeatedly urged that some Friends should attend the negotiations; stating, that "the Nations they represented had a special confidence in Friends as a people who, from their first settlement in America, had manifested a steady adherence to the maintenance of peace and friendship with the Natives." In accordance with the desire which Friends had long felt to promote peace, the proposal was acceded to; and six Friends were deputed to accompany the Commissioners appointed by government, on this occasion, after having obtained the President's approbation.

The Commissioners appointed on the embassy were, General Benjamin Lincoln, Colonel Timothy Pickering, and Beverly Randolph, esq. The Friends who accompanied them were, John Parrish, William Savery, and John Elliott, of Philadelphia, Jacob Lindley, of Chester county, and Joseph Moore and William Hartshorne, of New Jersey.

See Halliday Jackson's valuable work, lately published, entitled, "Civilization of the Indian Natives," page 7, 8—Oliver Paxson's Letter to John Simpson, page 31, vol. 1—also the interesting "Narrative of

*The editor has made no changes in this copy, leaving it in its original, crude, quaint style.

the Mission of the United Brethren, among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians," by John Heckewelder, printed 1820—page 401-3.

JOURNAL, &c.

I left my dear wife and family on first-day morning, the 28th of the 4th month, 1793. It was a close trial to both, and the more so, as our youngest child was much indisposed. But the resignation and fortitude with which my beloved companion was supported, helped me to bear the separation beyond my expectation.

My beloved friend Joshua Pusey, accompanied me from home. The morning was wet and windy. When we came to Brandywine it was high. We ferried over, and got to Concord meeting; which opportunity tended to stay and quiet my mind.—After meeting we went on to Darby, and lodged at our kind friend John Hunt's, where, by him and his beloved Rachel, we were tenderly cared for.

29th. We went to Philadelphia, where I met with John Parrish, William Savery, John Elliott and Joseph Moore, who were to be my fellow travellers in the journey. They informed me that Timothy Pickering and Beverly Randolph proposed to set out on horseback next day. On which information, it was mutually agreed, that John Parrish, Joseph Moore and John Elliott, should proceed with them to Niagara Falls: and William Savery and myself proceed by way of New York to accompany Benjamin Lincoln, who had gone to New York some days before.

30th. I felt my mind not quite easy to proceed without having an interview with the President of the United States, which I suggested to William Savery, and found he was under a like impression.—Accordingly, James Pemberton, William Savery, John Elliott and myself, went about nine o'clock; met with a favorable reception, and had a full opportunity to relieve our minds: which we thought tended to his satisfaction, as well as ours. About one o'clock, our three friends and two Commissioners set out on horseback.

1st of 5th mo. William Savery and myself, with five other passengers, set out in the stage for New York. Got to Brunswick about dark, having rode sixty miles. Next day in the afternoon, we arrived at New York.

3d. Waiting for the baggage to come on by water from Amboy, and providing for our journey. I think I never saw Friends so active and heartily disposed to comfort and assist, as were a number of our brethren and sisters of that city.

4th. Went on board the Schenectady sloop, capt. Lansing. Our

beloved friend, William Hartshorne, one of our companions in this journey, met us here, and went on board also, at the Albany pier in the East river. The wind at south-west, we got round the point, and about five miles up the North river, when the wind shifted, and a violent gale ensued from the north-east. The tide also leaving us, we were obliged to cast anchor, and lay tossing all night, just in sight of the city. The wind increased so much that our vessel dragged her anchor, and ran almost ashore. About daylight our captain ran in to the wharf again. We took the opportunity of going to forenoon and afternoon meetings. At the last of which, William Savery desired to see Friends and others, at seven o'clock in the evening. About which time, the streets being crowded with people going to meeting, the captain sent a messenger to call us on board. The strait indeed was great; but William and I agreed, let the consequences be what they might, we would attend the meeting; we did so, and a favored time it was. About nine o'clock, several Friends, merchants of the city, accompanied us to the vessel, where the passengers and captain were in a heat; but we kept down, and it blew over. Capt. Lansing told me afterwards with seriousness, he did believe the storm was permitted in order to give us time for the meeting.

About midnight they weighed anchor, and stood up the North river. Our progress was slow and tedious, which gave us opportunity to view the rugged margin of that great water, which exhibited subjects for awful contemplation. The rocks and mountains rise from the water several hundred feet high; on the top of divers of which, are the remains of fortifications made in the time of the late war; at some of which places, bloody contests had been held. We passed West Point, Fort Putnam, and divers others on the tops of the highest hills, commanding the prospects of different reaches of the North river.

7th. We passed a stream tumbling over the rocks into the river, called the Buttermilk Falls—a good seat for a mill. But the barren appearance of the banks, with the prospect of the divers dark habitations of death and destruction, brought me into a humbling sense of the excellency of that holy religion, which breathes peace on earth and good will to men. These strong holds, situated on the tops and peaks of mountains, perhaps three or four hundred feet high, were associated with ideas which more strongly confirmed my mind in the approach of that day, in which the King of kings will exalt his holy mountain above them all.

Passed by New Windsor, New Marlborough, and Barnagat. At the latter are many limekilns, which burn lime for New York. The kilns

are in the bank, close to the river. Poughkeepsie[1] is a village on the east side of the river. The land appears barren and shrubby, especially where the limestone mostly abounds.

8th. About six in the morning, arrived at Albany, having sailed one hundred miles in twelve hours. Last night we passed the city of Hudson, where a number of Friends reside. At Albany we met with great civility. The minister of the congregation introduced himself to us, and said he wished our errand crowned with success; and that he would make it his care, publicly to offer up his prayers for us, which would be joined by ten or eleven hundred others, and he hoped would be available. He appeared a good natured, tender spirited man. His name was Bassett.

In the afternoon, five Indians passed through this town. I stopped them at the city tavern, gave them some refreshment, and money to bear their expenses. Their company consisted of an old woman, a son, two daughters and a grandson. One of the young women was named Mehetable, the other Keturah. Our secretary, Story, sent a written message to captain Hendricks, at the Oneida Lake, by one of the young men, one hundred and twenty miles distant: which he engaged to deliver in three days. They all appeared simple, and their countenances innocent. Their name and visage impressed my mind with a remembrance of good old Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The city of Albany is chiefly settled with the descendants of emigrants from Holland. They are generally a recluse, busy people: which bears the appearance of inhospitality, or want of sociability and attention to strangers. When we arrived at the city tavern, we found general Lincoln nearly alone. He was very anxious to move forward that afternoon, for which purpose a horse and chair was sought and procured: the horse was a poor old gray, such as I have seen turned out to die. This treatment of the general roused my feelings for the honour of our government, and the regard due to its respectable officers: of which number I considered him as one—especially on the present intended peaceful embassy. I then went out and represented the reflections it must draw upon the reputation of the place, to capt. Lansing and some others, who had exulted much in the antiquity and reputation of their city. They pretty soon procured a better horse and sulkey, and the old friend proceeded that evening to Schenectady. We stayed all night at Albany, and observed their manner of burial; where no women attended: neither do they on any such occasions, attend the corpse of the nearest relative to the grave. The females assemble at the house and immediately after the coffin is borne out, they proceed

[1]See appendix.

to eat cakes, drink wine, and smoke tobacco for a short time; and then all clear out before the men return. The men resume the feast, made in consequence of the decease of their neighbor or friend, regale themselves, and return home.

9th. We got into a wagon, and rode sixteen miles to Schenectady, situated near the Mohawk river.—We passed about ten houses on the road, each a tavern. The land very poor and covered with pines the whole of the way. The town of Schenectady is supposed to consist of about three hundred houses, mostly Dutch built, except some modern houses of more elegant construction. It appears strange to see the manners and customs of the people, and the face of the country: yet my mind is mercifully preserved in great quietude, and every place looks and feels like a temporary home. Dined at a public house in Schenectady, where we had the pleasure of general Schuyler's company. After dinner, we went on board a batteau, accompanied by seven others. loaded with our baggage and stores, and embarked on the Mohawk river, in the presence of more than one hundred spectators. Two of our boats were manned with six men each, the other six boats with three men each. We proceeded about four miles, and stopped at a house where the mother and three children were entirely insane. The three children never learned to speak, being idiots—the mother went distracted, and was confined in chains. The several circumstances attending this distressed family, deeply affected my mind, and caused me secretly to acknowledge, that I was not thankful enough for the manifold favors and blessings mercifully dispensed to me.

The bed of the Mohawk river I suppose to be about two hundred yards across, and averaging three feet deep; some places shoal and rapid, where the poor boatmen had very hard work to make headway against the current. The river winds across a valley about half a mile wide; alternately washing the southern and northern hills. The bottoms in the bends, and on the banks of the river, are rich black sand, exceeding fertile, and tolerably improved, producing wheat, Indian corn, peas, flax, &c. in abundance. We had an agreeable prospect of a range of fine plantations, interspersed with an abundance of fruit trees in blossom. Vegetation appeared about as forward here as when I left home. It is an old settled country: the inhabitants mostly the descendants of Low Dutch emigrants, and generally speak that language, also, tolerable English. They say it was settled before Schenectady or Albany; which must be more than one hundred and twenty years. One young woman told me her father's great-grandfather was born on the place where she then lived. The banks of the river, in general,

rise about twelve or fifteen feet above the surface of the water, and obscure, in a great measure, the pleasing prospect of its fruitful margin from travelers who go in boats.

10th. Our little fleet, consisting of eight boats, worked by thirty men, exclusive of twelve passengers, set out, and with great exertions, opposed the rapids of the Mohawk for about sixteen miles, thro' a champaign country. Passed by many banks and points of land, memorable for having forts and fortifications in time of war; particularly the old residence of sir William Johnson, whose mansion house is now in ruins—the lands confiscated, and in possession of strangers. This estate was said to have been obtained from the Indians by chicanery. Such is the uncertainty of the most extensive worldly possessions, more especially when obtained through unrighteous channels. This day we passed a rock projecting out of the bank of the river, whereon was painted, with great ingenuity, in red colors, a canoe with the representation of seven men in it: which is said to be done annually, by Indians, coming several hundred miles for that purpose, in order to commemorate the slaughter of seven Indians, who went off from that neighborhood in some former wars, and were all destroyed. We passed the mouth of the Schoharie, and stopped about a mile higher up the river, on a beautiful bank, where we proposed to lodge. Here I saw a plough with two wheels, about eighteen inches diameter, just before the coulter. They are in general use in this neighborhood, and appear to answer the end well. Their land is level, light and rich near the river. Their field peas are just coming up, and appear luxuriant and beautiful.

11th. Had a fine wind, our little fleet hoisted their sails, which propelled the boats against the current at about four miles an hour without the help of setting poles or oars. Passed the Canajoharie, and a mountain called the Nose, where is a remarkable cave, into which one of our boatmen said he entered about five perches, but found so much wind issuing out of it, that he was afraid to proceed any further. The land in this day's route is very good. The settlers here were greatly distressed about the year 1780, by the Indians and white people who were opposed to the principles of the revolution, and were influenced, and, in some instances, commanded, by John Johnson[1] (son of sir William) who took refuge with the British, and came on with a party of Indians, &c. into his old neighborhood, burnt their houses, took off many prisoners, and others they killed. Where we breakfasted, the man of the house told us his father and father-in-law were both killed by them on the same morning. Where we dined the woman's

[1]See appendix.

husband had been killed in like manner. This day we passed several old fortifications, blockhouses, &c. which appeared a weak defence: and breathing aspirations were raised, to become an inhabitant of a city whose walls are salvation, and whose light and glory the Lord of hosts is. We also passed several places for worship. The whole journey of this day was about twenty-three miles. The country very fertile, and capable of abundant improvement which may increase the useful trade of Schenectady and Albany, keep up the sound of the millstones near the North river,—largely occupy the merchants of New York,—and freight their ships with heavy burdens for distant climes. Vegetation appears nearly the same from day to day, as we proceed to the northwest, which is the general course of the river thus far.

12th. Which was the first of the week, we set out from esq. Nellis's which is about fifteen miles north of Otsego lake, the head source of the north branch of Susquehanna, and about fifty miles north of the boat and raft navigation of the Delaware. Proceeding up the river we found the water very shoal; in many places not more than fifteen inches deep. The navigation is exceedingly hurt by the river being divided into many parts by islands, some less, and some larger, from one to seventy acres in size. We landed and tarried awhile at Fort Hendricks on the south side of the river. Opposite, on the north side, comes in a large stream, called Canada creek, about the size of Brandywine. This place was the seat of an old Indian king.[1] We noticed many large old apple trees, said to have been planted by the Indians.

This day the wind blew very brisk, and directly against us; which made our progress slow, and the labor of the men exceeding hard. With considerable difficulty, we stemmed the current ten miles, to the falls of the river, which are thirty-eight and a half feet in three quarters of a mile. It is very romantic spot. In one place, the water pitches down about seven feet. Here is a fine grist-mill, saw-mill, and fulling-mill. A scotch gentleman, named John Porteous, is the proprietor of the seat. It will, some time, in all probability, become a great interest.—Here are great preparations making to open a canal, which I think they will complete, as nature has done abundance toward facilitating this very important object. The river is contracted by rocks and hills to one hundred feet wide at the falls, and for some distance below. At this place, a spacious wooden bridge is erected across the river. On the north side, are evident marks of nature having, at some very remote period of time, undergone a great revolution. I think it appears to a demonstration, that the river once ran among the rocks that are now thirty perches from the present

[1]See appendix.

bed of the water, and twenty feet above its level. Rocks and stones are lying in a very irregular position, but so smoothed, and worn into curves of many shapes, like ovens, large kettles, and some worn down like a hollow gum, six or seven feet deep, and bear every appearance of the rocks in the bed and on the sides of the river at present. This afternoon, we engaged seven wagons to transport our stores and boats, one mile across these falls. We were kindly received by our friend Porteous, and the superintendent of the canal, a very intelligent man, major Frederick Augustus De Zang; where I drank tea and lodged. He emigrated from Saxony, and married Caleb Lawrence's daughter, of New York. Though this place is so rocky and wild, it is said a rattlesnake has not been found at any time, north of Canada creek. On the east side of that water, about seven miles distant, they abound to such a degree that the settlers there are obliged, in their own defence, to keep large herds of swine, of three or four years old—and such is the sagacity of the swine, that they will set their foot on the head of the reptile, and begin at the tail to eat.

Below these falls, for three miles, the water is an amazing depth —perhaps eighty feet deep. Here our setting poles were of no account, and our oars and paddles were not sufficient to propel the boat against the wind; so that at one time I did not know but we should here have made our beds. But through the abounding mercy of Him "who holdeth the winds in his fists, and measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand," we got through to comfortable lodgings. The three preceding nights we lay on our mattresses, except the general, who was accommodated with a bed.

13th. The wagons assembled about sunrise, took our baggage and boats about one mile to the still water above the falls. We dined at our friend Porteous's—embarked in the afternoon—passed the Wolf Riffle and one other piece of strong water—about six miles, to the German Flats—on the way, passed several block houses, and one meeting house. Here we were but six miles north of the head waters of the Susquehanna. But it felt to me a land of darkness and a land of blood. Many of the people had had their relations killed and scalped, whose spirits remain rough, and much exasperated against the Indians.

14th. Proceeded forward, and that evening reached Fort Schuyler, where is erected a wooden bridge, whose arch is one hundred and twenty feet wide, without any support from below. The butments are of framed timber, without stone in any part of them. The sweep of

the arch appeared to be about seven feet. The land in this day's progress, was very rich; and the whole face of the country, as far as I could see, was flat, and abounding with very large sugar trees, elm, white walnut, beech, &c.—The water, in this day's journey, which was about twenty-three miles, was a fine, deep, still run, great part of the way, without using our oars. This country settles rapidly. I was much perplexed for miles with the continued smoke from the fires on shore, where they are clearing the lands, and manufacturing pot and pearl ash, and maple sugar. The potash is a great article of trade, selling at from forty-five to fifty pounds per ton. At New York, one merchant, I was told, procured one thousand tons the last year.

15th. The morning clear, and the air cold. Here the earth is very dry, having had but little rain for two months. Several of our company took horse at Whitestown, and rode to Fort Stanwix, at the head of the boat navigation on the Mohawk river. The Fort stands on the highest ground between the waters which run to the sea southward, and those which run into the Oneida lake, and empty into the St. Lawrence river. Our journey this day by water, was twenty-four miles. Those who rode by land about sixteen miles. They passed the ground where a battle had been fought with the Indians in the last war; in which many fell on both sides; but the Indians kept the ground. The skulls of divers remain on the ground, having the marks of the tomahawk and scalping knife evidently upon them. One of our party brought a skull along with him. The land, as we came up the river, appears rich. The river about one hundred feet wide, and exceedingly crooked, much resembling a worm fence—the reaches about fifty perches long. The country very little settled. We dined in the woods, on the bank of the stream. The timber very large,—sugar trees are here in abundance—also buttonwood and white walnut of large size. Here, and for thirty miles below, hills and mountains quite disappear. The land on the dividing ridge, stony and thin, much covered with pitch pine. But when the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain, a tremendous account must be settled for the blood shed on the banks of the Mohawk. One skeleton, and a gun by his side, is said to have been harrowed up a few days past—the remains of a beaver hat, decayed stockings, &c.

16th. It took up this day to get the boats and baggage across the carrying place, one mile, to Wood creek, a small stream, about ten yards wide, and very shoal. Five of our company, on the morning of the 17th, took wagon, and proceeded down Wood creek by land. But such a ride I never had before. Pole bridges, slotches of mud and

water, and short nob hills, sometimes one side, then another, like to overset; and the wagon very shackling, made the tour very disagreeable. However, in about three hours we arrived at captain Ranney's, at the junction of Canada creek. The whole of the eight miles a dreary hemlock and beech wilderness, without inhabitant that I saw, except mosquetoes in thousands. It appears well adapted for their existence. At the mouth of Canada creek we re-embarked, and proceeded down Wood creek eight miles to the Oak Orchard, where General Amherst's army encamped on his way to the Canada expedition, in the French war. Here our little camp pitched their tents. I rested well on the bank of Wood creek.

Struck our tents early in the morning of the 18th, and proceeded down the stream about six miles; then kindled up a fire on the bank, and cooked a breakfast of tea and chocolate. The land continues low, level, and rich, abounding with sugar trees and white walnut. The navigation of the creek is abundantly obstructed by vast quantities of timber.—Here the stream is about fifty feet wide. These waters abound with fish, of which we caught some with a gig from the bow of our boat, and some trout with hook and line. About noon we dined at the Big Bend, four miles from the lake, on the bank of the creek, not having seen a cabin for twenty-five miles. The banks abound with lofty timber, sugar trees, elm, some large oaks, and shellbark hickory, in which the pigeons, innumerable, build their nests. Here and there a small fox squirrel appears,—a few robins, blackbirds, and jays. About three o'clock we came to the entrance of Oneida lake, which, though among the number of inferior lakes, makes an awful appearance, and is doubtless a wonderful display of that infinite Wisdom and Power by which the worlds were made. Our course along this little ocean appeared to be a little north of west; and the wind being brisk from that point, we raised our tents, as no habitation appeared.

This evening, a number of Indians came to our camp, viz. col. Lewis, capt. John, and a very old chief, named Beech-tree, or King Doe, and several young warriors, painted red, with black streaks.—Some had their ears cut in strings, with trinkets in them; and they mostly had bobs of wampum, metal, or bright shells, hung in their noses. They had two of their wives with them—each had a child laced with its back to a board—the front side made of skins, lined with soft flannel, and a canopy of curious work, like embroidery, overhead—of like workmanship were the laces and bandages with which the infant was fastened in —these they loose with great facility, and take out the babe. The whole has the appearance of a case, narrow at bottom, and widens upwards—it is

about two feet in length, and has a bow to the front side of it, to go over the mother's breast, when she carries the child. There were about eleven Indians in this company. Kirkland,[1] their missionary, was with them, and interpreted for us. The old chief said he heard we were there, and with trembling knees, leaning on his staff, he had come to see us. As we were on the work of peace, he rejoiced to see us on that errand, and hoped the Great Spirit would bless our endeavours, with which he united, and did not know what he lived for, except it was to see it. Captain John spoke to like import, and said he was glad some of the sons of Onas were along. We imparted some small tokens of respect to the women and children, who after a visit of about two hours, went away, with some of the young men. The old ones stayed and supped with us on the bank of the lake, and then departed.

About eight in the evening the wind lulled, we struck our tents, and hurried on board. The lake was smooth, and the moon shining. We went with our oars, beautifully, about twelve miles. Suddenly there appeared a cloud rising in the south-west, which soon spread, and obscured the light of the moon. It began to rain, with a heavy gale of wind, and the scene was soon changed from serenity and calmness into a foaming tempest. Our little fleet got scattered—the swells became so great as to render oars useless. The water being shoal, and the shore rocky, we durst not attempt to run in. Our boatmen proposed to raise the mast, and hoist sail; which, with great difficulty, from the beating of the waves and the extreme darkness, was effected, —After which, our little bark ran violently before the wind, rocking over the swells like a tub on the water. But through the providence of Almighty power, about break of day we got into the mouth of the Oneida river, though several of our boats did not arrive for some hours after. This lake is about thirty miles long and eight wide. In crossing which, I underwent a close and searching baptism, not only respecting the present embassy, but all the actions of my life: for eternity appeared very near.

19th. Being first-day, we resumed our navigation down the Oneida river about eighteen miles, to the junction of the Seneca or Onondago river. It is about as large as the Oneida; each perhaps three hundred feet wide. At this place we met three families of new settlers, who were glad to see us, as were we to see them. Here also we met several Indians, mostly young men and women, marvellously trimmed with cut ears, ear-rings and nose jewels. Amongst them, was a young warrior

[1]See appendix.

grimly painted; even his hair was painted and plaited, and stood out on each side in opposite directions.

Here we had conversation with a man who lives at Salt Springs on the Cayuga Lake, which is about ten miles long and seven broad. He related that when wood was provided, and two kettles set, of sixty gallons each, he could make five bushels per day; that the fountain appeared inexhaustible; that excellent fresh water springs were found within twelve yards of the salt; and that eighteen miles land carriage would take it to the Chemung river, a branch of the west fork of the Susquehanna.

We resumed our voyage—passed about a mile of rapid water—and afterwards eleven miles of still water, to Oswego Falls. Here the river is about two hundred yards wide, and the water at one pitch all across the river, falls eight feet, and forms a strong, foaming rapid for one mile below. The banks of this river are low, and subject to be overflowed. The land apparently rich.

20th. Drew our boats across the carrying place about sixty yards, launched in below, and proceeded to Oswego garrison, held by the British. They expecting us, we were admitted, and dined with the commanding officer, capt. Wickham. After dinner, we pursued our journey on the sea of Ontario, fifteen miles to a harbour called Little Sodus. Grand indeed is the prospect of this great lake. About the middle there is no view of land northward, eastward, or westward, in the clearest day.

21st. We sailed and rowed, passed the mouth of Great Sodus, to Apple Boom harbour, twenty-seven miles from little Sodus. This day was exceeding warm on the lake, and the journey very lonesome. Day after day not a face to be seen but our own company. The water of the lake is clear and cold; much more so than the rivers which empty into it. Our navigation is along the southern margin of Ontario. The land appears well timbered and habitable; but I could preceive no springs or small rivulets emptying into the lake. The shore is composed of high banks for miles together; then low vallies in succession, which form bays and harbours for the boatmen in case of sudden storms of wind, which are very frequent, and make a surprising commotion in the waters. In these storms, many adventurers, after enduring amazing difficulties, have perished, and others have marvellously escaped. We did not venture more than one mile from shore. The water is from three to ten feet deep —the bottom appeared as if paved with close jointed flag stones, of seven, ten, or twenty feet square—or like a street paved with round smooth stones.

22nd. The wind was high and the water rough. We lay in the harbour till four in the afternoon, when we journeyed forward, rowing about

eight miles, and after sundown, made the shore; where also a boat from Niagara came with several passengers on board—a clergyman, Townsend Speakman's brother's six orphan children, and a Delaware Indian man, who could speak some English; he seemed pleased with the prospect of peace; and said he was at no time for war.

23rd. Set out a little after daylight. The wind being against us, about eight o'clock we put in to shore a little eastward of the mouth of Genessee river; struck up fires and breakfasted; then passed on, and arrived at the White Oak Orchard harbour about dark. Here we encamped amongst a number of Indian graves. Here also came a boat with two families removing from Genessee to Upper Canada, on account of the sickly situation of the Genessee country. In this day's journey, the margin of the lake appeared very low, the timber small and shrubby, with abundance of bays and swampy ground. Bradoe's bay is the most beautiful of any I saw on the sides of the lake.

24th. The air sharp and cool, we stood up the lake with a fair gentle breeze, which gradually increased, and carried us with velocity past Golden Hill, Cag Inlet, &c. over many a foaming wave, which at length ran so high, that the boats began to ship water, and we put into Eighteen Mile Creek harbour. Here I walked out, and met with what appeared to me to be a piece of antiquity. A mound fifty yards in circumference, raised to more than six feet high. On the elevation about two feet above the base, is a white oak tree, of two feet diameter, which I suppose has originated since the formation of this artificial mount. But the design remains matter of conjecture. Perhaps some kind of fortification, or to commemorate some great achievement, or more probable the sepulchre of ancient kings.

25th. We struck our tents, and journeyed on eighteen miles to the garrison of Niagara, a strong fortification, but a dark, noisy, confused, dirty place. We ferried over the river to Navy Hall, in the dominions of the king of Great Britain.

26th, and first of the week, we visited governor Simcoe, who received us in a friendly manner. It was now confirmed to us, that the Indians would not assemble before the 1st of 7th month. It proved a close trial to be so long separated from the dearest connections in life, and driven into the sickly season of the year, so that I found a necessity for the exercise of faith and patience. My mind was turned to the Lord for counsel, in this proving season. Several things resolved in my mind—whether to return home, or to try to seek out some of the scattered sheep in Canada.

27th. Governor Simcoe came to see us at our lodgings. He conversed

with freedom and candor on the subject of the treaty,—holding the posts of Niagara, Oswego, Detroit, &c.—as also respecting certain laws which he wished to take place in the province, where Friends might be exempted from military requisitions. To which we replied according to the understanding given. He is a plain man, and much beloved in the government.

After breakfast, we moved out of our lodge in Newark, embarked on board the boats, and with a fair wind stood up the river eight miles to a landing below the great falls, where is a carrying place of eleven miles to Chipaway creek, three miles above the falls. The river or outlet of lake Erie, is about half a mile wide to this place; where it is contracted to half that width. The bank from Niagara up here, is about forty feet high, and very steep to this place, where the elevation is greatly increased. On our way, we were hailed from the bank by our beloved friends, John Parrish, Joseph Moore and John Elliott, whom we were glad to see. They returned to the landing, and we all dined together at captain Smith's quarters, in the mess house, with five or six of the officers of the regiment of Queen's rangers. There being no house where we could lodge, we pitched our tents in a lot of one Phelps.

28th. Joseph Moore and myself went four miles to see Jeremiah Moore's family. They related the dreadful circumstances they were reduced to in this country, by scarcity of bread and provisions of all kinds, in the year 1789—when they came to an allowance of one spoonful of meal per day, for one person—eat strawberry leaves, beech leaves, flax seed dried, and ground in a coffee mill—catched the blood of a little pig—bled the almost famished cow and oxen—walked twelve miles for one shive of bread, paid twelve shillings for twelve pounds of meal. One of the lads who was hired out, carried his little sister two miles on his back, to let her eat his breakfast, and they gave him none till dinner. The children leaped for joy at one robin being caught, out of which a whole pot of broth was made. They eat mustard, potato tops, sassafras root, and made tea of the tops, The relation was deeply affecting. The case being general, one could not help another: which brought to my mind the many thankless meals enjoyed in the land of plenty.

This place is situated within four miles of the grand falls; the noise of which resembles the roaring of the waves of the ocean in the time of a storm. One Indian and a white man have been carried down this amazing cataract, within two years. The white man tumbled out of his canoe just at the beginning of the rapids, and was hurled down.

The poor Indian was asleep in his canoe, which was tied to the bank; it is supposed some wicked person loosed it, and it glided down into the rapids, when some person hollowed to him; on which he stood up, struck a few strokes with his paddle to no effect, then wrapped his head in his blanket, and laid down in his canoe, to meet his horrid destiny. He was found two miles below, but none of his bones were broken.

Here I saw the skin of a porcupine, an animal about as large as a well grown ground hog, with a bushy tail, and claws like that animal. His body was interspersed with a vast number of stiff, pointed quills: which are its defence when attacked. Here is a beautiful odoriferous little tree, called the balm of Gilead. It resembles the lombardy poplar. Here also the juniper abounds. They are natives of this latitude. Gooseberries and currants of divers colors and kinds, are found here.

My route in all, thus far, seven hundred and twenty-one miles.

29th. A wet day—which is a blessing to the earth and its inhabitants hereaway, as it has been exceeding dry.

30th. Joseph Moore, John Elliott and myself, went about two and a half miles, to visit that phenomenon in nature—the great Falls of Niagara, whose thunders, for several days, had with awfulness reached mine ears. When I approached this tremendous cataract, it truly appeared amazing, and with the voice of thunder, proclaimed the majesty of its sublime Architect. When we came to the margin of the river below the falls, we descended the almost perpendicular bank by several windings from one rock to another, and with the aid of several Indian ladders, at length reached the surface of the water, I suppose at least one hundred and fifty feet below the summit. The irregular position of multitudes of huge rocks, which no doubt had tumbled from their ancient seats, made our progress up toward the pitch, rough and difficult. We found logs, pieces of canoes, &c. in abundance, twelve or fifteen feet above the present level of the water—also ducks, loons, cormorants, catfish, pickerels, and various kinds of fish and water fowl, which had been killed by the dashing of the columns of water, tumbling off a precipice not less than one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular. The rocks and stones are mostly excellent limestone, as are the stones in the banks for six or seven miles below; where, from every appearance, I think it is not absurd to suppose the falls once were, but have worn up to the present barrier, where the river makes a bend, and the water is divided by an island; though two-thirds of it, or more, pass on the north side of the island. I think it is not improbable, that the lands adjoining derive considerable advantage to vegetation from

the misty vapours which arise, and are exhaled to the clouds, or blown by the varying winds on the neighboring farms. Some of these are exceeding fertile, abounding with grass and grain. After spending an hour or two, almost lost in admiration, we ascended by the way we went down, and rode eight miles to the landing, where we dined at Benjamin Canby's.

31st. This forenoon capt. Hendricks, Little-man, and three other Oneida Indians came to our camp, whom we were pleased to see; we refreshed them, and had friendly conversation, confirming the principles of peace and good will to all men.

Here we were within the sound of the martial trumpet, where I did adopt the Israelitish lamentation, "By Babel's streams we sat and wept, when we remembered Zion, and hung our harps on the willow trees."

This afternoon, capt. Hendricks and myself took boat, and were rowed eight miles down to Navy Hall to see the commissioners. After some conversation on Indian affairs, we returned the same evening.

1st of 6th month. Used some endeavours to get our tents and baggage removed to Chipaway creek; but could not get wagons because of the late rains. This is a place of considerable business, which is principally engrossed by Hamilton, Street, and Phelps—the former having planted five hundred bushels of potatoes this year, to supply the troops. This morning, an Onondago chief came to our camp and breakfasted with us.

2nd of the month, and first of the week. A meeting being appointed about five miles distant, I set out on foot to attend it. On the way, in the woods I looked back, and at a few perches distance were two Indians coming after me on a trot—one of them frightfully painted from below one eye to the middle of his forehead, with a vermillion red; the other side jet black. His cheek and chin under the black, was painted red, and the other side under the red, was painted black. He had a tail of hair, and skins of beasts and birds with the feathers on, which hung down below the calves of his legs, and were blown out behind him. He had his scalping knife in his hand. His stature was middle sized; but his visage was exceedingly fierce and grim. I was quite alone. I turned sideways, and stood till he came up, I believe with out visible emotion of fear, and accosted him thus: Which way in such a hurry? He said, Hooch king, Buffaloe creek! and passed along. I went on to the meeting, where my companions and divers Friends, and other settlers in this new country, came, to the number of about one hundred. The meeting was solid and satisfactory. We

went to J. Moore's to dine, had a solid opportunity in his family, and went to our kind friend W. Lundy's, to lodge.

3rd. Walked to squire Birch's mills, on the rapids, above the unspeakably amazing cataract; where I had a second view of this standing awful monument of the mighty power of Him who created the heavens and the earth, the seas and fountains of water. The rapids above are about one mile square; and pleasingly grand is the prospect—the waves dashing, and tumbling from rock to rock, and altering their appearance every moment. Here also are seen the misty vapours from the great falls, rising in curling columns to the clouds, resembling the smoke of numerous furnaces. Such are the friction of the particles of water descending, and the inconceivable weight of the mass of water, dashing on the rocks below, that it more resembles smoke than mist.—Our kind friend Birch has, perhaps, one of the grandest situations for water works in the world; and I think, if he opens his front door, he needs never pay the clergy for preaching. He is kind to Friends, having in early life contracted an esteem for Samuel Emlen at sea.

Chipaway creek is about as large as Brandywine, and boatable fifty miles to the northward. I walked from Birch's to Chipaway. Here is a block house and picket, garrisoned by a number of soldiers.—Lodged at a public house, where we paid a shilling for a floor to spread our mattresses on, and other things equivalent.

4th. Went on board one of our boats, and rowed eighteen miles to Fort Erie, in sight of the lake.—Here is a store house, garrison, &c. The water from Chipaway to this place is smooth, and a good run for boats. Here lay three schooners, waiting a fair wind, bound for Detroit. We went on board the Dunmore that evening.

Next morning, near sixty Indians came on board, on their way to Sandusky; among whom were capt. Hendricks, capt. John, and a number of principal men and warriors, much painted, ears cut, &c.

5th. Quite becalmed. I felt renewed occasion for the exercise of faith and patience. Expenses of boarding alone, twelve shillings per day.

The waters of Lake Erie are three hundred feet higher than those of Ontario, thirty-seven miles below, and are restrained from deluging the country by the same power which bounds "the sea by a perpetual decree." Opposite this place, on the side of the United States, comes in Buffaloe creek, where a council of several Indian nations was held a few days past, preparatory to the general treaty.

In the afternoon, a gentle breeze sprung up, we hoisted sail, and

stood out into the lake. Passed Point Ebono, the Sugar Loaf, and Long Point on the north, and Presque Isle on the south.

6th. Ran all last night under a brisk quarter wind. This morning several of our passengers were very sick. I felt a little dizzy; but toward noon it subsided. This lake is, in general, about fourteen fathoms water. As we navigated the middle, from whence we could only just discern the opposite shores, we could make no observations respecting the soil.

7th. Passed the mouth of Cuyahoga river, forty or fifty miles above Presque Isle. The scene rather dull. No variety appearing, neither fish, fowl, nor anything else, save a few gulls flying this morning over the waters of this formidable ocean, which has a barren prospect.

8th. A gentle breeze from south west made our progress toward Detroit tedious, yet afforded time for conversation and contemplation. There were representatives of five different Indian nations on board; some French, British, German, Scotch and American United States men: some soldiers, sailors, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. Yet, notwithstanding all the variety of prospects and interests, a perfect harmony and decorum were observed: in the observation of which, my faith and hope were a little revived in the approach of that glorious day, when thousands and tens of thousands, yea, nations and kingdoms shall repair to Zion's holy and peaceable ensign; notwithstanding the many opposing strong holds of mystery Babylon, yet held up and maintained in the strong reasoning part of the natural, fallen wisdom of man.

9th of 6th month, and first of the week. Last night was a solemn, awful season. The preceding day was very warm. The thermometer at eighty. A little before sunset the wind lulled into a perfect calm. A dark cloud arose south-westward, and slowly approached us. About midnight it came on, with terrible wind, thunder and lightning,—to a humbling degree to me and the rest, more especially as we had fifty barrels of gunpowder on board, and between eighty and ninety passengers, divers of whom had been fierce warriors, both Indians and white men. Under every consideration, I felt my own righteousness as filthy rags, and dare not indulge a secret thought that it would be unjust if the schooner should be blown up. I had no where to rest my confidence, save in the unspeakable mercy of Israel's mighty God, by whose power we were preserved. The noise and exertions of the seamen, were great. Their care and activity was as commendable as it was admirable. My spirit visited my habitation, to take a solemn leave of my dear companion and tenderly beloved children. I felt the peace it

would be to yield up life at home. I remembered I had been baptised into death, and brought under great awfulness, even unto tears and trembling, before I set out on this journey: and upon the whole, I was favoured with a good degree of quietness and resignation. We now approached near the islands at the west end of Lake Erie. Our captain lowered sail, and stood eastward till morning, then put about and passed the first island about noon. The wind very unstable, frequent squalls succeeded by little breezes and calms. In the afternoon, came in sight of nine smaller and some larger beautiful islands. This day we had a solid, religious opportunity on board.—Capt. John, Capt. Hendricks and other Indians and passengers, present.—I believe to good satisfaction. The two Indian chiefs dined with us.

10th. A fair wind—stemmed the heavy current of eighteen miles up Detroit river to the garrison. Many plantations are on both sides of the river, mostly occupied by French people. On our arrival, I went with three other Friends to the citadel, to produce our passport from governor Simcoe to the commanding officer, colonel England, a cheerful, open countenanced, masculine soldier, who received us like a gentleman, and kindly offered civilities to us,—for which we acknowledged obligations to him.

Here are fine banks, well improved. The oldest orchards appear luxuriant—apples, peaches, pears, cherries, &c. But no springs of water, nor streams with falls: being obliged to have recourse to windmills to manufacture their grain. Of these mills they have a number in sight. The inhabitants are a mixture of French, German, English, Irish, Scotch, Yankees, Indians, and Negroes.

11th. Held a conference with captain John and several other Indian chiefs and principal men; in which our peaceable mission was more fully explained than heretofore. Notwithstanding our disinterested and universal principles of love and good will to mankind, we are sensible our path is narrow and our situation delicate—the eyes of four different interests being open towards us;—British, United States, Indians, and the reputation of our religious society.

This afternoon, walked three miles down the west side of Detroit river, to a spring, at which I was refreshed, not having drank any other than river water for ten days. On our route to the spring, we called at a French house, to keep out of a gust of rain. The family appeared polite, loving and pleased to see us. On our return we called to see an old noted Indian trader, Isaac Williams, who is well acquainted with the Indian affairs, and their dispositions. He related many alarming circumstances of Indian cruelty; and said they were at

present more haughty and insolent than heretofore. He rehearsed an instance of a riot which happened that day week, with a violent party of Indians: in which he interfered to prevent murder, but he got wounded in the arm with a scalping knife. He insinuated doubts of our ever returning from Sandusky, unless the commissioners submitted to the Indian demands, which were very high. These were also the sentiments of divers persons acquainted with Indians, in this place. All which conspired to our deep humiliation and dependence on the omnipotent Arm, having none other to lean to.

We frequently meet Indians here, where they get too much strong drink; in which state they discover a very alarming and disagreeable ferocity. Here are divers persons who have been prisoners amongst them, some of whom recite shocking accounts of their cruelty, in many instances; others speak more favorably of their treatment. However, upon the whole, under all the circumstances of the approaching treaty, it evidently appears a serious business; and little, if any thing, short of offering up life, by those who attend it. We have hitherto found very few of the natives who have any knowledge of Friends or their principles.

This evening we met col. England and a number of the officers on the bank of the river; with whom we had considerable conversation; in which, I hope, we acknowledged and supported the peaceable principles of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They treated us on every occasion like gentlemen, in their way,—polite, and courteous to strangers, at least to us. Col. England told us he had, with much pains and expense, procured more than fifty prisoners from the Indians, clothed them, and forwarded them homeward; many of whom discovered little sense of gratitude for the kindness; yet he felt a reward, as being the friend of humanity. At night, returned to Matthew Dolson's,[1] where we have taken lodgings.

12th. Had a solid conference with David Kennedy, a half Indian, a man of learning, and a man of influence; having been educated in Scotland, he visited London, Jamaica, &c. He lives with the Indians, and professes christianity; is well versed in the Scriptures, and says he has initiated divers into the christian faith, by a medium widely contrasted with our mode. He told us some Indians used to mock and ridicule his going to church; but at a certain time he undertook to drub them severely, and ordered them and their families to attend church in future, or he would be under the necessity of dealing more sharply with them: on which, they appeared the next day of public worship, and had continued steady ever since. He supposed it the

[1]See Vol. XXVIII, p. 306, this series.

most substantial method of making converts, as also of ending quarrels or disputes. To all which I opposed several texts out of the New Testament; to the validity of which he assented, and strongly avowed his friendship for us, and promised to use his influence in order to open our way amongst the other nations of his acquaintance, which is extensive.

We had to dine with us a religious Dunker and his wife, settlers hereaway, with whom we had fellowship. They felt near to us; which I believe was reciprocal. In the afternoon, we had a visit from capt. John, Young Peter, and another Indian; to whom we read Friends' address, with which they expressed satisfaction, renewed their professions of friendship, and wanted a copy of our epistle, which we waived, until the general assemblage at the great Council. In the evening, had a visit from two respectable, intelligent British officers, who behaved with politeness and civility.

13th. Had an interview with capt. Elliott,[1] deputy under col. (Alexander) McKee, the British superintendent of Indian affairs, who has been, for several weeks, engaged with numerous tribes of Indians in their councils at the rapids of Miami, preparatory to the great Council. Elliott has great influence with the middle hostile nations of Indians, and being an intelligent person, and I thought, well disposed, might be extensively useful in promoting the desirable work of general peace. We suggested to him, as the supplies for the treaty came through his hands, to guard against spirituous liquors being furnished. To the propriety of which, as well as to divers other remarks, he assented. We received an invitation to dine with the British officers at the mess house tomorrow. Through the variety of company and visitors, my mind is preserved in a quiet, humble hope that the Lord is preparing our way.

Here I met with a Quebec Calendar, wherein was inserted the names, situation, and supposed number, of such Indian nations as have hitherto been discovered in North America—being as follows:

The Choctaws or flat-heads, and the Natches—situated on the Mobile and Mississippi	4500
The Chickasaws	750
The Cherokees—South Carolina	2500
The Catawbas—between N. and S. Carolina	150
The Piantias—a wandering tribe, on both sides the Mississippi	800
The Kasqueasquias,[2] or Illinois—in general on the Illinois river, and between the Wabash and Mississippi	600
The Peankeshaws—on the Ouabache[3]	250
The Ouachtenons, " "	400
The Kikapous " "	300

[1]Capt. Matthew Elliott, Indian agent and trader.
[2]Evidently the Kaskaskias.
[3]The Wabash.

The Shawnese—on the Sciota	500
The Delawares—west side Ohio	300
The Miamis—on the Miami river, falling into Lake Erie—and the Miniamis	350
The Upper Creeks, back of Georgia—the Middle Creeks, behind West Florida—and the Lower Creeks, in East Florida	4000
The Canitas—on the east of the river Alibamous	700
The Alibamous—west of the Alibamous	600
The Arkansawas—on the Arkansaw river, falling into the Mississippi, on the west side	2000
The Anjoues—north of the Missouri	1000
The Paddoneas—west of the Mississippi	500
The White Panis—south of Mississippi	2000
The Freckled Panis, " "	2000
The Canses, " "	1600
The Osages, " "	600
The Grand Eaux, " "	1000
The Missouri—on the river Missouri	3000
The Sioux of the Woods—towards the heads of the Mississippi	1800
The Sioux of the Meadows, " " " "	2500
The Blancs Barbus, or White Indians with beards	1500
The Assiniboils—far north, near the lake of the same name	1500
The Christaneaux, " " " "	3000
The Ouisconsins[1]—on a river of that name that falls into the Mississippi, on the east side	550
The Mascoutins—south of the Puans Bay	500
The Sakis, " " " "	400
The Michecouakis " " " "	250
Tolle Avvine,[2] or the Wild Oat Indians—near Puans Bay	400
The Puans—near Puans Bay	700
The Powtowatamis—near St. Joseph's river and Detroit	350
The Messesaques, or River Indians—being wandering tribes on the Lakes Huron and Superior	2000
The Ottahwas—near the Lakes Superior and Michigan	900
The Chipawas " " " " "	5000
The Wyandots—near Lake Erie	300
The Iroquois, or six nations—frontiers of New York	1500
The Round Headed Indians—near the head of Ottahwa river	2500
The Algonquins—near the above	300
The Nepessins " " "	400

[1]Wisconsins.
[2]Folle Avoines or Menominees.

The Chalas—St. Lawrence Indians, on the back of Nova Scotia..							130
The Amelistes	"	"	"	"	"	"	550
The Micmacks	"	"	"	"	"	"	700
The Abenaquis	"	"	"	"	"	"	350
The Canawayhunas—near the Falls of St. Lewis.....							200
Total							58,680

This being the number of men fit for bearing arms; to which add about one-third that number old and superanuated—the amount of which number multiplied by six, is estimated to be the whole number of men, women and children, of the native Indians now discovered.

This evening, had a visit from capt. Keasy, brother to capt. Brant, and brother-in-law to capt. John. He professed Christianity—and spoke of the flood—also mentioned Noah's name—and said, Good man build ship like house—take in two and two pigeons—other things—rain twelve days first—bad men drink grog—dance—laugh at good man—rain fall, very heavy—bad men frightened—run up to the top of mountains—water rise—rise—bad people get canoes—come to ship—Noah say, go away—ship full—all drown then. Ship fall on top of mountain—break—all come out. Great Spirit say, no more drown all world. Next, make all gone; fire, rivers come—powder, lakes too—star fall—set fire—pooh! All come to Great Spirit—to all good people, say, come my right hand—go up there to the light—bad people, say, go left hand—go down dark, fire, brimstone—never see candle. Got this big book—come from old England—King George, good man. Mr. Steward, my father, give me sacrament—tell me, pray—sing. I sing hundred psalm, you please. (Then he tuned melodiously.) And I am captain Keasy, captain Brant's brother—O yes, captain Keasy"—putting his hand on his breast. Thus our interview ended. I was pleased, nay, thankful, to find his mind a little cultivated by a sense of right and wrong, and a belief in future rewards and punishments.

14th. Breakfasted with captain Elliott and captain Cowen, who hospitably entertained us at table, also with agreeable conversation. On our return, we called to see about twenty Chipawa Indians, just arrived from Michilimackinack, about three hundred miles north-west of this post, near the west end of Lake Huron. To which place vessels can sail from Fort Erie, without interruption of carrying place or falls. These remote Indians were dressed, and painted with black, red, green, and blue; having turbans round their heads, with pikes and prongs of skins, feathers, hair, sticks, &c. projecting eighteen inches out from the sides of their heads—frightfully painted and cut—the squaws and

others, with tails of wild beasts passing over the top of their heads, and hanging down their backs. But my genius, pen, and even imagination in its strongest picturesques, must fall short of the shocking, striking, curious prospect of these northern inhabitants of the wilderness. They had drunk rum to excess, before we reached them. Several were much disguised. The more sober shook hands, and appeared friendly, to whom I gave a small present. Yet two very stout, grim, middle-aged men, were raised into rage and anger at us, loudly saying—shemochteman! shemochteman! I said no; not shemochteman—brothers, from Philadelphia. At which they rose higher, and more clamorous. We found they could understand little or none of our conversation. Some of the young Indians, meanwhile, were singeing the hair off a small animal over a fire, preparing, for breakfast. We conjectured it to be a puppy.

My heart felt exceeding sorrowful, and the language of my soul was, How much owest thou unto thy Lord? The picture of these poor, degraded animals in human shape, involved many serious considerations respecting the approaching Council; where would probably be many hundreds, more wild and ferocious than these. My mind was covered with lamentation respecting the cause of such degradation, which, at least in part, appears to arise from abandoned and profligate white people having the greatest intercourse with them in their trade and towns; to which, stimulated by the love of money, they resort, at the risk of their lives—carrying their vices, immoralities, and bad example with them. These, the poor uncultivated Indians easily imbibe; and, taking root in a soil adapted to receive evil seed, produce fruits, dreadful to behold.

The greatest discouragements attending from day to day respecting the desired peace, arise from a query or doubt, that a neglect of religious duty towards these poor people in earlier time, might be rewarded by a continuance of unrelenting, savage chastisement on our borders, from the old inhabitants of the land; whose murderous practices and their cruel instruments of death, and engines of destruction, I tremble to relate—such as rifles, bayonets, scalping knives, and tomahawks of brass and steel; and the bodies of some almost covered over with silver, tin and other plates, broaches, bobs, &c. as hostile ensigns. In all which, may I not say with sorrow and blushing, they have been equalled, if not exceeded, by the professed followers of the meek and humble Jesus, whose holy kingdom and divine law suffer violence and depression, to a mournful degree.

This day we dined at the mess house, with about sixteen respectable

British officers; all young gentlemen from Great Britain and Ireland: several of whom were estated men, to a great amount. They behaved with a modest civility, far exceeding my expectation from military characters. The entertainment was luxuriously sumptious, and hospitable, as to flesh, fish, fruit, and vegetables, with variety of wines and excellent London porter. We dined at four o'clock, and spent till near sunset in agreeable conversation, on various subjects—such as religion, governments, war, peace, theatrical exhibitions; and, at the conclusion, they begged leave to drink a toast; which, out of complaisance, they dispensed with, except the King's health. We told them we could not encourage the practice, as it frequently proved an inlet to intemperance, and sometimes intoxication—which they granted; nevertheless they took the liberty to drink,—Success to the Quakers in the present honorable and disinterested undertaking.

After night, a lad named Daniel Frazer, came to our lodgings. He told us he was taken prisoner by the Indians, out of Russell county in Virgina. Here came also James Henry, a smart young man, a prisoner with the Blind Chief, near the mouth of the river Roosh, (Rouge) twelve miles from Detroit. He is adopted; which renders his case difficult. They have put jewels in his nose and ears, and figured him like an Indian. He is desirous of returning to his relations near Georgetown, Eastern Shore of Maryland. In this house is hired a young woman, whose name is Field, taken from Ohio, below Fort Pitt, where her father lived when she was taken. We have met with divers others, whose cases excite sympathy and concern, and to which attention has been paid; but we thought it most prudent not to make strenuous exertions at present, lest it might operate to our disadvantage at the treaty, in procuring the enlargement of prisoners more generally.

15th. Abiah Park came to see us. He is a trader with the Indians. He entertains doubts of a peace; yet says, if one can be made, it will be permanent. This forenoon felt easy to appoint a meeting, to begin at ten o'clock to-morrow, at a shop in the ship-yard, under the direction of William Baker, a Friend in principle, and cousin to George Baker of Philadelphia.

In the evening several Indians of the Wyandot tribe came to our lodgings to see us. They live about twenty miles from this place, at a town called Mogogam.[1] One Samuel Sanders, a Scotchman, who lives with them, interpreted. They told us they had heard their fathers say the Quakers were honest, and never wronged them; and they hoped we would stand for justice, and not see them wronged at the treaty. We informed them we came in love to see them, and to renew old friend-

[1]Maguaga—modern Monguagon.

ship; that the power did not lay with us—but we believed the commissioners were sincerely disposed for peace. There also came to our lodgings, a party of the Chipawas—an old chief and several warriors, one of whom had a human scalp, with beautiful fair curled hair on it, tied to his ear. These were some of those, who, a day or two before, had treated us so roughly. A white man who stood near us at that time, and understood their language, told us they had a desire to have our scalps. They appear to be a terrible nation, fierce, insolent and warlike; and, I believe, exceedingly injured by their intercourse with the white people, especially the French, many of whom are little more refined than they. Their almost incessant importunity for rum, made the interview not so agreeable. We mostly evaded giving them liquor, and substituted pipes and tobacco, to put them off.

16th. First of the week. Went to meeting, where a large number of the inhabitants of the town, and military men, assembled. I believe it was a solid season, and truth's testimony was exalted over all opposition; notwithstanding rawness and dark insensibility were painfully prevalent. We came to our lodgings, and dined with two Wyandot chiefs, who had been to see us the preceding evening.—They behaved with decency at table, equal to any of us; handled their knife and fork well, eat moderately, drank two glasses of wine, and through the whole conducted with a decorum that would do honor to hundreds of white people. We afterwards went down the river in col. England's boat, about six miles, to the house of Judge Powell, where we had appointed a meeting. The Judge and his family being gone to England, his steward had kindly offered his house. A considerable number convened, and I was comforted in a belief that the everlasting gospel was preached in Canada. After which we returned to our lodgings.

17th. This morning there were many unfavourable reports respecting the hostile dispositions of the Indians, passing on to the treaty. The circumstances of things appear very critical and alarming. Even our personal safety is called in question, and much doubted, unless the commissioners have very extensive powers. As I was writing in the chamber where I lodged, two Wyandots, much in liquor, came up into the room, and teased me for rum. I put them off. After some time they laughed, shook hands and departed—at which I was glad, as I was alone. Dined with capt. England, capt. Leaburn, maj. Andrews, and several other military gentlemen, and two of their ladies. They were very courteous and polite.

18th. We wrote a letter two days ago, in order to hasten the commissioners to come forward to this place, being more contiguous to

Sandusky, and more in the way of information. This morning we wrote a few lines to col. McKee, at the great preparative council at Miami rapids, expressive of our peaceable mission.

Ten principal Indians, Senecas and Cayugas, came to see us. Several of them old men, with gray hairs, and furrowed brows; evident marks of a round of years, attended with variety of hardships, exercise, sorrow, and pain. Their depressed countenances awakened all the compassionate feelings of my mind towards them. But my agency seemed so feeble, I could only retire into solemn quietude, and intercede the common Father to be the comfort and prop of their declining years. The old Fish-carrier was one of the number.

This day my exercise of mind was heavy, and my heart sorrowful, in a feeling of the sufferings of the pure Seed in this place, and the cruelty and oppression which reign among the children of men, even of the most polished nations. What enormous salaries are given to military officers, both sea and land, as also to officers in civil government, who too generally stand opposed, with thousands of others in more inferior stations, to the spreading and increase of the kingdom and government of the Prince of Peace. In a little interview with capt. Munsey, a sprightly British officer, I took the liberty to mention the possibility, that when the broils in France should subside, the African slave trade be abolished, and a permanent peace concluded with our American Indians, all this globe might be at peace; and that swords (of which he had one by his side) might be beaten into ploughshares. He quickly replied, he hoped not to see such a time, as it would also beat up his bread and butter, (meaning his living.) Such are the views of too many in this day.

A middle aged Indian of the Delaware tribe, dined with us. He talked a little English, by which we understood he was in possession of several sheets of ancient writings; that he had heard of Friends, and just faintly remembered Z. Heston and John Parrish being at their town. He said there were but Buchongeholas, Pipe, and two other chiefs belonging to their nation; that we might depend, if they said peace, it would be peace; but if they said war, it would be war. Also said we would find the middle tribes more faithful and manly than the Chipawas and Wyandots; for they were treacherous. I told him they had called us Shemochteman, or Big Knife, and said they wanted our scalps; at which he laughed.

19th. Crossed the river, and went down the eastern bank four miles, to the house of John Missiner, where we had a solemn season, with a

number of his neighbors, to the contriting of the hearts of divers present. Lodged with him that night.

20th. This morning had a religious opportunity in his family, in which, and the preceding meeting, dear John Parrish was favored in an extraordinary manner. After parting with them, we walked up the river about a mile, called at the house of Francis Cornwall, and had conversation with him and his precious wife Anna, on the subjects of water baptism, the bread and wine, &c.; which they endeavoured, for a while, to defend; but at length gave it up. We likewise had a close conversation with a French militia captain on the subject of war, which we held to be incompatible with the purity, spirit, and precepts of the gospel. To the general scope of which, he assented; but alleged, that according to the oath of allegiance to his king, when he ordered martial enterprises, he must obey; and that his king must be responsible for what was done. We silenced his arguments; and proceeded to Frederick Arnold's. On the way, I went to visit a man who was deranged. He was chained in a barn. At first, he would neither look at me, nor speak to me. He was sitting down. I spoke to him in the fear of the Lord, and desired him not to be discouraged; but trust in the Lord; for he was come to seek and to save that which was lost. He then lifted up his eyes, and stared at me very wildly. I said I hoped he would be better. He said he hoped he would. He then stood up on his feet, and said, "My trust is in the Lord, and not in going into the water." I learned he had been pressed by some zealous Baptists to undergo that operation, which he could not consent to. I gave him some further council, and left him. I heard next day he was so rational as to be unchained.—Lodged with Frederick Arnold, a long bearded Tunker,[1] an inoffensive man; but, like his brethren and too many others, loves money.

21st. John Elliott and myself walked several miles up the river, and were ferried over it in a canoe, by a Frenchman. The river is about three-quarters of a mile wide opposite the town. In this excursion I made the following observations:

From Lake Erie up to this place, is eighteen miles. Each farm is laid out about forty perches on the river—mostly improved, with houses, gardens, and orchards; and extending back, where the land is level, and abounds with grass, and where hundreds of cattle thrive exceedingly, producing beef, butter, cheese, veal, &c. in plenty. Their winters are about four months, in which it is requisite to feed stock. The country, at present, is excellently adapted for raising live stock. The

[1]The same as Dunker.

soil is mixed, and various, clay, gravel, sand, &c. Here are fine fields of wheat and peas, but too wet for corn. The whole country is level, to a fault, without a stone, except on islands in the mouth of the river Croeseel, and on the banks of the lake, which are generally limestone. These are monopolized by old Indian traders, and sold to the inhabitants at a high rate, for the purpose of building their chimnies, &c.

Hog island is in sight, above the garrison. It appears to be well timbered. I am told it took its name from this circumstance: being infested with rattlesnakes to such a degree that people were afraid to enter upon it; and, as the best expedient, they turned on it a large herd of three or four year old swine. In time, the hogs destroyed the reptiles so that it became habitable, and thence was called Hog Island.[1]

Large rafts of excellent timber are brought into the king's yard, in this place, from the river Latrench; and some fine masts and beams come by water out of lake Huron, quite thro' lake St. Clair. The changes of weather are great and frequent here. There are no eels found in the waters, nor rats on the land, west, or above the great Falls of Niagara. Here is abundance of corn boiled in strong lye, and made into what we call slut hominy, to go in the north-west trade, as far as a place called the Black North, said to be eighteen hundred miles distant, now in the hands of British and Scotch merchants. They go thither in batteaux. I saw a man who resided there three years; who says, early in the spring they set out with choice peltry, such as beaver, otter, minks, martins, &c. come to the great portage, where they are met by the batteaux from Montreal, exchange their load, and each returns just as winter sets in. To the north-west posts, Indians frequently come that never saw a white man before. They are clothed in buffaloe and bear skins, neatly softened, whitened and dressed. They are kind and good natured, use bows and arrows, and have no fire arms. They cover their cabins with large rough skins: as the merchants rarely purchase even deer skins; having such an abundance of more rich furs that they cannot send the coarse skins forward. This trade is rich and extensive, and employs the capitals of many merchants, both in England and Canada. The great channel of this trade is down the Grand river from Huron lake, to which is but a short carrying place. An immense quantity of skins pass this way. The whole of the trade makes way for large numbers of Canadian watermen to get a living. The wages for them, and also for hands on land, average about six pounds a month. Cows sell at fifteen pounds a head—sheep, six dollars a piece—veal calves, twelve dollars each.

The English and German farmers are likely to alter the manner of living, and customs in this place, for the better. The old French

[1]See History Belle Isle, Vol. XVIII, p. 646, this series.

settlers in general are poor economists, and proud withal—live miserably at home, yet appear grand abroad. It is said they live much on boiled fish, supping the broth without either bread or salt. They are superstitiously religious, going to mass more than two hundred days in the year. They have two large worship houses here, and a number of crosses set up on the banks of the river and other places, to evince their christianity.

22nd. Walked up the river about four miles to a place called Bloody Bridge,[1] from a contest which happened there between the British, Canadians, and Indians, where many fell. We called at a respectable French farmer's, who took us into a curious garden of fruit, flowers, &c.; also into his house, where were pictures, representing Christ on the cross, old Saints, &c. John Elliott talked French to them; they appeared pleased, and behaved politely. Though much apparent superstition and idolatry are indulged amongst them, yet I hope many are looking beyond it to the more substantial parts of true worship: although I have seen them after mass, frolicking and horse racing in the road passing the worship house, or as it were at the door, the remaining part of the day, to their reproach. The buildings on the banks of the river, though low, being mostly a story and a half, are beautiful, and the farms fertile—but their fuel and rails are all to be drawn about four miles. On our return, we fell in with several Chipawa camps—they had tents of mats curiously wrought of flags, reeds, rushes, &c. Their canoes were made of bark, with great skill and ingenuity.

23rd. First-day. Had a meeting in the sail-loft, with a considerable number of people. It was a time of stripping and heavy exercise; yet I trust the gospel testimony did not suffer reproach. A number of Indians came to see us, and behaved civilly. One said he was glad at his heart to see us.

24th. Taken up in writing home.

25th. Air cold and chilly. This forenoon a wolf was brought to the wharf, which was shot on Hog Island. It is said to have been floated there from the main land last winter on a cake of ice. Since which time he has killed sixty pigs. The owner of the island advertised twenty dollars for his head. A half Indian shot him. He was higher than any dog I ever saw, and his teeth larger and stronger than a mastiff's. He was about six feet long from the end of the nose to the feet or paws of the hind legs—of a grayish colour, short, broad ears, and a long, hairy, but not bushy tail.

This morning we received account that a company of Chipawa Indians who had got too much rum, differed in their tent on the commons.

[1] A wooden bridge over Parent's Creek called Bloody Run, where Dalzell and his soldiers were cut to pieces by the Indians July 31, 1763. See *Pontiac's Siege of Detroit.*

Two of them attacked a third, and stabbed him to death with their knives. A sorrowful instance of the shocking, horrid effects of this man-bane, (distilled spirits.) This has been the great engine, and mainspring, which has prepared the way and led to thousands of acts of hostility, and murders without number. It has evidently appeared to me to be the greatest obstacle in the way of the civilization and happiness of the Indian natives—the removal of which, loudly calls for the united exertions of our government, and that of Great Britian, together with the unremitting endeavours of all Christians, and lovers of mankind. I consider this important object of so great magnitude, as hardly to be equalled by any terrestrial achievement. Oh! that legislators would lay it more deeply to heart, and the professed followers of Jesus lift up a glorious ensign against this mighty destroyer of mankind! Instead of which sorrow is now added to affliction, until blood touches blood, by furbished swords, harnessed men and horses, glittering spears, sounding drums and trumpets—while elated captains, colonels, and generals, glorying in their multitude and their pomp, forget that "Tophet is ordained of old" for those, and that they should descend into it—forgetting also "the sword that is bathed, and that shall come upon the mountains of Idumea"—forgetting too the God of armies, who is able, by the diminutive fly or worm, to lay the glory and pomp of all nations in the dust—nor considering that it is righteousness which exalteth a nation.

This town is picketed all round. It consists of about one hundred and fifty houses, crowded together. The fort lays adjoining the town, on the north side. Watchmen are placed at four gates leading into the town; sentinels also stand on the ramparts and bastions of the fortifications, who cry from one to another, every fifteen minutes, from nine in the evening to three o'clock in the morning, *all is well,* and the last cries, *all is very well.* But it appeared a superficial sound to me. This day we dined at W. F.'s, which I think nothing could have induced us to attempt, but the remembrance of our great Example being a friend of sinners. The old man treated us with generous hospitality, which we requited with plain dealing.

26th. Twenty-eight Indians arrived to-day, from Mackinoi, [Michilimackinac] on their way to the Council. Dined at John Askin's, one of the most respectable merchants in this place. We were entertained in a pleasing manner. His wife is a French woman, of an amiable, easy, graceful deportment. We had the company of Dr. Wright,[1] lately married to commodore Grant's daughter, a discreet young woman, who was present; also lawyer Smith, a British merchant, John Askin's

[1]See appendix.

daughter, an agreeable young girl, and others. Our topics were, resignation and dependence on Divine support, in the use of prudent and lawful endeavours, for both spiritual and temporal blessings;—the origin of the Indians, with remarks on many traces of antiquity found in the wilderness. From all which, with their sacrifices; observations of moons; care for the sepulchres and bones of their deceased ancestors; division into so many tribes,—the probability, and almost certainty, was inferred, of their being the dispersed tribes of Israel; and therefore, from Scripture testimony and prophecy (some part of which was fulfilled, which strongly corroborated that which yet remained) it was inferrible that they would be restored,—not to a Jewish, ceremonious Israel, but to a spiritual Israel of the circumcision, made without hands. It was also urged, that it was our duty to use endeavours to promote, and pray for this, in preference to effecting their extermination. For which purpose, many dark and diabolical machinations are proposed; one of these I had recently heard of, viz. To take a large quantity of liquor, of which they are extremely fond, and infuse the strongest poison therein: take it into an army which should make feint shows, until the body of them should be collected, then make a sham battle, and retreat with precipitation, leaving the liquor behind. The subject was closely combated, and I thought, ended in favour of the cause of injured humanity.

After our interview closed, three of us walked out to speak to the Chipawas, lately arrived. We met five or six of them; but they could not understand us, neither we them, only this much, Chemochteman, Bostone. I offered my hand to them repeatedly, as also did John Parrish, which they as often refused. They had come down the lakes four hundred miles; which shows how wide and deep the prejudice against our citizens has extended.

27th. Were visited at our lodgings by Dr. Wright, captain Munsey, Broadhead, Crawford, and several other officers, who continue very respectful to us.

From this place, many hundreds of bushels of hominy go yearly to Mackinoi, from whence it is forwarded to the Grand Portage; there it is parceled out at one bushel to a man—who is more prudent than to use one grain in his northwestern route of about eighteen hundred, or as some say, two thousand miles from the Grand Portage, as it is to be his main support in case of sickness, accidents, &c. one whole year. But while health remains, they substitute huckleberries in their season, which they dry in the smoke to take off the insipid sweet taste,—other times, wild rye is gathered and boiled—at others, they catch large fish,

boil them, select the large bones, which being pounded or beaten, are packed in the skin of some beast just taken off, to preserve for use. They kill beasts and birds, eat the flesh and drink the blood, without either bread or salt. Thus they live.

The trade is principally carried on (that is, the labour,) by Canadians, who are quite as hardy, and almost as savage, as the Indians themselves. They are not allowed by the merchants at Montreal to take into the north-west more than one bushel, as their canoes must be of just such a weight as two men can carry on their shoulders, and will just hold so much, as is completely filled with goods suitable for the Indian trade. The company has arrived at great opulence by this business. They extend it by their accounts so far as to mix, at times, and meet with merchants of the wilderness like themselves, employed by the Hudson Bay company. One old man is returned, whom John Askin says he never knew to deviate from the truth, as too many travelers do. He says he has explored those high latitudes fifty years, and that far beyond all buffaloes, bears, and large beasts of any kind; the country there will produce no kind of grain, nor large trees; but the most fine furs, the beaver, otter, and martin skins, always selling at market for a third more than middle furs. Askin says Alexander Henry frequently tried to raise corn on the banks of Lake Superior, but never could get one ear in perfection. All which, and abundance more that might be truly inserted, conspire to give forty degrees north latitude the preference for human beings to breathe in. This evening, had a visit from capt. John Drake, an old Guinea trader, now a navigator on these lakes, remarkable for using no kind of drink but water; yet is a healthy, robust man. He is employed in the north-west trade, and just arrived from the Falls of St. Mary, at the entrance into Lake Superior. On this trade, the company has one topsail vessel, and a larger one on the stocks, ready to launch. They navigate that lake about four hundred miles, and some distance up a river, to the Grand Portage—where the goods are taken to canoes, by about one thousand men. These canoes run, as it is supposed, at least fifteen hundred miles west-north-west,—which requires them to be exceedingly industrious to make the post before winter—and when winter sets in a week or two sooner than common, they are frequently caught by the way.

One McKenzie, and ten men, set out last spring was a year from the Black, or by some called the Grand North Post, to attempt further discoveries; they have not been heard of since. He had been out once before, for twelve months; and met with mountains of salt ice. He now expects to be out three years. Some of these northern adventurers

return, and appear as well as those who remain at home feasting on delicacies. In short, the young men hereaway think themselves no more accomplished for company or conversation, not having taken this journey, than our young gentlemen, not having taken the tour of Europe.

A day or two past, we had the company of five Moravian Indians, whose sorrowful history deeply affected us. After ninety-six of their people had been barbarously murdered at Muskingum, they were terrified and driven from one place to another, seven times. Their last movement was to the river Traunch,[1] or Thames. They put in seventy acres of corn last year, which grew to good size, but being a little too late was killed by the frost. By which means, about one hundred and forty men, women, and children, are under great suffering for want of bread. Government furnished two hundred bushels of corn for their relief, which was nearly expended. On consideration of their being as the first fruits of Indian civilization, and are reputed very industrious; as also on consideration of the concern of our society for the natives of the land, and the business in which we were embarked, we, on conferring together, were united in prospect, that it would be right, strangers and pilgrims as we were, to try our credit to supply them with one hundred dollars worth of corn and flour. Which being procured from Matthew Dolson, we furnished them with it; for which they and their missionary, Sensemer,[2] (Sensemann) appeared thankful; and I believe it had a good savour amongst the people here. We wrote a short epistle, expressive of our good wishes for and kind remembrance of them, and sent by Sam. White, John Kilbuck, and their companions, to David Zeisberger, to be read generally among their society at home.

28th. Warm and sultry. Stayed mostly at our lodgings.

29th. Had a visit from a Wyandot chief, who appeared to have much concern respecting the approaching treaty—also, a remembrance of former treaties and belts. Some long and broad belts he said they had, that were intended not only to bind us by the hands, but clasp us by the arms, so that no small accidents should in future be able to make a separation;—and that, notwithstanding all that had happened, the Wyandots felt some of the old affection to possess their breasts, and he hoped we would find it so at the general Council: but could speak for none but themselves. We desired our interpreter, J. Heckewelder, to assure him we possessed the same love and friendship for them, and for all other Indians, that we, or our forefathers ever did—that our principles had always restrained us from making war against them. But when we believed the government was disposed to make peace

[1]La Trench—the Thames river.
[2]See appendix.

with them, on principles of justice, we were willing to leave our homes and near connexions, and at a great expense, undertake a long and hazardous journey, to endeavour to promote it, and to be present at the concluding of so good a work. On delivery of which, he said he knew long ago we did not fight, but were for peace. He then got up, and shook hands with Friends, then sat down, and spoke in substance as follows: That as we had come a long journey, and were all preserved in health, it was evident the Great Spirit was pleased with our coming; and he hoped some good would be done, and that the Great Spirit would bring us home in the same good health, with peace and joy. To which we replied, we were glad of such an opportunity to talk with him, and if the great and good work of peace could be effected, we hoped we should return home with joy and peace; which was all the reward we wanted or looked for. He asked whether it would be disagreeable, if he was to come and dine with us, to which we invited him.

We were also visited this morning by Abram, Katherine his wife, Rebekah and Mary, his daughters. They live at Miami Rapids, are Mohickons, and appear much civilized. Also, some Shawnee women, one a widow, who, because of her situation, had taken off her bobs, jewels, and trinkets, with which the others shone with splendor, having massy plates of silver about them, I have no doubt, to an amount that would have cloth-ed them in silk and velvet. Had it not been for the profuse introduction of distilled spirits amongst these people, and the frauds in consequence of it imposed upon them, also the ravages and depredations of war, with multiplied murders and thefts, they would at this day have been a very wealthy people in silver and gold, cattle and horses. But the reverse is, at present, their sorrowful situation, I fear, to our condemnation. The history of their barbarity, treachery, and breach of faith to the white people, and to one another, which we have heard rehearsed by people well acquainted with facts, since we arrived here, would be painful, tedi-ous, and indeed too shocking to relate. These circumstances almost stag-ger the faith of their best friends. Even one of the Moravian missionaries said, that even if peace should be concluded, it would not last long, until they were further chastised. John Parrish asked by what means? Did he mean the sword? It was answered, "yes—not until they were con-vinced the United States were too powerful for them, and able to sub-ject them." These being the sentiments of those who had lived long among them solely to promote peace, and the principles of the gospel proved very discouraging to us. They also pronounced it impossible to instruct them in the principles of justice, equity, and government; which I was not willing to admit.

We had a visit today from Nathan Williams, an intelligent man, especially in Indian affairs, which he has been intimately acquainted with. He, in a friendly manner, suggested fears that we would be either killed, or kept as hostages, at the ensuing Council. And truly I am not astonished at their ideas, considering the spectacles of human misery they are almost daily presented with, and the rumours they hear—where tribes of Indian warriors have so frequently passed, with their disconsolate prisoners; and with poles stuck up in front of their canoes, some with fifteen, others with thirty scalps suspended on them, in trophy of their courage and victory. Though it must be said in honour of British humanity, and commendation of this government, Upper Canada, and its truly respectable and generous officers, they have interfered to the relief of scores of prisoners, and obtained their redemption at a great price. Divers of these we have met with, and they appeared as the very outcasts of England and Ireland, who, as col. England and other officers told me, hardly had the manners to acknowledge the kindness, though in some instances it cost one hundred pounds. But in case of a real American, they never begrudged it.

This has been a high day at the Roman chapel; being canonized in honour of St. Peter. They rung the bells, and it is said, carried about the host. At ten, they assembled at the chapel in great numbers, men, women, and children. Some kneeled, and many sung aloud. I saw them through the windows, from our lodging. Many of them appeared sincere. But oh! the clouds of lifeless ceremonies, of images, pictures, water, wine, wafers; schemes of human policy and earthly wisdom, operating as so many veils which obscure the inshining of the rays of the Sun of righteousness, darkening counsel to a sorrrowful degree, often amongst men in eminent stations. Indeed, the veil of the covering spread over all nations, is only destroyed in proportion as we approach, and ascend the Lord's peaceable, holy mountain, in the purity of his saints, as little children,—where, without cloud of ceremony, or mist of darkness or unbelief, their angels do behold the face or appearance of their Father in heaven,—they behold his universal love,—in his pure fear,—in the awful attributes of his righteous judgments,—and incomprehensible mercies,—more than heart can think, or tongue can speak,—and, in abasement, they bow before the name of the Lord Jehovah, in whom surely is everlasting strength, and to whom I desire to commit my cause, and commend my soul, with my dear companion and our tender babes, if we should never more meet in this vale of tribulation.

Last night, about eleven o'clock, five or six guns went off smartly

one after another. The report sounded unpleasant, especially, anticipating if it should so happen at Sandusky, how it would probably alarm. I understand it was at some wolves which had destroyed a neighbour's sheep.

30th. We were visited by a principal man of the Wyandots, called the Blind Chief, with his nephew, grand-son, and great-grand-son, a likely lad of twelve years old. They were well dressed, and appeared friendly. We informed them, by an interpreter, of our friendly motives in this visit, and explained our uniform peaceable principles and practice, for more than one hundred years; and that we wished to promote peace in our country. He told us, eight of their principal men were gone to the Council at Miami Rapids, with pacific views and intentions. They took leave of us in a decent respectable manner.

This day we had two meetings in the king's sail-loft, largely attended by citizens, officers, and soldiers, of Detroit; which, though deeply exercising, wading as through mire, and dirt, and rubbish, yet were to a good degree satisfactory.

1st of 7th mo. Breakfasted at capt. Elliott's: afterwards attended the burial of Isidore Shone,[1] at the Roman chapel, where the priest in his pontifical robes was preceded by a man bearing on an ensign like a halbert, a large cross; and attended by singers, and two little lads, each with a candle. They, with the priest and singers, were clothed in black petticoats, and covered over the arms and shoulders with a white surplice, which reached down to the knee. When the coffin, which was covered with a black pall with costly fringe, approached the threshold of the chapel, the bearers made a small halt, the priest turned round with a brush in his hand, and sprinkled water on the apparatus about the deceased. I did not go inside of the house, but saw numbers of lighted candles burning in it; which made but a faint light, as the sun shone bright, and the day was exceeding warm. Notwithstanding which, the ecclesiastical part of the procession went bare-headed, and very slow, muttering or rather growling, a sentence or two of Latin, over and over, all the way. Indeed the whole of this religious parade appeared to have more of Jewish ceremony, or Gentile superstition in it, than Christian simplicity or gravity.—They deposited the poor tabernacle under the floor, rung the bells, sung aloud, made their sanctum sanctorum resound and then departed. Numbers of them come to mass on first day, eight or ten miles, just step in, and (they say) rhyme over their paternoster, dip their finger into the font, cross themselves, and out again, to drink and frolic.

2nd. I went on board the Ottaway, capt. Cowan, just arrived from

[1]See appendix.

Fort Erie, in hopes of hearing from home; in which I was disappointed. I found eighteen Oneida Indians on board, with whom I had some conversation. The captain informed me he had put sixty on shore at the mouth of the Miami, on their way to the Rapids, where, we are informed, twelve hundred Indians are assembled. This day we received a letter from colonel McKee, containing friendly sentiments, and an assurance that we should have timely notice of the opening of the treaty. We also received one from a young man on board the Chipaway, informing that colonel Butler, who was passenger with his Indians on board capt. Cowan's vessel, came on board their vessel, and in conversation in a select company where he had no suspicion, expressed, that if the commissioners should propose, or even hint any other terms than what were concluded upon by the Indians, he would not think it strange if every person from the colonies, commissioners, Quakers, and all, should be sacrificed on the spot; for they know no distinction, but their own people. This, the young man communicated to us out of pure friendship, having heard it himself: which we treasured up at present. But truly, the pressure of murdering, dark, blood-thirsty spirits, from day to day, is exceeding heavy; always requiring us to watch and pray, that we may be furnished with the whole armour of light.

3rd. Col. England came to visit us. We went to see his garden —in the interview he showed every mark of respect to Friends and desired us as often as we wished to retire into his arbours in the heat of the day. We acknowledged his kindness, and went to our lodgings to dine, where we had the company of a young Shawnese chief. He was neatly dressed in Indian style. I computed he had, at least, one thousand silver broaches stuck on a new silk hunting shirt. He behaved at table with great gentility.

4th. Fourteen Indians came to see us. They appeared friendly. The weather exceeding warm. Although we are well supplied with provisions yet, the water being all brought from the river, and standing in a tierce in the sunshine, makes our drink disagreeable. This, with a host of flies by day and fleas and bugs by night, added to our state of suspense, required some fortitude and patience to keep our post without looking back, or meditating an escape.

5th. Had some conversation with an intelligent woman who had been taken prisoner in Kentucky, and separated from her husband and nine children. All had been favoured to meet again except one, which she says is now in Kentucky. She says, three hundred and ninety-five persons were taken, and scattered through the wilderness at the time

they were, fourteen years ago. Such a situation, contrasted with a land of peace, and the security of life, liberty, and property, may enable us to make some estimate of the blessings we enjoy, and the principles which lead to a permanent security of them.

This morning the Ottaway, capt. Cowan, sailed for Fort Erie, to go by the way of Miami Bay, having provisions on board for McKee and the Indians at the Rapids. In this vessel captain Elliott, deputy Indian agent for the British, embarked to join McKee at the council. We acquainted him repeatedly with our design in coming to this country, and our prospects of the importance of the business in agitation, and engaged him to use his influence as speedily as possible to open the way for a treaty. I sent by this vessel some intelligence to Philadelphia, and sailed up the river past Hog Island and Pearl Island,[1] into the lower end of Lake St. Clair, which is about thirty-six miles long, and eighteen broad. After taking a prospect of Gross Point, the residence of commodore Grant, we viewed N. Williams's stone wind mill, dined at his house, and returned eight or nine miles to our lodgings.

William Savery and William Hartshorn, in our absence, were visited by a Shawnese warrior, who announced to them what had before been frequently suggested to us by divers persons, that if the commissioners did not immediately agree that all the land west of the Ohio should be evacuated, and given up by the United States, or even hinted anything to the contrary, by offering gifts or money as purchase, of which they understood they had brought abundance with them, that none of them, or their company, would ever go off the ground alive—for their fathers, who are now all gone, had sold lands for knives, broaches, and rum, till they were now driven almost to the sun-setting, where they were determined to make a stand. He complained of the ruinous consequences of the introduction of spirituous liquors amongst their fathers, saying, at first they called it bitter water, and some, fiery water; but by repeated offers of it to them, they at length fell in with it to their hurt in general. He also informed, that four days before he left the Rapids, a deputation of two chiefs of each nation had embarked to meet the commissioners at Niagara, to let them know the outlines of their conclusions, and that if the white people would settle to the banks of the Ohio, on the east side, and agree that the river should be the line, they would be glad, and take them by the hand, and call them brothers. All which intelligence, he said, might be depended on as true. Our apprehensions that the commissioners were vested with no such powers, and that the government had no such intentions, tended to thicken the cloud which seems impending over this land;

[1]Peche Isle must be here referred to.

as the seeds of destruction are sowing in a soil, prepared to produce shocking scenes.

This same Indian getting raised with strong drink in the afternoon, made a stroke with his tomahawk at one Sylvester Ash, an interpreter, who had long resided with the Shawnese; Ash's exertions prevented his killing him: he then knocked off our landlord's hat, who struck him several hard blows, and turned him out of the house. Capt. Munsey being present, sent for two soldiers, who put him out of the garrison. He was much enraged. Upon the whole, all things conspire to increase the gloom, and assure us that nothing short of wisdom from on high will do for us to lean to.

6th. My mind was deeply exercised with a consideration, how the way may open in this dark land, to lift up our testimony for the excellency of the government of Christ, our Redeemer, in these heathen regions of both white and red people. The Felicity is just arrived from the Miami, and confirms the account of the Indian deputation being gone to meet the commissioners at Niagara, accompanied by col. Butler and Simon Girty.[1]

7th. First of the week. Held a meeting in the sail-loft, which was in a good degree comfortable and satisfactory. Just arrived from the Rapids, capt. John, David Kennedy, and Mohican Samuel, by whom we received a letter from capt. Hendricks, importing, that twenty nations were then assembled; that there were runners sent to bring forward the Powtowatomie chiefs; that in a few days they should move to Sandusky, and that a desire for peace was gaining ground amongst them. This account from a man in whom we had confidence, was encouraging to us.

In the forenoon, we held a meeting for worship at a mill, at the river Ruzche,(Rouge) about five miles from Detroit, with a considerable number of middle aged and young people, to the peace of our minds. Returned in the evening, they having sent up horses to bring us down and carry us back.

8th. Had an interview with David Kennedy, a learned, intelligent man, just returned with captain John from the Rapids. He informs, there are a numerous host of Indians there, and that the general sentiments were looking towards peace; yet the young Shawnese were high, and rough in their dispositions, especially the warriors. We also had an opportunity with about ten or twelve Indians of the Six Nations, desiring them to use their influence to promote the work of peace; which they appeared to unite with.

This forenoon we wrote to captain Hendricks by Samuel, also sent

[1]See Vol. VII, this series.

him some money (five dollars) for which he wrote. We have lately understood that hostilities have commenced between the Chipawas and Sioux of the Meadows, and Sioux of the Woods, against each other. They are powerful nations.

This day was another interment at the Roman chapel, of a man, said to be one hundred and fifteen years old. It was, as usual, attended with abundance of Romish pomp and superstition. The house was wonderfully replenished with lighted candles, which, in meridian sunshine, appeared to reflect no light at all; but rather a gloom—which is truly the case with spiritual sunshine, or gospel light. It all appeared dark.

9th. I went to visit col. England, where I met capt. Blue Jacket,[1] a chief warrior among the Delawares, who, it is said, was in command at general St. Clair's defeat. He was dressed in scarlet, with gold tassels, and a laced hat. A brave, masculine figure of a man. I spoke to him by an interpreter, letting him know I was one of the people called Quakers, who were men of peace, and that we were come to try to heal, and make peace. He replied, he had heard of Quakers, and that they were harmless people, and did not fight. He was going to Montreal; but had given his opinion before he came away, and hoped matters would be settled.

We also had a visit to-day from several Shawnese. One of them was a middle-aged man, the most solid countenanced I had seen amongst them. We spoke to him by an interpreter, and let him know who we were, and what our views were in coming; and also our apprehensions of the sincerity of the government, in the present embassy. With which he appeared pleased, and said he heartily wished we might get through with the work of peace, that the young and active part of the Indian nations might know what to do, as it concerned them most, for the old ones had not long to live. He said he had heard of our people, that we did justly, and did not fight, and that he was glad to be with us. After drinking a glass or two of wine he wished us well, and departed.

In my interview with col. England, I was presented with a sketch of the great falls, curiously taken by capt. Steel, who is an artist at such designs. I also had an account to-day, from a man employed at the Grand Portage. It is nine miles over, and three bundles of seventy pounds each, is the stipulated burden for each man to carry that distance. But some will carry more, and ascend and descend two mountains on the way. Two men carry the canoe on their shoulders, until the blood will run down, on green hands; but at length, the skin becomes as hard as a bullock's neck accustomed to the yoke.—Thus

[1] A Shawnese chief whose Indian name Wawiapieschenwa signified a whirlpool.

they carry and row, over ninety carrying places, and as many creeks, puddles, little lakes, and rivers, for more than one thousand miles beyond the Grand Portage.

10th. Capt. Blue Jacket came to us. We had a friendly interview with him. He is married to a French merchant's daughter, late of this place, now deceased. Two Cayugas also visited us. But we painfully feel the need of suitable interpreters.—Many understand their language; but our sentiments being generally peaceful, serious, and religious, so opposite to those held by persons qualified to serve us, that what they delivered appeared to be with shame and reluctance. This put it out of our power fully to relieve our minds. My mental powers often centered in secret intercession to the Preparer of hearts, that the travail of my spirit might be conveyed through such acqueducts, to their advantage and edification, as may best consist with his wisdom and power. As our minds were bowed and patiently waded under it, there evidently appeared a seriousness at times to impress their countenances.—Last evening we received a grateful letter from the Moravian Indians.

We had interviews to-day with several Indians, Munseys, Shawnese, and Delawares, to some satisfaction. They appeared pleased with our motives in coming. This afternoon, I visited a young woman educated at Newport Rhode Island. Her father's name, William Foster. She went from home, contrary to her father's will, with one Molay, an officer in St. Clair's army. He was killed in the defeat of 1790, and she taken prisoner by the Indians, who kept her eleven months. She then got off, and has since lived in Detroit, and by her conduct evinced that she was not thankful enough for the many mercies and great deliverances wrought for her. Latterly she has been taken with epileptic fits, of which she frequently has divers in a day. The intervals of health are filled with bemoanings and cries for mercy. Notwithstanding it appeared to me to be the chastening hand of judgment laid upon her, yet my sympathy was touched, to consider if she was my child, poor and quite destitute of friends able to comfort her, how should I feel. Oh! saith my soul, that the multiplied mournful instances recited in the catalogue of rebellion and disobedience to parents, might have the happy effect to induce young people early to seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness: so would they be preserved out of snares, temptations, and beds of anguish and sorrow, the sure rewards of sin and disobedience.

11th, Dined at——Abbott's,[1] a Detroit merchant, with all our company, except Joseph Moore. Indian affairs was the topic. In the course of

[1]James Abbott undoubtedly.

the conversation, I felt some zeal for the testimony to arise; under which I spoke plainly to divers points, and some persons present urged the necessity of whipping, or further chastising the Indians, and the impossibility of effecting their reformation without it.

12th. Went down the river four miles, and paid three or four little visits to some friendly people. This afternoon, a vessel arrived from Fort Erie, bringing accounts that the Indian deputation had arrived there, and the commissioners were returned to Niagara. Which accounts, with no way opening as yet to see the Indians at the Rapids, and no letters from Philadelphia, make our situation here singularly trying.

13th. A small vessel arrived from Fort Erie, which brought letters from my wife, M. Miller, brother J. L. and Jonathan and Rumford Dawes, all frought with love, and instructive communication. This was a joyous feast to my mind, and as marrow to my bones, ministering much consolation and encouragement, and animating with increasing fervency and dedication to encounter the difficulties of our wilderness journey, with the varied conflicts and perils attendant thereon. We also received three general epistles, one from James Pemberton, one from John Pemberton, and one from Henry Drinker, all dated about 6th of 6th mo. 1793, which were mutually comforting and strengthening to our little band. To find and feel the help, sympathy, and travail of the spirits of our friends at home, was like the consecrating oil to each of us. This vessel also brought a letter to us from col. Pickering, announcing the arrival of the Indian deputation, just as they were about to embark, and the commissioners were requested to return to Navy Hall, to have a short speech in the audience of gov. Simcoe. As it was to be a short conference, they desired our further patience, and hoped to see us in a few days. This intelligence, after five weeks suspense, was not very pleasant.

14th. First of the week. Held a public meeting for worship in the ship-yard, which was attended by a large number of people, divers of whom are nearly attached to us. It was a solid, quiet season. But through ignorance of the divine principle, or through their inattention to it, and want of faith in it, truth, in this Babylonish land, does not rise into that dominion, as I have felt it in some other places.

I had an opportunity of conversing with Simon Girty's wife, who seems an inoffensive woman. She had been long a prisoner amongst the Indians. She gave an account of many of their methods of torture on their enemies. She says they used frequently to speak of the Quakers in the nations, as a people that did not go to war Capt.

Elliott has just arrived from the Rapids, but nothing further has yet transpired.

15th. Had an interview with Elliott; he appears much reserved. Our anxious state of suspense continues. Being apprehensive of the Indian embassy to the commissioners preventing the proposed treaty, we wrote to col. McKee, also a short epistle to the Indians, to be in readiness to forward by the first opportunity.

Here we observed a species of Indian slaves, called Pawnees, or Punins, who are captives, chiefly taken by the Chipawas from the Suez, (Sioux) or Pawnee nations. But it is sorrowful to think, that in a British government so famed for liberty, they, and a number of the African race, are held in bondage during life.

This day I walked out into the woods, a mile and a half; when my further excursion was prevented by swamps, bogs, and marshes. In my route, I found stones in divers places, such as are observed on the margin of the lake. The land in general is almost sunk under water. My mind was strongly impressed with the belief, that lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie, and Michigan were once united, and the tens of thousands of acres of low adjacent land, were all overflowed. By the breaking and wearing away of the great falls as mentioned before, the water has lowered to the present surface: and as cultivation increases, I have no doubt the country will be improved by a further diminution of the marvelous cataract. The progress of population, at present, is obstructed, not only by the wet, unhealthy state of the country, but also by other circumstances: viz. one-seventh of the whole country is reserved for the crown, and one-seventh for the episcopal clergy: also by an existing law of old Canada, all real estates, though sold seven times in seven years, must be sold at the chapel door, mostly on first-day afternoon, one-ninth whereof goes to the Roman Church. By this means some congregations, especially in Montreal and Quebec, have become immensely rich, and enabled to carry on their Idolatrous pomp and parade of worship, so as to make the world wonder. But as light is rising a necessary reform is apprehended to be not far distant.

16th. Had a solid interview with Elliott, deputy agent of Indian affairs for the British. He is preparing to return to the Indian council at the Rapids. We proposed to him, whether there would be any impropriety in our going with him. To which he replied, as his sentiment, that where the Indians were now assembled was their own council ground, and on a path that was not to be trod in but by warriors: and therefore, it was his opinion, it would not be

eligible to move that way at present. We let him know our prospects were, that every assistance from the British government towards negociating a peace with the Indians, would be afforded. He gave us to understand, the Indians were generally acquainted with our being here, and our views towards them, and hoped, on the return of the Indian embassy, some way would open for our relief. Finding no way to have an opportunity with them collectively, we concluded to write again to the agent, McKee, and also to the Indians; which Elliott assured us should be fully and fairly interpreted to them. With this we were for the present obliged to rest satisfied in our probationary tribulated allotment. I can truly say, I travailed with many pangs to be delivered, with breathings to Him who alone can help and interpose, when all human aid is utterly unavailing.

It is wheat harvest; the grain is well filled; but in many places it is much injured by a kind of smut, or blast. The grain is as large as good wheat, but appears of a dusky colour; and being bruised, or cut in two, the contents are like soot, black and dusty; sometimes ten blasted ears for one sound one. In divers instances, wheatfields are rendered entirely useless. When one-half, or one-third, or even one-tenth, is smutted wheat, it spoils the whole. The farmer is obliged to wash all his wheat through three or four waters, before it is fit for bread.

17th. No admission being apparent into the Indian country, as the best expedient, we concluded to send by capt. Elliott, Friends' Address, accompanied by a short epistle of our own, to the Indians: also, a letter to col. McKee. We remain daily exercised in a patient, fervent travail, that the Supreme Controller of events may bring to pass his hidden purposes, according to his own sacred determination, to the exaltation of his own great name, in these dark regions of violence, murder, and licentiousness of almost every kind. The awful language of the Most High to a backsliding people formerly, has frequently impressed my mind, as applicable to the inhabitants of these countries, with some few exceptions,—"My soul loathed them, and their souls abhorred me."

This day a cannon was fired, for the direction of a man supposed to be lost in the woods. It frequently happens that people get bewildered in this country, and sometimes lost, especially in cloudy weather. If they go but one mile in the woods, such is the sameness of soil, timber, &c. with no mountains, and few streams to guide them, they frequently take the opposite direction from the settlement, and get into difficulty.

We have lately heard of the arrival of a number of Creek and Cherokee Indians, in the neighborhood of the Indian council; we fear, with views not friendly to a peaceable accommodation of matters with the western Indians. We have heard hostilities between them and the whites have been renewed to the southward. Great is the opposition, at present, in the earth, to the peaceable kingdom of Christ, our Redeemer: under a sense of which, my spirit bows with intercession, that Israel may abide in their tents, where they will be covered as under the hollow of his divine hand, until his indignation pass over.

18th. I had an interview with capt. George Welbank, who appeared an intelligent, cool, dispassionate man. He came with a detachment of Cherokee and Creek Indians, from their towns in the southern territory, he says, more than a thousand miles from hence in a straight line; and that they were ninety days on their journey. His principal business appeared to be with col. England, who immediately gave orders for the sloop Felicity to sail, with capt. Welbank on board, to Fort Erie, on the way to gov. Simcoe. Large rolls of intelligence were despatched by him, containing, as we supposed, matters of importance. Shortly before, col. England, assured our friends, the Felicity was detained in the harbour on purpose to transport us to Sandusky, or Fort Erie, as was most eligible, on the shortest notice.

In conversation with capt. Welbank, on the situation of Indian affairs to the southward, with which he discovered extensive knowledge, he asserted as follows:—That in the year 1791, a treaty was held with the southern Indians, negotiated on behalf of the United States, by a person who made out the articles of the treaty in writing, wherein he inserted the free navigation of the Cherokee river, without their knowledge, and bribed the interpreter to read, ten miles round Nashville village, where forty was inserted. There was a large extent of country, for which the natives required three thousand dollars per annum, but he assured them his power would not permit him to go so high; but for the present he would insure two thousand dollars, and had no doubt of obtaining the whole sum, by an application to Congress. But in the article it was read, two thousand dollars, where one thousand only was entered. And after all, the survey far exceeded the limits of the land agreed on. Of which grievances, the bloody fellow, Notawasky, Joberson, and Prince of Eastern Airy, came to Congress for redress; they were politely received, and assured justice should take place. On the faith of

which, they returned, and made report to their people, who rested satisfied, until their hopes of redress were laid waste, by Spencer and others coming over the dividing ridge, between Holstein and Tennessee rivers, (which was the boundary prescribed) building mills, and picketing forts, on the waters of the Tennessee. Capt. Welbank says the Indians have applied to the Spaniards, and received assurances they shall be supplied with necessaries. There were some reasons for believing capt. Welbank was now here to negotiate a friendship with the British.

This afternoon, John Elliott and myself walked three or four miles to see sixteen Oneida Indians, amongst whom are several principal men, George Duckwell, Abram, &c. We had some conversation with them on the advantages of peace, and the blessings consequent on being redeemed out of the spirit of war. We also entered a little into the subjects of the existing uneasiness between the Indians and our government. Duckwell, an old man, said, the dispute was about lands west of the Ohio—that he was at a treaty, held at Fort Stanwix, twenty-four years ago, which was a general treaty with all the tribes; and then, the Ohio was agreed to be the boundary. Since which time, he knew of no treaty, where the chiefs who had a right to sell lands, were collected. I find the Six Nations claim a kind of sovereignty over the soil, to a great extent southward. Abram said he married his wife amongst the Wyandots, and some years ago, they made a visit to see her relations, "and I say, brothers, what you always go to war—fight 'mericas? They say—if 'mericas love peace, give us our lands—stay that side 'hio—shake hands—call brothers;—but if 'mericas come take our country, where deer plenty, turkeys, wild cows—good land—then war—always war." We told him we never went to war, nor our friends, for one hundred and fifty years past—that all men, of all nations, white, red, and black, were our brothers—that one Great Spirit made us all, and was father of us all. They said "Ouch," that is good, very good.

19th. Stayed mostly at our lodgings, writing, and conversing with some intelligent travellers. One of them related a conversation between one Frobisher, a merchant in the north-west trade, when at the Grand Portage, west end of Lake Superior, and an old Indian from the north-west; which so much coincided with my own sentiments, that I note it.—Frobisher was inquiring after the curiosities of the northern clime, which the Indian related as far as he had travelled—but added, that younger Indians, who had travelled further north-west, had seen some things still more wonderful. Frobisher asked him if he did not think some parts of their relation untrue? The old Indian replied, "No; it is not

possible it can be lies, for they had never seen a white man in their lives!" A severe reflection on Christians, so called!

20th. A woman was interred at the Roman chapel, with the usual pomp, parade, and superstition. Candles burning in clear sunshine—host and holy water displayed—black pall surplices. All the males bare-headed walking slowly—the sexton going before, the host-bearer next, with a boy on each side carrying lighted candles. Then the priest, in his pontifical robes, with a boy before him, with a brass laver or font, containing the consecrated water, with a brush in it. On each side of the priest were singers dolefully humming Latin. The priest held a book in his hand, which he sometimes opened, and then sung Latin—several times sprinkling the bier and pall with the water. The singers and boys bearing the candlesticks and laver, as also those who supported the bier, were clothed outside with black. The bells rung frequently. Indeed, the whole procession appeared solemnly dark. When they came to the grave, which was about two and a half feet deep, in which was much water, the priest took the brush and added a little more—they laid down the coffin, and for a time dolefully hummed more Latin. During which, the people generally went on their knees. When that was over, the people departed, leaving the sexton to fill up the grave alone. I am told the water rises so near the surface of the ground in these countries, that it is difficult to bury a corpse so deep but what the wolves can scratch down to it. As they often bury without coffins, many who are killed in battle in the woods, and others murdered in cold blood and left above ground, the wolves have devoured them. It is said, these animals have become so fierce and fond of human flesh, that they have attacked, and destroyed people in the woods. The Indians used to call them brothers, and would not kill them; but one or two of their people having been killed by those creatures, the Indians have now proclaimed war against them, killing all they can.

This low, level country, abounds with sugar trees to such a degree, that if the manufactory of sugar was promoted extensively in this place, it might be ranked among the exports of North America. The Indians who have kettles suitable for the business, make large quantities in the spring of the year and sell it as low as six-pence per pound, and under. Some have been so fraudulent as to mix sand with it, and when detected, endeavour to justify themselves by the example of the white people mixing water with the rum sold to them. A practice very common amongst the rum sellers, who say rum hurts them, and the less they get the better for them. It is therefore evident, that in pro-

portion to their intercourse with the whites, they have increased in treachery, fraud, drunkenness, and licentiousness of every kind; and appear, at present, not unlikely to be a rod prepared for our close chastisement.

Being in their nature or by habit, unfeeling and ferocious, I have often in this journey had my feelings wounded, by seeing old gray-headed women carrrying heavy burdens of skins, venison, brooms, matchcoats, &c. with large drops of sweat rolling from their aged brows; when several sprightly young and middle-aged men, went lightly on before them, with nothing to carry but their clothes, tomahawk, and scalping knife dangling by their thigh.

21st. Last evening I had an account from a man who came from the Glades up the Miami-of-the-lake that the Creek and Cherokee Indians passed through the Delaware towns there, and produced a piece of tobacco died red, which was received as the delaration of war against the United States—that the white prisoners were very numerous amongst the Indians—and that, at the Rapids as he came along, he saw a beautiful woman, well dressed, just brought in.

This morning, a number of Oneida Indians came to our lodgings, and informed, that two of their number had just come from the Rapids, and brought tidings, that it was reported there, that Wayne's army was advancing, and large numbers of the Indians had left the council, to go to defend their towns. They sent to the Oneidas to repair to their assistance, which they were resolved not to comply with. Which determination, we endeavoured to strengthen, and gave it as our opinion, that the army was not advancing, and would not advance, until the result of the treaty was known. They were very jealous of some deception, which it was hard to remove.

This forenoon, had a solid meeting in the ship yard; after which, a number of the gentlemen of the town came to see us. In a little time one came who announced the Dunmore was at the mouth of the river, with the commissioners on board. Soon after, capt. Gibbons, who was a passenger, came and confirmed the news. We had appointed a meeting at five o'clock, and thought best to endeavour for stillness at present. The afternoon meeting was not as large as the former. It was a season of heavy exercise, through the prevalence of a carnal, lukewarm disposition, in many; yet the great Shepherd was mercifully pleased to baptize a remnant into tenderness of spirit; and the opportunity concluded with solemn supplication.

In the evening we had a visit from — Gibbons, an officer in the regiment of Queen's Rangers. He was present when the Indians

opened their embassy to the commissioners, at Navy Hall. About ninety Indians were there. When the governor Simcoe, was present, capt. Brant spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, you say you are commissioners from the United States; have you power to alter the disputed line between you and us?" They answered, "We have." "Can you tell us the reason of an armed force advancing at this time into our country?" The answer was, "We cannot, neither do we believe it; yet to make all parties satisfied we will despatch an express immediately to the war office, to stop every motion of an advance." Then they said, "Come on, we will treat with you." Jasper Parrish[1] was despatched to Philadelphia.

The commissioners not being permitted to come here, were landed at the mouth of the river, and have sent for us.

22nd. Settled with our landlord, Matthew Dolson, for six weeks accommodation, twelve pounds, seven shillings, and six-pence, York money.

23rd. I visited col. England, in company with John Parrish, to confer with him on the most eligible mode of departure from Detroit. He, with his wonted politeness, offered his barge; but gave it as his sentiment, that we had better stay till fifth-day, when the Dunmore would sail, to be at the commissioners' direction. As it was his orders, it was also his inclination to accommodate them all in his power, so we consented to add two days more to our confinement.

We had an interview with several Indians to-day; one of them acknowledged he had killed a Kuhemocomon, and stole three horses this spring. He was a warlike creature, and we could do little with him, for want of an interpreter. I gave him a few hints, a pipe, and a loaf of bread, and he departed.

24th. A solemn morning; my mind composed, and engaged in mental aspirations to the Supreme Controller of events, that he might be pleased to bless our endeavours to promote the glory and honour of his own great name, the advantage of our country, the peace of nations, and of individuals.—In which I beheld, that so long as we dwell only on the surface and superficies of important subjects, in a chain of carnal reasoning, and in the fogs and mists of earthly wisdom and human policy, we are in danger of making errors in judgment, and of viewing the agents of distress, as the primary cause of evil. But by tracing effects to their causes, and weighing actions in the equal and unalterable scales of justice and truth, I believe we shall centre in prospect with the inspired penman, "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." Is there not a cause? Con-

[1]See appendix.

sider, yea, awfully contemplate the announced decree of Him "who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, and meteth out the heavens with a span, and measureth the water of the seas in the hollow of his hand; and before whom, all nations are but as the drop of a bucket,—*"Such measure as ye mete, to you it shall be measured again."*

When I view the dreadful scenes of barbarity attendant on the African slave trade, and its train of concurrent circumstances, my soul is almost overwhelmed with discouragement. Judgment is the Lord's, and he surely will repay. Have the Indians burned houses; murdered men, women, and children; betrayed their friends, carried away into captivity and bondage, old and young, male and female; and cruelly burned and tortured others; lurked privily for prey; shot down men at their ploughs, and travellers on the road? Yea, they have; until the rehearsal of many of their horrid scenes of barbarity, has agitated, shocked, and almost convulsed every nerve.

But what shall I say? How are my feelings wounded, on being constrained to contrast these reproaches to humanity, with the conduct of civilized, professing Christian nations! In which I lament, our own government (in most respects, superlatively excellent) is obliged to take a share. Vessels fitted out, commanded by men with hearts callous to the feelings of humanity, and deaf to her cries—which repair to the African coast, stir up war, burn towns, kill, catch, and carry captive, indiscriminately, these poor, and, as to, them, altogether unoffending people—bring them to distant and different cities and towns, ringing with alarms for worship, sounding with hymns and psalms from stately temples, where they offer their devotion to the universal Parent, who hath revealed his will in the language of "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God"—professing to believe in the Divine Lawgiver, whose statute is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Instead whereof they are sold like beasts, at market; separated, husband from wife, children from parents; without regard to the tenderest ties of natural affection: often put under unfeeling whippers, and cruel taskmasters, where they are frequently starved, or whipt to death—and if they run away, and are caught they have been hung up without trial or jury. Some who had procured their liberty, have been hunted with horses and dogs, and shot down. While such enormities are in the land, and winked at by the rulers, shall we not lay our mouths in the dust, with this language impressed on our minds, "O Lord! just, and true, and righteous are thy judgments." I cannot omit remarking the joy we feel, at the

escape of a captive white from among the Indians; yet, what a stir when a negro slave attempts his liberty! advertisements printed, and rewards offered to take him, alive or dead.

This afternoon, had a visit from Fransey Baubee,[1] just returned from the Assembly of Upper Canada, where the subject of slavery was closely debated. Gov. Simcoe[2] appeared an advocate on the side of liberty. But so strong was the opposition from motives of interest, they could carry the subject no further, than liberty at twenty-five years of age, to all born after this date. Which account increased my exercise for the lamentable state of mankind. Blood touching blood, mingled with tears of the oppressed, whose groans ascend to the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. While others live on their labours, in voluptuousness, ease, and pride, spending days and nights in revelling, feasting, fiddling, dancing, drunkenness, debauchery, and abominable conversation. On which account, I do believe, the earth and its inhabitants will be made to tremble, and the ears of many be made to tingle.

25th. Took an affectionate leave of Matthew Dolson and Hannah, and divers other inhabitants of Detroit, and went on board the Dunmore; col. England, lieut. Henry, ensign Ross, and Edward O'Brian, accompanying us. Many of the officers of the garrison and inhabitants of the place came to the wharf to take leave of us. Among the latter is a very respectable family, of the name of Reynolds. They have an amiable daughter, Margaret. We proceeded down the river, and at one o'clock, arrived at capt. Elliotts' house at the mouth of it. Landed in the colonel's barge, and were gladly received by the commissioners, after about eight weeks absence: the joy was mutual. Capt. Banbury,[3] gen. Cheaping,[4] and lieut. Givenz, were there. They accompanied the commissioners from Niagara.

26th. Walked down the river, one mile and a half, to Simon Girty's, a great white-man-chief among the Wyandots. He was not at home. Returned, and had some agreeable conversation with general Cheaping, on Indian affairs; also concerning women's preaching. He appears to be a judicious man in most respects.

27th. Had a solid conversation with gov. Randolph, capt. (Henry) Ford, and lieut. Givenz, of the army, on slavery, war, swearing, and debauchery. When men are closely pinched, I find their nearest way to get rid of a difficulty, is a denial of the Scriptures, turn deists, and explain away the weighty parts of the moral law.

28th. First day. Walked three miles, and were paddled about three miles more in a canoe, by two Indians, to a meeting we had appointed

[1]This refers to François Baby.
[2]See appendix.
[3]American State Papers gives this name Bunbury.
[4]Gen. Chapin.

on the Island of Grosseel, (Grosse Isle) where fifty or sixty people collected, who behaved with solid gravity. We were favoured to feel an evidence of the simplicity, purity, and spirituality of the gospel dispensation, which I hope was preached to them in the pure disinterested love thereof. We returned with peaceful minds and thankful hearts. After meeting, a woman said she blushed to tell me, that the preceding evening she joined with others in condemning us as wolves in sheep's clothing; but she was now fully convinced that what she had been seeking abroad amongst forms and shadows, was to be found at home in her own heart; and hoped to retain a thankful remembrance of the mercy vouchsafed to her that day: adding, she did not lament her troubles and exercises, which were great, seeing they had, at length, brought her to the discovery of the way of life. Many others, I believe, were reached this day. Yet my joy was not of long continuance; for about eight o'clock in the evening, some of our jolly fellow-travellers promoted an Indian dance, in which they joined. The Indians were about twenty in number, with several white men in the ring, and a candle in the centre. Round and round they danced, with ungrateful grunting, barking and at intervals, screaming and hollowing—the war dance, the peace dance, the scalping dance, &c. which they continued till near midnight, frequently regaling themselves with spirits. This conduct, considering the solemn importance of our business, proved very exercising to my mind, and almost overwhelmed me with discouragement.

29th. I felt heavy, and sorrowful, on account of the last evening's conduct, which I suggested to some of our leading gentlemen. I also testified my disapprobation of such conduct, to the Indians; in which I was joined by a squaw whose husband, by way of apology, told me white men promoted it, and joined them in it. This I was constrained to admit, however degrading. So that upon the whole, contrasting Indians and whites, of all nations, upon the broad scale, our superiority appears but imaginary, and does not exist.

About five o'clock this afternoon, arrived captain Elliott, capt. McKee, Simon Girty, and one Smith, with Ocohongehelas, the great Delaware war chief, and about twenty other Indians from Miami. The Indians encamped opposite to us on Bay's Long Island. The white men came over to us and informed, that the Indians were much dissatisfied on the report of their deputation to the commissioners at Niagara; and had sent their second embassy, explicity to declare their intentions in writing, signed by ten nations. This is to be presented to-morrow, and it is apprehended will determine the business.

30th. A deputation of twenty-five Indians came over the river about nine o'clock; when seated, the commissioners seated before them, and we forming an angle at the Indians' right hand, after a solemn pause, an Indian inquired, "Are you ready?" Simon Girty was told to answer, yes. Then a Wyandot chief arose, took off his hat, and thanked the Great Spirit they had met; and spoke some time, introductory to the delivery of a written message: wherein they state, that matters were not fully explained at Niagara; therefore they explicitly required an answer, whether the commissioners have power to make Ohio the boundary; and if so, immediately to remove all the inhabitants off the land, west of the Ohio? To which gen. Lincoln, (after all three had read it, and consulted together,) answered they would inform them to-morrow. After this, we had a solid conference with the commissioners on the obstacles thrown in the way, and they explained the Niagara conference; which we approved as fair and candid. This demand appeared a new matter, probably suggested by some designing enemy to peace. The letter was signed by ten nations, viz. Delawares, Shawnese, Miamis, Wyandots, Ottawas, Mingoes, Munseys, Chipawas, &c.

31st. About nine o'clock the Indians came over the river, among whom, Ocohongehelas, the Delaware war chief, his brother, and Little Jonny, a Shawnese chief, and Carry-all-about,[1] a Wyandot chief were principal men. We spoke to them, and told them we were their brothers, the Quakers, come from Philadelphia to see them. They showed joy in their countenances, and shook hands very affectionately. They told us their chiefs who knew us, were almost all dead. We answered them, our fathers who were acquainted with our Indian brothers, were likewise mostly fallen asleep; but notwithstanding, we their children possessed the same love and friendship for the Indians, as our fathers did; and wished it to continue to the end of time. They were very solid, and their countenances marked with the weight and importance of the business. We smoked with them; but perceiving their minds under such pressure and exercise, we did not talk much. They told us, through Girty, that they could not now say much; but would, after they got their answer. They staid about two hours, and received notice from the commissioners, that about five o'clock in the afternoon they should have an answer to the embassy. Then they returned to the island.

This forenoon four British officers came down from the garrison; Crawford, Vandeleur, Ross, and Eddy—also, capt. Thomas, McGee, Baubee, Bunbury, and Givenz. Capt. Caldwell and Thomas Smith[2] dined with us, and waited the return of the Indian deputation. About

[1]See appendix.
[2]See Vol. XXXVI, p. 380, this series.

five o'clock the Indians came. About six, the commissioners came out. —Col. Pickering politely addressed them; then read, and Thomas Jones interpreted it into Seneca, in substance—beginning at the treaty of Fort Stanwix,[1] twenty-five years ago, and recited the terms, that Ohio was then concluded to be the boundary.—Then recited subsequent treaties, beginning at Fort Stanwix, about nine years ago, and one held ninety days after, at one place, another at another, until he mentioned four different places, and the proceedings of each. That in consequence of these treaties, the United States had sold large tracts of land which were now settled and largely improved, on the north-west side of the Ohio,—therefore, impossible now to make it the boundary: and that, in order to come to a peace, and to understand each other perfectly, by writing was not the way:—which new mode they had adopted, contrary to all former precedents. But he explicitly declared the United States wished for peace, on the most just and unequivocal terms, which, as the Indians demanded, and no better way opened, were inserted—viz. That what the United States wished for, was, to have all the lands ceded by the treaty at Fort Harmer, confirmed; and a small piece at the Falls of Ohio, for gen. Clarke and his warriors. And, if all that land could not be given up, they were commissioned to draw a new boundary, as might be agreed upon in general council, if that could be obtained; for which, they would advance more money than ever had been advanced at any one treaty as a purchase for Indian lands, with much goods: in addition to which, they would engage to pay an annual subsidy in goods, accommodated to their wants, equal to what they annually procured off the lands by skins and peltry. And further, as formerly some improper ideas had been held up, to their uneasiness, that in consequence of the right of pre-emption, given up by the king of Great Britain, and lately confirmed by lord Dorchester, we considered all the lands east and south of the Mississippi and the Lakes, the property of the United States, without regard to Indian claims. Which right, or pretension of right, we publicly disclaimed, until fair purchase was made of the Indian owners; and this right of purchase belonged to the United States only. And that these were the leading traits of their commission. This was read by col. Pickering, and interpreted into the Seneca tongue by Thomas Jones. It concluded about dark; when the paper containing the above sentiments, was delivered to the old Wyandot chief the English of whose name is, *King of all the Nations*, who said they would reply to it to-morrow afternoon. They then departed to their camp, and we to our tents. It was a cool night; but the exercise of my mind,

[1]See appendix.

arising from the importance of the business, was such, that I could hardly forbear trembling. The countenances of the Indians were so sedate, solid, and determined, that notwithstanding the propositions held out appeared to be liberal, and well adapted to the happiness of the Indians, yet, such was their jealousy and want of faith in our government, that I was afraid they would not take. Which apprehensions, with the screams and hollows of an Indian dance near our tents, interrupted my repose for hours.

1st of 8th mo. I awoke about day-break; soon after, I heard ten reports of a rifle one after another, in the Indian camp; which was one for each nation that had signed the written Indian embassy from the council at the Rapids. About eight o'clock fifteen of them came over, and informed they were prepared to speak to the commissioners; who soon seated themselves: when the old king who spoke before, said, "Brothers, we want to be at peace with you; but you tell us you have had treaties there, and there, and there, and purchased lands on this side the Ohio: but there has been no treaty since the treaty of Fort Stanwix, twenty-five years ago, till now. We are the owners of these lands, and we never sold the lands, and they are ours on this side Ohio, and yours on the other side Ohio. You may go home and tell Washington what we speak. We understand all you said to us very well. We expect you understand us." They had Simon Girty for an interpreter. They then arose and stepped off a few perches and spoke together, when one found he had made a mistake in saying we might go home, and desired the commissioners to wait till they could go to the council, and return with an answer; which they supposed might be accomplished in five days. We felt some willingness to accompany them, but the Indians not requesting it, and others not appearing desirous for it, particularly captain Elliott and McKee,[1] who were going along, we had to resign it. However, we forwarded our Address, and a short epistle to the Indians, which we had intended to send from Detroit by capt. Elliott some weeks ago; but the commissioners arriving before he set out, he showed our letters to them, and they thought proper to detain them, presuming we would have an opportunity with them at the general Council ourselves. After opening and reading them, they encouraged us to send them, though at a late stage of the business. About ten o'clock the Indians embarked in a boat for the Rapids; and capt. McKee, capt. Elliott, Thomas Smith,

[1]See Speech of Kekish,* a chief of the Pottawotamies, page 25, of Haliday Jackson's Work on Indian Civilization, lately published in Philadelphia.
*First edition calls him Hekis.

and major Hay,[1] set off in another boat for the same place. Previous to their setting off, I took an opportunity to impress their minds with the importance of the present critical juncture; as also, how deeply the interests of humanity were involved in it. My mind is often involuntarily impressed with a secret sorrow, and sense of the want of true sincerity in this painful business; in which I see different schemes and opposite interests are engaged; while the poor natives stand exposed as a mark, to their grevious injury and suffering, under an undue influence.

2nd. Feeling blank and empty, I took a walk into the woods, which are marshy and flat in every place I can find, about a mile from all the lakes and rivers: which space is rich and fertile land. The inland parts of the country abounding with extensive swamps, covered with bushes, coarse grass, rushes, and flags, make harbours for such innumerable flights of blackbirds, as prove very injurious to the production of the neighbouring farms, taking nearly one-third of their small grain, notwithstanding the exertions of gunners, children, &c.

3rd. The Detroit sloop came down the river, bound to Fort Erie, by which I wrote a letter to my dear H. L.

4th. Last night was wet—our tents did not exclude the mist, which wet our blankets and clothes considerably. I wrote a letter to my daughter Mary Miller, and attended a meeting at Simon Girty's in the afternoon: gen. Lincoln, gen. Cheaping, capt. Hamilton, and Givenz, with a number of Indians and Negroes, were present to our satisfaction.

Many of the officers of the army are very debauched and immoral characters, notwithstanding their civility and kindness to us. There was a captain much addicted to profane swearing in our company, and who kept a squaw; upon being put in mind of the odiousness of such a course of life, and the danger he stood in, replied, he thought no harm would ensue—that we might think it very strange that he never lay down, drunk or sober, without saying his prayers. Which, strange as it was, he asserted was the case.

5th. the Detroit sloop left this place, loaded with skins and peltry, for Fort Erie. I spent some part of this day on the margin of the river and bay.—Here once stood the town and garrison of Detroit. Multitudes of graves, and many foundations of buildings are yet discoverable. We are told, about seventy years ago the Indians[2] rose and in one night massacred every person in the place,

[1]Probably Henry Hay, eldest son of Gov. Hay.
[2]See Pontiac's Siege, Vol. XXI, p. 636, this series.

except the Roman priest, who was concealed by a squaw; and also burnt all the houses. After which, the garrison was built eighteen miles higher up the river, on the opposite side, where it now stands. Since the English have been in possession of Canada, some bold attempts of like nature have been made: one by the noted Indian, Pontiac, on the present Detroit; which, in all human probability would have succeeded, but for some intelligence from a squaw,* communicated the evening preceding the intended bloody enterprise, to the commander, who afterwards attempted to dislodge them from the suburbs. This brought on the fray from whence Bloody Bridge took its name, where three officers and seventy soldiers are reported to have fallen, about a mile and a half above Detroit. When the veteran saw himself the conquerer, it inspired him with ambition to get upon Fighting Island, and attack one of the king's ships, laden with stores for the garrison. As the channel obliged her to come within musket shot of the island, where a large number of Indians had placed themselves, and the ship lay becalmed, they poured in bullets, like hail, against her side, hoping to have sunk her. But finding, after two days experiment, their metal too light to effect their purpose, they took to their canoes and made to her with tomahawks in hand. Many got on board, notwithstanding the efforts of the few mariners; and when all were expecting death in a few minutes, the captain, a resolute man, gave orders aloud, "Blow up the ship"—he having powder on board; and one of the Indians understanding English, terrified with the horrid orders, gave alarm quickly to his companions, who instantly jumped off the vessel, some into their canoes, and others into the water. Thus the vessel and many lives were saved.

It is remarkable, that on the same day the before mentioned attempt was made on Detroit by Pontiac, Michilimackinac, St. Joseph, and Presque-Isle garrisons were all attacked, and carried by the Indians.

6th. Last night, the musquetoes exceeded anything of the kind I ever experienced. Universal complaint was murmured through the camp this morning, by both house, tent, and ship lodgers; by which it appeared the attack was general. This confirmed an account I heard in this country, of a fortification being erected in New Spain in the forepart of the year, which, on account of the incredible number of these insects which infested it, the troops were obliged to abandon.

This day, about three o'clock, whilst a large company of us were dining sumptuously and drinking wine in the parlour, among whom

*See Vol. XXXVII, p. 423, this series for an account of the disclosure of this plot, the credit for which should be given Angelique Beaubien, not Catherine, the squaw.

were James Abbott, Sparkman, and lawyer Roe, from Detroit, the awful language of mortality was inscribed in the kitchen, by the decease of a poor, emaciated Pawnee slave, who had been declining some time. Our beloved friend, Joseph Moore attended him in his last moments, travailing with him in Christian sympathy, I trust to the staying of his mind in the solemn period. Some others, to my astonishment, treated it with as much indifference as if only a catterpillar had been bruised. After dinner, I retired about thirty perches into a garden, where the loud peals of laughter which could easily have been heard half a mile, were truly distressing. I mentioned the solemn subject to one of the British officers, who replied, "One of my brother officers, whom I loved dear as my life, was departing lately; I went to him and bid him farewell; poor fellow, God help you: and returned to drink wine." A few boards being nailed together, about sun-set the same day the corpse was put in, and attended to the grave on the river bank by about sixty persons, including Indians and Negroes, where Joseph Moore, preached his funeral sermon; and there was an end to poor Toby's pilgrimage.

7th. A day of close inward exercise, on discovering in several of our company an eye watching for evil, and seeking occasion to vilify and reproach us: and thereby to undervalue and lay waste our testimony to the requisite purity of the gospel—and if possible, to render us as abandoned as themselves.

8th. This day the lake is exceeding rough, which must retard the return of the Indian chiefs, who have now been gone seven days.

This evening two Mohicons arrived from the Indian council, who brought us a letter from captain Hendricks Apaumut, who informs, there is a prospect of a treaty commencing in a very few days.—The messengers state, that sickness and a great mortality prevails in the Indian camp—which took off a worthy man of their nation, named Sam, with whom I was acquainted.

9th. This morning twelve Chipawas, Delawares, and Munseys, called to see us on their return home, having staid till their clothes were mostly in rags, and I believe they were alarmed at the contagion. They report the decease of seventeen Indians, amongst whom were three Chipawa chiefs; and inform, that in consequence of the sickly situation, they were about to move their camp eight miles down the river, near the side of the lake;—which is agreeable to us, as it will be so much nearer, and not so much infested with musquetoes.

10th. Last evening several of the Indians who arrived in the morning, came to us much disguised with liquor, and wanted more; which not being granted, they became rather sulky, rude, and insolent. One of them who called himself capt. Hermaunus, laid hold of me, partly in jest, and squeezed me hard, and said, you Quaker, you my brother. One said his heart was bad, and another said, I am a devil, and my name is devil. Several of our company, best acquainted with Indians, appeared alarmed with apprehensions of danger, and did not go into their tents till near morning. About eight o'clock, one of them came from the camp, who exhibited a horrid spectacle—hallooing, I am a man—I am a warrior—dashing his fist against a tree, drew out his scalping knife, brandished it through the air with uplifted hand, roaring and making a terrible appearance. At length a sober Indian came and took him away. However, with the trouble of Indians, and a host of musquetoes, I don't know that I slept ten minutes during the night.

We dined this day on a masquenungy, which weighed eighteen pounds: a very delicious fish. It was speared by an Indian. Lake Erie abounds with sturgeons so plentifully, that a couple of men have taken more than a ton weight before breakfast. It is said they originated from four of that species having been put in above the falls, by a French officer; before which, it is reported, none were to be found above the great falls; and when first discovered by the Indians, they were much alarmed.

11th. The Ottoway schooner arrived from Fort Erie, in which came Jasper Parrish, who left Philadelphia 27th of last month. He brought me letters from my beloved brother and sister Dawes, and my daughter Mary, which were very cordial and refreshing; also, the newspapers containing much information.

This afternoon the Chipaway fell down from Detroit, bound for Fort Erie, in which upwards of twenty Oneida Indians returned, being tired out with waiting; some had got sick, and all were ragged and dirty.

This day, had a meeting on Groes-isle, which, on some accounts, was a trying season, but we returned with peaceful minds.

12th. Wrote by way of Fort Pitt, to my dear H. L.; also a letter by lieut. Crawford, to George Dillwyn.

13th. Our commissioners had a visit from capt. Welbank on his return from Navy Hall; he gave them an account, as I have before noted, respecting the treaty with the southern Indians; also mentioned some of McGillivrey's duplicity in Indian affairs; and that

the Spanish governor of Pensacola told him he was sorry he had sold off so much land to the United States; and that he could not serve two masters, he must cleave to the one or the other, and he might choose which. It appeared that McGillivrey[2] had proposed to sell to the south branch of the Ocomic[1] river; but the nation at large withstood it, and would give up no further than the north; to which the Creeks unitedly agreed. That divers attempts had been made to settle it, and large clearings were made upon it; but at present, he believed there was not a standing house on the space of three hundred miles in length, and from thirty to seventy in breadth, according to the windings of the river: which space is the bone of contention at present with the Creek nation. Welbank also says, the Spaniards are industriously making interest with the southern Indians, through the agency of one Oliver,[2] a Frenchman: which is a subject of a serious nature to our government.

This afternoon the commissioners sent off two Oneida Indians express to col. McKee; I suppose to let him know that the tedious process of the business began to feel unpleasant to many of the company. One of the interpreters, Horatio Jones, had lately heard of the decease of his wife, since he left home, and several of our company were sick.

I spent this evening with capt. Welbank and captain Bunbury, at capt. Caldwell's, where captain Welbank talked freely respecting the southern Indians and their confederates; among whom was the governor of Pensacola, and the Indian nations quite to the Mississippi, and the Mountain Leader also, who was considered fully attached to the interest of the United States. All which intelligence, with the present tardy process of our commission, impressed my mind with ideas of horror and distress approaching our extensive frontier, with some doubts, that the speculation in western estates will be disastrous to public tranquility and peace.

14th. Col. England wrote to capt. Bunbury, to despatch the Dunmore to Fort Erie. Bunbury, having gov. Simcoe's orders in writing to keep her for the convenience and protection of the commissioners, withstood the colonel's orders.

15th. Three Wyandots came to our camp, and reported they have received accounts from the Indian council, that they had at length agreed to invite us to the council. This day my head felt much disordered, occasioned, I supposed, by getting wet in our tent by rain, just as we lay down. William Savery poorly, Jasper Parrish very ill, also Horatio Jones and Joseph Moore complaining.

16th. My mind much tossed—looking towards home—then to the Yearly Meeting. I took a walk down the river, where I erected a seat

[1]Oconee river Georgia.
[2]See appendix.

under the spreading boughs of a buttonwood, of whose branches and broad leaves I made a carpet, and sat myself down in the native splendor of one of the aboriginal lords of the land. I contemplated the tranquil abode of our first parents in the garden, and felt happy for a moment, which was succeeded by the reflection on Jonah's gourd which it most resembled. I felt a necessity to breathe for the approach of that peaceful and blessed day, when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make him afraid.

This afternoon two young Wyandots arrived.—They looked wild and afraid. One of them was introduced to gen. Lincoln, and handed him a message in writing, importing that the several treaties held at Fort McIntosh, Miami, Muskingum, &c. where lands had been ceeded by two or three nations only, were not valid; as they had no right to dispose of lands. And as for the large sums of money proposed to be laid down for the country, they did not want it: and a great many of them did not know the use of it. Therefore, desired it might be applied, with the proposed yearly salary, to the idemnification of the settlers north of the Ohio: and as they supposed they were mostly poor people, or else they would not have settled on disputed lands, that thereby they might be induced to move off; and make the Ohio the boundary,—for it was their land—the country to the westward was filled up—they had no where else to repair to, and they were determined to lay their bones in it. As to the concessions the commissioners proposed to make, by giving money, they did not want it: next, running a new line was but giving them a part of their own land; and as to disclaiming the right to all their country, by virtue of the peace made with the king, their father, they knew they were never conquered, and it could not be; and as to the right of pre-emption, that the United States, and they only, had a right to purchase Indian lands, south and east of the lakes, they denied the king or the United States ever having any such right. Upon the whole it was received as a very contemptible speech by the commissioners, and strongly marked as British manufacture. The two Indian messengers had a glass of wine each, and victuals set. They eat but little, got up and slipped away, I believe conscious that the contents of their message would not be pleasing. This soon appeared to be the case, as the baggage was ordered on board the Dunmore immediately—some for safety proposing to sleep on board.

It felt exceeding gloomy to Friends. We got together to see if any thing opened further for us to do; which at present does not appear. Therefore submit the awful subject to the interposition of the Divine Hand, and turned our eyes towards our respective habitations. This

evening the two runners despatched three days ago to the Indian council, returned, with only a verbal message, importing that the five nations expected us to come forward, and were moving six miles down the river, to meet us—which appeared a cunning manœuvre of one side or the other. I was somewhat put to a consternation, on hearing gen. Lincoln express, they had received just such an answer as he could have wished. What his meaning was, I don't know.

17th. Several of our company slept on board the Dunmore last night, others hurrying on board this morning. Two runners were despatched with intelligence to the Six Nations. About 11 o'clock we were all on board. My mind felt sorrowful in reflecting on the important subject of our journey. But on turning my mind to consider if we had omitted anything we might have done, or what might yet remain to be done, nothing appeared to give uneasiness. I therefore rested satisfied in leaving it to the Lord, who judgeth righteously; and with joy turned mine eye homeward, willing to leave a settlement so greatly dissipated with every species of iniquity, that they appear to live almost without law, morality, or religion.

18th. Prosecuting our voyage on the lake—in the afternoon, we were nearly becalmed—had a season of solid retirement in the cabin, to our comfort and satisfaction, though held in much contempt by others, who were wise and good enough already, in their own eyes.

19th. Very little wind. Our vessel thronged, having thirty-one passengers, exclusive of the ship's crew, and two bears.

20th. Our vessel glided along in the prospect of the Looming Hills, the land claimed and held by the Delaware Indians. This day several little birds came on board our vessel.

21st. This day we could just discover both shores from the middle of the lake. In the evening, had some religious conversation with capt. Ford, to satisfaction.

22nd. One of our sailors laid hold of a rope on the boom of our vessel, which gave way, and he fell over the stern into the water—being a calm time, he recovered by laying hold of a rope thrown out to him.

Through the favor of Divine Providence, we came safe to anchor about one o'clock in the morning of the 23rd at Fort Erie. The surf was so high all that day we could not land our baggage.

24th. We settled our accounts with capt. Ford for our passage down Lake Erie. I agreed with the commissioners for a horse, proposing to ride home. This afternoon, Randolph, Pickering, and their servants crossed the river to the mouth of Buffalo creek, on their way home, proposing to take the route of Albany. William Savery and William Harts-

horne agreed to return by water with general Lincoln. Joseph Moore and myself went five miles down the river to lodge at our kind friend, Benjamin Wilson's. John Elliott and John Parrish went up the lake about eight miles to look out some Friends, there settled.

Col. Pickering and gen. Lincoln, through the whole of the journey, so far as I have seen, have conducted as men of religion and sobriety.

25th. Joseph Moore and myself visited the families of Joseph Marsh, Adam Burrell, and Joseph Havens. Went to Asa Schooley's to lodge, where we were heartily welcomed and kindly entertained.

26th. Visited the families of John Herrit, John Cutler, and Asa Schooley. Lodged at John Cutler's, who has a family of hopeful children.

27th. Appointed a meeting at Joseph Havens. It was a solid, comfortable season. After which, John Elliott and myself visited Daniel Pound's family, and lodged there.

28th. Visited Joseph Havens, Adam Burrell and Joseph Marsh's families. At the latter we lodged.

29th. Attended an appointed meeting at major Powell's, where many people assembled. It was attended with a solemnity becoming the occasion. We lodged at the house of the kind and hospitable major Powell.

30th. Preparing for our journey through the wilderness. I lodged at Peter Wintmuts, and Friends at Benjamin Wilson's.

31st. We crossed the river at Windecker's ferry. Waited at Winey's, on Buffalo creek, for Adam Lane, who was intending for the States.

1st of 9th mo. From Winey's, at Buffalo creek, passed through twenty miles of good land—some parts swampy—others high and suitable for wheat—abounding with limestone, sugar trees, bass wood, beech, and shellbark hickory—and about twenty miles of plains. In which distance, are three fine streams for mills, with excellent fall. Two as large as one of the forks of Brandywine, the other as large as Whiteclay creek. In the swamps and timber lands, the path was rendered difficult by hundreds of logs across the way. We met one Indian on the plains, he was pleased to see us—we gave him some refreshments. Came across Red Jacket and his family in the woods—he was indisposed—John Parrish ministered unto him. In the afternoon, we met two armed men, who looked grim. We pressed forward as far as possible, fearing they might covet one of our horses. A little after sun-set, we turned out our horses at the east end of the great plains, kindled a fire and began to model a tent; when sable clouds obscured the azure sky and made an awful appearance, which was soon succeeded by tremendous peals of thunder, boisterous wind and

heavy rain. Many trees were blown down. We stood exposed to the vehemence of the elements without any shelter, not daring to stand by trees for fear of lightning. It lasted near three hours, then cleared away.

After this dreadful storm was over, we renewed our fire, which was almost extinguished by the rain, lay down on the wet ground in our wet clothes, contemplated the wondrous beauty of our spangled canopy, and rested some; having rode forty miles the preceding day.

2nd. Resumed our journey through a swampy, dreary wilderness, for above twenty miles, interspersed with some ridges of very rich land. Passed over a fine stream for water works, where the water pitches off a fine limestone rock, six or seven feet at once. The banks are low and rich. Some time after passed over about ten miles of plains, in which is a curious spring, covering an acre and a half; the fall from it is rapid;—the stream as large as Whiteclay creek. Then passed through an Indian village, on the flats of the Genesee river: which exceeds any land I have seen for richness; the grass, pea vines and thistles, higher than a man's head on horseback. Thousands of acres fit for mowing, of which a great deal is cut, and makes excellent fodder, the pods and peas contributing thereto. We forded the river, now about as large as Brandywine. This place is thirty miles south of Ontario. Lodged at Berry's, on the bank of the river, having rode thirty-five miles.

3rd. Here we were refreshed, refitted, and prepared to pursue our journey. Here many Indians resort—one old woman, supposed to exceed one hundred years—I admired her gray head. She said she was always kind and good, and always against quarrels; therefore God had spared her to see the sun a long time.

The land west of Genesee belongs to the Indians. Robert Morris[1] purchased the pre-emption right of the Massachusetts State, for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

We persevered up the north-west side of the Genesee river, on the ridge, above thousands of acres of rich flats along the river below abounding with grass as high as a man's head on horseback; and when cultivated, has produced fifty bushels of wheat per acre. Took up lodging with James Miller, at Capt. Williamson's, having rode sixteen miles. The road from Berry's here, is good. We met a number of Indians this day, who appeared friendly. We spoke to them by an interpreter.

4th. Set out early—missed our road ten miles, and had to return. Passed on through the Genesee country about twelve miles, mostly

[1]Morris' Reserve. See *Holland Purchase*, by Turner, p. 396.

excellent land: then over about twelve miles of mountains, well timbered with chestnut, pine, hemlock, &c.—Then through about seven miles of piney valley to a cabin of bark, where we struck up a fire after dark, thankful to have a house of our own: which was all the comforts we had, having nothing for ourselves or horses to eat.

5th. Collected our horses with some difficulty,—set out soon after day-light and rode eleven miles to Bath, the seat of captain Williamson, a little village, where about twelve houses have been built this summer. Called at a public house, and got a breakfast of good coffee. Set out after breakfast, and rode over and round the ends of several high, barren mountains, sixteen miles, to the Painted Post; about which, is abundance of excellent bottom and upland; having mostly kept down the river Cohocton for thirty miles. After refreshing ourselves and feeding our horses, rode along some excellent low lands and crossed the Canistiere river at its junction with the Chemung, or Tioga river, which we rode up thirteen miles, and got to col. Lindley's a little after dark.

6th. Set forward up the river, nine miles, to Roberts's. Then set forward, along a tolerable road, up Tioga for ten or twelve miles further, when we left the river and ascended and descended several rugged hills, for about nine miles, hoping to have got to the Block-house. But the night proved very dark, and the pine timber so high and shady that we could not make out the way. After alighting, and scrabbling for some distance through mud, bushes, &c. we were obliged to give up the idea of reaching the stage. Tied the horses to the bushes, very hungry, as were ourselves also. John Parrish struck fire, which with much difficulty we augmented into a blaze—blundered in the dark for wood, and at length got a comfortable fire. We laid down in our wet blankets and clothes; it having rained most of the preceding day the ground was moist.

7th. Rose early, all in health, and rode about two miles to the Block-house, about thirty-seven miles from col. Lindley's. Breakfasted, and fed our horses well; then resumed our journey, seventeen miles, to Kyle's, on Lycoming creek. The road mountainous and rough. Dined, and rode fourteen miles to Winters's. My mare very lame, having wrenched off two of her shoes in the mountains, forty miles back. Here we got our horses shod, and lodged.

8th. Attended Muncy meeting to our comfort. Dined at Samuel Wallace's, and went to William Ellis's to lodge.

9th. Attended an appointed meeting at Muncy in the forenoon, and one at Samuel Harris's in the afternoon: both large,—favoured seasons.

10th. Had a solemn parting opportunity with Samuel Wallace and William Ellis's families. Left Loyalsock creek behind, crossed Muncy, and rode thirty miles to Northumberland, a town of about thirty houses, pleasantly situated between the north and south branches of Susquehanna, at their junction: near which place we crossed the Chilisquagus.

11th. Visited Hannah Miller, Richardson and wife, Josiah Haines and wife, in the forenoon; to the peace of my mind. Afternoon, had a solid meeting in the Methodists' house.

12th. Set out—crossed the west branch—rode down the west side of the river to Litle's ferry, where I rode the river: having travelled thirty-one miles. Lodged at Michael Bowers's, whose wife is a daughter of Cornelius Lane, and desired her love to Thomas Gibson.

Litle's ferry is twenty miles from Harrisburg, and about three miles from Peter's mountain.

Hence the company proceeded to their several homes—having been absent on this toilsome, exercising journey, about four months and a half.

Jacob Lindley.

JOSEPH MOORE'S JOURNAL

Of a tour to Detroit, in order to attend a Treaty, proposed to be held with the Indians at Sandusky

In a second volume of Friends' Miscellany, was published, Jacob Lindley's account of a Journey to attend this Treaty, with preliminary remarks and a brief history of the circumstances which led to this measure. The following Journal, while it corroborates Jacob Lindley's account, presents a view of divers interesting incidents and occurrences, not noted in that narrative. Joseph Moore was a valuable friend and minister belonging to Kingwood monthly meeting, New Jersey. The place of his residence was near Flemington.

On the 17th of the 4th mo. 1793, I set out for Philadelphia, and attended the meeting for sufferings, where were divers Friends who had given up to attend the Indian treaty proposed to be held at Sandusky, on the waters of Lake Erie—having previously obtained certificates from our several monthly meetings for that purpose. The commissioners appointed by government are, general Lincoln, colonel Pickering, and Beverly Randolph. Lincoln goes by water to Albany, &c.; William Savery, Jacob Lindley, and William Hartshorne, go with him: and John Parrish, John Elliott, and myself, with Timothy Pickering and Beverly Randolph, go through the country by land. I have some days past, been very poorly with the ague; but am now bravely.

30th. In the afternoon set out in company with Beverly Randolph, John Parrish, John Elliott, and Henry Cornplanter,[1] or Obeal—got that

[1]See appendix.

evening to Norristown, where colonel Pickering met us. Next day we proceeded to Reading—thence to Harrisburg and over the Broad Mountain, Mackinoy, and Tuscarora, to Sunbury—thence crossed the Susquehanna at Northumberland, a town standing in the point where the east and west branches come together. Here, leaving the commissioners behind, we, in company with Josiah Haines, proceeded to William Ellis's, and attended Muncy meeting of Friends. After which, went to Samuel Wallace's, where we met the commissioners, and were liberally and friendly entertained.

5th mo. 6th. The forepart of this day, we passed a rapid stream, called the Loyalsock—and in the afternoon we crossed another large stream, called Lycoming, seven times—lodged at James Kyle's. Next day rode forty-three miles without any entertainment on the way, except what we had with us.—Where we put up, there was no hay to be had for our horses, so we fed them with oats, and tied them up for the night—went to bed, or rather lay on the floor with our own blankets, in a very small house; but rested well. In the morning the weather was fine and pleasant—rode to major Samuel Lindley's, crossed the Tioga twice, and the Cownisky; then to the Painted Post, crossing the Cohocton at David Fuller's. On our way here we swam our horses over the Tioga, and went ourselves in a canoe. The country from Northumberland to this place, abounds with large streams of water, and abundance of flat land on their banks, exceedingly rich. We observed in many places, old Indian fields, with signs of the old corn hills. On each side of these creeks and flats, are ridges of mountains. We have now travelled according to the several distances from place to place, two hundred and forty-seven miles.

9th. Rode about thirty miles, and a little before night, got to an old Indian cabin, with fire in the middle, where we lodged. We let our horses browse awhile in the woods, then fed them with oats we had with us, and tied them up for the night.—This cabin stands on the bank of the Cohocton. The roads here are new, and of course rough, which is trying to the poor horses that are rid hard all day, and at night tied to a tree. Next day, rode thirty-six miles to Williamsburgh. Some parts of the road very rough. We passed over some of the steepest hills I ever saw travelled. But the country is new—and I have no doubt in a few years, the roads will be much improved, as there is abundance of excellent land that is settling fast in some places. Stayed this night at captain Charles Williamson's, where we were kindly entertained.

11th. This morning the commissioners despatched a messenger to

Canandaigua for an interpreter: so we rested here and were finely refreshed. Set out again next day, and rode to Gilbert Berry's, on the bank of the Genesee river. Here we found about fifty Indians collected, amongst whom were some of their chiefs; Farmer's Brother, Red Jacket, Little Billy, and others, to all of whom a dinner was given by the commissioners. They expressed their gladness in seeing us, and we also in seeing them. In the evening we had some weighty conversation together, wherein the commissioners imparted a little of their business concerning the treaty; which appeared to give general satisfaction. After which, the Indians gave our friend John Parrish a new name, which they in their language called Suttekutte, and signifies *plain* or *level*. This name was given by Farmer's Brother, at which there was a small shout, in their way, and they would have given us a song on the occasion; but understanding we were a plain people, not accustomed to singing, it was omitted, and nothing further followed than a little pleasantry. Near ten o'clock we all retired and rested bravely.

In the morning the Indians showed no inclination to depart while the commissioners were here. Red Jacket, at the close of one of his speeches last evening, signified, that when he was in Philadelphia, the white people had proposed a method for them to turn buffaloes into cows, deer into sheep, and bears into hogs; he thought it now a fit time for the commissioners to show them a piece of their skill; as they were now on their way to Canandaigua for some clothing, &c., and that a good buffalo would be very agreeable for provision on the way. The commissioners used some endeavours to obtain a fat cow; but as there was none to be had here, they gave them a quantity of salt beef, pork, and corn, at which they appeared satisfied.

14th. We prepared to move forward; divers other people fell in company with us from Schenectady and other places, who were going into Upper Canada. We swam our horses over the Genesee river with some difficulty, and we, with our baggage, crossed in a canoe. In the evening we put up in the woods by the side of Tonnawanta creek, where we sheltered for the night with a good fire, and tied up our horses as before. The following day we travelled hard, being very desirous to reach some house to lodge in. According to the account given us, we rode about fifty miles, and truly we thought them long enough. Arrived at Buffalo creek about sun set, and put up at landlord Winney's; most of us lodged on the floor and slept well; also had plenty of grass for the horses. The country we had

passed through the last two days, is Indian lands, and one continued wilderness. Much of the land appears very good, with a variety of timber, such as oak, hickory, sugar maple, elm, ash, beech, linn, pine, cherry, butternut, &c.

16th. Rode about three miles to the ferry, nearly opposite Fort Erie, most of the way along the beach of Lake Erie. Here we crossed over the outlet of the lake, a large and strong current, landed in the British dominions, and rode down the banks of the river to Charles Wilson's near the great falls. The whole distance to this place is four hundred and twenty-seven miles. In the evening, walked to the brow of the bank to view the mighty cataract. Next morning went again, descended a very steep hill and walked to the rock over which the water falls, which appears tremendous indeed. There are rapids above the cataract that fall, it is said, fifty feet (and it looks likely to be so) within the distance of little more than half a mile. After satisfying our curiosity here, the commissioners went on to governor Simcoe's, at Navy Hall, sixteen miles. This is nearly opposite the garrison, which stands on a point of land in the United States. John Parrish, John Elliott, and myself, went about two miles to our friend William Lundy's, where we were kindly entertained, and spent most of the next day.

19th. Being first of the week, and having appointed a meeting to be held here at the eleventh hour; about the time there attended a pretty large collection of people, more than the house could contain. We thought it a favoured opportunity. After dinner we had a solid opportunity with the family and divers friends who had stayed with us. Then went about six miles to our friend John Hill's, who, with his wife, had been at the meeting. Here we were kindly entertained and lodged. In the morning, had a solid opportunity with the family, and set out for Navy Hall, a messenger having been sent to invite us to dine with the governor. He appears to be a plain man, and remarkably easy of access. At table we had the company of the commissioners, colonel Butler, majors Little, Hales, &c. The governor, when we were walking in his garden, said our coming forward at this time, did our society great honour. Toward evening we rode up the lake about two miles to landlord Peacock's and lodged.

21st. We went up the lake twelve miles to Benjamin Paulin's and his brother Jesse's—our friend, John Parrish having a letter from their connexions in Philadelphia. Here we were kindly entertained. In the woods we came through, we observed the greatest quantity of pigeons, I think I ever saw; they were flying up the lake, being chiefly young

ones, and very fat. The people take abundance of them with clubs, poles, &c.

22d. The weather has been warm and dry since the time of our arrival in this country. I continue very poorly, but went three miles to our friend John Taylor's, though hardly able to travel. Here we were kindly treated and lodged. I believe many were made glad in seeing their friends come amongst them, for whom in their wilderness situation, we often felt near sympathy.

23d. I felt much better in health, and understanding divers Friends live at a place called the Short Hills, about twelve miles off, we concluded to go there. On the way we dined at Thomas Rice's, and thence proceeded to Joshua Gillam's. We passed through some land where we saw the effects of a hurricane that was on the 1st of the 7th month last, and truly I may say, I never saw so great destruction of timber. For about two miles in width, and said to be many miles in length, there was scarce a single tree left that was not torn up by the roots, or broken off. This tract, as far as we have passed over, appears excellent land, with a variety of good timber—white and black oak, hickory, chestnut, poplar, white pine, walnut, cherry, &c. We, finding a few Friends settled in this neighborhood, concluded to stay amongst them over first-day, and have a meeting with them. In the interval, we visited at James Crawford's, Enoch Scrigley's, and John Dorling's, where the meeting is proposed to be held.

26th. We had a considerable gathering of people that behaved orderly, among whom we had a satisfactory opportunity. In the afternoon, set out on our way to Navy Hall, and lodged at Jeremiah Moore's. Having heard of the arrival of the other Friends that came by the way of Albany, we rose early next morning, and went to our friend Benjamin Hill's where we took breakfast—then rode to the landing, and thence to Navy Hall. Spent a little time at the governor's, and went back to the landing, where we met with Jacob Lindley, William Savery, and William Hartshorne, who had come on by water. Our stores were landed here, and we all dined at captain Smith's, at the mess house. In the afternoon we set up our tents on the hill, and lodged all together. This seemed very pleasant, being all in health, and they having had a favourable passage from New York to this place, and very agreeable company with general Lincoln, in their covered batteaux, two of which they proposed taking up to Lake Erie.

28th. Having had a good night's rest in our tents, were in the morning all bravely. When we shall move forward from this place appears at present uncertain, as the commissioners sent off an express yesterday

to Philadelphia on some important occasion, and expect to wait his return. Young Cornplanter went some days ago to his father's, about one hundred and fifty miles from this place. The Indians, we understand, are gathering from many parts to the place appointed. Some of the Mohawks are now here. We shortly expect a number of the Five Nations. Jacob Lindley being desirous to see Jeremiah Moore, we two rode there, spent the afternoon, and lodged. The weather cool and cloudy, with easterly winds. The next day was rainy. We are now within about three miles of the great cataract—the noise of which is much like the roaring of the sea in time of storm. The people gave us a particular account of their distressed situation, about four years ago for the want of bread, and their loss of cattle and horses; which was truly alarming; but through the goodness of kind Providence, they have now plenty of bread and other necessaries; and plenty of good sugar which they make from the maple tree.

30th. John Elliott came up from our camp at the landing, and we, with Jeremiah Moore and Benjamin Hill, went to the falls, where Jacob had not been, and viewed them in a different direction from what we had done before. In this as well as many other things, the mighty works of Providence are eminently displayed, being far beyond the power of human art to form. Some of our company descended the mighty hill, by the clefts of rocks and the help of Indian ladders, to the water below, supposed one hundred and ten feet. Here they saw divers curiosities, and brought up some memorials of stones, bones, &c. We then returned to our camp, and I lodged at Benjamin Canby's.

31st. We had at our little camp the company of captain Hendricks and several other Indians, that fed on our provisions—and a white man, lately from Pittsburg, informed that the Indians from the southward were coming on.

6th. mo. 1st. The weather wet and little business to be done—though the article provision meets with a large consumption—we being all in pretty good health, and for the most part a number of Indians and others at our camp. The commissioners are most of the time at Navy Hall with governor Simcoe. We expect to move forward in a day or two, toward Fort Erie, to take passage in a vessel for Detroit—the commissioners not likely to go from this under a week or ten days. We endeavour to fill up our time in seeing our friends. This afternoon John Parrish and John Elliott, crossed the river and went to an Indian settlement of about eighty families, who received them kindly.

2d, and first of the week, we held a meeting about four miles from

the landing, in a large barn, of which previous notice had been given. The collection was large, and proved a solid opportunity. I hope it tended to the advancement of our religious testimony. Divers Friends came many miles to attend it. After which William Savery and William Hartshorne returned to our camp, in order to send forward our baggage to-morrow to the upper landing above the falls. John Parrish, Jacob Lindley, John Elliott, and myself, went to Jeremiah Moore's and dined—thence to William Lundy's and lodged. Esquire Burch was at the meeting, and kept company with us thus far.

3d. Went on to esquire Burch's, where we dined. Bought three barrels of flour and sent forward to Chipaway, to be carried on with the rest of our baggage, to Fort Erie. John Parrish, John Elliott. and myself, rode up the river about seven miles and lodged at our friend Richardson's. Next morning went to Benjamin Willson's, whose wife is a near relation of mine. Benjamin went with us six miles to the fort. Here are the king's stores, and a harbour for shipping—several topsail vessels were then lying here. We went on board the Dunmore, captain Ford, bound to Detroit. The cabin passengers besides ourselves were Robert Inne,[1] — Newman and servant, Richard Hilliery and servant, Dr. William M'Casky,[2] John Heckewelder, and William Willson. These, with the sailors and marines (being a king's ship) and about sixty Indians of four different tribes bound to the treaty, made our whole crew about ninety. We left our horses in the care of Benjamin Willson—next day set sail and steered up the lake. We had fine pleasant weather until the 8th, when being near the islands towards the head of the lake, and dark night coming on us, we stood off and on till morning—had several squalls of rain, and short blasts of high wind, with thunder and lightning—which was somewhat alarming, as our ship had on board a large quantity of powder. But through the goodness of kind Providence we were preserved from damage.

9th, and first of the week;—fine pleasant morning with light airs of wind. The islands now appeared in sight. This day we had a small meeting in the cabin with our fellow passengers and two Indian chiefs. In the evening entered the mouth of Detroit river, and anchored till morning; when we ran up the beautiful river a northerly course, with a fair wind to Detroit. This is a small garrison town, with a variety of inhabitants. Here is much of the sound of drums and trumpets, but not much religion. The people here, as well as those on board our ship, were very respectful to us—and there was great harmony amongst ourselves. Thanks be to kind Providence for all his unmerited favours.

[1]Robert Innes who remained a British subject after the Revolution.
[2]Dr. William McCoskry afterwards surgeon in Wayne's army. See index.

Here we landed our small baggage, and took lodgings at Matthew Dolson's for the present.

11th. Found our accommodations comfortable and easy. We visited the commandant, colonel England, and showed him our passport from governor Simcoe, at Niagara, and are now waiting the commissioners, coming forward, which we hope may be soon. From the present complexion of things, it looks likely to be some time before the treaty commences; so that we find patience very necessary to be exercised. We hear many sentiments expressed, some favourable and some otherwise. Hope our minds may not be diverted by either from that humble dependence on the omnipotent Arm of power, under whose banner, I trust, we have enlisted in the righteous cause of peace-makers.

12th. Took a walk down the bank of the river, about three miles to a fine spring, of which there are few hereabouts. The inhabitants mostly use the river water, which is said to be very wholesome. The banks of this river for many miles above and below the town, are very thickly settled, mostly with French, who have fine orchards and meadows, and good wheat growing. Their grain is mostly manufactured by wind-mills, of which there are many in sight. The inhabitants of the town are as great a mixture, I think, as I ever knew in any one place. English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, Americans from different states, with black and yellow, and seldom clear of Indians of different tribes in the day time. These are all turned out by nine o'clock at night, and the gates are shut—sentries are placed constantly in various parts round the town, which is enclosed with high pickets. There is no place of worship except one Roman Catholic chapel. There are large ships employed on these waters, some of which are from one hundred to two hundred and fifty tons burden; they sail up to Michillimackinac, several hundred miles from this place, and return with abundance of peltry—the staple commodity of this country.

13th. John Parrish, John Elliott, and myself, dined with the commandant, colonel Richard England, and a number of other officers, and were friendly and liberally entertained.

14th. Took passage in a small boat, bound up the river Latrench, on the east side of Lake St. Clair, with a fair wind—passed through the lake, more than twenty miles over, and went up the river about fifteen miles, to Isaac Dolson's,[1] where we lodged.—Next day, with some Indians in a canoe, proceeded up the river about twenty miles, to Edward Watson's,[1] son of Thomas, of New York, an intimate acquaintance. The respect I felt for him and his connexions, induced me to take this tour to see him, and know how he fared here. He

[1]See appendix.

and his wife received me kindly. They are connected with the Moravian brethren, and were very civil to me. John Heckewelder, Indian interpreter and Moravian minister, was passenger with me as far as Dolson's, where he took horse and went up the river to visit his brethren at a settlement of that people. This appears to be a beautiful new country, just settling; fine wheat, corn, peas, &c. now growing, and grass in abundance;—the timber, white and black oak, cherry, hickory, black and white walnut, ash, linn, poplar, &c. I am informed it continues in that way for one hundred and fifty miles up this river —the general course of which runs about east from its mouth, and the farther up, it is said, the better the land. The inhabitants here appear to want as much cultivation as the lands they live on. May the Lord's power so reach their hearts, as to bring them into subjection to his Divine will.

16th, and first of the week, after breakfast took leave of this family in a solid manner, and returned to Dolson's: on the way, called at several houses where divers were collected, being much accustomed to visit each other on first-days,—among whom I had several opportunities for religious conversation, and informing them of our principles.

17th. The boat being ready for sailing having on board about twenty-five bushels of wheat, we got under way, and had a pleasant passage to the town, where we arrived about ten o'clock in the evening. The gates being shut, we were obliged to lodge without the pickets.

18th. Went early into the town—found all my dear friends well; they gave me an account of two public meetings held by them; one with the inhabitants of the town and soldiers, and a number of the officers, in the forenoon; and another in the country in the afternoon, both to pretty good satisfaction. Jacob Lindley, William Savery, and William Hartshorne, dined with the commandant yesterday. With respect to Indian affairs, things look dull and gloomy—the commissioners not yet come forward; so that we are here in suspense with respect to the time of the opening of the treaty, and hear many frightful stories about the conduct of the Indians; but we endeavour to keep our minds quiet, trusting in the arm of divine power for preservation, and believing we are engaged in the righteous cause of promoting peace on earth and good will to men.

19th. William Savery not very well—the rest of our company, to wit, Friends, went down the river in a small boat, about four miles, to Frederick Arnold's where we dined—then went on foot about two to John Messemer's, who is of the religious society called Dunker's,— with whom and divers of his friends and neighbours we held a meet-

ing, which was a solid, satisfactory opportunity, I believe to them and us. Here we lodged.

20th. After a solid opportunity with the family, we went on toward our boat—dined at Francis Cornwell's; the weather being wet and the wind ahead, William Hartshorne and I lodged here—the rest of our company went to Fredrick Arnold's.

21st. In the afternoon, John Elliott and Jacob Lindley went on foot up the river and crossed over to the town. The others lodged here—being very kindly entertained.

22d. Set out and rowed up to the town—found William Savery and the rest of our company all well. We have frequently been visited by numbers of the Indian chiefs that were on their way to Sandusky, who mostly called us Shemucteman, or long knives, the term they used to describe the Americans of the United States; but when informed what we were, they signified they had heard of our being come, and were glad. This day, we were visited by several that had just come to town. We observed the generality of all the tribes had a remarkable thirst for rum; and when intoxicated were very troublesome.

23d. First of the week, we held a meeting in a large sail loft in the shipyard; had a considerable gathering of the town's people, and a few soldiers, who behaved quietly. The meeting held about two hours and a half, and I believe ended well. In the afternoon had some more Indians to visit us, of the Chipaway nation; one of whom, called a chief, was pretty clean dressed, which is not general among that nation.

24th. Our landlord's boat set out for the river Rushe, (Rouge) with grain, to the mill. I took passage therein with William Savery. Matthew Dolson met us at the mill, and William returned with him in the evening; I stayed all night at Jacob Troxler's, a Dutchman who served his time in Jersey. The people were as kind as it was in their power.

25th. The boat with the cargo being ready, we rowed most of the way home, being about ten miles. This river is called Rushe, which signifies *red,* and the water appears stained with something which causes it to appear with remarkable redness.

26th. John Heckewelder returned from Latrench river; with him came a number of the Moravian Indians, who adhered to the religion of that family of the brethren. We understand they suffered much in the time of the late war, and since,—having had a number of their friends killed by the white people, with the loss of most of their substance, of which they had plenty while in their peaceable habitations at Muskingum. They were now in the sixth place of their

retreat, in the British government, and on good land. Our commiseration was excited by the above account, and we granted some relief to the amount of one hundred dollars, which they received thankfully.

27th. The Indians are every day here, on their way to the treaty. Twenty-eight are just arrived from Michillimackinac, some of whom I saw this morning; they were well dressed, curiously painted, and decorated with wampum, and ear and nose bobs; all young, and the handsomest I think I have as yet seen. They appeared good humoured and pleasant, having, as I was informed, brought no arms or warlike instruments with them, except their bows and arrows, with flutes for music, of their own making, which appeared simple, but pleasing to themselves. Some of the British officers asked them to play, which they readily did, by putting the instrument to the mouth, and sometimes to the nose; as handily to the one as the other.

This evening had the company of capt. John Drake, a coaster between this and Mackinaw, distant one hundred and thirty leagues —sails in a sloop of seventy or eighty tons burden. He gave us some account of the north-west fur trade, and the manner of its being carried on by the companies concerned, who employ many hundred men, that stay many years in the country, travelling and trading with the northern Indians for peltry; an abundance of which, of the richest kind, is brought from the high northern latitudes, which netts the companies a very large profit. But among what people, or in what part of the world, except the Canadian French, could persons be found for their purpose, I know not. They are allowed a very small portion of provisions from this to the Grand Portage, at the head of Lake Superior, which is about eight hundred miles; there they are allowed about one bushel (forty-two quarts French measure) of Indian corn per man, for a year, and a little fat which they may use at their own discretion. The corn is prepared in a curious manner at Detroit, being first boiled in strong lye, which takes off the outside hull; afterwards it is spread out and dried, then packed up for use. With this they set out, and return not until the end of the year, when a fresh supply of goods is taken up with canoes, &c. by many hundred men to the Portage, where they exchange commodities to a very great amount. Thus goes on the trade from year to year. The men in the north live principally on fish, and the flesh of beasts of divers kinds, without bread or salt, and when they return appear as robust and healthy, and even

more so than those who live on the greatest delicacies. The principal fish in Lake Superior are the white fish and salmon trout, which are fine and delicate; we have eat of them, brought fresh from the lake to this place in six days.

We understand one M'Kenzie[1] is now out with ten men, exploring the North-west Territory: he once attempted it before; was out more than a year, and discovered large frozen waters in the north, but, whether lakes or ocean, he knew not—supposed the latter, the water being salt.

Captain Drake, by his own account, had been several voyages to Africa, in the horrid business of fetching slaves, which he now very much condemns. He told us many curious tales;—and is certainly a very temperate man with respect to drink, taking nothing but water—a rare instance in a seafaring man. Happy would it be for many thousands in the world, were his example followed in that respect; families would be preserved from ruin and distress, morality increased, the poor Indians be saved from many acts of violence, and the end of our creation be more fully answered by honouring God, our Creator.

28th. We are frequently visited by the officers of this place, both civil and military, who appear friendly, and treat us with much respect, often wishing us success in our laudable undertaking ; assuring us, that nothing should be wanting that lay in their power to render us happy and comfortable. The commandant said, that if he apprehended danger at any time, he should lay his commands on us not to depart the place. But, although we sought not the protection of military power, we were not insensible of his great good will towards us, which we were not wanting to acknowledge.

Visits from the Indians are almost every day repeated, by different tribes constantly coming in, this being the thoroughfare for all the northern Indians. It would be difficult to describe the various appearances they make, and languages they speak. It is wonderful to find the vast expense the British government is at with this people. Governor Simcoe said it cost them thirty thousand pounds per annum. Here are agents appointed, that are daily giving out large quantities of provisions, &c.

29th. This day had a visit from a Wyandot chief, who appeared to have much concern respecting the approaching treaty, and mentioned the remembrance of some long and broad belts that were given out in former treaties, intended to bind us by the hands and arms, so that no small accident in future should be able to make

[1]Sir Alexander Mackenzie, born 1755, died 1820. He was employed by the North-west Co. and made many explorations. He discovered the river which bears his name. He was knighted in 1802.

a separation; and, notwithstanding all that had happened, they (the Wyandots) felt some of the old affection to remain, and he hoped we would find it so at the general council; but could speak for none but themselves. We assured him we had the same love and friendship for them and all others, as our forefathers had, and that our principles had always restrained us from war; and when we believed the government was disposed to make peace with them on principles of justice, we were made willing to leave our homes and take this long journey to endeavour to promote it, and to be present at the concluding of so good a work. He said, he knew long ago, that we did not fight, but were for peace, and that, as we had come a long journey, preserved in health, it was evident the Great Spirit was pleased with our coming, and he hoped some good would be done, and that the Great Spirit would bring us home in health and safety.

We had a visit also this morning from Abram, an Indian chief, Katherine his wife, and their daughters, richly clad, with plates of silver, &c.

The introduction of distilled spirits among the people appears to have been their ruin. The frauds, in consequence of it, imposed upon them, taking in the ravages and depredations of war made amongst themselves, with multiplied murders and thefts, seems to have prevented their being a wealthy people. The contrary with many is sorrowfully their situation, I fear to our condemnation; yet the history of Indian barbarity, and breach of faith to white people, and to one another, which we have heard related since we came here, would be shocking to recite, and is almost at times ready to stagger the faith of their best friends. One of the Moravian missionaries signified his sense that if peace should be concluded, it would not last long, until they were further chastised. John Parrish asked by what means? Did he mean the sword? He was answered, yes. This sentiment, from one of those who make profession of the peaceable principles of the gospel, was really discouraging.

We often hear many frightful things suggested; as, that we shall be either killed, or kept as hostages at the ensuing council. This, with the accounts of the Indian warriors in time past, frequently passing with numbers of scalps and their disconsolate prisoners, seemed dreadful; yet we are not discouraged from pursuing our first prospect; believing he that put us forth, will go before us, if we are not wanting on our part.

It must be said to the honour of British humanity, and in commendation of this government of Upper Canada, and its truly respectable and generous officers, that they have interfered to the relief of great numbers of persons, and obtained their redemption at a great price; divers of whom that we met with appeared as the outcasts of Europe; some of them, as colonel England and other officers told us, hardly had manners or gratitude to acknowledge the kindness, though in some instances it cost one hundred pounds. But in the case of a real American, they never grudged it.

30th. First of the week. This morning we were visited by a principal man of the Wyandots, called the Blind Chief, with his nephew, grand, and great grandson; with whom we had some friendly conversation. He told us eight of their principal men were gone on to the council. We held meetings fore and afternoon in the king's sail loft, to a good degree of satisfaction; being largely attended by the citizens, officers, and soldiers who behaved quietly.

7th mo. 1st. Took breakfast with captain Elliott, Indian commissioner. After which, went to the burial of Isidore Shone at the Roman chapel. He was an old Indian interpreter, supposed to have shortened his days by the immoderate use of strong drink. On this occasion there was a good deal of form and ceremony, in their way.

2d. Yesterday arrived the ship Ottoway, captain Cowan, from Fort Erie. He brought about eighty Indians—more than sixty were landed at the Miami rapids, with colonel Butler; eighteen of the Oneidas were on board here. It was said Butler was fearful they might be hurt by some other Indians that were there, on account of some dislike they had to one of their chiefs, who had given his interest in favour of the Americans, in such a manner as to create jealousies amongst them. They, notwithstanding apprehend themselves quite safe in the British lines, where the tribes of all nations from east, west, north, and south, are daily supplied with provisions, &c. And we hear nothing but wishes for peace among the people every where.

This day we crossed the river in our landlord's boat, with himself, wife, &c. to his farm where we regaled ourselves with fine ripe cherries, and towards evening returned. The weather very warm, and for many days past it has been very wet—but through divine favour we are all preserved in good health.

3d. We had a visit from colonel England, who is constantly manifesting his regard in a very respectful manner. He invited us

to walk with him to his garden, and some of our company went. We had also the company, at our lodgings, of a young Shawneese chief, neatly and richly dressed in Indian style; he stayed and dined with us, behaving with decency at table. But we sometimes find great difficulty in conversing with the Indians, in such manner as we wish, on account of our interpreter's sentiments and prospects differing in some respects so widely from ours.

4th. I was this day very poorly with a fever.—We were visited by fourteen of the Indians that came in the Ottoway, with one Shawnee, who finding our doctor M'Caskey had been with St. Clair's army at the time of the defeat, told him, "you're my friend, though you ran away from me once."

The commissioners are not yet arrived—we are still in suspense, and weary of our long detention here—though we are well supplied with provisions, &c., and decently treated by our respectable landlord and landlady, as well as by the inhabitants in general, being often invited to dine, &c. In the evening I felt better and slept pretty well.

5th. We are much confined within the narrow limits of this small garrison town, where, the streets being narrow, there is a want of air. A favourable opportunity presenting for a small tour on the water, we, except William Savery and William Hartshorne, went in a boat, provided by our friend William Baker, up the river, about nine miles, to Nathan Williams's, where we were kindly received, and dined. His place is situate at the entrance of Lake St. Clair. While here, Nathan gave us an account, that in digging a cave for a root house, they found, about six feet below the surface of the ground, large quantities of human bones, that must have been for a long time there: and at another place on the bank of the lake, it being washed away when the lake was high, there were seen great numbers of the same kind, which they gathered up and buried. The Indians said they must have been from people a great while ago that they knew nothing of. There is also near this lake, as we are informed, the appearance of old forts, curiously made in ancient time, where pieces of earthenware are often found, though large trees are now standing in the entrenchments, of which the present Indians can give no account. We seem pretty generally led to believe, from various circumstances, that the natives of this land must be the descendants of old Jacob, and are of the scattered tribes, who probably found their way here through Russia, and crossed over the narrow strait from Kamschatka to the west side of America. Be all this as it may, we find them here in great num-

bers, at present a savage, barbarous people when at war, and more particularly when intoxicated with strong drink, which has been introduced by the white people that supposed themselves by far their superiors in religious and natural understanding. Happy would it have been for them and us, had we used those superior talents, in mercy conferred upon us, more to the honour of God, by following the example of our holy leader, Christ Jesus, who said he came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. May all Christendom more and more labour to experience a renovation of heart and mind submitting and conforming to the will of heaven in all our conduct consistent with the design of our creation. Then might we have reason to hope for a blessing on our labours, tending to stop the effusion of human blood, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom on the mountain of love and holiness, where the lion and the lamb might lie down together, there being nothing to make us afraid.

In the afternoon we re-embarked and returned to town. William Savery and William Hartshorne in our absence, were visited by a Shawnese warrior, who announced to them what had frequently been suggested to us before, by divers persons, that if the commissioners did not immediately agree that all the land west of the Ohio should be given up by the United States, or even hinted anything to the contrary, by offering gifts or money as purchase, that not one of them or their company would go off the ground alive; for their fathers, who were all gone, had sold lands, for knives, rum, &c. till they were now driven almost to the sun setting, where they were determined to make a stand. He also pointed out very sensibly, the sad effect strong drink had on their fathers in general. He then appeared perfectly sober—informing that four days before he left the Miami Rapids, a deputation of two chiefs from a tribe, embarked for Niagara to meet the commissioners, and let them know the outlines of their conclusions; and that if the white people would settle to the banks of the Ohio on the east side, and agree that the river should be the line, they would be glad, and take them by the hand and call them brothers. But we apprehended no such power lay with the commissioners, nor of its being the design of government,—the cloud looked dark and heavy, and portended some dreadful scenes of desolation, except the Lord should be pleased, in his abundant mercy, to interpose and spare this wicked generation.

The aforesaid Indian, notwithstanding his sensibility and calmness, about two hours after, returned much intoxicated with rum—behaved very rudely, and drew a stroke with his tomahawk at one Sylves-

ter Ash,[1] an interpreter, who had long resided with the Shawnese, and now lives at Fort Pitt. We supposed he had a grudge against him for leaving them; but Ash prevented his doing him mischief. This, with other insolent behavior to our landlord, caused captain Munsey, who was, there, to send for some soldiers to turn him out of the garrison. These things look gloomy, and tend to confirm us that nothing short of wisdom from above will do for us to lean to.

6th. The weather is now dry and warm—the wheat is fast ripening, of which there is an appearance of very fine crops. Vegetables are plenty, such as new potatoes, peas, beans, &c. The sloop Felicity just arrived from the Miamies, confirms the account of the Indian deputation being gone to meet the commissioners at Niagara, accompanied by colonel Butler and Simon Girty. The schooner Nancy also just arrived from Machillimackinac, with peltry—made her passage to this place in seventeen days—distance three hundred and ninety miles.

7th. First of the week. We held a meeting in the forenoon in the old sail loft: it was to good satisfaction, being large and solid. In the afternoon we went about five miles to the river Rushe—held a meeting with the inhabitants there and several who went with us from the town. This also we thought was comfortable and edifying.

8th. The weather hot and sultry—a heavy thunder shower. We have no account from the commissioners—hope they may come on with the Indian deputies, if anything is likely to be done. This is truly a trying scene to us, to be kept in this expensive place so long in suspense; yet hope it may not be altogether in vain. We think we have done the best we could in our present circumstances. Various reports are daily coming in, with respect to the Indians' disposition. We much desire an opportunity with them in council, if it could be come at properly, whether the commissioners come or not. The opinion of many is, there will be no general treaty. We received a letter from colonel M'Kee in answer to one written him some time ago;—says he will attend to our request, and give us every intelligence he apprehends necessary;—and yesterday one from captain Hendricks, at the rapids of Miami, requesting some favours from us,—which were granted. And truly we have many requests, that in our present circumstances we are not able to comply with to the full. Hendricks' account is more favourable than some others we have had. He expresses a hope there will be a peace. The general cry among the gentlemen and more knowing

[1]William Wilson an interpreter for the Shawnese and Delaware tribes brought Sylvester Ash as assistant interpreter.

inhabitants of this place is, "for God's sake, gentlemen, don't venture yourselves to Sandusky." This we believe is from motives of entire friendship and good will to us, and makes it at times very trying. And though we have not felt any slavish fears—yet hope to move cautiously, as wisdom, which is profitable to direct, may point out the way. One of the Indians, a Delaware, that brought captain Hendricks' letter, says the western Indians keep their runners constantly out to watch the motion of general Wayne's army, from whom they have some fearful apprehensions; which we hope are groundless.

9th. We had a visit from captain Blue Jacket, a principal warrior among the Shawnese. He was in command at the defeat of St. Clair's army. He was richly dressed. His appearance is lofty and masculine. He said he had heard of the Quakers—that they were a harmless people that did not fight; and was glad now to see us. We had also a visit from several others of the same tribe. One of a solid countenance said, he heartily desired we might succeed in the great work of peace; and appeared much pleased to see us. We have several capable interpreters with us; but our sentiments being peaceful, serious and religious, are so opposite to theirs, that when they do interpret, it is with such reluctance as puts it out of our power to relieve our minds so fully as we could wish. This day received a letter from the Moravian Indians and their minister, expressing their grateful sense of Friends' kindness to them.

10th. The sloop Detroit, bound to Mackinaw, arrived from Fort Erie in eight days. We were in hopes of letters but were disappointed. However we understand the commissioners, with a number of Indians, are coming in the Dunmore which was nearly ready to sail, and may be soon expected, if not met with by the Chipaway, and detained by the chiefs who were to have a conference with them previous to their coming forward to the treaty.

11th. Had the company of several Indians—one of whom, David Canada, speaks good English, and interprets well. His father was a white man. He has been in Europe—appears friendly to the American interest, and says he will go with us to the treaty.

12th. We all went over the river to our landlord's farm, where we dined on provision we took with us. Spent most of the day there and in visiting some neighbours. Returned in the evening. The sloop Sagonay is just arrived from Fort Erie. The Dunmore was waiting for a wind when the deputation of Indians arrived—

and the commissioners returned to Navy Hall to have a conference. This is an additional disappointment, and further trial of our faith and patience.

13th. The weather fair and pleasant—the people very busy in hay-making, and some beginning their wheat harvest. In the afternoon the sloop Speedwell arrived from Fort Erie, by which we had letters from our friends at home, and one from the commissioners, informing of their return to Navy Hall; but that they expect to come forward in a few days.

14th. First of the week. For some days I have felt rather dull and heavy—my spirits low. I feel the importance of our embassy with much weight.—The dark conversation frequently heard respecting war, is truly distressing and discouraging. I am frequently led to recur back to the first principles from whence the concern took its rise; and have, as yet, no cause to doubt of its propriety, although many discouraging prospects are frequently thrown in our way. We are comfortably preserved in unity one with another in the main cause we are engaged in, hoping we shall not be shaken from the right ground by the enemies of peace,—of which there are many.

This day we had another meeting in the usual place, which was large and solid.

15th. Had an interview with captain Elliott, who had just returned from the rapids where the Indians are collected; but nothing further has transpired. He appears somewhat reserved; and our anxious state of suspense still continues. We are apprehensive the Indian embassy to the commissioners may prevent the proposed treaty. We wrote a letter to colonel McKee, and an epistle to the Indians, to be forwarded the first opportunity.

Here we observed a species of Indian slaves called Pawnees, or Punins,—who are captives taken by the Chipaways from the Suse; or Pawnee nations. It is sorrowful to think that a nation so famed for liberty, should hold them, and a number of the African race, in a state of bondage during life. The government here, we understand, has made some essay towards their enlargment, which, it is hoped, will in time, amount to a total abolition.

16th. Had a solid opportunity with captain Elliott, deputy agent for Indian affairs, and again expressed our anxious desires to him, that a solid peace might take place; we also queried if it would be proper for us, or any of our company, to visit the Indians in their present council at the Rapids, where he was now about to return.

He told us, he thought in the present state of things, it would not be eligible to move that way. He gave us to understand, that the Indians were generally acquainted with our being here, and our views towards them; and hoped on the return of the Indian embassy, some way would open for our relief. For the present, we concluded to forward the letters to M'Kee and the Indians, by Elliott, and as our having a personal interview with the Indians appeared doubtful, we forwarded Friends' Address to them, to be read by M'Kee in case we should fail of an opportunity ourselves.

17th. The people are very busy in their harvest, having good crops: but in some places the grain is injured by a kind of smut, supposed to be occasioned by much wet and rapid growth.

We have lately heard of the arrival of a number of Creeks and Cherokee Indians, in the neighbourhood of the Indian council—we fear, with views not friendly to a peaceable accommodation of matters with the western Indians—as we hear hostilities between them and the whites have been renewed to the southward. These accounts are alarming and discouraging. The commissioners are not yet come. We wait as patiently as we can, until we hear further from them.

18th. This morning had an interview with captain Wellbank, who came with the detachment of Cherokee and Creek Indians from the southern territory, he says, more than a thousand miles, and that they were ninety days on their journey. His principal business seemed to be with colonel England, who gave immediate orders for the sloop Felicity to sail with him on board, to Fort Erie, on his way to governor Simcoe. We suppose they have some matters of importance, as colonel England a few days ago assured us the Felicity was detained on purpose to take us to Sandusky, or Fort Erie, as was most eligible, on the shortest notice, which looked kind and friendly to our purpose.

19th. The weather fair and pleasant, and through Divine favour, we are all in health; but are still in great suspense, with respect to the event of this intended treaty, which every day looks more and more discouraging. Yet we think we have been in the line of our duty in coming forward and labouring thus far; and hope our being here may be of some use on divers accounts. Some of our company walked yesterday to the spring about three miles below the town, where they had a satisfactory opportunity with some Oneida Indians that were encamped there. They seem jointly concerned with us for the accomplishment of peace. This day we were all together in

the arbour in the colonel's garden, looking over some writings on Indian affairs. To this place we frequently resort, as it is retired and pleasant—being indulged with this privilege by invitation from the colonel soon after our arrival here.

20th. The harbour is now clear of shipping.—We are anxiously waiting the arrival of the Dunmore, by which we expect the commissioners, or to hear from them, hoping our detention here will be shortly closed by our going on to Sandusky, or returning to Fort Erie on our way home: till which we desire humbly to submit to the wise Disposer of events.

21st. First of the week. We held a meeting in the sail loft at the tenth hour, which was a favoured time, it being large and solid. Soon after our return, we heard of the arrival of the Dunmore at the mouth of the river, by a passenger who came in her, and that the commissioners are on board, expecting to go forward soon to Sandusky. In the afternoon we had another comfortable meeting, crowned as we thought, with the Master's good presence. And now it looks likely to be a parting one,—the people behaved with remakable quietness—manifesting much respect to us. I believe there are a few tender-hearted ones in this place that will remember us, and I hope we shall not forget them;—though it is sorrowful to behold the power and influence that satan has too generally amongst the inhabitants of these parts. Captain Gibbons, who came passenger in the Dunmore, gave us the above intelligence respecting the commissioners, and further says, the Indian deputies and they held a very friendly conference together at Navy Hall, and things appeared in a favourable way respecting the treaty. This account is more pleasant than any we have had for many days past. In this fluctuating state of things we find great need to keep on the right bottom, so that we may not be shaken from that foundation, and a humble confidence in the Divine power, which I trust we felt in our embarkation.

22d. John Parrish, John Elliott, and myself, paid a visit to the Roman Catholic priest, who appeared to take it kind. We also had a short interview with the commandant, who has manifested much respect to us during our long stay here, and now told us, that nothing should be wanting that lay in his power to make our way easy.

23d and 24th. We now began to prepare for leaving Detroit. The commandant visited us at our quarters, and informed us he proposed going with us in the Dunmore to see the commissioners.

It seemed very pleasant to find that respect which it is hoped may tend to strengthen the unity between them.—We should have been glad to see the commissioners here, but understanding neither they nor any others from a foreign state under military characters are admitted within the limits of this garrison, which includes the town that consists of about one hundred houses; under which consideration we think it cause of thankfulness for the indulgence, remarkable attention, and kind treatment we have met with during our six weeks stay in this place. This evening, paid a short visit at commissary Rinold's, who, with his wife and sensible daughter, appear to have as much solidity, uprightness, and vital religion, as any in the place. There are a few others we highly esteem, and towards whom we now feel a near affection on taking our solemn farewell.

25th. Took leave of most of our acquaintances in town and went on board the Dunmore, in which were colonel England and several other officers; fell down to the mouth of the river, about eighteen miles and landed at captain Elliott's whose house the commissioners had taken, being large and convenient for their purpose. We were truly glad to see them, and they us. Here the vessel is ordered to lay until we are ready to go forward to Sandusky, which depends on the time the Indians say they are ready. It was pleasant to behold the friendship apparent between the colonel with the other British officers, and our commissoners. This place is very agreeable; there being a large farm, with fields well stored with grain, standing in shock—supposed to be about one thousand bushels; a large new barn eighty feet long and about thirty-six wide; round the house a beautiful green, on which we encamped with fourteen tents, large and small, containing our little company and the commissioner's train, with some British officers who designed to go with us to the grand treaty. The commissioners gave us the substance of what passed between them and the Indian deputies at Niagara: all which appeared encouraging and favourable towards an accommodation. We dined and supped all together, and slept quiet and well in our tents.

26th. Spent the day very agreeably together, having one general table. At night we had a great rain and heavy thunder; our tents not as well fortified as might have been. Towards day some of us got very wet by the water coming in; but through Divine favour we were preserved.

27th. A fine morning. Having an opportunity to go to Detroit in a small boat with Gotlieb Sensiman, a Moravian minister from Latrench

river, and three Indians of their family we embraced it. William Savery and myself took our passage in order to do some business for the commissioners, and a little for ourselves. The wind was ahead and we had to row all the way. Went to our old quarters.

28th. First of the week. I felt weary with yesterday's hard rowing, and almost ready to give out the prospect of a meeting. But towards evening at about an hour's notice, we met at the old sail loft with many of the inhabitants, who appeared glad of the opportunity, and it was satisfactory to ourselves.

29th. The colonel's boat going down the river to our camp, with captains Freeman and Broadhead, we were invited to return with them; but our business not being completed, I concluded to stay, and take my passage in the schooner Nancy, bound to Fort Erie, and William Savery went with the officers.

30th. I went on board the schooner, and near night landed at our camp, where I was informed a deputation of Indians from the Rapids had been here, and held a conference with the commissioners. They appeared uneasy with what had passed at Niagara, asserting that nothing short of Ohio river being the line, would satisfy them; they requested the commissioners' answer tomorrow, on that head, and retired over the river. This unexpected change looked again discouraging; believing our worthy commissioners had nothing but upright views in their proceedings, consistent with the trust reposed in them by the government of the United States. Though what their views are, is yet unknown to us; but we hope, and expect, they will be generous and liberal, evincing to the world that the present proceedings and designs of the United States are founded on reason, equity, and justice. And so far as this may be the case, we hope the Lord may be on our side, in this our trying situation.

31st. In the afternoon the Indians came over, and being seated on the beautiful green in the shade of some trees, the commissioners came forth with their speech in writing, which was interpreted by Thomas Jones, from the Genesee, in the Seneca language. In it was contained many candid and generous proposals; but not coming up so fully to their demands as they seemed to wish. they declined to make any reply at present. But having the paper given to them, said they would consider it maturely, and return an answer to-morrow. On which the council broke up, and the Indians returned again to Whitewood Island,[1] opposite to our camp. Among these were the chiefs of ten different nations, who appeared in council solid and sober.

[1]Bois Blanc Island.

8th mo. 1st. The Indian deputies returned in the morning early, and being seated, the Wyandot chief called Carry-all-about, whose name signifies King of all the western nations up the lakes,—made a short speech, importing, "That many treaties had been held at different places from time to time, wherein you say lands have been purchased; but would acknowledge no legal and permanent conveyance since the treaty at Fort Stanwix, twenty-five years ago. So that the lands on this side of the Ohio are ours, and the lands on the other side are yours.—And you may go home and tell Washington what we say. We understand all you said to us very well, and we expect you understand us." Simon Girty was their interpreter. After rising up and stepping off a few yards, they found a mistake in expression, and recalled their words, desiring the commissioners would stay where they are, till they could go to the council and return with an answer, which, if favoured with wind and weather, may be accomplished in about five days. We had some desire to go with them to the Rapids, as captain Elliott, captain Thomas M'Kee, and others were going to the council. But this was not approbated; and as our letters sent by captain Elliott had not been forwarded by him on account of his meeting the commissioners here, who thought proper to detain them, concluding we should have an opportunity shortly to see them ourselves,—after opening and reading them, and adding a short postscript, we were encouraged to send them forward, though at a late stage.

2d. Towards evening, several of us in company with our good old general, took a walk up the river about a mile, and drank tea at James Colwell's.[1] The result of this great business is the cause of much close exercise at times—our minds being made sensible that nothing but supernatural wisdom will do for us to lean to.

3d. The sloop Detroit came to, here, on her way to Fort Erie, from Michillimackinac, loaded with peltry, having on board three hundred and thirty-three packs, the greatest part supposed to be worth twenty guineas each. So great is the fur trade in this country, that it is almost beyond description. In the afternoon, John Elliott and myself took a walk to Simon Girty's, and from thence about half a mile further down the lake, where we saw some plain traces of one of the very old forts, among the many that are in divers parts of this country, of which the present Indians can give no account from tradition or otherwise.

4th. First of the week. We held a small meeting at Simon Girty's, we hope to profit:—himself gone to the Indian council with the deputies

[1]Capt. James Caldwell.

that were here from the Rapids. William Savery and myself being comrades in a small tent, our bedding got a good deal wet with the great rain that fell today, and having no opportunity for drying, we slept on them as they were. In the morning, felt well, which is an additional cause of thankfulness for the many favours we have received.

5th. We have frequent visits from the town—and this day came James Abbott, William Bow and —— Sportsman, in a small sail boat. Our friend John Parrish, paid a visit to the Wyandot Indian town about four miles from our camp. This night was the most general complaint of the musketoes I have yet heard since our encamping here. Most of us got little sleep either in the house, tents, or on ship board. Towards day the weather grew colder—wind N. W. which caused an increase of musketoes in our tents.

6th. One of the servants of captain Elliott, called Toby, a Pawnee slave, who has lain nearly a year in a consumption, died about two o'clock, this afternoon. I was with him for about an hour before he departed, and speaking with him about fifteen minutes before he breathed his last, found he was sensible of death being upon him. He said he understood all I said to him, and was glad he was noticed in his last moments. I think I never saw before so hasty a burial. His coffin was made immediately, and his interment took place about sunset, in a grave near by on the bank of the river, attended by about twenty people, whites, blacks, and Indians. This was the end of poor Toby.

7th. I was at captain William Colwell's, and towards evening walked to Simon Girty's. At night the wind came strong from the south, with much rain. William and I got a little wet again, but are preserved in health.

8th. Two Indians came from the Rapids, by whom we received letters from captain Hendricks, a chief of the Five Nations, announcing his opinion there will be peace. This was pleasant, indeed, and we sat up this evening, conversing with the commissioners till past eleven o'clock. Slept well, being clear of musketoes.

9th. William Savery and myself dined on board the ship that rides nearly opposite our camp. This evening came in several more Indians from the Rapids, whose reports agree in substance with captain Hendricks' letters. They were treated with a glass a piece, and encamped near by; but a canoe coming from Detroit with rum, they were made very noisy. This, with the musketoes, caused little sleep.

10th. Great looking out for the boat's return from the council, for which we are very anxious. The season advancing, and the great distance we are from home, together with the continued uncertainty of succeeding, according to our wishes, in the great business we are engaged in, accompanied with other unpleasant circumstances, give us at times some very disagreeable sensations. Yet on the whole, we are preserved in a good degree of patience, still believing our coming out was right, be the event as it may.

11th. First of the week. No arrival from the Rapids to alleviate our strong desires and anxiety to see the Indians. With some difficulty we got to Grose Isle, where we held a meeting with some of its inhabitants and divers from the main, to a good degree of satisfaction. This morning Jasper Parrish, who had been express to Philadelphia, the second time, arrived in the ship Ottoway, from Fort Erie, by whom we received many letters from home.

12th. Our anxiety and great suspense still continues. William Savery and Jasper Parrish both poorly. At night our rest was much disturbed by the musketoes. We have frequent visits from small parties of Indians, who sometimes find means to get too much rum, and are then troublesome; otherwise they are quiet and civil. Fresh provisions are plenty here; but rate very high. Sheep from four to six dollars, not large.

13th. No remarkable occurrence. We are still looking earnestly for the boats from the great Indian council.

14th. This day we had the company of captain Wellbank, who returned some days ago from Niagara. He gave the commissioners much the same account we received from him at Detroit the 18th ultimo.

15th. Felt dull and heavy in body and mind.—We have a Wyandot Indian, who stays much with us. He often goes out to hunt, and brings in plenty of ducks, &c. for which he gets well paid. He appears to be a sensible man, speaks many languages in the Indian tongue and some English. Two men came from the other side of the river, and informed the boats were coming from the council to invite us to the treaty.

16th. In the afternoon came two young Indian men, (Wyandots) they looked wild and afraid; one of them was introduced to general Lincoln, and handed him a message in writing, from the great council, informing, that the several treaties at Fort M'Intosh, Miami, Muskingum, &c., where lands had been ceded by two or three nations only, were not valid, as they had no right to cede lands. And

as for the large sums of money proposed to be given for their country, they did not want it, and a great many of them did not know the use of it: therefore desired it might be applied with the proposed salary, to the indemnification of the settlers north of the Ohio. And as they supposed they were mostly poor people, or they would not have settled on disputed lands, they now proposed that government should give money to them. It would be a sufficient compensation to those settlers and might induce them to move quietly somewhere else, out of the Indian country—and make the Ohio the boundary: for it was their land. And signified, as the land to the westward was filled up, they had nowhere to repair to, and were now determined to lay their bones in that country. As to the concessions the commissioners proposed making, by giving money, they did not want it; and running a new line was but giving them a part of their own land. And as to disclaiming the right to all their country by virtue of the peace made with the king, their father, they knew they never were conquered, and the pre-emption right agreed upon by the British and United States, concerning the purchasing of their country, could not be binding on them; for they supposed they had a right to sell their lands to whom they pleased. Upon the whole, it was received as a very contemptible speech, by our commissioners—which soon appeared to be the case, as the baggage was ordered on board, and caused an alarm in our camp. Some for safety proposed to lodge on board the ship, and divers tents were struck. Some went on board and others took to the house for safety. This prospect, all on a sudden, looked gloomy, and Friends got together to feel if any thing further opened for us to do. We felt much shut up;—and as we had never been called into council with the commissioners, nor had any public conference with the Indians, we were obliged to bear our own burthens, and submit the awful subject to the interposition of the Divine hand, and turn our faces homeward to our dear friends and connexions, in hopes of reaching our Yearly Meeting.

This evening, two runners who were despatched three days ago, returned with a verbal message from the Five Nations, who expected us to come forward, and were moving six miles down the river to meet us. They having all along appeared very friendly to the United States, this appeared an artful manœuvre, on one side or the other. It was somewhat extraordinary to hear general Lincoln express, that they had received just such an answer as he could have wished. What his meaning was, is unknown. Friends slept in their tents as heretofore, I believe with little fear.

17th. We were hurried on board soon after breakfast, with the

remainder of our baggage. Two runners were despatched by the commissioners to the Six Nations, the object unknown to us. About eleven o'clock, we were all on board, and stood down the river into the lake. My mind felt sorrowful and very heavy, reflecting on the important subject of our journey; but I could see nothing material omitted on our part, to give uneasiness: so I endeavoured to rest quiet, leaving the event to Him who judgeth righteously. In this part of the world, but little morality, law, or religion, appears to govern the people, though the climate is blessed with health and there is plenty of the good things of this life; nothing being wanting but industry and thankful hearts.

18th. First of the week. We came to anchor among a cluster of islands in the west end of the lake; of which there is said to be about thirty, great and small. Some of them produce abundance of red cedar, much used in shipbuilding—there are also rackoons and many other wild animals on them. We stood out into the open lake with pleasant weather. Had a season of solid retirement in the cabin, with a few of our fellow passengers, to a good degree of satisfaction and comfort; though held in much contempt by others, who supposed themselves wise and good enough already.

19th. Light head wind. We have thirty-one passengers on board, besides the ship's crew and marines. Provisions plenty—poultry, sheep, hogs—and two Bears belonging to captain Bunbury.

19th. We passed the mouth of Cayahoga river, and in sight of the Looming-hills on the south shore, land claimed and held by the Delaware Indians.—The light and trivial conversation on board, accompanied with such a degree of profanity in language and behaviour one to another, at times, was truly distressing, though otherwise we were as comfortably accommodated as the nature of our situation would admit.

22d. We anchored at Fort Erie.—23d. Rainy, no goods or baggage could be landed, as the lake was rough, which caused a great surf.

24th. Morning fair and calm—a great stir, hoisting out casks, trunks, &c. The commissioners preparing to set forward, some by water, others by land. William Savery and William Hartshorne are to go with general Lincoln, by Ontario. Jacob Lindley is provided with a horse by the commissioners, and goes by land; so that we are all busily engaged fixing our baggage each in his own way, clearing off all expenses for passage, &c. And truly we may say, by this time, we became pretty much stript of the contents of our purses, and a great deal of our stock of provisions, &c. John Elliott

and John Parrish went on shore in the afternoon, to get to some Friend's house. Jacob Lindley and myself went in the evening to the house of Benjamin Wilson, who had been on board with us all the afternoon. I felt myself in some measure, like one let out of prison. Here we were kindly treated and lodged; proposing to visit a number of Friends and friendly people, in and about this neighbourhood, before we set out for home; which seemed annexed to my concern in coming forth to this country, to attend the proposed treaty with the Indians.

25th. First of the week. We held a public meeting, and visited a few families—towards evening, got to Asa Schooley's, where John Parrish came to us. Here we lodged.

26th. John Elliott came to us this morning—so that we are now all together again. We went to John Herrit's, son-in-law to Asa Schooley, had a sitting there and returned to Asa's—there had a solid opportunity with his family and the family of John Cutler, together;—after which, went to Daniel Pound's and lodged.

27th. We held a public meeting at Joseph Haven's, which was large and favoured; at the close, we had a select opportunity with such as profess with Friends, a number of them being members, to whom some interesting matters of advice were communicated. Upon the whole, we thought it a very solid and profitable opportunity, many hearts being tendered; for whom, in their lonely situation, we were brought into near sympathy. We parted from them in much love. John Parrish and myself went to Ezekiel Dennis's, up the side of Lake Erie about six miles, to point Ebino, where we were kindly entertained and lodged. I think when the meeting was select as above mentioned, there was in the whole, young and old, about forty—many decent looking young people, with innocent countenances, were present; on account of whom I felt much concern for their religious and school education.

28th. Set out and rode up the beautiful beach on the lake shore, about ten miles, to what is called the *Sugar Loaf,* a point of land extending out in the lake, with a remarkable round hill, at a distance resembling a sugar loaf. Here we visited seven families, and returned in the evening to our friend Asa Schooley's.

29th. With divers other Friends, we went about twelve miles to esquire Powell's where we had a large public meeting of Friends and others, to much satisfaction to ourselves, and I believe it was so to the auditory. They behaved quiet, and with becoming decency. After which many Friends took leave of us in much love and tenderness, and departed to their several homes. We dined with the squire, being freely and liberally entertained. Afterwards I rode about four miles to the

fort, and went on board the Dunmore on a small errand, with our friend William Lundy, who having heard of our being here, came about twenty miles to see us, and was at the meeting to-day. In the evening went to our friend Benjamin Wilson's—leaving the other Friends at Powell's. John Elliott had been very poorly with the ague and fever—am fearful he will hardly be able to ride very soon, which is now a great trial to us, being very desirous to move towards home.—Having had the two public meetings above mentioned, and visited most of the families and Friends in this country, to wit, Asa Schooley, Joseph Havens, Obadiah Dennis, Abraham Webster, John Cutler, John Hill, Benjamin Hill, Jeremiah Moore, (Abraham Laing, and Benjamin Canby single men) John Taylor, Joshua Gillam, Joseph Marsh, Adam Burwell, Daniel Pound, William Lundy, Thomas Rice, James Crawford, Enoch Scrigley, Samuel Taylor, Ezekiel Dennis and several others.

30th. We now began to prepare to leave this part of the country. This morning the other Friends came to me at Benjamin Willson's. Jasper Parrish we hear is very poorly at the landing, not able to return. We felt loth to leave him, but understanding general Chapin, with whom he has his home, is expected to be here in about a week, we were the more easy to leave him.

31st. John Elliott now bravely, though weak, seems very willing to move forward. We waited this morning for Abraham Laing, a young man who is going to the states, and is very desirous of our company. Then went to Powell's and thence to Windecker's the ferryman, where Abraham Laing came to us—we crossed over and went three miles to Cornelius Winney's at Buffalo creek. Here we stayed, as there is no house between this and the Genesee, which is called seventy-five miles.

9th mo. 1st. First-day. Set out early for Genesee—rode about forty miles; night came on, and we halted by the side of a small brook, and began to make preparation for a shelter, but a cloud came on with heavy thunder and rain. We made out to get a fire kindled, which was a comfort to us; but we got very wet. The wind being high several trees fell near us, which was somewhat alarming. The gust held about two hours, and then cleared up with bright star-light the remainder of the night. We all lay before the fire, in the best manner we could, in our wet situation, got some sleep, but were somewhat afflicted with the musketoes. On the whole we thought ourselves much favoured.

2d. We were up early, looked out for our horses, put on our kettle. and made a good dish of chocolate, wherein our friend John Parrish, was principal director—then set out and rode about thirty-five miles to

the Genesee river, which we crossed by fording, and put up at John Gilbert Berry's where we were comfortably entertained.

3d. After writing letters to general Chapin at Canandaigua, captain Bunbury at Niagara, and captain Hendricks, a chief among the Five Nations, we rode sixteen miles to James Miller's, superintendent of Williamsburgh farm, where we put up for the night, there being no place for lodging short of forty miles further. Among the many Indians resorting about Berry's we saw a woman, said to be a hundred years old. In conversation with her and admiring her gray hair, she assigned as a reason for her long life, that she was always kind and good, and against all quarrels; therefore God had spared her to see the sun a long time; pointing up to it.

4th. This morning we took a wrong road and had to return, by which we lost about ten miles, so that we were not able to reach Bath, and lodged at the same old Indian cabin we were at in going up in the spring, eleven miles short of the place we aimed at. We struck up a fire and slept pretty comfortably.

5th. We rode to Bath, and late in the evening got to colonel Lindley's where we put up, having rode about forty miles.

6th. We were up early proposing to reach the Block-house, distant about forty miles, but having our young friend Abraham Laing in company, with a poor little horse that tired on the way, our progress was retarded, so that we were benighted in very dark thick woods, and were obliged to alight. There tying up our horses to the trees, with much difficulty we kindled a fire, and lay on the ground, which, with our clothes were wet with rain. We kept up our fire, got a little sleep, wishing for day and were glad when it appeared. We left Abraham Laing with his tired horse about eight miles back, where there is a small cabin in the woods.

7th. Mounted our horses before sunrise, and rode two miles to the Block-house, where we took breakfast, and gave our horses as much oats as we thought would be useful. Being thus refreshed, we set out, leaving Abraham Laing to come on as well as he could, in hopes that he may overtake us at Muncy. We rode seventeen miles to James Kyle's, and dined—thence fourteen miles to our friend Samuel Harris's at Loyalsock, where John Parrish and myself lodged, leaving Jacob Lindley and John Elliott five miles back to get their horses shod.—Here we heard of great sickness in Philadelphia.[1]

8th. First of the week. After breakfast, Jacob Lindley and John Elliott came up, and we went to Muncy meeting. Here we met with a number of our dear friends. This seemed very pleasant, and we had a

[1]Yellow Fever which scourged Philadelphia in 1793.

solid favoured time together. After which we went to our friend Samuel Wallace's and dined, then disposed of ourselves in several places to lodge. I went to Henry Parker's. We all felt a little of the effects of lying in the damp woods in our wet clothes, and hard travelling for two days past, with rough roads, and crossing many creeks; one called Trout Run, we crossed thirty times, and Lycoming creek seven times—with several large mountains, one of which was a part of the Alleghany. The sickness in Philadelphia confirmed in every place.

9th. Not feeling quite clear of this neighbourhood, we held another meeting at Muncy meeting house, which was larger than yesterday, and much favoured. After dinner, went back six miles to Samuel Harris's, over the very large and rapid creek called Loyalsock. Here we had a large and satisfactory meeting. Most of our company returned, but I stayed here.

10th. Our friend S. H., an ancient man, has lain poorly for some time, and not likely to continue long. He seems quiet and calm, and told me this morning, he felt bravely refreshed, and much satisfied with the meeting, and the company of his friends. I took a solemn leave of him and the family, and proceeded to Wallace's. We then all set out together, and rode to William Ellis's, where we settled the running accounts we had among ourselves. Our friend Jacob Lindley concluded here to leave us, and proceed home by way of Harrisburgh. We then went on, having Joseph Carpenter for a guide, eighteen miles toward Catawissa, and put up at our friend John Eves's, at Fishing creek, where we were kindly entertained.

11th. Here we had a meeting with a few Friends and divers of their neighbours, in a school house, to a good degree of satisfaction and comfort. Set out in company with Isaac James, brother to John, in Philadelphia, and rode about twelve miles to Catawissa, crossing the north-east branch of the Susquehanna, and put up at our friend John Lloyd's. Here is a small town of about thirty buildings. I lodged at James Watson's, John Parrish at John Lloyd's, poorly, John Elliott stopped about eight miles short of this, at John Willson's.

12th. John Elliott came to us this morning. On his way he called to see an ancient Friend, now in the ninety-seventh year of her age. We had no public meeting here, but visited most of the families of Friends in town, wherein our friend John Parrish had good service, and was much favoured. In the afternoon we rode about nine miles to Roaring creek. This part of the country is hilly and mountainous,—the valleys interspersed with good farms. Many Friends are settled hereabouts. Lodged at Moses Starr's.

13th. Rode twenty-six miles to Cold Run, and put up at Samuel Webb's having crossed the Little Mountain, Mahony, Broad, Locust and Tuscarora mountains. Great part of the way very rough and stony.

14th. Set out and rode seven miles to Richard Stephens's—thence to Harkerstown. We here met with our friend Mordecai Lee, who had heard of our coming, and came to meet us. We went home with him.

15th. First of the week. Joseph Wright, living in one part of the house with his family, has lately been afflicted with the bloody flux, by which he had lost three children. Divers Friends came here to see us, viz. John Starr, Thomas Wright, Levi Pilkington, &c. We all attended their meeting at Maiden creek—and after dinner proceeded nine miles to Reading, where we put up at Samuel Jackson's.—The sickness, and distress in consequence thereof, we still hear confirmed, and much talked of, as still raging to a great degree in Philadelphia—which, I expect will be a trying circumstance to many friends in the country, in getting to our ensuing Yearly Meeting. May the good hand be near to help us.

18th. Samuel Wallace from Muncy called to see us. He left the city yesterday, and confirms the accounts of the sickness and mortality to be quite equal to what we have heard—and that the principal nurses for the sick, and buriers of the dead, are the blacks, of whom it is said, very few or none have yet taken the disorder. After breakfast we set out and rode twenty-three miles to Joseph Potts's, where we lodged. Here we again heard much of the distressed situation of Philadelphia. Our friend John Elliott left John Parrish and myself here, proposing to ride into town this evening to his family.

19th. I have been these two days past, poorly with a cold, and very hoarse; but through favour, this morning, feel some better. John Parrish was taken in a carriage by a friend, proposing to go to Darby where he understands his wife was gone, intending to go by John Field's, who with many others are out of town. At the same time I set out with my friend Joseph Potts, and rode nine miles to Germantown. Called at Henry Drinker's, who with his family were here. From thence went with Henry to John Pemberton's, who was here also with his family. Having heard that Beverly Randolph was at his cousin Edmund Randolph's, the attorney general of the United States, about three miles from this, and being desirous to see him, towards evening, John Pemberton, Henry Drinker and myself went there in John's carriage. We were glad to see each other again, and after spending about an hour and a half together in free conversation, returned to Germantown, where I lodged at my friend John Johnson's.

20th. The weather dry and warm—thought to be rather unfavourable to the sick in the city, where deaths and burials are frequent through the day—Here I met with my friend Sarah Lundy, who is on her way to the Yearly Meeting, and a proposed visit to the Southern States. Also, again met with my dear friend, William Savery, who came in last evening, his wife being here, and having taken lodgings at Caspar Haines's. We were all together at their preparative meeting, where divers weighty testimonies, were delivered by Sarah Lundy and others; and solemn supplication by William Savery. Wm. Hartshorne returned home from New York well.

21st. This being the day for opening our select Yearly Meeting, it was exceedingly trying to many Friends, on account of the prevailing and mortal disorder raging in the city, where it is said from a hundred to a hundred and fifty of a day, have been taken to their graves. I was much exercised in mind on that account, being yet poorly with my cold, which I now apprehend to be what is commonly called the influenza;—however on the whole, I thought I felt most easy to go forward, and rode into Philadelphia, attended the meeting at Fourth street, which was a solid, favoured time, though very small. There were some Friends from every quarter, though many of the representatives were absent. I think from one meeting there was but one answered. The number on the women's side of the house, in the whole, twenty-four. I dined at Thomas Wistar's, and towards evening returned to Germantown, feeling myself very poorly with great debility. While in the city, I had occasion to pass by Friend's burial ground, the Potter's field, and several others. The prospect was awful and alarming, to behold the many new graves, and others digging, with the hearses standing, and some coming and going—most of which were attended by the black people, whom it said the disorder has not reached. This is a token of mercy, mixed with judgment, both to them and the whites they being the principal nurses and carriers of the dead. I am hardly able to describe my feelings on the present occasion, believing it to be all in wisdom, and hoping it may have a tendency to bring the lofty from their seats, and beget greater humility than has of latter time appeared in that highly favoured city.

22nd. First of the week. The weather much the same as many days past. I felt very weak and poorly; did not go out to meeting, but kept in my quarters, where I was very kindly and tenderly treated, wanting for nothing the house could afford to make me comfortable. John Johnson and his wife Rachel, appeared to be tender-hearted, sympathizing friends, blessed with a plenty of the good things of this

life, and an open disposition to communicate freely to those that are in need. May the Lord reward them, as good stewards of the manifold favours received.

23rd. This day our general Yearly Meeting begins, at ten o'clock in the morning. I much desired to be there; but remaining poorly, concluded to lay by another day for rest. I think I now feel the effects of hard riding through the wilderness, and lying on the damp ground; being stiffened, with soreness in my bones. John Elliott, I hear, has been poorly since his arrival in town. Neither he nor John Parrish was at meeting on seventh-day. Jacob Lindley, William Savery and myself were there, and glad to see each other again in that place; and many friends expressed their gladness at our safe return.

24th. The weather dry and warm, the roads very dusty. This morning felt better. Leaving my horse here, I rode into town with my friend John Johnson, in a chair—attended two sittings of our Yearly Meeting, which was much smaller than usual. Our friend Nicholas Waln, was again chosen clerk for the present year; and the business went on in much brotherly love and concord—a good degree of solemnity and weight attending. I lodged at Thomas Hough's.

25th. The weather much the same. I continue tolerable well in health; but weak and some cough. Attended the meeting as yesterday. Dined at N. Waln's, and lodged at John James's.

26th, and fifth of the week. The meeting assembled again at nine o'clock and the business concluded before twelve, in solemn quiet, and, I believe, to the satisfaction of all present. After which I dined with my friend David Bacon, and returned to Germantown with my kind friend John Johnson, who had also attended all the sittings of this Yearly Meeting. The sickness in town continues as heretofore. Divers friends in the city are paying constant attention to the sick—providing necessaries, nurses, coffins and carriers of the dead. At which I felt glad, and hope they will be rewarded for their labours in so great and charitable a work.

The following Essay appears to have been the commencement of a Testimony from Friends of Kingwood monthly meeting, concerning Joseph Moore.

"Our beloved friend, Joseph Moore, was born at Woodbridge in New Jersey, in the year 1732, of parents not professing with us; but as he advanced to manhood, a merciful extension of Divine regard so opened his understanding in the path of true religion, that he joined in com-

munion with Friends.—Soon after his marriage he came to settle within the limits of our meetings. He had not long resided with us before he received a gift in the ministry; in the exercise of which he appeared very much to our edification and comfort. He was well qualified for the discipline of the church, and diligently laboured therein for the promotion of peace and good order; nor were his pacific endeavours altogether confined to the religious society of which he was a member, but he was also usefully employed in promoting peace and harmony in his neighbourhood, where very few Friends resided.

He was of an affable disposition, greatly delighting in the company and conversation of his friends. His upright life and social engaging manners, together with his exemplary conduct, procured him an extensive acquaintance with people of all denominations, by whom also he was generally beloved.—His gospel labours in the work of the ministry were chiefly confined to this and the neighbouring meetings, until the year 1786, when he performed a religious visit, in company with his near and dear friend, Abraham Gibbons, to Friends, and those professing with us in Nova Scotia. In this journey they travelled in much harmony, and their gospel labours were to the satisfaction of the visited. In the following year accompanied by William Wilson, of Philadelphia, he proceeded a second time to Nova Scotia, with a donation from Friends, to be distributed amongst the poor in that country. This important trust and service he was enabled diligently to perform, to the satisfaction of Friends.

This our dear friend was a true sympathizer with the sick and afflicted, either in body or mind, among the different religious denominations; and frequent were the calls which he made to this class, when he not only administered assistance and relief to the maladies of the body, but also was an instrument of spiritual consolation to the tried and desponding mind."

In addition to the foregoing testimony it may be stated, that Joseph Moore was educated by his father for a mariner and he made one voyage to sea in the capacity of supercargo, at the age of sixteen. As he approached to manhood, it is probable those religious impressions, to which allusion is made, influenced him to decline a further prosecution of that design. On the 21st of the 2d month, 1751, when a little over nineteen years of age, he was married, and not long after, settled on a farm about three miles from Flemington, and nine from Kingwood meeting. As his children grew up around him, the difficulties of get-

ting them to meeting at such a distance, must have increased. It is probable this circumstance, in connection with his desire for the welfare and improvement of his neighbours, induced him, in 1772, to make application to the monthly meeting, requesting a meeting to be held at his house. The sympathetic and brotherly feeling of Friends at that day, induced them to grant his request, and a meeting was accordingly held there.

Some time previous to this, Joseph had acceptably appeared in the ministry, but he was not recommended as a minister until the year 1774. Not long after this period, Kingwood monthly meeting had the following named ministers belonging to it, who frequently travelled abroad in Truth's service; Joseph Moore, Sarah Lundy, Gabriel Willson and Henry Widdifield. It is said when Joseph Moore and Abraham Gibbons visited Nova Scotia, they travelled on foot; but no reasons are assigned for this mode of proceeding. In the year 1791, he met with a close trial in the decease of his wife.

The preceding account of his journey to attend the Indian treaty, is the only Journal of his life that we have seen. On his return from that arduous and deeply exercising travel, he attended the Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia, during the prevalence of the yellow fever. He then proceeded on his way toward home, as far as Solebury, in Bucks county. Here he rested a day or two at his son-in-law, Thomas Carey's and attended Buckingham meeting.—He was somewhat indisposed at the time, but proceeded to his own habitation, and thence to the week-day meeting at Kingwood. His indisposition continued; and though importuned to stay with his friends at Kingwood, he felt most easy to return home. The disorder, which was believed to be the yellow fever increased upon him, and in a few days terminated his course of probation. He was buried near his own dwelling house.

The following is a copy of a memorandum in the family register, said to have been written by Henry Cliffton: "Our dear father Joseph Moore, departed this life, after a short illness, on the 7th of 10th month 1793, and second of the week, in the sixty-second year of his age; expressing a few days before his departure, that if it was the Lord's will to remove him at this time he felt an entire resignation thereto."

OLIVER PAXSON'S LETTER

Referred to in Introductory note to Jacob Lindley's Journal in Friends' Miscellany, Vol. II, p. 50

[See p. 566 of the present vol. of Mich. Pioneer and Historical Collections]

TO JOHN SIMPSON, OHIO[1]

New Hope, 5th of 4th mo. 1811

Dear Friend,—

I have had a share of thy kind remembrance, with many other friends in the place of thy nativity, which I have no doubt has been gladly received by all the friends thou hast written to; and I thought I felt under some obligations to answer thee. But alas! what shall I say? When I think of writing a letter of social friendship, there is a subject that more or less for fifty years, hath exercised my mind, and greatly so of latter times:—that is, the situation of the native Indians, unto whom this great and populous country once belonged.

Thou hast often heard and read of the wars in New England and Virgina, in making conquests over them, and taking their lands. Not so, when William Penn came to Pennsylvania;—a man who had learned his Master's lesson, "to do unto all men as he would they should do unto him." This made his name honorable among the Indians, and it remains so to the present time. But, after some time, one of his successors, not keeping strictly to this rule, overreached them in a purchase, in an extraordinary (or shall I say *extravagant*) day's walk; and they revenged it many years afterward when an opportunity offered, by killing and taking into captivity many of the white inhabitants. Thou and I can remember these things. How our very ears were made to tingle!

Well, time passed on, till the revolutionary war began. The poor Indians hardly knew what part to take, fearing they should lose all their country in the quarrel between nations of white people; especially if it should turn in favor of the United States (as it finally did;) and some of the Seneca chiefs addressed General Washington near the close of the war, made their submission, and remained peaceably on their reservations in the state of New York.

What comes next to be considered, is the state of the country thou livest in. About this time, the white people near the Ohio river went over, and made settlements on their land. They complained of their land and game being taken from them, and found no redress. At length, they

[1]See appendix.

took up the hatchet, and skirmishing on both sides of the river ensued. The president by this time thought it his duty to endeavour to put a stop to it, and appointed commissioners to treat of peace and purchase their land. They met; divers Friends attending, viz. John Parrish, Joseph Moore, Jacob Lindley, and some others. The Indians appeared in a hostile, angry mood, and told the commissioners they would sell them no land;—but required them to remove the white people that were already settled over the river. The treaty broke up without doing anything, and hostilities continued: in consequence of which, the president ordered an armed force to defend the frontiers, and bring the Indians to terms;—Sinclair their general. About this time the meeting for sufferings was sitting, and a heavy exercise came over the meeting on this account, and a committee was appointed to wait on the president, to intreat him to stay the sword:—which they did in a solemn manner, but all in vain. The expedition was pursued,—Sinclair defeated, and many fell in battle. But it did not stop here. A greater force was raised, and a general appointed, more skillful in fighting the Indians, and effectually subdued them; and many of the rightful owners of the country fell down slain in battle, in defending their just rights:—terms of peace were offered, which they declared they were forced to accept, it being a price very inadequate to its value.

I do not mean by this to arraign the government. The United States is a warlike nation; and conquests made by the sword are commonly applied to the account of the conquerors. So that in this view of things it may be considered as an act of generosity in the government, to pay the Indians twenty thousand dollars for a country worth an hundred times that sum. But this won't do for *thee* nor *me,* who profess to be redeemed from the spirit of war, so as not even to buy a coat if we know it to be a prize article. Thou may remember the concern brought on our Yearly Meeting by a few families of Friends in Virgina, who were settled on land not fairly bought of the Indians, and a sum of money was finally raised by Friends in Philadelphia, as a compensation, which had a good effect among the tribes.

I must close this singular epistle, by just observing, that when thou wast concerned some years ago to publish the glad tidings of the gospel of peace and salvation to the inhabitants of Ohio, my heart went with thee. And had that been thy sole concern when thou went last, I could again have said, Amen. But when I took a view of thy wife and children going with thee to settle in the country, to buy and sell, and get gain, I was not able to go thy pace. My heart is, nevertheless, filled with tender affection and sympathy for thee, thy dear wife, and her children; and I am pursuaded thou hast not seen the thing in the

light I view it, or thou would hardly have taken so much pains to induce Friends to settle, in such numbers, in a land obtained in the manner I have mentioned. Naboth must die, because he refused to sell his inheritance to Ahab; though Ahab offered to give him the *worth* of it in money, or give him a better for it; yet he would not sell it. Mark the sequel. If the province of Pennsylvania must be visited with the horrors of an Indian war,—many of its inhabitants slain, and many carried into captivity—for *one man's offence* in over-reaching the Indians in the purchase of land from them;—what may we then expect in the instance before us? The Indians did refuse to sell their inheritance, till many of them were slain and they were compelled to it. And would it be a strange thing, if an opportunity should offer for the Indians to revenge their wrongs—if the earth that hath opened its mouth to receive the blood of the rightful owners of the soil, should again open its mouth to receive the blood of the white inhabitants? Which judgment may be averted by acts of righteousness, is the sincere desire of my soul. From thy friend,

OLIVER PAXSON.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Vol. XVII, Second Edition.—M. Agnes Burton.

The numbers in the margin indicate the pages to which the notes refer.

Pages.

4. Sherwood & Co.—John M. Sherwood and several others on Jan. 20, 1823 consolidated four stage lines in Western New York, forming a company which ran through Canandaigua to Buffalo. The fare from Canandaigua to Buffalo (90 miles) was $2. The Auburn and Rochester railroad was begun in 1836 and finished in September 1840.

8. Zephaniah Webster Bunce was born at Hartford, Conn., Nov. 14, 1787. He came to Detroit, May 15, 1817 and after a short stay went in the fall of the same year to Port Huron. In 1822 he was granted a license to conduct a tavern. In the same year he was appointed Chief Justice of the County Court, holding the same office in 1824. He was Associate Judge at Mt. Clemens and afterwards Judge of Probate of St. Clair Co. In 1826 he built the first wagon road from Detroit to Fort Gratiot. He married Louisa Ann Duryea of New York in 1827 and they had three children. He died at Marysville, Oct. 8, 1889, aged 101 years.
See *History of St. Clair Co.*, 1883, p. 561 and *Michigan Biographies.*

9. Major Wyllis C. Ransom, Major of Sixth Kansas Cavalry. Commanding Detachment. See *Civil War Records.*

9. Mrs. May Stocking Knaggs, wife of John Wesley Knaggs, grandson of James Knaggs. See *Knaggs Family of Ohio and Michigan.*

11. Gen. William Humphrey was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., June 12, 1828. He came to Michigan with his parents in 1838. Went to Adrian in 1857 and entered mercantile business. In 1861 he enlisted as Captain of the Second Michigan Infantry. In 1863 he was commissioned Colonel and in 1864 was breveted Brigadier General. After retiring from the army he returned to Michigan and purchased the Daily and Weekly Watchtower of Adrian, issuing it under the title of Daily Times. He continued as one of its editors until he was elected Auditor General of Michigan in 1866. This office he held several terms and in 1875 was appointed warden of Michigan State Prison at Jackson, which position he held for eight years. In 1890 he was appointed postmaster at Adrian and held that office four years. He died at his home in Adrian, Jan. 12, 1898. He married Mary E. Sinclair, Oct. 9, 1867 and has one child, Kate, born Dec. 31, 1872. His wife was killed by the Detroit fast express, June 14, 1901.
See *Illustrated History and Biographical Record of Lenawee Co., Mich.* by Knapp and Bonner. Adrian 1903. Page 376-'8.

13. Dewitt Clinton Walker was born at Clarendon, Vt., in 1812. He graduated from Middlebury College, 1834, and after studying in the Yale Law School was admitted to the Bar in 1836. He removed to Romeo, Mich., where he practiced his profession 20 years. He was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1840, 1844 and 1846 and State Senator in 1841 and 1842. March 8, 1843 he was appointed Regent of the University of Michigan. He was delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1850. He died August 17, 1904. See *History of the University of Michigan* by Profs. Hinsdale and Demmon, p. 178.

18. Prof. Joseph Estabrook was elected Regent of the University of Michigan, Jan. 1, 1870, his term expiring Dec. 31, 1877. He was appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction to fill a vacancy April 15, 1885 and later elected, holding the office from 1887-1890.

18. Jacob Den Herder of Zeeland village, Ottawa Co., Mich., was born in the province of Zeeland, Netherlands. He came to America with his parents in 1847, when he was 13 years of age. They made their way into the state until they reached the township of Zeeland and were the first to build upon it. When Jacob was 18 years old he began teaching school at Vriesland, Mich. In 1856 he married Adriana Klasen who came from the same province. In 1862 he gave up teaching and started a general country store in the same town. He moved to Zeeland and went into the gristmill business and later opened a banking office. He occupied the office of Township Clerk for many years and the office of Supervisor for three years. In 1876 he was chosen Presidential Elector for the Fifth District of Michigan on the Republican ticket. After the election his citizenship was called into question. It was examined and his naturalization papers found in order. See *History of Ottawa Co., Mich.*, 1882, p. 94.

22. Judge Chauncey Joslin was born at Troopsville, Cayuga Co., N. Y., June 28, 1813. When 10 years of age he moved to Nunda. At 17 he began teaching and in 1836 entered the law office of David Bagley of Nunda to study law. In 1837 he came to Ypsilanti, Mich., and continued his law studies, being admitted to the bar May, 1839. In 1843 he was elected Supervisor of Ypsilanti and in the fall of the same year State Legislator. In 1846 he was elected Justice of Peace; in 1852 Judge of Probate of Washtenaw Co.; in 1858 first Mayor of Ypsilanti. He was a member of the school board 20 years, resigning in 1870. He married Mrs. Eveline A. Lane, widow of Marcus Lane, by whom he had three children. His second wife was Sarah M. Silsby. They had three children. See *History of Washtenaw Co., Mich.*, 1881, p. 1212.

22. David Depue was born at Romulus, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1808. He came to Michigan with his mother, brother and sisters in 1835 and located in Pittsfield township. His early education was very limited but later he acquired one of the largest private libraries in Washtenaw Co., as well as a rare collection of Indian relics, among them a pipe of Tecumseh. See *Washtenaw Co., Mich.*, 1881; for portrait, p. 1005; for biog. p. 1263.

38. (1) To All To Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:
Whereas, The Congress of the United States in March, 1827, passed a Law, appropriating the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of opening and making a road from Detroit to Chicago and did in the month of May, 1828, appropriate the farther June eight thousand dollars for the same: And the President of the United States has confined the superintendence of the execution of the same, to the Secretary of War: And Whereas, the Secretary of War, aware that the land lying in the route that may be selected for the road, will be greatly enhanced in value by the passage of the Road through or near them; and conceiving that the owners of such lands, as an equivalent for that advantage, should relinquish such portions thereof as may be required for the Road, without making any charge upon the United States for the same, unless in making the Road, any buildings upon the lands should be destroyed, and them only, for such sum, as upon a fair valuation, to be estimated by disinterested persons, may be determined to be their actual value; and should moreover, permit stone, gravel, clay, and such other materials as may be required for the construction of the Road, and to which otherwise no value would be attached, to be used for that purpose, free of expense, is desirous of ascertaining, if the owners of lands lying in the several routes which have been contemplated, or may be examined for the location of the Road, will consent to make the relinquishment, and grant the permission adverted to, before the route for the Road is determined on, as the advantages of two, or more, of the routes, being otherwise equal, the preference would be given to that, to which these additional advantages may be accorded to the greatest extent: Now, Therefore, We the subscribers, having been notified that our lands are supposed to be situated in the routes contemplated for the Road referred to and being called upon to state, whether or not, we will give the consent, above stated, do hereby, bind Ourselves, our Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, to make the relinquishment, and grant the permission

above required, to the fullest extent that may be required for the purpose before mentioned.

In Testimony Whereof, We have hereunto set our Hands, and affixed our Seals.

Detroit, June 24, 1828.

Joel Thomas
Lew Cass
D. P. Jones
A. S. Porter
Augt. Barthlet

Major Baker's assent to opening this road through his farm is in my possession, but I cannot now lay my hand upon it.

L. Cass

Gillbert
Bougnau
James W. Knagg
Chas. Larned
G. Godfroy
Peter Godfroy
Jno. R. Williams
*Green Bay Michigan Territory,

*This paper was found attached to the corner of the above.

May 9th, 1820.

I do hereby agree to permit the Chicago road to pass through my farm, upon the Detroit river, free of expense provided that the owners of the farms between mine and the Town of Detroit, shall grant the same permission. And provided that the width of the said road shall not exceed eighty feet.

D. Baker

Burton Library, Vol. 101, p. 54.

50. Marshall House was built in 1838, a "most elaborate and elegant establishment" and cost $30,000. It was the finest hotel in the Northwest and became the resort of many noted people. W. L. Merrifield was the first landlord. *History Calhoun Co.* 1877.

56. In May, 1848, gold was accidentally discovered by James Wilson Marshall who was building a sawmill near Sacramento, Cal. It was kept a secret for a few months, but gradually leaked out and spread in all directions during the following month. Early in 1849, people began to flock to California from all parts of the world. It was estimated that in the first two years 1848, 1849, gold to the value of about $40,000,000 was collected.

57. "Merrill's Horse" was a body of cavalry in command of Gen. Lewis Merrill —from whom it took its name. It was recognized as a Missouri regiment but three companies H, I, and L were raised in Michigan and retained their distinctive character as Michigan troops throughout the war. See *History of Allegan and Barry Cos.* 1880.

57. National (Greenback) party.—This was a political party founded at a convention at Indianapolis, Nov. 25, 1874 and adopting for its platform these three resolutions: 1. That the currency of all National and State Banks and Corporations should be withdrawn. 2. That the only currency should be a paper one, issued by the government "based on the faith and resources of the nation," exchangeable on demand for bonds bearing interest at 3.65%. 3. That coin should only be paid for interest on the present National debt, and for that portion of the principal for which coin has been specifically promised. In 1876, they nominated Peter Cooper of New York for President. In 1878, the Labor reform party joined the Greenbackers. In 1880 they nominated James B. Weaver for President and in 1884 they were united with the Anti-monopolists in nominating Benj. F. Butler of Massachusetts, for President. After that the party was gradually absorbed by others, principally the People's Party.

76. R. P. Toms was born in Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., on Oct. 20, 1820. In 1831 the family moved to Michigan locating at Troy, Oakland Co. From early boyhood he showed a fondness for law and came to Detroit in 1847, for the purpose of studying it. He became a clerk in the office of Howard and Cargill and later went into partnership with each in turn.

He married Sarah Caroline Hudderstone of Saratoga, N. Y., but no children blessed the union. He died March 10, 1884, in Detroit. From *Winder's Memoirs* published in the *Detroit Sunday News* and *Detroit Sunday News Tribune* 1893-'94. See also *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.* Vol. VII, p. 620.

88. At this early date there were no free schools and many were thus unable to receive any kind of an education. In 1818 a Sunday or Sabbath school was started in Detroit in order to, in a measure, overcome this difficulty. It was modeled after Sunday Schools in the east for the purpose of instructing the children and others "in the art of reading, free of expense, and to stimulate them to exertion in acquiring the rudiments of knowledge." Spelling was also taught and portions of the scriptures were learned. Everyone joined in promoting the school, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Lemuel Shattuck, who later returned to New England and became one of the founders of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in 1844, was chosen Superintendent and conducted the school with success. As the territory grew in population, similar Schools were started. Methodism was the first of the Protestant religions to spread over the state and in consequence established the first Sunday Schools. See *Protestantism in Michigan* by Pilcher, also Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan*, Vol. I.

90. William Morgan was born in Culpepper Co., Va., about 1776. He served under Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans. In 1821 he moved to York, (Toronto) Canada, where he became a brewer. Later he moved to Batavia, N. Y. In August, 1826, it was reported that he was about to publish a book exposing the secrets of Freemasons. The rumor caused great excitement and he was imprisoned. It is said that he was taken blindfolded in a carriage to the Niagara frontier and from there no trace of him has ever been found. Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

99. On the 14th of June, 1819, an act was passed by the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, providing for the organization of "The Medical Society of the Territory of Michigan." This law continued in form until the organization of the state government and with few alterations the society was recognized with all its former privileges as "the Medical Society of the State of Michigan." It was almost entirely local in its operations, most of the doctors living in Detroit. In the spring of 1844 the law was repealed and the society appears to have died out. In the revised statutes of 1846 the old society was revived and the various county societies met in a convention at Jackson, Jan. 3, 1849. The result of this meeting was the organization of the Michigan Medical Association which existed up to 1851. In 1853 the society again revived only to die out with the breaking out of the war. In 1866 a fresh enthusiasm burst forth and on June 5th the Michigan Medical Society was again launched forth. It has steadily increased in its influence and power until today it numbers over 2,000 members. See *Journal of Proceedings of the Michigan Medical Association* 1849-50; *Transactions of the State Medical Society of Michigan;* also, The *Michigan Medical Society* by Dr. Leartus Conner, 1902.

99. The State Reform School was established at Lansing, Mich., at the recommendation of Governor Andrew Parsons in 1855 and was opened for the reception of inmates Sept. 2. 1856. It was then called the House of Correction for Juvenile Offenders. In 1859 the name was changed to State Reform School. With the gradual change in the character of the institution from prison to home and school for boys, it was necessary to again change its name. In Feb. 24, 1893 by an act of Legislature it became known as the "Industrial School for Boys." See *State Reform School Superintendent's Report* 1892. *Public Acts* 1893, No. 9.

107. St. Mary's Hospital was founded in 1845 at the suggestion of Bishop P. P. Lefevre and the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, as a retreat for those who could not pay for medical care. It was promoted without any funds or prospect of support except public charity. The first hospital was in a portion of the Sisters' residence, corner of Randolph and Larned Streets. On June 9, 1845, the first patient was admitted. For nearly six years the hospital occupied this building and was known as St. Vincent's

Hospital. Sisters of Charity became nurses and Dr. Lemcke superintended the medical and surgical department until 1849. In the fall of 1850 a new hospital was finished on Clinton Street near St. Antoine and on Nov. 6th the patients and medical assistants moved into the new building. It now assumed the name St. Mary's Hospital at the request of one of its benefactors, Mrs. Antoine Beaubien. In 1879 their present building was erected, facing St. Antoine St. See Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan* Vol. I; also, *Peninsula Journal of Medicine* ed. by Dr. Zina Pitcher, December 1857.

111. Edward D. Hogan an experienced aeronaut of Jackson, Michigan, was one of the earliest aerial navigation enthusiasts. On July 16th, 1889, he undertook an experimental trip in an air ship the invention of Prof. Peter C. Campbell of Philadelphia. The airship was an egg shaped balloon with a car hanging from it. Into the balloon 1,500 feet of gas had been forced. It was estimated that the balloon would carry 700 lbs. The airship was propelled by an electric motor. The ascent was made from the Nassau Gas Co's. works in Brooklyn, N. Y. It seemed to have been successful but nothing was ever again heard of Hogan. The balloon was sighted on the ocean southeast of Sandy Hook just before it collapsed. Hogan was 46 years of age and had made over 400 successful balloon ascensions. His brother John Hogan met with his death in a balloon ascension at the Detroit Exposition, Aug. 29, 1891. See *Detroit Free Press.*

129. William Boudeman was born in Pennsylvania in 1808. The family originally came from Switzerland. In 1850, Mr. Boudeman with his wife and young son, Dallas, journeyed to Flowerfield, St. Joseph county, Michigan, settling on a farm. The son having finished his college course entered the office of Severens and Burrows to study law. About 1880 the father and mother left the farm, moved to Kalamazoo, where the father died, May 31, 1890, aged 82 years.

130. Thaddeus Fairbanks invented the Fairbanks platform scales and received his patent June 21, 1831. He with his brother Erastus, manufactured, while a brother Joseph P. took charge of introducing the scales into general use. See *Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

130. Galesburg is a village on the Kalamazoo River and the M. C. R. R. It was first settled in 1829, and its postoffice established in 1834. It was incorporated as a village in 1861. It is not mentioned in the Gazetteer of 1840.

130. Comstock, a village in Kalamazoo Co., is situated on the Kalamazoo River and the M. C. R. R. It was settled in 1829. It is mentioned in the Gazetteer of Michigan 1838, as a village with "a flouring mill, 2 saw mills, a store, a physician and 2 lawyers. It is situated on the State road from Detroit to St. Joseph. The Allegan and Marshall rail-road is to pass through it."

130. Gull Prairie is a body of prairie land in the north part of Kalamazoo Co., one mile from Gull Lake.

130. Yorkville is a village in Kalamazoo Co., on Gull River. It was settled in 1831.

141. Singapore, the deserted village, was situated in the northwestern corner of Saugatuck township. In 1837, Oshea Wilder and sons of New York, purchased tracts of land in the township and proceeded to lay out the village. They built a sawmill and tenements for mill hands and Singapore started up in a flourishing little village. In 1839 a bank was started on account of the growing business interests. Being of the "Wild Cat" order it soon came to grief as also the stockholders. The town struggled on until 1875 when it was entirely abandoned except for a few fishermen who lived there temporarily during the fishing season. See *History of Allegan and Barry Cos.* 1880 p. 330.

158. Judge Bagley. See *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.* Vol. V, p. 191.

158. Yankee Boarding House was a house built in 1828 by John Garrison on the east side of Bates Street between Jefferson Avenue and Larned Street. The second owner was Mr. Wattles. In 1831, Mr. Sherwood kept the house and in 1833, Mr. Williams followed him. Mr. Petty succeeded him and changed the name to the New York and City Hotel. The house was

closed from 1838-1840. J. C. Walker then purchased it of John Largy and named it the Franklin House. In 1846 the name was changed to Franklin Coldwater House. In 1854 a new hotel called Franklin House was built on the southeast corner of Bates and Larned Sts. and Mr. Warner took charge of that. It is still running (1910). *Farmer's History of Detroit and Mich. Pion. and His. Colls.* Vol. I.

158. The "Henry Clay" was built at Black Rock, N. Y., in 1825, being 348 tonnage. She made her first trip to Detroit, May 8, 1826, under Capt. Walter Norton and was very enthusiastically received. She was rigged for sailing if it became necessary and was considered one of the fastest steamers on the lakes, making the trip from Buffalo to Detroit in less than forty-eight hours. She and the Superior, a steamboat built at Buffalo in 1822, formed the "Union Line" and ran between Detroit and Buffalo during the summer of 1826 in opposition to the Enterprise under Capt. Johnson. In 1827 she met with an accident—"the breaking of her air pump beam. An express was immediately dispatched to New York for another beam and it is expected that the boat will not be detained from her regular trips more than twelve or fourteen days." In June of the same year the Henry Clay went on an excursion of pleasure to Green Bay, carrying Gov. Cass and Col. McKenney on their expedition to make a treaty with the Winnebagoes. In 1830 a company of Detroiters celebrated the 4th of July on the steamer. In 1832 she was used as a transport for soldiers during the Black Hawk War and it was supposed that on one of these trips Asiatic Cholera was brought into the lake region. She was allowed to go into decay and was finally broken up. See Farmer's *History of Detroit; History of St. Clair Co.;* Disturnell's *Western Traveller* 1844, p. 82.

162. The "Eveline Bates," tonnage 233, was built in 1858 and was owned by Neal Gallagher.

162. "Four Brothers," tonnage 198 was built in 1873 and owned by H. Mickelson.

163. The Ontario Female Seminary, a pioneer in the higher education for women, was founded in 1825 at Canandaigua, N. Y., and was open to students until 1875.

165. The site of the Bancroft House was originally occupied by the American Fur Company who built there as early as 1849, a house for the use of one of its agents Capt. Leon Suay. In 1851 the building was used as a private school. Between the years 1854-1865 Saginaw was visited by three great fires which destroyed much of the city. During 1859 brick buildings were erected and among them the Bancroft House. It was opened to guests Sept. 7, 1859. See *Saginaw Co. History*, 1881.

178. Theodore P. Sheldon & Co., were private bankers in Kalamazoo. Mr. Sheldon opened a banking house in 1844 and continued in business alone until 1850 when he took a partner. In 1871 he opened a private bank in East Saginaw. It carried on business until 1873. See *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.* Vol. XXVI, p. 130; also *Banks and Banking in Michigan* by Hinchman 1887.

179. The Daily Commercial Bulletin ran only a short time and was revived in 1851 as the Detroit Commercial Bulletin with George W. Patteson as editor. It was burned out April 16, 1852 and was not again revived.

179. The first use of telegraph in Detroit was November 29th, 1847. It was called the Speed Line and the office was in the rear of the second story of a building owned by Mr. Newberry, the north east corner of Jefferson Ave. and Cass Street. Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan.*

181. The first association of salt manufacturers was formed Feb. 15, 1859 under the title "East Saginaw Salt Manufacturing Co.," George W. Merrill being one of the original stockholders and an officer of the association. Mr. Merrill was sent to New York to enquire into the workings and machinery of salt factories. On his return the first well was bored and during the year 1860, 4,000 barrels of salt were manufactured; in 1861, 125,000 barrels. E. J. Ring came to Saginaw in 1865. See *History of Saginaw Co.*, 1881.

193. Watrousville, Tuscola Co., was a post office in 1860 and in 1863 had a population of 200 people, a Methodist and a Christian church, four stores, two hotels, a flourmill and a sawmill.

194. Chagrin Falls, Ohio undoubtedly derived its name from an old Indian word "Shaguin" which is to be found on the map before the Revolution. "Shaguin" is supposed to mean "clear" but this is not so certain. See *History of Cuyahoga Co. Ohio*, 1879, p. 425.

196. W. W. Wines was born in Connecticut, Nov. 20, 1816 and came to Washtenaw Co. June, 1837.

197. Philo Parsons was born in Enfield township, Hartford Co., Conn., in 1807, son of Roswell Parsons. He received his education in Enfield and moved with his father to Utica, N. Y., in 1824. In 1825 he came to Washtenaw Co. and settled in Pittsfield. In 1833 he married Sarah A. Baldwin. He died in Ypsilanti township.

198. Erie Canal was open for navigation Oct. 26, 1825. The first boat, with Gov. Clinton on board entered the canal at Buffalo at ten o'clock on that day. It travelled the whole length from Buffalo to the Hudson and then proceeded to Sandy Hook. The event was celebrated throughout the state by extraordinary civic and military ceremonies, especially at New York City which the boat reached Nov. 4. See *Gazetteer of New York*, 1860.

198. "William Penn" was built at Erie Pa., 1826 and was 275 tonnage. She was chartered by the Government to carry soldiers and provisions to Chicago during the Black Hawk War.

203. Woodruff's Grove took its name from Major Benjamin J. Woodruff who arrived in Washtenaw Co. from Ohio in April 1823 and entered claim to this piece of land. He built a house and moved his family into it July 6, 1823. Early in 1824 other families joined him, thus starting the first village in Washtenaw county. In 1825 when the road from Detroit to Chicago was surveyed it did not pass by Woodruff's Grove, thus killing the village and Woodruff moved to Ypsilanti. He kept the first hotel and ran the first gristmill at the Grove. See *History of Washtenaw Co.*

203. The first settlers in Ann Arbor township were Orrin White, his wife Ann and their children. They moved into their home July 4th, 1824. James Allen and family and Elisha W. Rumsey and wife arrived in October and settled on the land where Ann Arbor village now stands. See *History of Washtenaw Co.*

204. Margaret F. Elliott was the daughter of Robert Thomas Elliott who founded Mt. Elliott Cemetery, not the wife.

207. Samuel Zug was born on the Susquehanna river in Cumberland Co., Pa., opposite Harrisburg, March 15, 1816. His ancestors were from the Palatinate of the Rhine and emigrated to America in 1727. Samuel was educated and remained in Carlisle, Pa., until 1836, when he determined to seek his fortune in the West. He landed in Detroit, October 15 that year. He was engaged as bookkeeper for a time and in 1843 formed a partnership with Marcus Stevens and became a furniture dealer. In 1861 he was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs, in 1873 was one of the Auditors of Wayne county. In 1843 he married Anne Stead, daughter of Benjamin Stead. They had one son, Robert M. Zug of Detroit and one daughter, Mrs. Nichols of Indianapolis. See *Wayne County Chronography and Pioneer Biography.*

208. Anne Christine Dequindre was born Sept. 27th, 1819, daughter of Louis Dequindre and Marie Rose Denoyers. See *Ste. Anne Church Records.* C. M. Burton Library.

209. Digby V. Bell was born in Pennsylvania, Sept. 13, 1830 and came to Michigan when a child. When his father Judge Bell was appointed Auditor General, Digby V. took a clerkship at Lansing. He held a position in the customs office at Detroit until 1862, when he joined the famous "Iron Brigade" and served as Quartermaster. On his return after the war he again entered the customs, becoming the head of the department under Grant's administration. *Detroit Free Press.*

209. Frederick Buhl was born in Butler Co., Pa., Nov. 27, 1806. He came to Detroit in 1833 and entered into partnership with his brother C. H. Buhl in the fur and hat business. His brother retired in 1853 and he carried on the business very successfully until 1887 when he sold it to his son Walter Buhl. He was mayor of the city in 1848 and was connected with various business enterprises in the city. See *Detroit Free Press.*

226. Richard F. Cadle was missionary pastor for the protestant people of Detroit in 1824. On June 30, 1825 a charter was granted St. Paul's church and the Rev. Mr. Cadle became its first rector. He was sent May 18, 1829 by the Board of Domestic Missions to Green Bay, thus ending his pastorate in Detroit. See *Annals of St. Paul's Church.*

227. The Rev. Addison Searle came from Buffalo in 1834 and served in the pulpit of St. Paul's until 1836, when he was followed by Bishop McCoskry. See *Annals of St. Paul's Church.*

227. Henry Monroe Campbell came to Detroit from New York in 1826 and became senior warden of St. Paul's Church in 1827, holding that office until 1842. See *Annals of St. Paul's Church.*

227. Rev. Richard Bury preceded Mr. Searle, being rector of St. Paul's immediately following Mr. Cadle in 1830 and occupying the pulpit until 1834. See *Annals of St. Paul's Church.*

228. Billings O. Plympton, Rev., and Elias Pattie, Rev., were appointed on the circuit in 1823. Mr. Plympton was transferred in 1824 and Mr. Pattee remained until 1838.

228. John A. Baughman, Rev., was appointed on the circuit in 1825. He died in 1868.

228. Solomon Minear, Rev., was appointed on the circuit in 1825 and was transferred in 1826.

233. Thomas Flynn came to Royal Oak in March, 1822.

233. Deacon Calvin Marvin was a native of Connecticut and came to Troy, Oakland county in 1824.

233. Isaac W. Ruggles organized the First Congregational church of Pontiac in 1831 and served as its pastor until 1833. He died in 1857.

234. Deacon Ramah Cole was one of the seventeen who organized the Baptist church of Troy Village in 1825.

240. Warren B. Shepard went first to Emmett township and later to Battle Creek where he became the first school teacher in 1834. *History of Calhoun County.*

241. Isaac E. Crary was born Oct. 2, 1804, at Preston, Conn., and came to Marshall in 1833. In 1835 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was a member of the State legislature in 1842 and 1846, and superintendent of Public Instruction in the state. He died May 8, 1854.

270. Lucretia Mott, wife of James Mott, the reformer, was born in 1793 and died 1880. She adhered to the Hicksite branch of Quakers. In 1840 she was sent to London as a delegate of the American Anti-Slavery Society to a world's convention, but when she arrived she was not allowed to attend the meetings. The action of excluding women excited such indignation that it led to the establishment of woman's rights journals in England and France. In 1848 she was chosen one of the four women sent to the convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y. She took up the legal and political status of women and lectured in many of the northern states in behalf of the colored race. See Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

270. Lucy Stone, born in 1818, was one of the first leaders of woman's rights. She graduated from Oberlin College in 1847 and gave her first woman's rights lecture that year. She took up the anti-slavery cause in 1848 and became an enthusiastic worker. In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell, a merchant of Cincinnati and an Abolitionist, retaining by his consent her own name. She died in 1893. See Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

299. Kentucky was admitted into the Union as a State, June 1, 1792.
Vermont, March 4, 1791.
Tennessee, June 1, 1796.
Ohio, May 7, 1800.
Louisiana, April 8, 1812.
Indiana, Dec. 11, 1816.
Mississippi, Dec. 10, 1817.
Illinois, Dec. 3, 1818.
Alabama, Dec. 14, 1819.
Maine, March 3, 1820.

Missouri, March 2, 1821.
Florida, March 3, 1845.

303. Edmund François Valentine About, 1828-1885—a French novelist and dramatist. Just before his death he was elected a member of the Academy.

305. The first legislative council was held in Detroit, June 7, 1824 at the Council house. Six counties were represented; Michilimackinac represented by William H. Puthuff; St. Clair by Zephaniah W. Bunce; Macomb by John Stockton; Oakland by Stephen Mack and Roger Sprague; Wayne by Abraham Edwards and Monroe by Hubert Lacroix and Wolcott Lawrence. Robert Irwin, Jr., who was chosen to represent Green Bay was late and did not arrive until June 10th. See *Journal of the Legislative Council of Michigan*, 1824-'9.

305. Feb. 25, 1825, Congress authorized the governor and legislative council of Michigan Territory to divide the territory into townships, but it was not until 1827 that the governor of Michigan signed the act.

310. The inscription "Lector, si monumentum requiris circumspice" is on Sir Christopher Wren's tombstone and over the north door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

312. Arthur St. Clair was the only governor of the Northwest territory holding that office from 1787 to 1800. In 1796 Winthrop Sargent was acting governor. From 1801-1805 William Henry Harrison was governor of Indiana Territory (which was divided in 1805 into Michigan and Indiana Territories). See *Wayne County Chronography and Pioneer Biography.* 1890.

313. See the *Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of Gen. William Hull prepared from his manuscripts* by his daughter Mrs. Maria Campbell, *together with the Campaign of* 1812 *and surrender of Detroit* by his grandson James F. Clark, New York 1848.

315. Elizabeth Williams was a daughter of Thomas Williams and his wife Cecile Campau, and a sister of Gen. John R. Williams. She was born at Detroit, Aug. 2, 1786. About 1804 she together with Elizabeth Lyons, Monique Labadie and Angelique Campau, all daughters of prominent families, established a school under the auspices of Father Gabriel Richard. Miss Williams and Miss Lyons devoted their entire lives to teaching. Miss Labadie and Miss Campau married shortly after founding the school. C. M. B.

320. By the Treaty of Washington, signed March 28, 1836, all the lands north of the Grand River came into the hands of the United States. See Peter's edition of *Treaties of the United States*, Vol. VII, p. 491. Also *History of Kent Co., Mich.*, 1881, p. 164.

320. Feb. 1, 1838 the legislature of Michigan passed a law directing the State Geologist of Michigan, Douglas Houghton, to bore for salt. An appropriation of $3,000 was made. July 8, 1838 work was begun on the banks of the Grand River, Sec. 3, township 6 n., range 12 west. *History of Kent County.*

326. Madam La Framboise was commissioned by the American Fur Company to locate a post and establish trade with the Indians near the rapids of the Grand River. Before the close of the Revolution she had her hut completed and began trade which she carried on very successfully until she gave her place to Rix Robinson. She was the first white person to make a home in the valley of the Grand River. See *History of Kent County* 1881, p. 183-4.

329. Yankee Springs township lies on the western border of Barry county. In 1835 some early New England travelers stopped for luncheon at this place on account of the springs. Before leaving one of them carved the name Yankee Springs near by on a large oak and from that the place received its name. See *History of Allegan and Barry Counties*, 1880, p. 33, also Vol. XXX, p. 289 this series.

332. John Harris Forster. See *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.*, Vol. XXI, p. 283 and frontispiece, also Vol. XXVI, p. 327-'28.

336. Reverend Pitzel must be the Rev. John H. Pitezel (or Petezell) who entered the Missionary field in 1836. In August 1849 he made a report from the Sault Ste. Marie of the Indian school conditions of the missions

at the Sault and Kewawenon. See *H. of R.* 31st *Congress* 1st *Ses. Ex. Doc. No.* 5, p. 1155, also *History of Protestantism in Michigan* by Pilcher, p. 451.

342. The Catholics located a mission among the Chippawa Indians at the south west end of Keeweenaw Bay and the Rev. Frederick Baraga was placed in charge. In the report to the Indian Agent in 1849, the school contained thirty pure blooded Indians studying spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. The Methodist mission under the Rev. J. H. Pitezel was on the opposite side of the bay. See *H. of R.* 31*st Congress* 1*st Session Ex. Doc.* No. 5, p. 1149.

358. William A. Fletcher came to Detroit in 1821 and in 1823 was appointed chief justice of the county court of Wayne. In 1833 he removed to Ann Arbor, having been appointed judge of the judicial circuit including all the counties except Wayne. He was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court. He died in Ann Arbor, August 1853. See *Michigan Biographies.*

360. The Michigan Central R. R. was first known as the Detroit and St. Joseph R. R. and was incorporated June 29, 1832. The name was changed to Michigan Central R. R. in 1837. The Michigan Southern originated in the Erie and Kalamazoo R. R. which was chartered in April 1833. By an act of March 20, 1837 the Michigan Southern R. R. came into existence. See Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan.*

364. The Gratiot turnpike was surveyed and marked by Henry Parke in June 1827. Conrad Ten Eyck, Amos Mead and Henry Parke were the original Commissioners. The road was cut through in 1828.

367. The eighteenth circuit, in 1871, consisted of Bay, Iosco, Alcona and Alpena Cos. In 1877 it consisted of Alcona, Alpena, Bay, Iosco and Presque Isle counties. In 1887 it was composed of Arenac and Bay counties. *Mich. Manual.*

392. The light-house at St. Joseph was built in 1831 and stood twenty-eight years.

392. The University of Michigan, first established in Detroit was moved to Ann Arbor, Mich. by an act of Mar. 20, 1837. The Detroit building was put into the hands of the board of regents with a request that a branch of the University be placed in it. Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan.*

399. Le Ray was named from James Donatien Le Ray de Chaumont, who in 1800 purchased 30,000 acres in the Chassauis Purchase. His father was an ardent admirer of Americans and Franklin spent much of his time at their home while in Paris. In 1785 James came to America, became naturalized and in time made his home here. He returned to Paris on business in 1790 taking with him his American wife. He died Dec. 31, 1840. See *Jefferson County, N. Y.*, 1878, p. 432.

420. Wayne Co. was first established by a proclamation of Aug. 15, 1796 by Winthrop Sargent, acting governor. It embraced all of modern Michigan, upper and lower peninsula, part of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. By various acts it was reduced in size, but not until Nov. 20, 1826 was it laid out in its present shape and size. See Farmer's *History of Detroit and Michigan*, p. 118

420. Gunter's chain is twenty-two yards long and divided into 100 links—ten square chains make an acre. Its name is derived from an invention of Edmund Gunter (1581-1626) who was professor of astronomy in Gresham College, London. He made several useful inventions, many of which bear his name.

420. In order to avoid confusion River "Huron" which emptied into St. Clair Lake was changed July 17, 1824 to the River Clinton.

422. The system of land survey was originally devised for the Northwest Territory. The principal meridian line was first run due north and south from the mouth of some noted river. In the Northwest Territory the first meridian was run from the mouth of the Miami River. The second was run from the mouth of the Little Blue River in Indiana—the third, from the mouth of the Ohio, the fourth from the mouth of the Illinois and the fifth from the mouth of the Arkansas. The principal meridian of the Peninsula was from the mouth of the Auglaise. The principal base line was run on a parallel of latitude. All the surveys were reckoned

east and west of the meridian and north and south of the base line. The surveyed districts were divided off into townships about six miles square and each township was divided into thirty-six sections. See *Michigan State Gazetteer*, 1839, p. 65.

422. Edward Tiffin was born in Carlisle, England, June 19, 1766 and died in Chillicothe, Ohio, Aug. 9, 1829. He came to Ohio as a preacher and doctor in 1796. In 1799 he was elected to the legislature of the Northwest Territory and in 1802 president of the convention that formed the Constitution of Ohio. In 1812, on the creation by Congress of a Commissioner of the general land office he was appointed by President Madison to fill the office. He removed to Washington and organized the system that has continued in the land office till the present. See Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

422. Samuel Williams was born in Carlisle Pa., Oct. 16th, 1786 and died in Cincinnati Feb. 3rd, 1859. He served in the war of 1812 and was with the detachment at River Raisin when Hull surrendered Detroit. In 1815 he was appointed by the surveyor-general of Ohio, chief clerk of that office and held it thirty years. He compiled for the general land office the Instructions to Surveyors-General of Public Lands. He was one of the founders of Ohio Wesleyan University and of the Wesleyan Female College. He left his valuable private library to the former. See Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography.*

425. Benjamin Stead was born at Leeds, England, Oct. 12, 1776 and came to America, Oct. 12, 1804. After trying to make a living in several of the eastern states he finally started for the west, arriving in Detroit, in the fall of 1815. In the spring of 1821 he moved to Utica, Macomb Co. where he built a home for his family. He died in September 1821 when on a visit to Detroit. His brother Robert was made administrator of his estate. See *Detroit News-Tribune*, June 13 and 20, 1897, also *Mich. Hist. and Pion. Colls.*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 412.

431. Sutherland's place is directly opposite the north end of the town, St. Clair. It is a small village facing the river and was laid out by Mr. Sutherland in 1834.

431. Point Aux Trembles is a point of land in Clay township, St. Clair Co., and extends into Anchor Bay.

433. Private claim 144 was granted John Tucker by the United States. It was bequeathed to him by his father William Tucker who received it from the Indians in 1780. William was taken prisoner in Virginia by the Indians and carried to Detroit when he was a small boy. He grew up among them and was adopted into one of the families. He mingled with the Indians and English and is credited with having disclosed Pontiac's plot to the English. See *History of Macomb Co.;* also *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 487-490.

435. This settlement though called Desmond for a few years was more frequently called Riviere Delude (or Dulude) from the fact that a man named Delude found his grave in the dark waters of the Black River. In 1835 when the village was first platted it received the name of Port Huron. See *History of St. Clair Co.*, p. 258.

435. Major Ancrum was British Commander at Detroit. Possibly the name meant.

437. Old Mother Rodd. See *History of St. Clair County,* p. 186; poem written just before her death.

437. David Cottrell's father when a boy was taken prisoner by the Indians in Wyoming Valley. He was purchased from the Indians by a man named Cottrell and was given his name. The old homestead is a few miles below Algonac village. See *History of St. Clair Co.*

437. Daniel B. Harrington made the first plat of Port Huron in 1835. See *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.*, Vol. V., p. 138, also *Hist. of St. Clair Co.*, p. 258-9.

440. Steamship Gov. Marcey, 16 tons, was built at Black Rock in 1833. She sailed at one time under Capt. Samuel Chase. She was broken up.

441. Saginaw or Northern Canal was intended to connect the Saginaw and Grand Rivers. It was to commence at the forks of Bad river, fifteen miles above Saginaw and terminate at the bend of the Maple, thirty-two miles from

its confluence with the Grand River. In 1838, $62,000 was appropriated for the purpose. The work was begun in June 1838 but the financial crisis of 1837 and its after effects checked its progress and the investments resulted in a complete loss. See *Hist. Saginaw Co.*, p. 451.

460. The History of Washtenaw county says, "The first settlers west of Detroit may properly be said to be Gabriel Godfroy, Francis Peppin and Romaine de Chambre, the French owners of the Otawewigamig or Indian trading house which was located on the west side of the Huron. See *History Washtenaw county*, 1881, p. 1092.

460. For origin of name of Ypsilanti see Ibid p. 1102, and sixty-four different spellings of the name p. 1104.

460. For description of Godfroy's trading post see Ibid p. 1108.

461. This name is spelled Weed and Wead; the balance of proof favors the latter name.

461. McKinstry hotel was built by Maj. Woodruff in 1825-6, used as a hotel in 1826 by McKinstry, then became the residence of Judge Whitmore and finally was again used as a hotel, this time being called the Whitmore hotel.

481. On Dec. 30, 1813, the Indians and troops entered Buffalo and began devastation. They completed the destruction on Jan. 1, 1814 and left only four buildings standing.

483. In 1819, Gourlay, one of the earliest writers on improvement of lake navigation, drew a map with a proposed canal about the Niagara Falls. The Canadian Government took it up and appointed, in 1821, a commission to examine the best means of improving navigation. In 1823 the commission made its report and in 1824 work was begun. The canal was formally opened for navigation Nov. 30, 1829. See *History of Canada* by John MacMullen 1868, also *History of Canada* by William Kingsford, Vol. X., p. 245.

484. Chatham town was settled by white men between 1794-'96 and was the site of an old Indian village of an earlier date. Governor Simcoe went to the place in 1794.

496. Judge Wilkeson not Wilkinson was born in Carlisle, Pa., 1781. He went to Buffalo making that his home, in the spring of 1814 and was instrumental in the building up of that town, holding many offices of trust. He died in July 1848. See *Hist. of Buffalo and Erie Co.*, Vol. I, p. 684-689.

500. Middlebury Academy in Wyoming, Wyoming Co., N. Y., was established by the early settlers of the town and its first building was erected by subscription in 1817. It was later endowed and in 1860 was under the charge of the Baptist denomination. *Gazetteer of New York State* 1860.

510. Maps of 1825 show that there were Indian Dancing grounds in Lenawee Co., near Squawfield (near Tecumseh) but most of the Indians had by that time moved farther north. The bulk of the Potawatomie tribe was now located on the St. Joseph River.

511. Virtula should be Vistula. Toledo was originally two distinct settlements, the upper Port Lawrence and the lower Vistula. Port Lawrence appears on the early maps but Vistula did not come into existence until 1832.

539. Rev. W. C. H. Bliss, one of the earliest preachers in the colony, came from Rochester, N. Y., in 1836. He was a cabinet maker as well as a minister and opened up a shop on the site of the city hall. He was born about 1802.

547. The First Constitutional Convention convened at Detroit, May 11, 1835 and adjourned June 24, 1835. The sixteen districts were represented by eighty-nine delegates. John Biddle was president, Charles W. Whipple and Marshall J. Bacon, secretaries and Olmstead Hough sergeant-at-arms.

558. The Boston Company, formed in 1834, was composed of Samuel Hubbard, Edmund Monroe, Pliny Cutler and C. C. Trowbridge and had purchased over 20,000 acres of wild land outside of the village of Allegan. It was so named to distinguish it from the Allegan Company which was composed largely of the same persons and was devoted to the laying out and improving of the village of Allegan. Neither company was incorporated. See *History of Allegan and Barry Cos.*, p. 148.

560. John Phillips was born in Scotland in 1796. Just after his birth his father was waylaid by a press gang and forced to serve in the English navy.

For forty years he was not heard from and on his return to Scotland he found his wife married again. She, however, returned to her lost husband. John Phillips, in 1843, sailed with his large family to seek his fortune in the new world. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the exact time of his coming west, but he established himself in business in Chicago in July, 1843. From a small business, operated by himself and son William, he built up the large "Phillips Chair factory." Mr. Phillips died in 1870. See *History of Chicago* by A. T. Andreas, Vol. III, p. 737.

563. Chicago and Western Michigan railroad ran through the townships Lee, Clyde, Manlius and Fillmore of Allegan County. The Michigan Lake Shore R. R. Co., ran a line through Allegan, Heath, Overisel and Fillmore townships, Allegan Co., and Dunningville was on this line. See *Allegan and Barry Cos.*, pp. 78-79.

563. The Third Regiment of Michigan Volunteer Infantry was recruited in May, 1861, mainly from Allegan, Barry, Clinton, Eaton, Gratiot, Ionia, Kent, Muskegon, Mecosta, Montcalm, Newaygo and Ottawa counties and was mustered in for three years. On July 18, 1864, Pres. Lincoln issued a proclamation for more volunteers and the third was reorganized and reinforced. See *Allegan and Barry Cos.*, p. 90-91.

569. Poughkeepsie, in early days, was frequently the place for holding legislative meetings in New York. In 1788 a convention met there to deliberate on the Federal Constitution and voted upon its adoption. About 1735 some Dutch families settled there and gave it the name Apokeepsing from the Indian, signifying safe harbor. On March 27, 1799, it was incorporated as a village. See Spafford's *Gazetteer of New York*, 1824 and also 1872, *Gazetteer of New York.*

571. John Johnson who inherited his father's lands and titles in New York became a loyalist during the American Revolution. On May 21, 1780 he entered Johnstown at midnight, and pillaged and burned the town, killing a few of his old neighbors and taking many prisoners. See *Life and times of Sir William Johnson* by Stone. Vol. II, also *Sir William Johnson* by A. C. Buell, 1903.

572. Hendrick the venerable chief of the Iroquois, styled King by the Mohawks is probably the chief referred to. He was a warm friend of Sir William Johnson, whose first Indian wife was Caroline Hendrick, daughter of Abraham, his brother, King Hendrick died at Lake George, 1755. See *Life of Sir William Johnson* by Augustus C. Buell, 1903.

576. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland, of English decent, was a pioneer Protestant Missionary among the Iroquois. He received his education from the Rev. Dr. Wheelock of Lebanon, Conn., and was sent by the latter to work among the Senecas in 1765. He was Missionary among the Six Nations for eight years previous to the Revolution and during the war was able to keep many of the Indians from joining the British. He was born in 1741 and died 1808. His grandson the Rev. Samuel K. Lathrop has written a memoir of him which is found in Spark's *American Biographies.*

596. Dr. Wright, an army surgeon, married Therese Grant, who was born Feb. 13, 1776. Dr. Wright, his wife and three children died of yellow fever while on a voyage from Jamaica to New York. One daughter survived and was brought up by Commodore Grant and his daughter Archange. See *History of the Grants of Glenmoriston* by P. J. Anderson 1903.

596. Gottlob Sensemann was born Oct. 9, 1745. His father was Joachim, also an Indian Missionary. Gottlob accompanied Zeisberger on many of his expeditions among the Indians. He died Jan. 4, 1800, at Fairfield, Upper Canada, where he was occupying a mission. See *Zeisberger's Diary* by F. F. Bliss.

602. This should read Capt. Isadore Chene, an Indian interpreter, whose death is recorded in Vol. XII, p. 62, the date corresponding with this account. Vol. IX, p. 485 gives his salary as 10 shillings a day. His dancing bill at Detroit in Revolutionary times was about ninety dollars.

615. Capt. Jasper Parrish was born March, 1766, in Windham, Conn. When very young he moved with his parents to Luzerne, Co., Pa. At the time of the Massacre of Wyoming when he was eleven years old, he was taken captive by a party of Delawares and carried away from home. He was

seven years a captive, being released at the time of the treaty of Fort Stanwix. He held the position of Indian Interpreter and sub-agent of Indian affairs. He became a pioneer of Canandaigua in 1792. He died in 1836. *History of the Holland Purchase* by Turner, p. 292.

617. Governor Simcoe would not allow the Commissioners to go to Detroit but was very cordial in his attitude toward them and provided a place for them at Capt. Elliott's at the mouth of the Detroit River on the Canadian side. He places the boat Dunmore at their disposal, allowing them to go where and when they thought proper for the purposes of the treaty, except to Detroit.

619. Carry-all-about, Indian name is Sa-wagh-da-wunk, made one of the speeches at Capt. Elliot's house July 31, 1793. The Commissioners, in their report to the Government, say that his name signified Carry-one-about.

620. The first treaty was held about nine years ago (1784) with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix. The next treaty was made about ninety days after at Fort McIntosh, with the Half-King of the Wyandots, Capt. Pipe and other chiefs in behalf of the Wyandots, Delawares, Ottawas and Chippeway nations. Afterwards treaties were made with divers Indian nations south of the Ohio river; and the next treaty was made with Kakaipilashy and other Shawanese chiefs in behalf of the Shawanese nation at the mouth of the Miami. See *Speech by Commissioners to Indians July* 31, 1793, *American State Papers—Indian Affairs*, Vol. I.

626. Gen. Alexander McGillivray was a half-breed Indian chief among the Creeks. He was cunning and deceitful, playing the friend to the Americans, British and Spanish, at the same time gaining everything for his people. He was born in 1740 and died Feb. 17, 1793. Just previous to his death, 1792, his duplicity was suspected by Gen. Knox. See *American State Papers—Indian Affairs*, Vol. I, p. 296-315.

626. William Savery, in his journal, compiled by Jonathan Evans, London, 1844, tells of the same expedition. Gen. Benjamin Lincoln also kept a journal of this expedition and it is printed in the *Massachusetts Historical Society*, 3rd Series, Vol. 5.

626. Oliver was evidently sent by the Spaniards to succeed McGillivray, as agent to conduct affairs with the Creeks.

632. Henry Cornplanter was the son of Cornplanter and grandson of John O'Bail an Irishman who was an Indian trader. He was sent to Philadelphia where he was educated by the Quakers. His father was always friendly toward the white people but Henry opposed his father and joined his father's bitterest enemy Red-Jacket. He died a drunkard. See Stone's *Life of Red-Jacket*, pp. 423-458.

638. Robert Innes who remained a British subject after the Revolution.

639. Isaac Dolson entered claim to land on the river La Trenche, Sept. 4, 1789 and the grant was confirmed in 1792. (Lot No. 13, 1st township, south side of River.)

639. Edward Watson was granted lot 20 in the 2nd township, north side of river La Trench.

643. Sir Alexander McKenzie.

669. In *Friend's Miscellany*, No. 1, Vol. II, 1831, is a biographical memoir of John Simpson which states that he was born Oct. 23rd, 1739. His parents were John and Hannah Simpson, both Quakers. His father died when he was seven years old and his mother married Robert Thompson, a Presbyterian. However, when he grew to manhood he became a Friend and was recommended as a minister. He traveled about, living in Byberry and Buckingham, Bucks Co. His wife Ruth died in 1805 and in 1808 he married Ann Ingham, widow of Dr. Ingham. In 1810 he decided to move to Ohio, and made arrangements to buy land at Waynesville. He died there, Aug. 30th, 1811. Accompanying the sketch of his life is a letter in answer to Oliver Paxson's letter of May 24th, 1811.

INDEX.

INDEX.

Abbey, Anna, pupil Antwerp, 465.
Abbey, Elisha, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Abbey, Emily, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Abbey, Lurinda, pupil Antwerp, 465.
Abbey, S. M., 65.
Abbot, Theophilus, President Michigan Agricultural College, 315.
Abbott, —, Miss (Mrs. Albert R. Chandler), 371.
Abbott, James, Detroit Merchant, 607, 624, 656.
Abbott, James M. Mrs., death reported, 186.
Abbott, Orlando, death reported, 40.
Abbott, Theophilus, see T. Abbott.
Abbott, Thomas, death reported, 186.
Abbotts, —, 607.
Abeel, Mary Mrs., (Miss Stewart), 91.
Abenaquis The, Indians, location, number, 588.
Abolition of slavery, excitement over, 88, 89.
Abolitionists, stronghold, 254, 255.
About, Edmund François Valentine, author, 303, see appendix.
Abram, Oneida chief, speech, 600, 612, 644.
Abram, Katherine Mrs., wife of Indian chief, 600, 644.
Ackley, Newton J., Shelby township clerk, 418.
Adair, George E., deputy surveyor, 429.
Adams, Anson A., Shelby pioneer, 427.
Adams, Asa Mrs., death reported, 143.
Adams, C. H., (Allegan), 564.
Adams, C. K., Professor University of Michigan., 315.
Adams, Charles Francis, candidate for vice-president, 252.
Adams, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Adams, George, 54, 123.
Adams, J. R., bought Kalamazoo Gazette, 373.
Adams, Jane, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Adams, Jennie, pupil Climax, 473.
Adams, John, pioneer Gun Plains, 559.
Adams, John Quincy, congressman, 269; president, 200, 299.
Adams, L. B. Mrs., contributor newspaper, 389.
Adams, Mattie, pupil Climax, 473.
Adams, Miranda, pupil Climax, 473.
Adams, Oliver, Macomb representative, 429.
Adams, Phineas, Battle Creek, pupil, 463.
Adams, Wales story of, 308, 309.
Addison, Joseph, quoted 6.
Adgate, Chester, 105.
Adgate, John, death reported, 104; sketch, 105, 106.
Adgate, John Mrs., (Rosetta Briggs), death reported, 105.
Adgate, John Mrs., (Catherine Taft), death reported, 105.
Adgate, Milo, twin-brother, 105.
Adgate, Philo, twin-brother, 105.
Adgate, William, 106.
Adgate, William D., 105.
Adrian, Charles Mrs., (Miss Hurd), 91.
Adrian College, founded, 89.
Adrian, population, 533.
Adventures, 337-340.
Ager, Charles Rev., 78.
Alabama, admitted as a State, 299, see appendix.
Alban, George, 201.
Albany, N. Y., described, 569.
Albert, John M. Capt., civil war, 401.
Albertson, D. H. Mrs., death reported, 40.
Albion Recorder, cited, 67.
Albright, Henry, 460.
Alden, L. P., nativity, 318.
Alderton, George A., 173.
Aldrich, Erastus, 511.
Aldrich, Isaac vs. William Forbes, only case on docket, 550.
Aldrich, J. A. Mrs., (Miss Gould), first white child born in Boston, Mich., 109.
Aldrich, Jefferson, death reported, 143.
Aldrich, S. A. Mrs., (Miss Gould), 109.
Aldrich, William, death reported, 135.
Alexander, Maria, 451.
Alferink, Berend Jan, death reported, 27.
Algonquis Indians, location and number, 587.

Alibamous, The, location and number, 587.
Allard, Lucia, (Mrs. Alvan Persons), 82.
Allegan city, county seat located at, 547.
Allegan county, county seat, 558; courthouse corner stone laying, 538-565; courts in, 548, 549; memorial report, 25-28; newspapers, 559, 560; organized, 546, 547, 558, 560; pioneers, 557-564; population, 560, 564; soldiers furnished civil war, 563, 564; township settlement of, 547, 559, 560.
Allen, —, 513.
Allen, —, pioneer Watson, 560.
Allen, Alfred Mrs., death reported, 143.
Allen, Artemus, first postmaster Medina, 517.
Allen, Ebenezer, scheme for getting lower peninsula, 312.
Allen, Ethan, at Ticonderoga, 43, 44.
Allen, Floretta, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Allen, Hiram H., death reported, 132.
Allen, H. M. Mrs., (Miss Hewett), 58.
Allen, John, first election at house, 454; founded Ann Arbor, 410; postmaster, 462.
Allen, John, Manlius supervisor, 561.
Allen, Joshua and family, pioneers, 418.
Allen Lewis, 458.
Allen, Perry, death reported, 135.
Allen, Reuben, death reported, 26.
Allen, Sarah, death reported, 128.
Allen, William F., death reported, 185.
Allen, Daniels & Grant, merchants, 518.
Allens, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Allerton, Mary E., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Allhouse, Maryam, death reported, 133.
Allison, John, 457.
Alma college, gift to, 30.
Almy, —, 328.
Alpin, James Mrs., death reported, 186.
Alterbrand, 208, see Frank Alterbrandt.
Alterbrandt, (Alterbraand), Frank, 208.
Alvord, John C., Massachusetts congressman, 269.
Amadon, George, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Amadon, John, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Amadon, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Amelistes, The Indians, location and number, 588.
American, 273, see Know Nothing.
Americans, capture Detroit, 532; Indian name for, 592.
Ames, Charles, 511.
Ames, Henry, 511.
Amherst, Jeffery, Sir Gen. camp, 575.
Ammerman, Daniel, settled Pine Plains, 561.
Ancrum, (Antrim), — Major, 435.
Anderson, Alfred C., death reported, 197.
Anderson, Charles, 457.
Anderson, E. ..., Allegan lawyer, 554.
Anderson, John, Judge, 547, 549, 553, 558.
Anderson, John E., death reported, 111.
Anderson, Willis A., death reported, 387.
Andigier, Magdlen, death reported, 27.
Andre, John, Major, execution cited, 43.
Andre, Peter C., 449.
Andrews, —, Major, British, 591.
Andrews, Charles, pupil Dowagiac, 471; pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Andrews, Edwin, death reported, 143.
Andrews, Eugene, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Andrews, George Mrs., (Miss Taylor), 93.
Andrews, Harriet, death reported, 112.
Andrews, James, death reported, 143; sketch, 157.
Andrews, James, (Wayne county); death reported, 206.
Andrews, John, Oakland county, 157.
Andrews, Mary, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Andrews, Mary E., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Andrews, Simeon, 157.
Androus, A. Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Androus, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 467, 469.
Androus, Samuel, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Andrus, C. A., Dr., address, 28.
Andrus, Elizabeth, pupil Goguac, 463.
Andrus, George, pupil, Goguac, 463.
Andrus, Ira, 425.
Andrus, James, pupil Goguac, 463.
Andrus, Marcia, pupil Goguac, 463.
Andrus, Mary, pupil Goguac, 463.
Andrus, Russel, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Andrus, Samuel, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Andrus, William, pupil Goguac, 463.
Andrus, William W., Macomb repretative, 425; member constitutional convention, 429.
Angell, James B., L. L. D., President University of Michigan, nativity, 315.
Angevine, Maria H., death reported, 134.
Animals, plenty in Saginaw valley, 448.
Ann Arbor, city, history, 462; first settler in township, 454; first settlers, 203; see appendix; township history, 454; U. of M. moved to, 392, see appendix.
Annis, George, pupil South Battle Creek, 464.
Annis, Juliette, pupil South Battle Creek, 464.
Anscomb, Mary Mrs., death reported, 143.
Antiquities, 529-531.

Antrim, 435, see Major Ancrum.
Apaumut, 624, see Capt. Hendrick.
A. P. Dutton, schooner, 162.
Apple trees, old, origin, 447.
Archer, George Mrs., (Miss Hurd), 91.
Arithmetic, Tracy, merits, 97.
Arkansawas, The Indians, location and number, 587.
Armstrong, Addison, 84.
Armstrong, Addison Mrs., (Miss Mary Perry), death reported, sketch, 84.
Armstrong, Arthur B., 85.
Armstrong, Cyntha, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Armstrong, May, 85.
Armstrong, Nancy J. Mrs., death reported, 41.
Armstrong, William, Rev., 229.
Arnold, —, 328.
Arnold, —, Miss (Mrs. F. B. Stockbridge), 376.
Arnold, Amelia M., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Arnold, B. W., 30.
Arnold, Dan., father of Judge Dan. J., 376.
Arnold, Daniel J., Judge, 376, 552, 554.
Arnold, Frederick, 593, 640, 641.
Arnold, Levi, 376.
Arnold, Oliver P., member of society, ix.
Arnold, Thomas Mrs., death reported, 143.
Arnold, William, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Artz, Christina, death reported, 112.
Ash, —, Mrs., (Miss Windiate), 154.
Ash, Slyvester, interpreter attacked by drunken Indian, 605, 648.
Ashley, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Askin, —, Miss, 597.
Askin, John, 421; entertained Quakers, 596; extent claim, 421; quoted, 598.
Askin, John Mrs., French descent, 596.
Assiniboils, The, Indians, location and number, 587.
Aten, Garret, death reported, 134.
Athens school, pupils in 466, 467.
Athol, Duke of, 176.
Atkins, Ann, (Mrs. Enos Goodrich), 194.
Atkins, Ralph C., 194.
Atkins, Wealthy, 194.
Atkinson, O'Brien J., Port Huron, 9.
Atlas, history of, 413-416.
Atlas Washtenaw county, given society, 19.
AtLee, Samuel Yorke, editor, 372, 373, 379.
AtLee, Thomas S., editor, 379, 389.
Attempts at citizenship, 477-479.
Atwater, Aldrich, petit juror, 550.
Atwood, Emily W. Mrs., death reported, 189.
Atwood, H. P. Mrs., (Emily A. Wilson), sketch, 192, 193.
Atwood, Lydia Miss, 193.
Atwood, Myra Miss, 193.
Atwood, Nettie Miss, 193.
Atwood, Sarah, pupil Climax, 473.
Atwood, Theron W., State officer, 193.
Audrian, Peter, register, 421.
Augusta, history township, 460.
Anjoues Indians, location and number, 587.
Austin, Aaron, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Austin, Adeline, (Mrs. David Olds), pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Austin, C. M. Mrs., (Miss MacIntyre), 167.
Austin, Calvin, Battle Creek, pupil, 463.
Austin, Christopher Mrs., death reported, 187.
Austin, Fannie A., pupil branch U. of M, Kalamazoo, 464.
Austin, George, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Averill, H. N., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Avery, Albert, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Avery, Newell, nativity, 318.
Axford, Samuel, Macomb representative, 428, 429; Shelby pioneer, 426.
Ayers, David, death reported, 133.
Ayers, Harriet O., death reported, 113.

Babbitt, J. E., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Babbitt, L. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Babcock, I. J., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Babcock, Luther, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Babley, Freeman, death reported, 114.
Baby, Alexis Mrs., death reported, 207.
Baby, François, (Frausey Baubee), report, 617.
Bacon, Amos, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Bacon, David, Lt. Col. civil war, 400.
Bacon, David, Quaker, 666.
Bacon, David, Rev., Detroit school teacher, 315, 316.
Bacon, Edward, Major, sketch, 400, 401.
Bacon, Henry, death reported, 143.
Bacon, Leonard, Dr., 315.
Bacon, Nathaniel, Judge, sketch, 394, 395, 406, 407.
Badgley, Samuel L., 43.
Bad river canal, 441.
Baer, Charles Mrs., death reported, 187.
Bagg, John S., editor, nativity, 317; owner of Free Press, 291.
Bagg, Joseph, Dr., nativity, 318.
Bagg, M. Lamont, Dr., death reported, 143; memoir, 154.
Bagg & Harmon, State printers, 359.
Bagley, Amasa, Judge, 158, see appendix.
Bagley, John J. Gov., 314, 504.

Bagley, Nancy, (Mrs. John Garland), 158.
Bagnell, —, 562.
Bailey, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Bailey, C. E., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Bailey, C. E. & Son, editors, 389.
Bailey, Gamaliel, 268.
Bailey, Jacob, pioneer Clyde, 561.
Bailey, Jacob B., lumberman, 389; death reported, 25.
Bailey, Julia, Mrs., (Jessie E. Church), sketch, 61.
Bailey, L. Miss, music by, 10.
Bailey, Leonard, pioneer Clyde, 561.
Baird, James, 82.
Baird, James Mrs., (Mary Ann Brunson), sketch, 82.
Baird, Mary Ann, (Mrs. James Baird), death reported, 80.
Baker, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Baker, Adel, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Baker, Alverton, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Baker, Charles, death reported, 135.
Baker, Diantha P., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Baker, Elisha, death reported, 134.
Baker, Esek Hopkins, pioneer, 561.
Baker, George, Quaker, 590.
Baker, Henry B., Dr., nativity, 318.
Baker, J. C. Mrs., death reported, 143.
Baker, Jacob, built road, 511, 513.
Baker, John, 509.
Baker, L. A., gave solo, 18.
Baker, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Baker, S. A., member State central committee, 253.
Baker, Uri, pioneer Otsego, 539.
Baker, Wallace, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Baker, William, Quaker, 590, 646.
Balch, N. A., orator, 274.
Balcom, Eli Mrs., death reported, 39.
Balcom, R. B., Rev., 117.
Baldwin, —, Mrs., death reported, 134.
Baldwin, A. C., Judge, 367.
Baldwin, Charles, early settler at Medina township, 514.
Baldwin, Charles, Kalamazoo, editor and postmaster, 388.
Baldwin, Elias, pioneer Medina, 514.
Baldwin, Henry P., Gov., nativity, 314, 316.
Baldwins, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Ball, E. R., 379.
Ball, John, nativity, 318.
Ballard, Addison Rev., nativity, 316.
Ballard, James Rev., nativity, 316.
Ballentine, George, death reported, 39.
Baltimore, Lord, 301.
Banack, J. Porlier, 421, see J. Porlier Benac.
Banbury, 617, see Bunbury.
Bancroft House, location, 165, see appendix.
Bangs, Alanson Mrs., death reported, 134.
Bangs, John, 87.
Bar, Allegan county, 553.
Baraga, Frederick, Rev. Father, established mission, 326; Bishop, traveled by snowshoes, 336; 342, see appendix.
Barber, Edward W., editor Jackson Patriot, 391.
Barber, Gardner, death reported, 143.
Barber, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Barber, Joel, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Barber, John C., 43.
Barber, John M., Judge, 398.
Barber, Martin L., 547; Allegan county surveyor, 558.
Barber, Milton, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Barber, Thomas, death reported, 133.
Barber, William H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Barker, Lyman C., pupil Branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Barksdale, Harrison, established Willow Dale academy, 473.
Barksdale, James (Jimmie), shot Sheriff Dixon, 473.
Barksdale, Jennie, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Barksdale, Lycurgus pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Barksdale, William, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Barkworth, Thomas E., remarks on Judge Gridley, 120.
Barnard, Emma, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Barner, Carlos, built road, 558.
Barnes, Charles E., 59.
Barnes, E., land entry, 519.
Barnes, Eleazer, 260.
Barnes, Freelove, death reported, 134.
Barnes, George S., editor, 59, 60.
Barnes, George W., first postmaster, 560; lumberman, 562.
Barnes, Hattie E., Miss, 59.
Barnes, Isaac Col., built first mill, 560.
Barnes, Jacob, editor, nativity, 317.
Barnes, Lucius A., Indian clerk, 557; settled Wayland, 560; tavernkeeper Ganges, 562.
Barnes, Lucius, Jr., 560.
Barnes, Lucius, Jr. Mrs., (Keziah), 560.
Barnes, Mary E. Mrs., (Miss Cornell), 105.
Barnes, O. M., nativity, 318.
Barnes, P. H., 59.
Barnes, Wilsey G., death reported, 40; sketch, 59, 60.
Barnum, Charles, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Barnum, George, Rev., sketch, 516.
Barnum, Jane, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Barr, Robert M., adventures, 329, 330.
Barr, William, death reported, 112.

Barrenger, Harriet E. Mrs., death reported, 43.
Barrett, Clarissa D., (Mrs. W. H. Warner), 175.
Barrett, Cornelius S., member of society, ix.
Barrows, Laura, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Barrows, William, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Barry, E. D., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Barry, John S., Gov., 286, action regarding postage, 287, 346, 359; candidate for governor, 261; Constitutional Convention, resolution regarding, 347, 348; democratic governor elected, 248; nativity, 314; sold grass Capitol lawn, 11.
Barter, Annie, 172.
Barter, Belinda, 172.
Barter, James, 172.
Barter, John, death reported, 163; sketch, 171, 172.
Barter, John Mrs., (Mary Spalding), 172.
Barter, Leah, 172.
Bartholomew, Ira H., Dr., sketch, 98, 99.
Bartlett, A. F. & Co., 175.
Bartlett, A. R. Rev., 108.
Bartlett, A. R. Mrs., (Catherine Stevenson), 108.
Bartlett, Edgar E., Sec. Kalamazoo Telegraph Company, 387.
Bartley, Hamilton Mrs., (Miss McGregor), 164.
Barton, Joseph, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Bashford, Louisa, Miss, death reported, 40.
Bassett, —, Quaker minister, 569.
Bassett, Catherine, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Bassett, E. B., county clerk, Allegan county, 551; pioneer lawyer, 554.
Bassett, Hiram, 550.
Batchelor, Joel, first mail-contractor, Wayland, 560.
Bates schooner, 162; see Eveline Bates.
Bates, George C., political encyclopedia, 348, 349; whig leader, 290.
Bates, Morgan, whig editor, 290.
Battle Creek scholars, 463, 467, 468; schools, 466; Select school pupils, 471; Union school pupils, 468-471.
Battle Lundy's Lane, date 393.
Baubee, Fransey, 617; see Francois Baby.
Baughman, John A. Rev., 229, 454; sketch, 228; see appendix.
Bawbeese, Potawatomie chief, 510.
Baxter, Albert, paper, 325-331.
Baxter, Henry, Gen., nativity, 318.
Baxter, Jacob, editor, nativity, 317.
Baxter, Levi, nativity, 318.
Baxter, Witter J., 16; nativity, 316.
Bay county, memorial report, 29-32.
Bayfield, —, explorer, 332.
Bayley, James Mrs., death reported, 143.
Beach, —, 235.
Beach, Allen, 563.
Beach, Cholett, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Beach, Cordelia, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beach, David S., death reported, 43.
Beach, John H. Dr., nativity, 318.
Beach, Martha, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Beach, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 464, 468.
Beach, Morgan G., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Beach, Nancy, death reported, 134.
Beach, William A., death reported, 111.
Beadle, Betsey, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beadle, Daniel, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beadle, E., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Beadle, Harriet, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beadle, Joseph, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beadle, M., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Beadle, Susanna, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beadle, William, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beal, Elizabeth, Mrs., death reported, 186.
Beal, Joseph, 511.
Beal, Porter, 511.
Beal, William, 511.
Beal, William Jr., Dr., cited 511.
Beale, Henry C., nativity, 317.
Beals, Charlotte, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Beaman, F. C., campaign orator, 284; nativity, 316; reformer, 267.
Bean Creek Valley settlers, 511.
Bear hunt, 505.
Bear totem, Okemos, 434.
Beard, George, death reported, 207.
Beard, Hannah Mrs., death reported, 186.
Beardslee, Morris, death reported, 143.
Beardsley, Mary, (Mrs. Hiram Jenison), 161.
Beckley, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Beckwith, Charles, pupil branch U. of M., Kalamazoo, 465.
Beckwith, Cyrus, 452.
Beckwith, Henry, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Beckwith, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Beckwith, Mattie, (Mrs. N. Robinson), 453.
Beckwith, Sidney Mrs., death reported, 188.
Becraft, Cyntha, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Becraft, Julius, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Becraft, William F., pupil Dowagiac. 472.

Beech, Darwin, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Beecher, Luther, nativity, 318.
Beecher, R. R., campaign orator, 284.
Beech-tree, Indian, 575.
Beedle, Elsey, (Mrs. Orrin Rogers), 81.
Beers, M. B. Dr., death reported, 104.
Beers, M. B. Mrs., (Loraine), death reported, 104.
Beeson, Lewis H., member of society, ix, 19.
Beeson, Strather M., death recorded, 399.
Begole, Josiah W. Gov., vice-president society, vii; prepared memorial report, 84.
Behlow, Mary Mrs., death reported, 208.
Belamy, —, Rev. Dr., 87.
Belcher, Augustus, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Belcher, Ebinezer, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Belcher, Edmund, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Belcher, Elisha, pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Belcher, Emma, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Belden, Erastus, 460.
Belding, Aretus, 459.
Beldman, Henry, pioneer Overisal, 562.
Belford, James M. Mrs., (Miss Parker), 184.
Belknap, J. K., death reported, 185.
Bell, Alexander G., township clerk, 417.
Bell, Digby V., death reported, 209; sketch, 209, see appendix.
Bell, Eliza Mrs., (Miss Davis), 173.
Bell, John Mrs., death reported, 197.
Belle Isle, formerly Hog Island, 597; origin of name, 594.
Bellevue, wolf killed in 44.
Bellows, Agnes, pupil Climax, 473.
Bellows, C. F. R. Prof., Ypsilanti, 315.
Benac, (Benack), J. Porlier, 421, see appendix.
Bench and Bar, Berrien county, 391-409.
Bender, Anthony, death reported, 26.
Benedict, Daniel, death reported, 135.
Benedict, Lydia, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Bennet, William, death reported, 135.
Bennett, Abram, 45.
Bennett, Abram Sr., Mrs., (Rachel Van Vorhees), sketch, 45.
Bennett, Abram Jr., 45.
Bennett, Alonzo, 116, 397, 398; nativity, 318.
Bennett, Arunah Rev., preached first sermon Freedom, 457.
Bennett, C. F. pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Bennett, Carrie, death recorded, 45.
Bennett, Ellen, death recorded, 45.
Bennett, Gersham, 511, 512; land entry, 519.
Bennett, G. W. Mrs., (Miss Braley), 176.
Bennett, J. W., town meeting held in house of, 416.
Bennett, Johnson, member of society, ix.
Bennett, Maria, death recorded, 45.
Bennett, Prince, Sr., 460.
Bennetts, —, Lenawee pioneers, 524.
Benson, Mary Mrs., (Miss Lee), 86, 90.
Benson, William, death reported, 133.
Bentley, Lucinda Mrs., death reported, 196.
Benton, —, Mrs., (Miss Wickham), 69.
Benton, Eli, death reported, 195.
Benton House, Lansing, 349.
Berg, Henry Mrs., (Lydia Thornton), pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Berger, Charlotte, (Mrs. A. B. Simpson); pupil Battle Creek, 463, 466.
Berger, Edward, pupil Battle Creek, 463, 466.
Berger, Sarah, (Mrs. Simpson Howland), pupil Battle Creek, 463, 466.
Berrien, first lawyer in, 392.
Berrien county Bench and Bar, 391-409; legal establishment, 405.
Berry, —, Rev., 227, see Rev. Richard Bury.
Berry, Elizabeth, death reported, 112.
Berry, John Gilbert, Quaker, 630, 634, 662.
Berry, Nancy Ann, death reported, 112.
Berry, Thomas M., 179; see Thomas M. Perry.
Bessley, John, death reported, 197.
Betts, Anthony, death reported, 186.
Beverly, David, 456.
Bezenah, S. W. Mrs., death reported, 187.
Bickel, Christian, death reported, 136.
Biddle, John, land register, 485.
Bidwell, —, candidate for congress, 425.
Bidwell, Charles, death reported, 134.
Bidwell, George L., death reported, 133.
Big Knife, Indian name for Americans, 592.
Biglow, Charles H., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Biglow, Herman, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Biglow, Hervey, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Bigsby, Caroline, first teacher, Deerfield, 534.
Bigsby, Samuel, 561.
Billings, Alvan Rev., 230.
Billings, Charles T., pioneer Clyde, 561.
Billings, John H., pioneer Ganges, 561.
Billings, Katharine, death reported, 114.
Billings, Richard, death reported, 111.
Billings, Walter, pioneer Clyde, 561.

Bills, George Mrs., (Ann Chambers) 49.
Bills, Perly Mrs., death reported, 135.
Bingham, Abel Rev., missionary at Soo, 326.
Bingham, John K., 453.
Bingham, Kinsley S., candidate for Governor, 253, 263; reformer, 267.
Bingham, Stephen D., campaign speaker, 284 357; executive committee, viii.
Bingham's Mills, Washtenaw county, 453.
Biographies Pioneers, cited, 24.
Birch's Mills, 582.
Bird, Samuel, death reported, 143.
Birney, James G., Kentucky orator, abolition leader, 247-249, 252, 255, 257; sketch, 268-270.
Birney, James G. Mrs., (Agatha Mc Dowell), 270.
Births, first in Washtenaw county, 450-462.
Bisbee, —, Mrs., (Miss Spaulding), 69.
Bishop, Hannah Mrs., death reported, 143.
Bishop, Henry, gave Kalamazoo county memorials, 128; gift to society, 20; vice-president of society, vii.
Bishop, Levi, nativity, 316.
Bishop, Mary Ann, death reported, 210.
Bissell, H. A., nativity, 316.
Bissell, Sophia, Mrs. (Miss Wilmarth), 47.
Bixby, George, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Blackbirds, robbers, 622.
Black Chip, 395, see John S. Chipman.
Black, George, death reported, 195.
Black, Kerchief, 437, see Muck-e-ta-moosh-na.
Black Mail, 388, see Kalamazoo Mail.
Black, Mary, (Mrs. Elisha Comstock), first bride in Salem, 451.
Blackman, Daniel Judge, 407.
Blacksmith, first in Medina, 518; only one in Tuscola county, 192.
Blain, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Blair, Alexander, 83.
Blair, Austin, Gov., 116-118, 314; campaign orator, 274, 284; nativity, 319; reformer, 267.
Blair, Thomas, death reported, 112.
Blake, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Blake, Francis, death reported, 187.
Blakely, William I., death reported, 132.
Blanchard, Mary J., death reported, 114.
Blanes, Barbus The, White Indians, location and numbers, 587.
Blind Chief, Wyandot chief, 602, 645.
Bliss, Harvey, first settler Blissfield, 533.
Bliss, Lora T., death reported, 111.
Bliss, Nancy, first settler Blissfield, 533.
Bliss, W. C. H. Rev., (Father), Allegan pioneer, 560; sketch, 539, see appendix.
Bliss, J. E. Dr., nativity, 318.
Blissfield first settler, 533; organization of, 509, 533, 534.
Blom, Cornelius, 28.
Bloody Bridge, 595, see Bloody Run.
Bloody flux, malignant disease, 664.
Bloody Run, (Bridge), battle at, 595.
Blowers, James, death reported, 133.
Blue Jackett (Wawiapieschenwa, Whirlpool), Delaware Indian chief, captain, 607; described, 606; dress, 649.
Blue Jacket, Mrs., (French woman), 607.
Board, price, 440, 615.
Boat, brought settlers to Ypsilanti, 455.
Bock, Adeline, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Bock, Rozilla, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Bogart, Jacob, bought land, 421, 422.
Bogue, William, nativity, 318.
Boies, John, nativity, 318.
Bois Blanc, (Whitewood Island), 654.
Boise, James R., Prof., nativity, 317.
Boland, Patrich, death recorded, 125, 126.
Boland, W. J., 125.
Bolks, —, Rev., founded Overisel, 562.
Bollas, Sarah, death reported, 135.
Bolles, S. A. Mrs., death reported, 197.
Bolles, Sylvia, Miss, death reported, 39.
Bolton, Thomas Mrs., 459.
Bondeman, William, 129, see William Boudeman.
Bonham, Asher, member of society, ix, 19.
Bonner, Esther, (Mrs. Arby Lamson), 459.
Bonner, Stephen, 459.
Bonner, Thomas, death reported, 196.
Bonney, Phebe, death reported, 133.
Booher, Caroline, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Booker, Fred A., pupil U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Booker, George H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Books, given society, 19.
Boone, Daniel, 301.
Boorn, Elizabeth Mrs., death reported, 80.
Boorn, Harvey L., 80.
Boorn, Harvey L. Mrs., (Elizabeth Jones), sketch, 80.
Booth, —, Rev., Baptist, 234.
Booth, Harvey S., death reported, 128.
Booth, Henry H., first judge Allegan county, 551.
Booth, Sarah E. Mrs., death reported, 43.
Borgess, Casper H. Right Rev. Bishop, death reported, 210.

Borradaile, —, (Mrs. C. H. Eggleston), 46, 47.
Borradaile, Charles H., 46.
Borradaile, Charles R., 46.
Borradaile, Juliet Mrs., 46.
Bosley, —, Mayor, 73.
Boss & Burrill, stage line, 416.
Boston Company, started Allegan, 558, see appendix.
Bostwick, V. M., 127.
Botsford, Elnathan, death reported, 454.
Boudeman (Bondeman), William, sketch, 129, see appendix.
Boughton, —, Allegan pioneer, 562.
Boughton, —, Mrs., (Miss Wells), 236.
Boughton, —, Rev., first pastor, 460.
Boughton, Maria Mrs., death reported, 42.
Boundary dispute with Ohio, 532.
Bovay, A. E., gave name Republican party to Greeley, 265, 266.
Bow, William, 656.
Bowen, Henry, death reported, 134.
Bower, Frederick, death reported, 185.
Bowerman, Daniel Mrs., death reported, 206.
Bowerman, Esther, (Mrs. Daniel S. Cornell), 34.
Bowers, David, death reported, 187.
Bowers, Michael, 632.
Bowers, Michael Mrs., (Miss Lane), 632.
Bowling, Benjamin, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Bowling, Enoch, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Bowling, Hiram D., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Bowling, Samuel, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Bowman, Charles F., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Bowman, Justin, 60.
Bowman, Justin Mrs., (Miss McCall), 60.
Bowne, Rachel, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Boyce, Phebe, death reported, 135.
Boyd, David L., 28.
Boyd, Erasmus J., Rev,, founder Young Ladies seminary Monroe, 216.
Boyd, Harvey C., death reported, 196.
Boyd, Nancy, death reported, 136.
Boyd's millinery store, 158.
Bracelin, Daniel, petit juror, 550; Watson pioneer, 560.
Bracelin, Frank, pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Bracelin, James, grand juror, 550.
Brackett, R. E., guitar solo by, 9.
Braddock, Edward Gen., defeat, 87.
Bradford, Emily, death reported, 112.
Bradford, James S., death reported, 143.
Bradford, Vincent L., sketch, 394.
Bradish, C. W., land entry, 519.
Bradley, Edward, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469; sketch, 244.
Bradley, F. B., nativity, 316.
Bradley, N. B., Michigan congressman, 180, 273.
Bradley, R. I., death reported, 135.
Brady, —, 250.
Brady, Hugh, Gen., 305, 306.
Brail, Robert C., supervisor Pulaski township clerk, 417.
Brainard, Daniel, death reported, 111.
Brakeman, Anna 432; quoted, 438.
Brakeman Hannah, 432.
Brakeman, Peter F., early teacher St. Clair, 432, 434.
Brakeman, Peter F. Mrs., (Nancy Brown), 431, 439.
Braley, Fred J., 176.
Braley, Phineas D., death reported, 176.
Braley, Phineas D. Mrs., (Olive Hubbard, Mrs. Jacob Grout), death reported, 163, 176.
Braley, Phineas J., 176.
Bralon, Caroline, death reported, 113.
Branch county, memorial report, 32-39.
Branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464, 465.
Brant, Joseph Capt., Mohawk chief, 588; quoted, 615.
Breckenridge, John C., campaign orator, 274-276.
Breese, John W., editor, 373, 389.
Breeze, Lewis, death reported, 134.
Breg, George E., death reported, 26.
Brenan, Joseph, song by, 299.
Breuckmann, Jacob, death reported, 204.
Brewer, Abram, 455.
Brewer, Charles D., 50.
Brewer, Chauncey Marble, death reported, 39; sketch, 50, 51.
Brewer, Chauncey Marble Mrs., (Emily L. Butler), 50.
Brewer, Edgar G., 50.
Brewer, Emma, death reported, 50.
Brewer, George, death reported, 50.
Brewer, Lyman Dr., nativity, 318.
Brewer, Mark B., 50.
Brewer, Peter, 50.
Brewer, Peter Mrs., (Emma Marble), 50.
Bricks, first in Medina, 518.
Bridge, first over Huron River, 461.
Bridge Street House, Grand Rapids, 331.
Bridgewater township, history, 458, 459.
Bridgman, George W., skecth, 404.
Briggs, Daniel B., nativity, 314.
Briggs, H. C., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Briggs, Noah, Monterey pioneer, 561.
Briggs, Rosetta, (Mrs. John Adgate), 105.
Brigham, Aaron C., 491.
Brigham, Aaron G., at Goodrich reunion, 507.

Brigham, Carrie A. VanTine, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Brigham, Eliza, sketch, 497.
Brigham, John Sr., at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Brigham, John Sr. Mrs., (Eliza Goodrich), 491.
Brigham, John Jr., 491, 497; at Goodrich reunion, 507; remarks cited, 492.
Brigham, Samuel N., 491, 492; at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Bright, Jesse D., campaign orator, 274, 275, 277.
Brimmer, Louisa, pupil Climax, 473.
Brinkerhoff, David, pupil Battle Creek, 467, 469.
Brinkerhoff, Parsel, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Brinkman, Henry, pioneer Laketown, 562.
Bristol, —, Mrs., 66.
Britain, Calvin, member constitutional convention, 346.
Britton, Fred, reported, 387, 391.
Broadhead, —, Capt. British officer, 597, 654.
Broadhead, Thornton F. Col., killed in civil war, 501.
Brock, Isaac Gen., Detroit surrender to, 532; killed at Queenston, 481.
Brockway, W. H. Rev., homespun suit, 230; missionary at Soo, 53; nativity, 317; prayer by, 9.
Brogan, Barney, death reported, 41.
Brokaw, William Mrs., death reported, 187.
Bromley, Roswell, death reported, 143.
Bronson, early name of Kalamazoo, 305, 320, 370.
Bronson, Joel, first supervisor Wayland, 560.
Bronson, Titus, first pioneer Kalamazoo, 296, 304.
Brooks, David, 460.
Brooks, E. H., Col. United States Army, death reported, 208.
Brooks, Henry S., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Brooks, John A., Newaygo Pioneer, 142.
Brooks, Kendall, nativity, 315.
Brooks, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, formed, 54.
Brotherton, Francis, death reported, 143.
Brouwers, Gerritt, pioneer Overisel, 562, 563.
Brower, George W., land entry, 519.
Browers, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Brown, —, Dr., 373.
Brown, Amanda, (Mrs. Cyrus Russell, Mrs. W. R. McCall), sketch, 60.
Brown, Arthur, 387.
Brown, Arzy Rev., assigned to Detroit, 230.
Brown, Billy, landlord, 433.
Brown, Charles, death reported, 111; pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Brown, Charles R., Judge, 552; sketch, 401.
Brown, E. G., 59.
Brown, Edward, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Brown, Electa, death reported, 112.
Brown, Frank, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Brown, George D., death reported, 111.
Brown, Henry, pupil Climax, 473.
Brown, Henry B., nativity, 316.
Brown, James (Jim), death recorded, 396.
Brown, James D., 431; quoted, 432.
Brown, Jean, (Mrs. John Stevenson), death reported, 107.
Brown, Joe, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Brown, John, death reported, 143.
Brown, John of Ossowatamie, death reported, 89, 391.
Brown, L., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Brown, L. P., first supervisor Salem, 563.
Brown, Lakin E., contributor, 389.
Brown, Mary, teacher Battle Creek, 467.
Brown, Maud, vocal solo by, 2.
Brown, Nancy, (Mrs. Peter F. Brakeman), 431, 439.
Brown, Nancy Mrs., (Grosse Isle), death reported, 206.
Brown, Nathaniel, 410.
Brown, Ossowatamie, 391, see John Brown.
Brown, William, Pennfield, death reported, 43.
Brown, William, St. Clair, sketch, 431.
Brown, William Mrs., (Martha Thorn), 431.
Brown & Britton, lumbermen, 161.
Brown, Lockwood & Brown, lumbermen, 181.
Browne, Byron M., ran Kalamazoo Gazette, 374.
Browne, Refella, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Brownell, Ben., pupil Athens, 466.
Brownell, C. R., Allegan pioneer lawyer, 554.
Brownell, Charles H., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Brownell, Corydon, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Brownell, Deborah, pupil Athens, 466.
Brownell, Frank, pupil Athens, 466.
Brownell, Horace, pupil Athens, 466.
Brownell, Parker, pupil Athens, 466.
Brownell, Seymour, Macomb representative, 429.

Brownell, William, Macomb representative, 429.
Browns, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Brundage, Eliza V., pupil Battle Creek, 470, 471.
Brundage, Nathan, first death, Northfield, 451.
Brundage, Samuel, death reported, 111.
Brunger, Thomas Sr., death reported, 80; sketch, 82.
Brunson, Mary Ann, (Mrs. James Baird), sketches, 82.
Bryan, Alpha, Washtenaw, first white child born at Ypsilanti, 460.
Bryan, John, 461; built first court house Ann Arbor, 462.
Bryant, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Bryant, Roswell W., death reported, 112.
Bryant, Susan, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Bryant, William Cullen, 249.
Buchanan, James, pres. U. S., 267, 280, 285, 313.
Buchfink, M. Mrs., death reported, 110.
Buchougeholas, Delaware Indian, 592.
Buck, Almira, (Mrs. Henry H. North), sketch, 103.
Buck, Daniel W., 103.
Buck, George M., 387.
Buckhout, B. B., 168.
Buckhout, B. B. Mrs., (Miss Peck), 159.
Buckhout, Joseph, death reported, 128.
Buckland, D. C., Mrs., 152.
Buckley, Chet., broker, 280.
Bucknell, William Mrs., death reported, 143.
Budrow, —, editor, 388.
Buell, Cyrus R., death reported, 187.
Buffalo, burned, 481, see appendix.
Buffington, H. C. & Co., editors, 383.
Buffum, Arnold, abolitionist, 270.
Bugbee, Sarah Mrs., (Miss Little), 164.
Buhl, Frederick, (Frank), death reported, 209, see appendix.
Bulkley, Delia E., pupil branch U. of M., Kalamazoo, 464.
Bull, John, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Bullard, E. A. Mrs., (Miss Davis), 173.
Bullard, Minerva, 458.
Bulletin Daily Commercial, Detroit, 179, see appendix.
Bullis, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Bullock, Wheaton, Salem pioneer, 450.
Bullock's Corners, Washtenaw county, 450.
Bumpus, —, Prof., Olivet, 315.
Bunbury, (Banbury), Capt., 617, 626, 659, 662.
Bunce, Zephaniah Webster, Judge, death reported, 185; sketch, 8, see appendix.
Bundy, Deborah, (Mrs. Lee), 87.
Bunker, John, pioneer Eaton Rapids, 102.
Bunker, Phoebe, (Mrs. Ransom Everett), 102.
Bunnell, —, mill, 190.
Burch, —, Esquire, 638.
Burdick, Edwin, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Burdick, George, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 471.
Burdick, Justus Gen., Kalamazoo pioneer, 373, 379; editor, 389.
Burdick, Laura, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Burdick, William, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Burell, Miner S., death reported, 42.
Burgess, Ezra, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Burgess, Nathaniel built first house in Shelby, 425.
Burgitt, Abraham, 452.
Burgoyne, John, Gen., 45.
Burial customs, see funerals.
Burke, Elizabeth, death reported, 135.
Burker, —, 250.
Burleigh, C. C., reformer, 255.
Burlingham, Delphina, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Burlingham, Sarah M., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Burnett, Averil, death reported, 196.
Burnett, Benjamin F., 458.
Burnett, Florentine H., death reported, 189, 194.
Burnham, Ezra M., death reported, 134.
Burnham, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Burnip's Corners, 563.
Burns, James, pioneer, 514.
Burpee, Mary A., Mrs. death reported, 42.
Burpee, S. J., nativity, 318.
Burr, Daniel H., 87.
Burr, E. D., editor, 373.
Burrell, Adam, Quaker, 629.
Burrell, Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Burrell, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Burrell, Sarah Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Burrett, Jerome pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Burroughs, Jesse B. Rev. and family, 418; supervisor Pulaski, 417.
Burroughs, John, cited, 243.
Burrows, Montague, gift to society, 20.
Burrows and Rust, lumbermen, 181.
Burt, Phebe T., death reported, 204.
Burt, W. A., inventor solar compass, nativity, 318.
Burt & Bros., merchant, 59.
Burton, Barney, first marriage Grand Rapids, 331; sketch, 331.
Burton, Elizabeth, death reported, 184.

Burton, Lewis S., birth, 331.
Burton, M. Agnes, editress reprint, iv.
Burwell, Adam, Quaker, 661.
Bury, (Berry), Richard Rev., sketch, 227, see appendix.
Bush, C. B., 116.
Bush, Charles P., 102; member Constitutional Convention, 346, 350.
Bush, Christopher, land entry, 519.
Bush, George, 92.
Bush, Harvey, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Bush, John T., Buffalo lawyer, 500.
Bush, Lusabra Mrs., (R. C. Atkins), 194.
Bushe, Cynthia, death reported, 26.
Butler, Benjamin F., 249.
Butler, Edward, 50.
Butler, Emily S., (Mrs. Chauncey Marble Brewer), 50.
Butler, Jane Mrs., death reported, 184.
Butler, John, Col., 603, 605, 635, 645, 648.
Butler, John H. Prof., Hillsdale College, 315.
Butler, Marvin, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Butler, Mary, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Butler, Thomas, (of Emmett), death reported, 184.
Butler, William Gay, first settler Allegan, 557; first settler Saugatuck, 559.
Butterfield, H. Q. Rev., Pres. Olivet College, 315.
Butterfield, Ira H., Macomb representative, 429.
Buttolph, Henry D. Rev., Baptist, 234.
Button, —, pioneer Hopkins, 561.
Button, George W., death reported, 143.
Buyse, Theophilus Rev. Father, 126.
Byington, Delia, (Mrs. B. F. Hinman), 44.

Cadillac, Antoine de Lamothe, first settler Detroit, 301, 532.
Cadle, Richard F. Rev., 226; sketch, 226, see appendix.
Cain, Almon, death reported, 112.
Cairns, James, death reported, 133.
Caldwell, Eliza, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Caldwell, (Colwell), James, Capt., 619, 626, 655.
Caldwell, Josiah, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Calhoun county memorial report, 39-77.
Calhoun, John C., 294.
California gold fever, 56, see appendix.
Calkins, Edward, Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Calkins, Ephriam, Macomb representative, 428.
Calkins, Jay, remarks on Judge Gridley, 121.
Calkins, William H., died in civil war, 99, 144.
Calkins, William S., death reported, 22; sketch, 99, 100.
Calkins, William S. Mrs., (Mrs. Lucy Thayer, Miss Martha Steadman), 99.
Call, Daniel, pupil Battle Creek, 469,
Callahan & Co., publishers, 365.
Callen, M. M. Rev., prayer by 10.
Calves, price, 594.
Cambrelling, —, 250.
Camburn, Joseph, death reported, 135.
Campau, Louis, Indian trader, 320, 326, 557; made first land entry, 326; taxable property, 431.
Campau, Toussaint, Mrs., (Emily Marsac), 331.
Campaus, —, 328.
Campbell, —, Dr., 279.
Campbell, Alonzo, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Campbell, Donald, Major, prisoner, 447.
Campbell, Henry Monroe, Judge, father James V., 227, see appendix.
Campbell, James, pioneer Lenawee county, 514.
Campbell, James V., Judge, 205, 447, 448; death reported, 22, 208.
Campbell, Lucia, death reported, 26.
Campbell, Maria, defender of Hull, 313.
Campbell, Mary (Mrs. William P. Wells), death reported, 205.
Campbell, Phineas, death reported, 188.
Campbell, Richard Mrs., death reported, 188.
Campbell, Sarah, death reported, 113.
Campbell, William, death reported, 128.
Canada, David, half-breed interpreter, 649.
Canada, land reserved by England, 609; support of churches how secured, 609.
Canal, abandoned, 443; Erie, 198, see appendix; Portage, originator of 52; projected, 441, 572; Saginaw and Grand River abandoned 443; Saginaw or Northern, 441, see appendix; Sault Ste. Marie, 53.
Canawayhunos, Indians, location and number, 588.
Canby, Benjamin, Quaker, 581, 637, 661.
Canfield, James H., Prof. Kansas University, 404.
Canfield, Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Canitas, The, Indians, location and number, 587.
Cannon, Charles, death reported, 136.
Cannon, George H., deputy surveyor, 429; gave history of Shelby, 419-429; paper by, 17.
Cannon, Harriet, (Mrs. L. S. Prouty), 560.
Cannon, Howard B., read paper, 17.
Cannon, Levi H., deputy surveyor, 429.
Cansas, (Kansas) Indians, location and number, 587.

Cantine, Caroline, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Cantine, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Capitol, removed to Lansing, 345.
Capron, Johnny, pupil Climax, 473.
Carey, Peter, death reported, 196.
Carey, Thomas, 668.
Carey, Thomas Mrs., (Miss Moore), 668.
Carlisle, David Mrs., death reported, 186.
Carlisle, Fred, Secretary Wayne county Pioneer Society, 210, 211.
Carlisle, Lewis Dr., 210.
Carlisle, Polly Croul, Mrs., death reported, 210, 211.
Carlisle, William, 210.
Carleton, Guy Sir, Lord Dorchester, cited, 448, 620.
Carlton, Chester, death recorded, 101.
Carlton, Moses F., member of society, 19.
Carman, Esther, (Mrs. Isaac Garratt), 63.
Carmell, Therese, birth, 331.
Carmer, Nettie C., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Carmon, Jacob Mrs., death reported, 144.
Carpenter, Ann Mrs., death reported, 196.
Carpenter, Charles, death reported, 188.
Carpenter, Daniel, death reported, 80; sketch, 83.
Carpenter, Daniel Mrs., (Emily Day), death reported, 83; (Emily Rosier), 83.
Carpenter, E. Elder, 453, 454.
Carpenter, George M., gift, 20.
Carpenter, John W., death reported, 42.
Carpenter, Joseph, guide, 663.
Carpenter, W. W. Mrs., (Miss Garratt), 63.
Carr, David and family, Pulaski pioneers, 418.
Carr, Sarah E., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Carrigan, Georgiana, death reported, 186.
Carroll, Charles, signed Declaration Independence, 296.
Carron, —, merchant, 94.
Carron, Agnes, (Mrs. William Cumming, 94.
Carry all about, (Sa-wagh-da-wunk), Wyandot chief, meaning name, 619, 655; 619, see appendix.
Carscadin, —, Mrs., death reported, 40.
Carson, Kit, explorer, 332.
Carter, Charles H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Carter, George, Capt., death reported, 162; sketch, 165.
Carter, Harleigh, Macomb representative, 428.
Carter, Jacob, death reported, 187.
Carter, Jacob Mrs., death reported, 187.
Cartwright, James, bought land, 431.
Cary, Mary Jerusha, (Mrs. Putman Root), 68; sketch, 70.
Casco, settled and organized, 562.
Case, Abram, death reported, 188.
Case, Charles, death reported, 134.
Case, Constanius, pupil South Battle Creek, 646.
Case, Daniel, campaign speaker, 284.
Case, Emanuel, built first mills, 458.
Case, King, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Case, Lois P., death reported, 110.
Case, Orrin S., foreman printer, 371, 379.
Case, Pulcheria, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Case, Salome, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Case, Thurlow, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Case, Velorus, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Cases cited, Supreme Court, 366, 367.
Casey, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Cass county, memorial report, 77.
Cass, Lewis Gen., governor Michigan, U. S. senator, 260, 261, 274, 280, 298, 316, 393, 431, 435, 450, 532; anecdote of, 286, 287; campaign orator, 275, 277, 278, 284, 285, 289; candidate for president 223, 251, 258, 259; explorer, 332; nativity of, 314; services to Michigan, 313.
Cassady, Rose A. Mrs., death reported, 144.
Castle, Allen H., death reported, 144.
Catalogues, gifts, 19.
Catawbas, The, Indians, location and number, 586.
Catholic Church Roman, Festival, 601; mission at Keweenaw, 342, see appendix.
Causley, Mary, Mrs., death reported, 186.
Cavalry, George W. Mrs., (Miss Sprague), 211.
Cave, remarkable, 571.
Cavender, Burnes, guide, 513.
Cavender, William, 511, 513, 516, 517; built first barn in Medina, 515; early land entry, 519.
Caywood, Ann Mrs., death reported, 42.
Cemeteries filled, 665.
Census, Michigan 1880, 313.
Center, Samuel, Pulaski township clerk, 418.
Chachawenepish, chief, signed by totem, 421.
Chadwick, Ella F., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Chadwick, Johnathan, death reported, 80; sketch, 82.
Chadwick, Johnathan Mrs., (Lucia Allard, Mrs. Persons), death reported, 80; sketch, 82.
Chafee, Wilson, death reported, 112.
Chaffee, Block, 551.

Chaffee, Ira, Allegan, death reported, 25; first sawyer, 559, 560, 561.
Chargin Falls, (Shaguin), origin of name, 194, see appendix.
Chalas, The, Indians, location and number, 588.
Chamberlain, Desire Mrs., death reported, 206.
Chamberlain, Jeremiah E., 402.
Chamberlain, John Mrs., death reported, 144.
Chamberlin, —, Deacon, 230.
Chamberlain, Henry, nativity, 318.
Chamberlain, John, death reported, 160.
Chamberlain, John Mrs., (Rebecca Wilson), death reported, 160.
Chamberlain, William, nativity, 318.
Chambers, John G., death reported, 49.
Chambers, Nelson, 560.
Chambers, Samuel, land entry, 519.
Chambers, Thomas, 49.
Chambers, Thomas Mrs., (Mary Cullom), sketch, 49.
Chambers, William Thomas, death reported, 49.
Chancery Court, organized, 548.
Chandler, A. H., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Chandler, Albert R., printer, 370.
Chandler, Albert R. Mrs., (Miss Abbott), 371.
Chandler, Jesse, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Chandler, Zachariah, campaign orator, 274, 284; nativity, 316; U. S. senator, 265, 384, 504; whig leader, 290.
Chapel, Oliver, death reported, 111.
Chapin, (Cheaping), Isaac, Gen., U. S. 617, 661, 662.
Chapin, D. W. C., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Chapin, Louise, pupil Climax, 473.
Chapin, Theodore, pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Chappell, —, Dr., 516.
Chappell, Mary Ann Mrs., 17, 356, see Mother Handsome.
Charles, William, furniture dealer, 92.
Charles, Whipple, Judge, member constitutional convention, 346.
Chase, —, Prof. Olivet, 315.
Chase, Carrie, death reported, 135.
Chase, H. P. Rev., 436.
Chase, John, Monterey supervisor, 561.
Chase, Joseph (Uncle Joe) and wife, 234, 235.
Chase, Mary Mrs., death reported, 40.
Chase, Nehemiah, 375.
Chase, Philander, Ohio Bishop, founded Kenyon college, 308; established Jubilee college Gilead, 309.
Chase, Salmon P., 268.
Chase, Samuel, Capt. Gov. Macey, 440, see appendix.
Chase, Stephen J., 453; death reported, 197.
Chatfield, Daniel B., death reported, 144.
Chatfield, John M., supervisor, 417.
Chatham, 484, see appendix.
Chattel mortgage, 1789, 430.
Cheaping, —, Gen., 617, see Gen. Isaac Chapin.
Che-kin-a-bick, (Serpent), 437, 439.
Chelsea, village started, 453.
Chemochteman, Bostone, Indian salutation, 597.
Chene, (Shone), Isadore (Isidore), Indian interpreter, funeral described, 602, 645; see appendix, 602.
Cheney, J. L. Rev., 201.
Cherokees, The, Indians, location and number, 586.
Cherries, 645.
Chesebro, Daniel and family, pioneers Pulaski, 418.
Chesebro, Sylvester and family pioneers, 418.
Chesebrough, Jane, pupil Athens, 466.
Chesebrough, Levi, pupil Athens, 466.
Chesebrough, Lyman H., pupil Athens, 466.
Cheshire settlement and organization, 562.
Chicago Historical Society, gift, 19.
Chicago, population 1835, 321; road, sketch, 38, see appendix.
Chicago and West Michigan R. R. route, 563, see appendix.
Chickawaws, The, Indians, location and number, 586.
Childs, Aaron, 460.
Childs, J. W., member State central committee, 253.
Childs, Webster J., nativity, 318.
Chipawas, The, Indians, location and number, 587.
Chipaway boat, 625.
Chipman, Henry, nativity, 316.
Chipman, John S., (Black Chip), 395.
Chipman, Joseph A., (White Chip), 395.
Chipman, Samuel, 287.
Chippewa chiefs signed deed, 421.
Chippewa, wore scalps, 591.
Choctaws, The Indians, location and number, 586.
Christaneaux, The, Indians, location and number, 587.
Christiancy, Isaac P., Judge, U. S. senator, 251, 268; founded republicanism, 257; letter to Van Buren, 257-265; to Flower, 262, 265; nominated governor, 262; vote for governor, 249; Wing's tribute to, 266, 267.
Christopher, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.

Chronkhite, Lusina, death reported, 26.
Church, —, Judge, (Illinois), 61.
Church, Anice, death reported, 25.
Church, C. C., Mr. and Mrs., 61.
Church, C. E., 203.
Church, Eliza Ann, death reported, 113.
Church, Frederick S., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Church, Jesse E. Rev., 61.
Church, Jesse E. Mrs., (Julia Bailey), sketch, 61.
Church, Jonathan F., Grand Rapids pioneer, 331.
Church, Julia B. Mrs., death reported, 41.
Church, Mary A. Miss, death reported, 210.
Church, Thomas B., nativity, 316; sketch, 244, 245.
Church, William B. Dr., 61.
Church, first in Allegan, 557; Blissfield, 534; Deerfield, 534; Medina, 515; Salem, 450; Sylvan, 452, 453; made into town house, 454; only one Detroit, 639.
Churches aided by Alexander Folsom, 30.
Churman, Aleyda S., death reported, 26.
Cicotte, Lewis, death reported, 207.
Circuit courts organized, 548.
Circuit Detroit M. E. extent, 229.
Civil service reform, address given society, 20.
Civil war, Shelby's part in, 428; soldiers sent from Allegan, 563, 564.
Clapp, George S., sketch, 402.
Clapp, Rufus S., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clay, Henry, 200, 258, 276.
Clay, John, death reported, 112.
Clark, —, pupil Climax, 473.
Clark, —, Mrs., death reported, Port Huron, 185.
Clark, Benjamin, Deerfield pioneer, 534; death reported, 40; sketch 48, 49.
Clark, Calvin Rev., nativity, 317.
Clark, Calvin Mrs., (Miss Greves), 59.
Clark, Charles, pupil Athens, 466.
Clark, Charlotte E., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Clark, Cornelia, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clark, D. W., death reported, 134.
Clark, Daniel H., Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Clark, E. J., Miss, professor in Albion college, 49.
Clark, Elijah J., ran Kalamazoo Gazette, 374.
Clark, George, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clark, Hovey K., see Hovey K. Clarke.
Clark, James Freeman, 254, see James Freeman Clarke.
Clarke, Jerome L., pupil Battle Creek, 496.
Clark, Joseph, death reported, 25; with Shelby surveyors, 424.
Clark, Lucius L., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clark, Maria H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clark, Mary pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Clark, Melville C., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Clark; Moses Rev., 454; preached first sermon Ann Arbor, 462.
Clark, Oliver R., death reported, 113.
Clark, Prosper P., accidental death, 454.
Clark, Thomas George, 379.
Clark, William, death reported, 187; pupil Climax, 473.
Clark, William D., 458.
Clark & Gilbert, merchants, 376.
Clarke, —, Gen., land set aside for, 620.
Clarke, (Clark), Hovey K., 559; death reported, 205; founded Republicanism, 257, 267; member State Central Committee, 233; reformer, 260.
Clarke, (Clark), James Freeman, 254-56; defender of Hull, 313.
Clarkstone, Ruth Mrs., A., death reported, 209.
Cleaves, —, 513.
Clemens, —, Mrs., 433.
Clemens, Elizabeth Mary, Mrs. death reported, 210.
Clement, John B., 137.
Clement, John B. Mrs., (Prudence E. Gray), 136, 137.
Clements, Charles H., 453.
Clements, Samuel, 453.
Clements, Susan, 453.
Clergyman, first in Pittsfield, 457.
Cleveland, Oliver Mrs., (Miss Hewitt), 58.
Cliffton, Henry, 668.
Clifton, Rhoda, death reported, 144.
Climax pupils, 473.
Clinton county, buildings cost, 413; history, 410-13; county seat, 413.
Clinton, Dewitt, Gov. N. Y., 126.
Clinton river, formerly Huron, 420, see appendix.
Clisbee, Charles W., Judge Cass county, 408; sketch 77, 78.
Clisbee, Hannah Mrs., 77.
Clisbee, Lewis, 77.
Closser, John, 203.
Closser, Sally A. E. Mrs., (Miss Moore), death reported, 205.
Clyde, settlement and organization, 561.
Coal mining in Jackson county, 123.
Coates, —, Dr., shot Dr. Keith, 76.
Coates, Timothy S., supervisor Pine Plains, 561.

Coats, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Coats, Francis Mrs., death reported, 132.
Cobb, S. S. & Co., store, 383.
Cochran, Jane, (Mrs. Chester S. Tucker), 25.
Cockburn, Susan, death reported, 111.
Coddington, Russell Ada, Mrs., (Ada McCall), death reported, 60.
Coe, Esther A., branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Coe, George A., candidate lieutenant governor, 254.
Coe, Orrie, pupil Climax, 473.
Coffin, Levi, abolitionist, 270.
Coffinberry, Salathiel C., death reported, 22, 187; sketch, 188, 189.
Coffinberry, Wright L., death reported, 131, see appendix.
Coloy, Alvin, death reported, 144.
Colclazer, Henry, Rev., 230.
Coldwater, debt to Dr. Tucker, 35; first shingled house in, 36.
Cole, Aloza, pupil Climax, 473.
Cole, Augusta, pupil Climax, 473.
Cole, Ramah, Deacon, 234, see appendix.
Coleman, Dowd C., editor, 376, 377.
Coleman, Horton, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Coleman, John, death reported, 185.
Coleman, Merrill L., member pioneer society, 19; pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470; sketch, 468; treasurer society, report, vii, 22.
Coles, R. B., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Colfax, Schuyler, campaign orator, 254, 284.
Colgrove, C., Post, 72; resolutions, 73.
Colgrove, Jane, (Mrs. J. B. Hascall), 183.
Collier, G. X. M., farm, 153.
Colligan, Christy, death reported, 110.
Collins, —, Mrs., (Miss Spalding), 69.
Collins, Edwin O., 452.
Collins, S. B., pioneer Lyndon, 452.
Collins, William, death reported, 40.
Collins, William Mrs., (Miss McGregor), 164.
Collins Bros., 452.
Colson, —, 28.
Colt, Maria L., death reported, 129.
Columbus, Christopher, (Griego), 297; history cited, 497.
Colvin, C. P. Mrs., (Miss Macintyre), 167.
Colvin, Lon, death reported, 136.
Colwell, 655, see James Caldwell.
Colwell, Emily, death reported, 133.
Colwell, William, Capt., 656.
Commerce, at Detroit, 639; history cited, 24.
Commercial Bulletin Daily, 179, see appendix.
Commissioners appointed to secure peace with Indians, 565, 566, 570; gave Indians food, 634; meet Quakers, 617; to Indians, 566.
Committee executive, members of, viii.
Committee, Historical, expenses reported, 2; members, 1.
Common, Richard, death reported, 207.
Compton, —, Mrs., death reported, 134.
Comstock, C. C., nativity, 316.
Comstock, Elias Rev., Baptist, 234.
Comstock, Elisha, first bridgroom in Salem, 451.
Comstock, Harriet J. Mrs., death reported, 187.
Comstock, John, death reported, 144.
Comstock, Levi, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Comstock, Oliver C. Dr., letter cited, 16, 17, 212; nativity, 314.
Comstock village, 130, see appendix.
Conant, Harry A., committee of historians, viii; gave memoir of Wing, 2, 5, 212-217.
Conder & Gilbert, furniture, 376.
Cone, Fred, 152.
Cone, Linus, 151.
Cone, Linus, Mrs., (Mary Crooks, "Aunt Polly"), memoir, 150, 151.
Cone, Lorenzo, 152.
Cone, Mary Crooks Mrs., death reported, 144.
Cone, Riley, 152.
Conely, Isaac, editor, 565.
Conely, J. D. & E. F., attorneys, 116.
Conely, John, editor, 565.
Coney, —, meat market, 109.
Congdon, Elisha, 452, 453.
Congdon, James M., 453.
Congdon, May, (Mrs. Aaron Durand), 453.
Congdon, William, death reported, 207.
Conger, Omar D., U. S. senator, 364, 365.
Conger, Phoebe Mrs., (Miss Buck), 103.
Conger, Thomas, Judge, 397.
Conklin, J., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Conklin, Mary N. Mrs., death reported, 197.
Conklin, Nancy, death reported, 136.
Conklin, Norman L., 459.
Conklin, Orville N., death reported, 196.
Conkling, Alanson, Professor, Battle Creek, 469.
Conley, Baldwin D., death reported, 208.
Conley, Elijah, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Conley, John, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Connell, William, Allegan county pioneer lawyer, 554.
Connor, —, Alderman, 73, 75.
Connor, George, 108.
Connor, George Mrs., (Jane Dildine), 108.
Connor, Maria, (Mrs. W. W. Wickham), 69.
Conover, J. F., 253.

Considine, Sylvester Mrs., death reported, 40.
Constitution, society amended, 9.
Constitutional Convention 1850, measures, 345-350; 547, see appendix.
Contents, table of, v, vi.
Convention called for, 253; republican held, 253.
Converse, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Converse, Amasa P., pioneer Lenawee county, 514, 518; land entry, 519, 520.
Converse, Benjamin, pioneer Lenawee county, 514.
Converse, James, death reported, 135.
Convis, Ezra, nativity, 318.
Convis, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Convis, Wallace, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Conway, John C., death reported, 128.
Cook, —, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Cook, Addison P., death reported, 110.
Cook, Asa B., merchant, 47.
Cook, D. B., member of society, ix.
Cook, Ellen, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Cook, Isadore, A., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Cook, Jacob, 460.
Cook, John P., nativity, 318.
Cook, Lilly, death reported, 22.
Cook, Louis A., 391.
Cook, William N., member of society, ix; vice-president of society, vii.
Cook & Swift, law firm, 168.
Cook & Wilmarth, merchants, 47.
Cooledge, Henry H., Judge, 401, see Coolidge.
Cooley, Ashel, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Cooley, Elias Rev., 45, 56; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Cooley, Justus, land entry, 518, 519, 520.
Cooley, Thomas M., Judge, nativity, 316, 319; portrait of, donors, 20.
Coolidge, Henry H., Judge, nativity, 316; sketch, 401, 407, 408.
Coomer, Arnold, guide, 514.
Coonley, Baldwin D., death reported, 144.
Cooper, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Cooper, Henry, death reported, 41.
Copeland E., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Copeland, Frederick, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Copeland, George N., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Copeland, Joseph, Judge, 361, 362, 364.
Copeland, William, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Copley, A. B., paper cited, 24.
Coplin, William M., death reported, 111.
Copper mines ancient working, 529, 530.
Corn, amount obtained of Indians, 448; given for land, 421, now prepared, 642.
Cornell, A., gave Ionia memorial report, 104.
Cornell, Abbie, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Cornell, Alanson Dr., death reported, 105.
Cornell, Alanson Mrs., (Emmeline C.), sketch 105.
Cornell, Daniel S., death reported, 32; sketch, 33.
Cornell, Daniel S. Mrs., (Esther Bowerman), 34.
Cornell, Edwin, death reported, 105.
Cornell, Elias, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Cornell, Emmeline C. Mrs., death reported, 104.
Cornell, Henry A., 105.
Cornell, Job, death reported, 34.
Cornell, Joseph B., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Cornell, Lewis, 34.
Cornell, Lucian A., 105.
Cornell, Minerva C., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Cornell, Orlando, 34.
Cornell, Reuben, 34.
Cornell, W. F., reporter, 387.
Cornells, —, 255.
Corner, William, death reported, 26.
Corner stone Allegan court house, contents, 564.
Corning, A. B. Rev., first pastor Manchester, 458.
Cornish, Jared B., 457.
Cornplanter, Henry, (Obeal, O'Bail), sketch, 632, see appendix.
Cornwall, Anna, (Mrs. Francis Cornwall), 593.
Cornwall, (Cornwell), Francis, 593, 641.
Cornwell, Ira, death reported, 196.
Corwin, Tom, speech in congress, cited, 373, 349, see appendix.
Cory, —, land seeker, 512.
Coston, Zerah Rev., presiding elder, 229.
Costumes medieval, list given society, 20.
Cottrell, David, sketch, 437, see appendix.
Couch, George, death reported, 185.
Council determined Ohio boundary, 619; report of, 618, 619.
Counties formed, 1829, 296.
Country near Detroit described, 639; 640.
County seat established at Ann Arbor, 462.
Court circuit extent 18th, 367, see appendix; docket, 550.
Courthouse Allegan laying corner-stone, 538-65; early 550, 557; first Allegan

county, 543, 544; first in Ypsilanti, 462.
Courts, Elizabeth Mrs., death reported, 186.
Courts established in Allegan county, 549; in Berrien county, 405; organization of, 548; powers of, 548, sessions of, 548.
Couture, Alice, (Mrs. Benson), Mrs. James Knaggs, 225.
Cover, T. W., 59.
Covert, Hiram L., death reported, 144.
Covert, Isaac, death reported, 144.
Cowan, —, (Cowen), lake captain of Ottawa, 588, 602, 603, 604, 645.
Cowell, Amasa Mrs., death reported, 133.
Cowen, Capt., 588, see Capt. Cowan.
Cowles, Albert E., 101.
Cowles, Albert E. Mrs., (Fanny Foster), sketch, 101.
Cows, 1796, 431; price, 594.
Cox, Charles L. Mrs., death reported, 40.
Cox, Hiram J., pioneer Casco, 562.
Cox, Jacob Dolson, Gen. in civil war, 71.
Cox, S. S., quoted, 273.
Coy, Justus, land entry, 519.
Coyl, W. K., 208.
Coyle, Jane Bell Mrs., death reported, 208.
Crable, Thompkins, death reported, 26.
Cradle Indian, described, 575.
Cradit, Hannah, death reported, 114.
Craig, Robert, 459.
Cramer, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Cramer, C. B., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Cramer, John C. Mrs., death reported, 186.
Cramer, L. F., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Crane, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Crane, Lewis D., death reported, 41.
Crane, Timothy, 460.
Cranmon, Peter, death reported, 112.
Crapo, H. H., Gov., nativity, 314.
Crary, Isaac E., located county seat, 558; member constitutional convention, 345-49; Michigan congressman, 241, 372, 373; nativity, 316; 241, see appendix; sketch, 244, 245.
Crawford, —, (grandfather), 226, 229.
Crawford, —, Allegan pioneer, 561, 562.
Crawford, —, Lt., British officer, 597, 619, 625.
Crawford, James, Quaker, 623, 661.
Crawford, Jane, (Mrs. Joab Perry), 76.
Crawford, Riley Crooks, Rev., executive committee, viii; gave reminiscenses of pioneer ministers, 226-238; name, 17, 356; offered prayer, 1; paper cited, 10, 12, 17.
Crawford, Riley C. Mrs., (Mary Warren), 232.
Crego, John A., death reported, 42.
Cressey, Alonzo Dr., nativity, 318.
Crippen, Aurelia, (Mrs. D. N. Wilson), 35, 36.
Crippen, James B., death reported, 38, 39.
Crippen, Jay D., death reported, 39.
Crippen, Lorenzo D., married Ruth Haynes, 38.
Crippen, Lorenzo D. Mrs., (Ruth Haynes), sketch, 37-9.
Crippen, Philo H., married Mrs. Ruth Crippen. 39.
Crippen, Philo H. Mrs., (Ruth Haynes Crippen), 39; death reported, 32.
Crittenden, Harriet, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Crittenden, John J., lieutenant, 286.
Crittenden, Wallace, 558.
Crispell, Miranda, death reported, 113.
Crissey, Elida S. Mrs., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Crissy, Maria Mrs., (Miss Wilmarth), 47.
Crocker, Emeline, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Crocker, Stephen, 95.
Cronin, Henry M., death reported, 42; sketch, 70.
Cronin, Jeremiah, Jr., 70.
Cronin, Lizzie, (Mrs. Devereaux), 70.
Cronin, Thomas L., grocer, 70.
Cronk, James, pupil, Battle Creek, 464.
Cronk, Martha, (Mrs. Elijah N. Davenport), 173.
Crooks, David, 150.
Crooks, Eli, soldier 1812, killed Lundy's Lane, 151.
Crooks, Eunice Knox, Mrs., 150.
Crooks, Riley, killed by falling tree, 151.
Crosby, L. L., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Cross, —, landlord, 364, 365.
Cross, Alvin, raised first wheat Washtenaw, 455.
Cross, Daniel, 455, 459.
Cross, Eliza, (Mrs. Andrews McKinstry), 456.
Cross, George F., nativity, 318.
Cross Hotel, 364, 365.
Cross, James and family pioneers, 418.
Cross, James, supervisor Pulaski, 417.
Cross, John L., laid cornerstone Allegan court house, 564.
Crossman, Alanson, 130.
Crossman, Daniel L., gift, 19; paper, 25.
Crossman, John A., member of society, ix.
Croswell, Charles M. Gov., 191.
Crouch, murder cited, 116.
Crough, Isabella S. Mrs., death reported, 206.
Croul, Jerome, 210.

Crowder, Marion Mrs., (Miss Wilmarth), 47.
Crowe, Horatio N., death reported, 135.
Crowell, John, Cleveland lawyer, 77.
Crozier, James A., vice-president of society, viii.
Cruger, Dorathy, death reported, 135.
Cullom, Mary, (Mrs. Thomas Chambers), death reported, 40, 49.
Culver, Amanda, (Mrs. Luther Westover), 32.
Culver, Andrew J., death reported, 144.
Cum-e-kum-a-now, 432, see Maconce.
Cuming, William, (Scotch), sketch, 94, 95.
Cuming & Carron, merchants, 94.
Cumings, Ralph, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Cumming, William, death reported, 84.
Cumming, William Mrs., (Agnes Carron), 94.
Cunningham, Mary M. Mrs., death reported, 208.
Cupples, James W. Prof., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Curlis, A. A. Mrs., (Miss Rush), 67.
Currie, Jane E., death reported, 186.
Curtis, Blake, first land purchaser, 426.
Curtis, Lyman A. Mrs., death reported, 132.
Curtis, Matilda, death reported, 26.
Curtis, Otis, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Cushing, Martha, death reported, 206.
Custer, George, Gen., 391.
Cutcheon, Byron M., nativity, 316.
Cutcheon, Otis E. M., vice-president, vii.
Cutcheon, S. M., nativity, 316.
Cutler, Dwight, nativity, 318.
Cutler, John, Quaker, 629, 660, 661.
Cutler, Manasseh Dr., 390.
Cutler, Nancy M. A., death reported, 129.
Cyrus, —, Dorr pioneer, 562.

Daggett, William, death reported, 25.
Dahlman, Fred, death reported, 144.
Daily, Arthur, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Daily, Asa, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Daily, Calista, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Daily, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Daily, Eliza, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Dake, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Dake, Theodore, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Dakin, —, Dr. Mrs., (Miss Church), 61.
Dana, Cyrus, 395, 396.
Dances, Indian described, 618.
Danforth, —, pioneer teacher, 315.
Danforth, E., member constitutional convention, 350.
Daniels, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Daniels, Clayton, pupil Dowgiac, 472.
Daniels, Cornelia, pupil Climax, 473.
Daniels, Cyrus and family, Pulaski pioneers, 418.
Daniels, Ebenezer, member constitutional convention, 345; postmaster, 518.
Daniels, J. L. Professor, Olivet, 315.
Daniels, Joseph B., death reported, 128.
Daniels, Peter, Shelby pioneer, 427.
Danielson, Benjamin, elder, 453.
Daphne, —, Mrs., death reported, 144.
Darrow, Francis, 158.
Davenport, —, Col. ferryman, 485, 486.
Davenport, Elijah N. 173.
Davenport, Elijah N. Mrs., (Martha Cronk), death reported, 173.
Davenport, George, State senator, 173.
Davenport, Julia, 173.
Davenport, Martha Mrs., death reported, 163.
Davenport, Porter, 173.
Davidson, Darius L., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 165.
Davidson, Rachel, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Davis, —, mining discoveries, 530.
Davis, —, Miss (Mrs. Eliza Bell), 173; quoted, 436.
Davis, Abner, Deacon, 155.
Davis, Abram, 173.
Davis, Alfred, 459.
Davis, Angeline, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Davis, Anna, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Davis, Anna R. Mrs., death reported, 210.
Davis, Asher, 459.
Davis, Benjamin F., 101, 103.
Davis, B. F. Mrs., (Eva Sparrow), sketch, 101.
Davis, Calvin, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Davis, David D., petit juror, 550.
Davis, Elbert Y., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Davis, Emily W., 173.
Davis, George W., death reported, 145, 163; sketch, 172, 173.
Davis, George W. Mrs., (Mrs. Harriet R. Van Haaten), 173.
Davis, Isaac G., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Davis, Jeff, sec. war, 262.
Davis, John L., 173.
Davis, Josephine, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Davis, Josie, 173.
Davis, Julia, death reported, 136.
Davis, L. C. Dr., 173.
Davis, Lewis R., death reported, 128.
Davis, Lorenzo, Rev., 515.
Davis, Louis L., 173.
Davis, Lydia, pupil Athens, 466.
Davis, Martha, pupil Athens, 466.
Davis, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.

Davis, Mary H., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Davis, May E., 173.
Davis, Nancy Mrs., (Nancy Bagley), 158.
Davis, Nathan G., death reported, 110.
Davis, Needham, pupil Athens, 466.
Davis, Noah Mrs., (Miss Stewart), 91.
Davis, Peter, 173.
Davis, Philip, petit juror, 550.
Davis, Reuben, 511.
Davis, Reuben E. Mrs., death reported, 131.
Davis, Seeman, 173.
Davis, Squire N., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Davis, Stewart W., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Davis, Thomas W., death reported, 136.
Davis, W. H. Rev., nativity, 316.
Davis, William C., Lt. Col., 165.
Davis, William F., 102.
Davis, William F. Mrs., (Mary M. Hague), sketch, 102.
Davis, Clark & Hiller, lumbermen, 172.
Davison, —, 563.
Davison, Norman, Judge, 415, 416.
Davison's Mills, first town meeting in, 413, 414.
Dawes, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Dawes, —, letters cited, 625.
Dawes, James S., land entry, 519.
Dawes, John, pioneer, 509, 514.
Dawes, Jonathan, 608.
Dawes, Newton, 514.
Dawes, Rumford, 608.
Dawson, E. M., death reported, 25.
Dawson, George, Whig editor, 290.
Day, Clara M., (Mrs. W. F. Hewitt), 57.
Day, Emily, (Mrs. Daniel Carpenter), death reported, 83.
Day, Eri H., Rev., sketches cited, 24.
Day, F. S., Monterey pioneer, 561.
Day, Hiram, death reported, 195.
Dayton, —, mayor Flint, 490.
Dayton, Drusilla, Mrs., death reported, 207.
Dayton, R. P., Mrs., death reported, 186.
Dayton, William, candidate for vice-president, 284; vote for vice-president, 253.
Deake, Levi, death reported, 197; see also Levi Deaks.
Deaks, Levi, death reported, 144; see also Levi Deake.
Dean, B. Mrs., death reported, 145.
Dean, Charles, first teacher in Salem, 451.
Dean, Clarence L., editor, 387, 391.
Dean, Clarissa M., death reported, 114.
Dean's tavern, Adrian, 512.
Death, first in Grand Rapids, 331; Medina, 517; Portland, 411; Washtenaw, 450-462.
Decker, Caroline, Mrs., death reported, 42.
Decker, Freeman, death reported, 144.
Dedrich, Abram L., Judge, 551.
Deed, 1796, 430.
Deeds, Indians, 420-22.
Deemer, Peter, death reported, 27.
Deerfield, organization, 524; population, 535; semi-centennial of, 528.
De Forest, H. P. Rev., nativity, 316.
De Forest, T. J. Mrs., (Miss Sutton), 202.
De Frees, John D., editor, White Pigeon, 370.
De Graw, William Mrs., (Miss McGregor), 164.
Deitz, John, 49.
DeLand, Sally Baker, death reported, 133.
De Lano, —, 551.
Delano, Mrs., (Nettie E. Brigham), at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Delano, Sarah Mrs., death reported, 186.
Delano, Will W., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Delawares, Indians, location and number, 587.
Delno, —, (Mrs. Peter Riley), 436.
De Long, James, 108.
De Long, James Mrs., (Oriesa W. Dildine), 108.
Deloyer, Mrs., death reported, 185.
Delude, (Hauviere), Riviere, 437.
Delude, Riviere, (Desmond, Port Huron), 435, see appendix.
Deming, J., death reported, 136.
Deming, Polly, death reported, 135.
Democratic platform, 273.
Demot, Caroline, owned first piano in Medina, 518.
De Mott, Cornelius, land entry, 519.
Demund, Harrison, death reported, 144.
Den Herder, Jacob, joined Michigan Historical Society, ix; paper by, 474-79; sketch, 18, see appendix.
Denison, Charles, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Dennis, Ezekiel, Quaker, 660, 661.
Dennis, Gray, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Dennis, Obadiah, Quaker, 661.
Dennison, Silena, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Dennison, Willis, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Dent, —, Col., loaned money to Wing, 5.
Depew, Chauncey, cited, 240.
DePeyster, Arent Schuyler, cited, 448, 449; sketch, 448.
Depue, David, death reported, 22, 196; sketch, 22, see appendix.
Dequindre, Ann Christine, (Mrs. Ed-

ward Lansing), death reported, 208, see appendix.
Desire, Gironard, gift, 19.
Desmond, afterwards Port Huron, 435, see appendix.
Detroit, capitol moved to Lansing, 345; described, 596, 638, 639; early events, 532; expedition to, 565-671; first fort, 532; first location U. of M., 392, see appendix; first settled, 532; gates shut, 640; land about described, 632; M. E. Conference extent, 229; old landmarks, 622, 623; only one church, 639; population 1829, 377; province of Quebec, 430; sloop cargo, 655; streets narrow, 646; surrender to Americans, 532; watchmen in, 596.
Detroit Journal, gift to society, 20.
Detroit & St. Joseph railroad, name changed to Michigan Central, 360, see appendix.
Development of Western Michigan The, paper by Gilbert, cited, 9.
Devereaux, Lizzie Mrs., (Miss Cronin), 70.
Dewey, —, 160.
Dewey, E. J. Mrs., death reported, 197.
Dewey, Francis A., vice-president of society, viii; president society, 1.
De Witt, county seat, 413; Indians found at, 413.
De Wolff, Almon D., death reported, 114.
Dexter, Isaac, petit juror, 550.
Dexter, Samuel W., Judge, 481; led Dexter Colony, 327, 328; platted Dexter, 452, 453; purchased first land in Webster, 451.
Dexter, Wirt, campaign orator, 284; death reported, 210.
Dexter & Noble, 491.
Dexter colony, 326, 327; first church in, 453.
Dexter township, history of, 451, 452; origin of name, 451.
Dey, Alexander, death reported, 205.
Deyo, Ellery, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Deyo, Ira, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
DeZang, Frederick Augustus, superintendent canal, 573.
DeZang, F. A. Mrs., (Miss Lawrence), 573.
Dibble, Charles P., nativity, 316.
Dibble, Philo Mrs., death reported, 39.
Dibble, William, grand juror, 550.
Dickerson, Anna, first settler Salem, 450.
Dickerson, John, first settler Salem, 450.
Dickerson, Joseph, first settler Salem, 450.
Dickey, Charles, nativity, 318.
Dickey, Joseph F., death reported, 26.
Dickinson, —, Mrs., death reported, 40.
Dickinson, Albert, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Dickinson, Charlotte D., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 473.
Dickinson, Daniel S., N. Y. campaign orator, 274, 275; sketch, 276, 277.
Dickinson, Don M., nativity, 316.
Dickinson, Edwin, pupil Battle Creek, 466, 468, 469.
Dickinson, Jesse, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Die, Asa, 511.
Die, Asa Daniel, 513.
Die, Daniel, 511.
Dildine's Corners, 109.
Dildine, Daniel, 108.
Dildine, James, 108.
Dildine, Silas, 108.
Dildine, William, 108.
Dildine, William Helper, "Father," 109; death reported, 104; sketch, 108.
Dildine, W. H. Mrs., (Catherine Reynolds), 108.
Dildine, W. H. Mrs., (Mrs. Jane Wing), death reported, 108.
Dildine, W. H. Mrs., (Orissa Wing), death reported, 108.
Dilno, Henry Mrs., (Miss Perry), 77.
Dillwyn, George, 625.
Dimond, Reuben B., member constitutional convention, 345.
Dines, Margaret, (Mrs. Alexander Murray), 69.
Dingley, Edward N., managing editor, Kalamazoo, 387.
Dingley, Nelson, Jr., Maine Congressman, bought Kalamazoo Herald and Telegraph, 387.
Dingman, William, death reported, 145.
Dirymple, John, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
District attorney, salary of, 393.
Dix, John, Capt., started Dixborough, 450.
Dix, John A. Gen., 249.
Dix, Roscoe D., sketch, 404, 405.
Dixborough village, started and disappeared, 455.
Dixon, —, 419.
Dixon, —, sheriff Kazoo county, Miss., shot by James Barksdale, 473.
Dixon, Barnet and family, 418.
Dixon, Elijah, supervisor Pulaski, 417.
Dixon, George D., township clerk Pulaski, 417.
Dixon, Susanah Mrs., death reported, 206.
Dobbins, Laurance, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Doake, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 186.
Doctor, first in Manchester, 455; in town Scio, 453; pioneer in Adrian, 183.

Dodge, B. F. Mrs., of Berlin, death reported, 186.
Dodge, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 471.
Dodge, Silas, abolitionist, 248.
Doge, George W., death reported, 132.
Dolan, —, 116.
Dolbier, John, death reported, 133.
Dole, Thomas, death reported, 26.
Dollivar, Cordelia Mrs., (Miss Durning), 175.
Dolson, Isaac, 639, 640; land grant, 639, see appendix.
Dolson, James, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Dolson, Matthew, 585, 599, 617, 639, 641; price board, 615.
Dolson, Matthew Mrs., (Hannah), 617.
Dolson, Sophia M., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Donald, Robert M., death reported, 26.
Donaldson, Andrew J., 290; candidate vice-president, 253.
Donaldson, F. S., Allegan lawyer, 554.
Donnelly, —, Mrs., defendant, 76.
Donnelly, James, pioneer Casco, 562.
Donner, Fredincca, death reported, 206.
Doran, Michael, death reported, 206.
Dorchester, Lord, Sir Guy Carleton, 620; cited, 448.
Dorling, John, Quaker, 636.
Dorman, —, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Dorr, Samuel W., death reported, 196.
Dorr, settled and organized, 562.
Dorrance, —, 37.
Doty, —, editor, 388.
Doty, Malinda, death reported, 132.
Double, William Mrs., death reported, 196.
Doughty, Charles, death reported, 162; sketch, 165, 166.
Doughty, Charles Mrs., (Eunice Fish), 166.
Doughty, Thomas E., 165.
Doughty and Reynolds, 165.
Douglas, Stephen A., campaign speaker, 262, 274.
Douglass, C. C., sketch, 341-43.
Douner, Frank Capt., death reported, 185.
Dover, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 144.
Dow, Augustus, death reported, 40.
Dowagiac pupils, 471, 472.
Dowling, Thomas, death reported, 208.
Downer, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Downs, Eugene, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Downs, Eveline, (Mrs. J. R. Hendryx), 47.
Downs, Hattie, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Downs, Helen, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Downs, Lemuel, 47.
Downs, Rinaldo, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Downs, W. H. Mrs., (Miss Warner), 175.
Doyle, —, Mrs., (Miss Weaver), 176.
Doyle, E. J. Rev., death reported, 185.
Drake, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Drake, Elizabeth, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Drake, Jane, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Drake, John, lake captain, report, 642, 643; sketch, 598.
Drake, Thomas, Indian trader, 194.
Draper, Charles, 152.
Draper, Hiram, member of society, ix, 19.
Draper, William Mrs., 152.
Drinker, Henry, Quaker, 608, 664.
Drivers four in hand, 64.
Drowns, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Drulard, Henry Mrs., death reported, 186.
Duboys, Jacob, 88.
Duckwell, George, Oneida Indian quoted, 612.
Dudley, Elon, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Dudley, Francis, chairman illiterate, 424.
Duke of Athol, Perthshire, 176.
Duncan, James A., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Duncan, William, built road, 558.
Dunham, —, Miss, (Mrs. Duncan A. McArthur), introduced peach trees in Allegan county, 559.
Dunham, Edwin, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Dunham, Samuel, 452.
Dunham, Silas, Allegan pioneer, 559.
Dunkers (Tunker), peculiar religious society, 586, 593, 640.
Dunkin, William Mrs., death reported, 187.
Dunmore, sloop, 582, 614, 615, 617, 626-28, 638, 649, 652, 653, 661; cargo, 659.
Dunn, Bridget Mrs., death reported, 208.
Dunn, Ransom, D. D., Prof. Hillsdale college, 315.
Dunning, —, Miss, (Mrs. C. K. Eddy), 175.
Dunning, Alonzo, 175.
Dunning, Amos D., first supervisor Watson, 560, 561.
Dunning, Beattie, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Dunning, H. P., 564.
Dunning, Isaac R., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Dunning, John Col., 175.
Dunning, Sidney, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Dunning, Zopher, 175.

Dunningville village, 563.
Dunstan, Thomas B., vice-president of society, vii.
Dunster, Edward S. Dr., U. of M., 315; nativity, 318.
Dupark, Lucia Mrs., death reported, 41.
Dupre, Charlotte Mrs., 439.
Durand, Aaron, 453.
Durand, Silence, death reported, 111.
Durfee, B. C., land entry, 519.
Durfee, Bradford, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Durfee, Charles M., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Durfee, George S., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Durfee, Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Durgin, De Witt C., D. D., professor Hillsdale college, 315.
Durheim, Frederic, death reported, 197.
Durkee, Delight, death reported, 136.
Dusenbury, John, 50.
Dutch Colony, Fillmore, 562; in Laketown, 562.
Dutcher, George A., 28.
Dutcher, T. B., 28.
Dutton, Albert B., death reported, 144.
Dutton, Benjamin, death reported, 144.
Dutton, Chauncey S., death reported, 162; sketch, 166, 167.
Dutton, Chauncey S. Mrs., (Elizabeth Rogers), 166.
Dutton, William, principal branch U. of M., 307, 465.
Dwelle, Michael, death reported, 113.
Dyer, Orville P., death reported, 41.

Eagle Hotel, Grand Rapids, 331.
Eagle, Solomon, death reported, 145.
Eames, Elisha D., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Earle, Albert G., death reported, 97.
Earle, C. M. W., publisher, 388.
Earle, Daniel, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Earls, Elijah, death reported, 134.
Early days on the St. Clair river, 10.
Eastman, Eliza J., (Mrs. R. Goodrich), 507.
Eastman, Loton H., 175.
Eastman, Sanford Dr., 59.
Eaton, Corydon, petit juror, 550.
Eaton, Eliza, death reported, 135.
Eaton, J. M., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Eaton, Orsamus, petit juror, 550.
Eaton, Sloan, Otsego pioneer, 559.
Eaton, W. L., editor, 387.
Eaton county, memorial list, 80-4.
Eberstine, Benah, pupil Goguac, 463.
Eberstine, Charles, pupil Goguac, 463.
Eberstine, Conrad, campaign speech, 279, 280.
Eberstine, George, pupil Goguac, 463.
Eberstine, Henry, (democrat) 242.
Eddy, —, British officer, 619.
Eddy, Arthur D., 175.
Eddy, Clarence, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Eddy, Charles Kirke, 175.
Eddy, Charles K. Mrs., (Miss Dunning), death reported, 163; sketch, 175, 176.
Eddy, Edward, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Eddy, George Mrs., (Miss Moon), 94.
Eddy, Jerome, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Eddy, Lila Miss, 175.
Eddy, Mary N., death reported, 111.
Eddy, Walter S., 175.
Ederson, John, death reported, 131.
Edgett, John Allison, Judge, 170.
Editors, factors in politics, 290-92.
Edmonds, John W., 249.
Edmonds, (Edmond), L. M. Rev., 77, 83.
Edmunds, Fremelia, death reported, 129.
Edmunds, James M., 190; member constitutional convention, 345.
Edsell, W. C., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Edson, Clara A. Mrs., (Miss Porter), 96.
Education provisions in ordinance, 299.
Edwards, Abraham Major, land register, Kalamazoo pioneer, 305, 370.
Edwards, Byron, 201.
Edwards, Delos, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Edwards, Henry E., remarks on Judge Gridley, 121.
Edwards, John M., nativity, 316.
Egbert, E., Judge, 393.
Eggleston, —, quoted, 223.
Eggleston, Charles H. Dr., 46.
Eggleston, Charles H. Mrs., (Miss Borradaile), death reported, 39; sketch, 45-47.
Eggleston, Kittie, 46.
Eggleston, Nina, 46.
Eldred, Alphonso, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldred, Andrew J., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Eldred, Caleb, Kalamazoo pioneer educator, 307; nativity, 316.
Eldred, Catherine, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Eldred, Daniel B., Kalamazoo pioneer, 302, 304.
Eldred, De Laun, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldred, Elizabeth, (Mrs. W. H. Warner), 175.
Eldred, Estella, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldred, Hiram, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Eldred, Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Eldred, Julia, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldred, Kittie, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldred, Leoda, pupil Climax, 473.

Eldred, Louisa, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Eldred, Mary Ann, (Mrs. Matthew Gillett), sketch, 81.
Eldred, Mumford, settled Martin, 560.
Eldred, Nelson, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Eldred, Richard, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Eldred, Samuel, first child in Martin, 560.
Eldred, Sarah, pupil Climax, 473.
Eldridge, C. S. Dr., 93.
Eldridge, E. T. Mrs., 93.
Eldridge, Fred, 93.
Eldridge, I. N. Dr., 93.
Eldridge, I. N. Mrs., (Mary Louisa Shepard), death reported, 84; sketch, 93.
Eldridge, John, 93.
Eldridge, Kate, 93.
Eldridge, Monte, 93.
Election, expenses 1834, 415; first in Washtenaw county, 450-62; Lee first vote, 563.
Eleveld, Koor, death reported, 27.
Elliott, John, (Jackson), death reported, 111.
Elliott, John, Quaker peace commissioner, 566, 567, 592, 593, 612, 629, 635, 637-39, 641-652, 655, 660-62; attacked by fever and ague, 661, 663-66; spoke French, 595.
Elliott, Laylin Elvira Mrs., death recorded, gift to missionary society, 103.
Elliott, Margaret F., death reported, 204, the text should be daughter, not wife, of Robert Thomas Elliott.
Elliott, Mary, death reported, 114.
Elliott, Matthew, Capt., Indian agent, 586, 588, 602, 609, 610, 617, 618, 621, 645, 650, 651, 655, 656.
Elliott, Robert Thomas, cemetery named for, 204.
Ellis, William, Quaker, 631-33.
Ellis, William M., death reported, 145.
Ellsworth, C. C., nativity, 316.
Elwell, E., 54.
Ely, Alexander L., county clerk, Allegan, 547, 558; supervisor, 560.
Ely, Elisha, 559; first representative, 558; judge, 547, 549, 553, 558.
Ely, Jonathan T., 454.
Ely, Ralph, auditor general, nativity, 318.
Emerick, Jacob, 455.
Emerson, Philip H., Judge Utah territory, 57, 76.
Emigrants, class of, 475, 476.
Emlen, Samuel, Quaker, 582.
Emmons, C. M. Mrs., death reported, 187.
Emmons, Mary E. Mrs., death reported, 39.
Emsley, Thomas G. Mrs., (Miss Church), 61.
England, Richard Col., commandant of Detroit, 585, 591, 603, 606, 611, 615, 617, 626, 639, 645, 653.
England's share of Canada, 609.
Ensign, —, published history Shiawassee county, 184.
Epidemic, fatalities, 665, 666.
Erie canal description, 198, see appendix.
Erkenbeck, Elinor, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Erkenbeck, Kate, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Erkenbeck, William, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Estabrook, Joseph, member of society, ix; nativity, 315; sketch, 18, see appendix.
Esselstyne, Harry, death reported, 204.
Etheridge, Allie, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Etheridge, Andrew, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Etheridge, James, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
European settlers, 474-79.
Evans, James, death reported, 113.
Evans, Mahala Mrs., death reported, 43.
Evans, Musgrove, boulder erected on site of house, 533; first settler Tecumseh, 533.
Eveline Bates, schooner, 162, see appendix.
Everard, J. H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Everett, C., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Everett, Ransom, sketch, 102.
Everett, Ransom Mrs., (Phoebe Bunker), 102.
Everett, Roswell, Mr. and Mrs., 102.
Everett, S., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Eversteen, Conrad, death reported, 128.
Eves, John, Quaker, 663.
Ewell, Philander, Macomb representative, 429.
Expedition to Detroit, 1793, 561, 565, see appendix.
Expenses election 1834, 415.

Fabrigue, Andrew, death reported, 134.
Fair, James, death reported, 197.
Fairbank, Henry C. Dr., 86.
Fairbanks, E. & F., scale manufacturers, 129, 130, see appendix.
Fairbanks, Isaac, first supervisor Fillmore, 562.
Fairbanks, Thaddeus, sketch, 130, see appendix.
Fairchild, Fred E., member society, 19.
Fairchild, Nathaniel, 505.
Fairchilds, Melville, pupil Battle Creek, 470.

Fairfield, John A., member of society, ix.
Falihee, Mary, death reported, 114.
Falling Snow, 437, see May zhe ke osh.
Falvy, Dennis, death reported, 209.
Fargo, Dan T., 108.
Fargo, James H., 458.
Farley, —, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Farley, Asa, pioneer, 514, 517.
Farleys, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Farmer, F. A. Mrs., (Miss Braley), 176.
Farmer, John, death reported, 209.
Farmer, Roxanna Mrs., death reported, 209.
Farmer, Silas, 209.
Farmer's Brother, Indian chief, 633.
Farmer The, Kalamazoo paper, 388.
Farms, described, 593, 594.
Farnsworth, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Farnsworth, Elon, Chancellor, nativity, 316.
Farnsworth, Fanny, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Farnsworth, Frances, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Farnsworth, Jane, Battle Creek pupil, 463, 467.
Farnsworth, John, Battle Creek pupil, 463, 468.
Farnsworth, Joseph, Kalamazoo pioneer, 304.
Farnsworth, P. M., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Farnsworth, Richard, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Farnsworth, Welcome, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Farnum, W. L. Rev., 91.
Farrand, B. C. Mrs., (Helen W.) vice-president society, viii; gave history St. Clair county, 10, 430-39.
Farrer, J. L., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Farrow, Charlotte, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Farrow, Jerome, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Farwell, Hiram, land entry, 519.
Farwell, William, death reported, 128.
Faulkner, Frank W., 54.
Faulkner, Frederick L., 54.
Faulkner, James F., 54.
Faulkner, Jane Mrs., 53.
Faulkner, John, (son of Thomas) death reported, 54.
Faulkner, Joseph, 54.
Faulkner, S. Jennie, 54.
Faulkner, Samuel A., 54.
Faulkner, Thomas, death reported, 40; sketch, 53, 54.
Faulkner, Thomas Mrs., (Sarah Lowe), 53.
Faulkner, Thomas C., (Jackson), 54.
Faulkner, William, (England), 53.
Faulkner, William H., death reported, 54, 55.
Faust, (Fust), Johan, claimed invention printing, 372.
Felch, Alpheus Gov., gift to society, 19; member constitutional convention, 348; nativity, 314, 316; remarks, 15, 16; vote for governor, 249.
Felicity, sloop, 611, 648, 651.
Fellows, Abial, death reported, 128.
Fellows, Asa, death reported, 42.
Fellows, John A., death reported, 114; sketch, 126.
Felsham, Millard S., death reported, 112.
Fenn, A. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Fenn, Betsey M., (Mrs. John C. Winans), 452.
Fenton, William M. Gov., 261, 358, 362.
Ferguson, Chauncey S., Clinton pioneer, 412.
Ferguson, Daniel, Clinton pioneer, 412.
Ferguson, Esther Mrs., death reported, 185.
Ferris, —, pupil Athens, 466.
Ferry, Dexter M., nativity, 318.
Ferry, Thomas W., United States Senator, 504; log warehouse Grand Haven, 142.
Ferry, William M. Rev., nativity, 317.
Ferrys, —, pioneers Grand River valley, 328.
Ferry fare, 488.
Field, —, girl taken prisoner by Indians, 590.
Field, Daniel Dudley, 249, 250.
Field, F. G., 116.
Fields, John, Quaker, 664.
Fields, Myra L. Mrs., (Miss North) 103.
Field, Shubel, death reported, 136.
Field, Wells, Watson pioneer, 560.
Fife, Hiram T., first supervisor Deerfield, 534.
Fiftieth anniversary in Michigan, 490-508.
Fillmore, Millard, vote for president, 253, 284, 285, 1, 290.
Fillmore, name, settlement and organization, 562.
Fillon, Caroline, (Mrs. James L. Gould) 128.
Fillon, James, 128.
Finance crisis in 1837, 320, see appendix.
Finch, Electa, death reported, 26.
Finch, Joe, bully, 377.
Fincher, Samuel, 513; land entry, 519.
Finchley, —, Mr., 443.
Finn, William, grand juror, 550.
Fire destroyed town records, 453; how secured, 512.
Firth, Elizabeth Mrs., death reported, 145.

Fischer, Regina, death reported, 207.
Fish Carrier, Indian, 592.
Fish, Elias Dr., 138, 139.
Fish, Elias Mrs., (Mary E. Gurney), memoir, 139.
Fish, Eunice, (Mrs. Charles Doughty) 166.
Fish, F. E., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Fish, James, death reported, 145.
Fish, Joel and family, pioneers Pulaski, 418.
Fish, Joseph, 547.
Fish, Le Roy, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Fish, Mary, death reported, 113.
Fish, Mary E., principal Greenville, 138.
Fish, Schuyler, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Fish, Waity, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Fish, William, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Fish, masquenungy, size, 625.
Fisher, —, 419, 449; see Big White, 449.
Fisher, Dan, 379.
Fisher, Elijah, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Fisher, Enoch, pioneer, 418.
Fisher, Jacob, death reported, 136.
Fisher, James, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Fisher, Joseph, pioneer, 418.
Fisher, Le Grand, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Fisher, William, death reported, 145.
Fisk, —, kept first hotel Allegan, 559.
Fisk, Clinton B. Major General, 37, 39.
Fisk, Clinton B. Mrs., (Miss Crippen), 37, 39.
Fisk, D. M. Rev., 116, 117.
Fisk, Joseph, Allegan pioneer, 559; nativity, 317; register, 558.
Fisk, L. R., president Albion college, 315.
Fisk, Pauline, death reported, 114.
Fitch, Clinton, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Fitch, George A., editor, 385, 389; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Fitch, George & Co., bought Kalamazoo Telegraph, 382-84.
Fitch, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Fitch, Sarah E., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Fitch, Thomas, editor, 384.
Fitzgerald, Jerome B., lawyer, sketch, 393, 394.
Fitz Gerald, Lloyd, grand juror, 550.
Fitzgerald, Richard, death reported, 145.
Fitzgerald, Thomas Col., second lawyer in Berrien county, 392, 393, 397, 398; sketch, 392, 393.
Fitzpatrick, Samuel, pioneer, 514.
Fitzpatrick, Thomas, 514.
Fitzsimmons, William, 189.
Flagg, Azariah C., 249.
Fleming, Edward, editor, 386, 387, 389.
Fleming, Nancy, death reported, 113.
Fleming, Robert, 454.
Fleming, Thomas R., death reported, 145.
Fletcher, Ellen, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Fletcher, F. W., 391.
Fletcher, John W., death reported, 22.
Fletcher, Joseph Col., surveyed Lenawee county, 509, 511.
Fletcher, Mary, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Fletcher, Seth, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Fletcher, William A., Judge, 358, 359, 405, 406; nativity, 316; sketch, 358, see appendix.
Fletcher's Code, 358, 359.
Flint, Abijah (Bijah), pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Flint, Eliza, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 471.
Flint, Emily, death reported, 114.
Flint, M. V. I., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Flint, Minerva Mrs., death reported, 197.
Flint, Sarah, pupil Climax, 473.
Flint and Fenton, plank road, 85.
Flood, Indian account of, 588.
Florida admission statehood, 299, see appendix.
Flour, price, 432; purchased, 638.
Flower, Frank A., author history Relican party, 263, 264, 271; letter from Christiancy, 263-66.
Flowers, Abraham B. Rev., death reported, 113.
Flynn, Thomas, 233, see appendix.
Folkerts, (Folkert), C., 432.
Folle Avoines, (Tolle Avvine, Wild Oats, Menominee) Indians, location and number, 587.
Folsom, Alexander (Alex), death reported, 29; gift to Alma college, 30; sketch, 29-31.
Folsom, Alexander Mrs., (Elizabeth File Van Armon), 29.
Folsom, John, 29.
Folsom, John, Jr., 29.
Food, Indian, 597, 598.
Foot, Henry, 153.
Foot, Obed H. Mrs., death reported, 131.
Foot, Solomon, U. S. Senator Vermont, 44.
Foote, Allen, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Foote, Alvan, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Foote, Emily, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Foote, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Foote, Zilpha, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Forbes, William, defendant, 550; pioneer Gun Plains, 559.
Forbs, (Forbes), Eunice, (Mrs. David Scott), 410.

Ford, —, Capt. Dunmore, 617, 628, 638.
Ford, Albert L., death reported, 110.
Ford, Daniel Dr., death reported, 208.
Ford, Henry A., editor, 387, 389.
Ford, Jonathan H., 142.
Ford, Richard, death reported, 132.
Forests, danger of being lost in, 610.
Forrest, Herbert A., 168.
Forster, John Harris, committee on appropriation, 20; paper by, 17, 24, 45, 332-45; president society, 18; remarks on Wing, 8; sketch, 354, 355; see appendix, 332.
Fort, Emily V., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Fort, Jane, (Mrs. Harmon L. Spalding), 69.
Fort, —, first in Michigan, 532.
Fort Brady, location, 53.
Fort Erie, 659.
Fort Gratiot, soldiers starving, 431.
Fort Harmer, treaty, 620.
Fort Hendricks, 572.
Fort McIntosh treaty, 627, 657.
Fort Stanwix treaty, 612, 620.
Forts, ancient, 530; at Detroit, 655.
Forward, James, 550.
Fosdick, Judith, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Fosdick, Mary A., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Fosdick, William F., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Foster, —, Miss, prisoner sick among Indians, 607.
Foster, Abbey Kelley, reformer, 255.
Foster, Benjamin, 550.
Foster, Fanny, (Mrs. A. E. Cowles), sketch, 101.
Foster, Gid, 379.
Foster, Henry C., claim of first born in Medina, died civil war, 517.
Foster, J. W., 52.
Foster, John R., 512-13; built first log house, 515; land entry, 519.
Foster, John R. Mrs., first white woman Medina, 513.
Foster, Mary E. Mrs., vice-president of society, viii.
Foster, Samuel Dr., 557-59.
Foster, Samuel W., 451.
Foster, Sarah J., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Foster, Stephen S., reformer, 255, 256.
Foster, Theodore, editor Signal of Liberty, 101.
Foster, Walter S., death reported, 187.
Foster, William, 607.
Foundries, first, 331.
Fountain, Cyrus H., death reported, 110.
Four Brothers, boat, size, 162, see appendix.
Fourth July celebration, 441.
Fowler, Asenath Mrs., death reported, 187.
Fox, —, Mrs., publisher, 388.
Fox, D. S., merchant, 91.
Fox, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 210.
Fox, Mary, death reported, 110.
Fox, Morris, death reported, 136.
Fralick, Henry, president society, 1, 11; remarks, 8.
Frank, Fred, death reported, 25.
Frank, Stephen W., death reported, 128.
Fraser, James, 177.
Frasier, Anna E., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Frasier, Louise J., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Frazee, Bradford Rev., 230.
Frazer, Daniel, taken prisoner by Indians, 590.
Frederic, Harriet, (Mrs. Dennis Lancaster), 459.
Freedom, history township, 457.
Freeman, —, Capt., 654.
Freeman, Charlotte, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Freeman, Emeline, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Freeman, Hannah, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Fremont, John C., candidate for president, 27, 28, 253, 284, 285, 289.
French, John M., sketch, 99.
French, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 208.
French characteristics, 595.
French claims, last, 25.
French, early occupation of Michigan, gift, 19.
French trading post Ypsilanti, 460.
Frenchtown, Lossings description, 218, 219.
Frey, Elizabeth, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Frey, Jacob, death reported, 112.
Frey, James, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Frey, Mary, death reported, 114; pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Friends Miscellany, quoted, 565-671.
Friends (Quakers) at treaty, 566; commissioners of peace, 565-671.
Frieze (Friese), Henry S., Prof. U. of M. nativity, 315; death reported, 196.
Frink, Amelia Norris Miss, 71.
Frink, Harry, death reported, 145.
Frink, Joseph Colton, 71.
Frink, J. C. Mrs., (Amelia Caroline Norris), 71.
Frink, Norris Joseph Col., "Nod," death reported, 42; sketch, 71, 72.
Frink, Norris J. Mrs., (Isabella W. Gorham), 71.
Fritz, Jabez S., Free Soil candidate for governor, 248.
Frobisher, —, North West Fur Company merchant, 612.
Frost, Anna D. Mrs., death reported, 43.

Frost, David, 455.
Frost, Josiah B., gave Jackson memorials, 110; vice-president of society, vii; remarks on Bunce, 8, 9; remarks on Lay, 7.
Fruit industry, 323, 324; trees brought to Michigan, 199.
Frulan, Thomas W. Judge, in Mexican War, 398.
Fuller, —, farmer, 291, 292.
Fuller, Abraham, revolutionary soldier, 129.
Fuller, David, 633.
Fuller, F. R., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Fuller, Kate, law suit against Jackson city, 115.
Fuller, Philo C., Whig candidate for governor, 248.
Fuller, Ruth, (Mrs. Henry Little), 129.
Funerals at Roman Catholic chapel, 606; customs, 569, 570; described, 602; Indian, 436, 437; Indian slave, 624, 656; Romanist described, 613.
Furness, Ann Elizabeth, (Mrs. Ansel M. Hurd), 91.
Fur trade, value, 655.
Fyfe, Lawrence C., sketch, 404.

Gafengy, Mary, death reported, 134.
Gaffield, Adam, death reported, 185.
Gage, Chauncy H., Judge, remarks on Wheeler, 169.
Gahagan, James, pioneer, 514.
Gale, Charles E., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Gale, Charles E. Mrs., (Ellen C. Narrin), at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Gale, George, death reported, 145.
Gales, Jeanette, death reported, 110.
Galesburg, formerly Tolland's Prairie, 130; list in literature class, 473, 474; location, 130, see appendix.
Gallagher, Ann Mrs., death reported, 197.
Gallup, Ezekiel, 515.
Gallups, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Galpin, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Galpin, Myrenus, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Gambell, —, Mrs., death reported, 134.
Gamble, Charles, death reported, 136.
Ganges settlement and organization, 561.
Ganiard, Almond M., death reported, 113.
Gantt, Samuel N., editor, 382.
Garden beds near Three Rivers, 529.
Garden industry, 324.
Gardiner, E., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Gardiner, Henry, death reported, 145.
Gardiner, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 197.
Gardner, Harry, death reported, 207.
Gardner, Jeremiah H., member of society, ix, 19.
Gardner, Robert, 460.
Garfield, James, student Chester academy, 138.
Garland, John, 158.
Garland, John Mrs., (Nancy Davis), 158.
Garlick, Horace, guide, 511, 513, 514, 517; land entry, 519.
Garratt, Caleb, 63.
Garratt, Isaac, death reported, 41; sketch, 63, 64.
Garratt, Isaac Mrs., (Esther Carman), 63.
Garrison, William Lloyd, abolitionist and reformer, 89, 255, 257, 258, 267-69, 272, 273, 285.
Garry, Annie Mrs., death reported, 186.
Garvin, W. B., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Gaskill, —, 509.
Gates, Lorinda, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Gates, Lyman M., bought Kalamazoo Telegraph, 386; editor, 375.
Gates, Merritt, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Gates, Rebecca, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Gates, Samuel K., death reported, 104; rebel prisoner, sketch, 107.
Gates, Samuel K. Mrs., (Clara Whiting), 107.
Gates, Seth M., New York congressman, 269.
Gay, Sarah, (Mrs. John J. Wheeler), 168.
Geddes, John, 198; death reported, 22, 196, 454; sketch, 202, 203.
Geddes, John Mrs., (Fannie Savage), death reported, 203.
Geddes, Robert, 198, 203; death recorded, 454.
Geddes, William (Ireland), 202, 203.
Gee, Eliza Ann, death reported, 112.
Gelston, J. M. Rev., 160.
Gemein, Margreth, death reported, 206.
Genesee county, memorial report, 84.
Gentry, —, 273.
George III, King of England, 45.
George, Austin, Prof., 315.
George, John, 189.
George, Stephen, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
George, William S., editor, nativity, 99, 317.
Gerardin, C. E. Mrs., 64.
Gerow, Diana Mrs., death reported, 39.
Gerrish, N., nativity, 318.
Gibbons, —, Capt., passenger Dunmore, 652.
Gibbons, —, Capt., Queen's Rangers, 614, 615.
Gibbons, Abraham, Quaker, 667.
Gibbons, Joseph, member of society, 19.

Gibbs, Harriet, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Gibbs, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Gibson, Anna H., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Gibson, James, 210.
Gibson, James Mrs., (Miss Carlisle), 210.
Gibson, Sarah, death reported, 26.
Gibson, Thomas, 632.
Gibson, W. K., remarks on Gridley, 19.
Giddings, E. W., nativity, 318.
Giddings, J. R., Ohio congressman, 268-70.
Giddings, Marsh, campaign orator, 274; Whig leader, 290; nativity, 316.
Giddings, O. N., Kalamazoo, 278, 378.
Gidley, John S., Manlius pioneer, 561.
Gidley, Townsend E., 24.
Gies, George H., death reported, 205.
Gifford, Harriet, (Mrs. Azel Turner), 452.
Gifford, Helen Mrs., (Miss Wilmarth), 47.
Gifts, Mrs. Elliotts, 103; to society, 19, 20.
Gilead, named, 308; Jubilee college established at, moved to Illinois, 309.
Gilbert, Charlotte, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Gilbert, Henry, pioneer printer, 269, 370, 376.
Gilbert, John, Major, first president Ypsilanti, 460; platted Manchester, 458; Shelby pioneer, 427.
Gilbert, Polley, (Mrs. Robert Craig), 457, 459.
Gilbert, Thomas D., gave Kent memorial report, 131; nativity, 318; paper by, 9, 319-25; sketch, cited, 319; vice-president society, remarks, 1, 2.
Gilberts, —, 328.
Gill. George L., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Gillam, Joshua, Quaker, 636, 661.
Gillespie, —, 245.
Gillett, Harriet N. Mrs., death reported, 145.
Gillett, Mary Ann, death reported, 80.
Gillett, Matthew, 81.
Gillett, Matthew Mrs., (Mary Ann Eldred), sketch, 81.
Gilligan, Ellen Mrs., death reported, 208.
Gillott, Antoine A. Rev., first pastor Monroe, 533.
Gillott, Lewis, (Father), first pastor Deerfield, 534.
Gilruth, James Rev., anecdote, 230, 231.
Gironard, Desire, gift to society, 19.
Girty, (Gerty) Simon, chief Wyandots interpreter, 605, 617-19, 621, 622, 648, 655, 656.
Girty, Simon Mrs., Indian prisoner report, 608.
Girvin, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 208.
Givenz, —, Lieut., 617, probably James Givins is meant.
Glass, Sarah, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Glazier, Elisha, 230.
Gleason, —, Father, 76.
Gleason, Benoni S., bought Kalamazoo Gazette, 374.
Glen, Charles, 452.
Glen, John, 452.
Goble, Robert, pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Goddard, Curtis, Rev., presiding elder, 230.
Godfrey, —, 328.
Godfrey, Freeman, nativity, 317.
Godfroy, (Godfrey) Gabriel, trader Ypsilanti, 460, see appendix.
Godley, John C. Capt., 165.
Goffe, Homer, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Goffe, Thomas, supervisor Pulaski, 417.
Goguac Prairie, scholars, 463.
Gold discoveries by Marshall, 56, see appendix.
Golden, William Mrs., (Miss Hubbard), 176.
Good, Andrew, death reported, 187.
Goodale, Samuel, 562.
Goodall, Charles, death reported, 113.
Goodeve, —, 561.
Gooding, D. W. Mrs., (Miss Davenport), 173.
Gooding, Othniel, 459, 460.
Goodman, William, 563.
Goodrich, Aaron, 416, 490, 492, 494, 506; at Goodrich reunion, 507; sketch, 496, 497.
Goodrich, Alanson, Mr. and Mrs., deaths recorded, 412, 413.
Goodrich, Alice, (Mrs. Sanford) at Goodrich reunion, 492, 507.
Goodrich, Archer, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Bert, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Charles, 491, 492.
Goodrich, Charles E., at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, Clara Dewstoe, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, E. and R., 503.
Goodrich, Edith, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Edward M., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Elias, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Goodrich, Eliza, (Mrs. John Brigham), death reported, 497.
Goodrich, Emily Frost, at Goodrich reunion, 508.

Goodrich, Enos, 194, 491, 505, 506; address, 492-508; at Goodrich reunion, 507; gave history Atlas, 413-416; gave Tuscola memorial report, 189; paper, 480-490; sketch, 498, 499.
Goodrich, Enos Mrs., (Ann Atkins), death reported, 189; sketch, 194, 195.
Goodrich, Enos H., 195.
Goodrich, Eugene, 491, 506; at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, Florence E., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Ford, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Frank, pioneer experiences, 491, 492.
Goodrich, Frank J., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Frank R., at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, Fred E., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, George, 491.
Goodrich, James, 491; at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, John, Judge, death reported, 362.
Goodrich, John, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Goodrich, John Skinner, Judge, 562; sketch, 499-500.
Goodrich, Julia A., (Mrs. Marsh), at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, Levi, 482, 484, 486, 491, 495, 505; pioneer trip, 480-490; sickness, 483; sketch, 497, 498.
Goodrich, Levi H., 494; death recorded, 481.
Goodrich, Luther B., death reported, 187.
Goodrich, Mary A., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Matilda L., (Mrs. Narrin), 492, 508.
Goodrich, Merchant Huxford, president society, 1.
Goodrich, Minnie, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Moses, 481; age, 494; at Goodrich reunion, 507; death recorded, 489; perilous journey, 482-87; reunion of family, 490-92, 505, 506; sketch, 480-90, 495, 496.
Goodrich, Myrtie, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Nelson, 491, 495; at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, Phoebe Ford, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Goodrich, Reuben, 194, 491, 492, 494, 495, 505, 507; at Goodrich reunion, 507; member society, 19; sketch, 501-5; vice-president of society, vii.
Goodrich, R. Mrs., (Eliza J. Eastman), at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich, William, 491.
Goodrich, William P., at Goodrich reunion, 507.
Goodrich Bros., 414, 415, 487-89, 493.
Goodrich Castle, England, 491.
Goodrich family, reunion, 490-508.
Goodrich, origin of name, 415.
Goods, how shipped, 518.
Goodspeed, Nathaniel, founded Dorr, 562.
Goodwin, —, Dorr pioneer, 562.
Goodwin, Ann, (Mrs. John Oliver), 31.
Goodwin, Daniel, president constitutional convention, 347.
Goodwin, Henry M., D.D., professor Olivet college, 315.
Goodwin, Helen A., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Goodwin, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Goodwin, William G., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Goodwin, William R., death reported, 186.
Gordon, Betsey, death reported, 185.
Gordon, James Wright, Whig orator, 246, 290.
Gordon & Woodruff, lawyers, 245.
Gore, Almon, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Gore, Mary Mrs., death reported, 185.
Gorham, Charles T., 50, 71; nativity, 318.
Gorham, Isabella W., (Mrs. N. J. Frink), 71.
Gorton, Olive, 461.
Gorton, Richard, 460.
Goss, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Goss, Chester, 460.
Goss, Levi, land entry, 519.
Goss & Darling, merchants, 382.
Gouin, Francis, death reported, 208.
Gould, —, Miss, (Mrs. James A. Aldrich), first child born in Boston, Michigan, 109.
Gould, A. M. Rev., 108.
Gould, Adelia L. Mrs., 80, see Mrs. James J.
Gould, Clara, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Gould, Fred, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Gould, Harriet, (Mrs. John Miller), 192.
Gould, James, death reported, 22; memoir, 126-28.
Gould, James Mrs., (Caroline Fillon), 128.
Gould, James J., 82.
Gould, James J. Mrs., (Adelia L.), death reported, 80; sketch, 82, 83.
Gould, John T., 109.
Gould, Moses M., death recorded, 104, 109.
Gould, Nathan F., 109.

Gould, William, death reported, 113.
Gourlay, —, 483, see appendix.
Governor Marcy, steamer fate, 440, see appendix.
Government, local, 306.
Gower, Cornelius A., nativity, 315.
Graham, Ellen, (Mrs. Edward Greenman), 65.
Graham, James, death reported, 184.
Graham, John B., 345, see Jonathan B. Graham.
Graham, Jonathan (John) B., delegate to constitutional convention, 345.
Grand Blanc, Big White, how named, 449.
Grand Eaux, the Indians, location and number, 587.
Grandine, Mary J. Mrs. (Miss Hinman), 44.
Grand jury history, 552.
Grand Portage, location, 339.
Grand Rapids, Baraga's mission at, 326; Current, paper, Jan. 29, 1890; gift to society, 20; first death in, 331; first frame house in, 327; first marriage, 331; first pavement in, 132; first postoffice, 331; first white child born in, 331.
Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, promoted civilization, 324.
Grand River, Exchange Hotel, 331.
Grand River, now Portland, 411.
Grand River valley, beginnings, 325-31.
Granger, Frank, 284.
Granger, Newman, 458.
Grant, —, Miss, (Mrs. Wright), 596.
Grant, Alexander, Commodore, 596; Macomb representative, 429; residence Grosse Point, 604.
Grant, Charles W., vice-president of society, viii.
Grant, Claudius B., nativity, 316.
Grant, George, 168.
Grant, Orenta, 455.
Grant, Sarah E. Mrs., death recorded, 102.
Grant, Ulysses S. Gen., Pres., 78, 165.
Gratiot turnpike, 364, see appendix.
Graves, Benjamin Franklin, Judge, 43; nativity, 316.
Graves, Samuel Rev., nativity, 317.
Graves, William, death reported, 133.
Gravican, J. B. R., death reported, 208.
Gray, Amos, 452.
Gray, Arthur, 66.
Gray, Emily, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Gray, Frank, 66.
Gray, Franklin, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Gray, Horace, death reported, 145.
Gray, Jonathan, 136.
Gray, Josiah. death reported, 42; sketch, 66, 67.
Gray, Prudence E., (Mrs. John B. Clement), 136, 137.
Gray, Sallie (Robertson), 136.
Greehy, F. M. Mrs., (Mrs. Edward W. Peck), 160.
Greeley, Horace, abolitionist, 89, 179, 275; named party Republican, 265, 266.
Green, Asa P., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Green, B. W., death reported, 145.
Green, Cogswell K., Judge, 396.
Green, Cordelia, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Green, Elizabeth W., death reported, 145.
Green, Isaiah and family, pioneers, 418.
Green, Jane, death reported, 111.
Green, Julia, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Green, Noah K., pioneer Medina, 514, 517; land entry, 519; store burned, 518.
Green, Orrin, 517.
Green, Sabrina, death reported, 136.
Green, Sanford M. Judge, paper on, cited, 9; services of, 357-69.
Green, Theodorus D., death reported, 80; sketch, 81.
Green, Theodorus D. Mrs., (Maryette Showerman), 81.
Greenback (National) party, sketch, 57, see appendix.
Green Bird, see Sha ne schaw pe nace.
Greene, Almira L. Mrs., death reported, 196.
Greene, Champlin, 156.
Greene, Champlin Mrs., (Fannie Harger), death reported, 145; memoir, 156.
Greene, George H., chairman memorial committee, 2; report, 21, 22; corresponding and recording secretary, vii, 1, 16, 212, 353, 434.
Greenly, William L., lieut. gov., 358.
Greenman, Daniel Mrs., 65.
Greenman, Edward, 65.
Greenman, Edward Mrs., (Ellen Graham), sketch, 65.
Greens, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Gregg, James, death reported, 134.
Gregg, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Gregg, Robert, death reported, 133.
Gregg, Samuel, house, 513.
Gregory, Jasper, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Gregory, Josephine, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Gregory, Justin, pupil Goguac, 463.
Gregory, Lucinda, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Gregory, Lydia J., death reported, 26.
Gregory, Myron, pupil Goguac, 463.

Gregory, Rolin, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Greusel, Joseph, ("Yusef"), journalist, 12.
Greves, James P. Dr., called Father of Riverside, 58; death recorded, 40; sketch, 58, 59.
Greves, James P. Mrs., (Helen Sandford), 58.
Greves, James S., 59.
Greves, Lewis S., 59.
Greves, Samuel P., lawyer, 58.
Gridley, George Thompson, Judge, death reported, 110; sketch, 115-23.
Gridley, George Thompson Mrs., (Caroline W. Todd), 116.
Gridley, Nora Mrs., 116.
Gridley, Norman, 115.
Gridley, Philo, 115.
Griego, 497, see Christopher Columbus.
Griffeth, Alden, death reported, 114.
Griffin, George B., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Griffin, Henry M., 457.
Griffin, Jemina, (Mrs. James Knaggs), 218.
Griffin, Stephen, 460.
Griffith, Charles H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Griffith, James, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Griffith, John E., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Grinnell, Eliza J., death reported, 111, 145.
Grob, J., death reported, 208.
Grodevant, Helen A., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Groesbeck, D. E., manager Kalamazoo Telegraph, 385.
Groff, Calvin, death reported, 111.
Groger, Stephen, Clinton pioneer, 412.
Grose Isle, 657, see Grosse Ile.
Grosse Isle (Grose, Grosseel Island), 657; see appendix, 618.
Grosseel Island, 618, see Grosse Ile.
Grosvenor, Ebenezer O., nativity, 318.
Grosvenor, Ira R. Col., lawyer, 214.
Grout, Jacob, death reported, 176.
Grout, Jacob Mrs., (Olive Hubbard, Mrs. Braley), 176.
Grove, John, 399.
Grover, —, 250.
Grover, Allen W., 419.
Grover, Asher, 418, 419.
Grover, E. B., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Grover, Emma, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Governor North West Territory, 312, see appendix.
Grow, Abel P., death reported, 145.
Guenther, Emil, accused of parricide, 76.
Guernsey, —, Miss, contributor, 389.
Guernsey, Julia Norton Mrs., death reported, 208.
Guide, salary, 513.
Guild, Harriet, (Mrs. Barney Burton), first bride in Grand Rapids, 331.
Guild, Joel, Grand Rapids pioneer, 330, 331; build first frame house Grand Rapids, pioneer Dexter Colony, 327.
Guilds, —, 328.
Guiles, Charles and family, pioneers, 418.
Guiles, Curtis, pioneer, 418.
Gull Prairie, location, 130, see appendix.
Gun Plains, settlement, 559.
Gunter, Edward, invented surveyor's chain, 420, see appendix.
Gurney, Chester, Free Soil candidate for governor, 248.
Gurney, Hannah Mrs., death reported, 41.
Gurney, Mary E., (Mrs. E. Fish), memoir, 138, 139.
Guro, Antoine Mrs., death reported, 185.
Gust, —, 519.
Gustin, Fred K. Mrs., (Miss Paine), 166.
Gutches, Clement, pupil Climax, 473.
Gutenberg, John, inventor printing, 372.

Haack, Bernhard, death reported, 163; sketch, 177, 178.
Haas, Jacob, accidental death, 457.
Hadrick, H. R. Mrs., (Miss Davenport), 173.
Hadsel, —, Mr., first school teacher in Macomb county, 425.
Hadsell, —, 160.
Hagaman (Hagerman), F. H., 511-513.
Hagaman, Joseph, land entry, 519.
Hagerman, 513, see Hagaman.
Hague, Mary M., (Mrs. William F. Davis), 102.
Hahn, August W., death reported, 111.
Haight, Arthur, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Haight, Frank, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Haile, Amos A., first supervisor in Ganges, 561.
Haines, Caspar, Quaker, 665.
Haines, Josiah, Quaker, 632, 633.
Haines, W. C. Mrs., (Miss Porter), 96.
Hakes, Martin Mrs., death reported, 39.
Haldimand, Frederick, British General, 448.
Hale, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hale, David B., vice-president of society, vii; gave Eaton county memorials, 80-84.
Hale, John P., New Hampshire congressman, 252, 269, 273; candidate for president, 262.
Hale, Harriet, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hale, Mary G., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hales, —, 635.
Haley, S., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Hall, Fannie, death reported, 134.
Hall, Hastings, pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Hall, Henry, 54.
Hall, Henry C., pupil Battle Creek, 469.

Hall, Henry J. Rev., nativity, 317.
Hall, Hiram, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hall, Jeremiah Rev., founder Kalamazoo college; nativity, 317.
Hall, John L., land entry, 518-20.
Hall, Joseph E., death reported, 132.
Hall, Julia Ann, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hall, M. M., death reported, 208.
Hall, Otis, death reported, 196.
Hall, Rachel Y., death reported, 112.
Hall, Reuben H., death reported, 42.
Hall, Richard, death reported, 196.
Hall, Sarah, death reported, 133.
Hall, Theodore F., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hall, Uretta, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Halls, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Hamer, —, 273.
Hamilton, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Hamilton, —, Capt., 622; potato crop, 581.
Hamilton, I. S. Dr., built first frame house in Medina, 517; first physician in Medina, 514, 518; first school teacher in Medina, 515; sketch, 516.
Hamilton, Mary E., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hamilton, Nathaniel A., sketch, 403, 404.
Hamlin, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524, 561, 562.
Hamlin, Hannibal, 398; vice-president vote, 253.
Hamlin, Margarette, death reported, 25.
Hamlin, Sarah L. Mrs., death reported, 42.
Hamlin, formerly Tyler township, 80, 81.
Hammon, J. F., member of society, 19.
Hand, George E. Hon., death reported, 206; nativity, 316.
Handsome (Hansom) Mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Chappell, 17, 356; see appendix, 17.
Hanford, Emily E., (Mrs. Robert Huston), 62.
Hanford, Susan, death reported, 132
Hannaford, Jane, death reported, 110.
Hannah, Lay & Co., 491.
Hanscom, Alfred H., 501; member constitutional convention, 347, 348.
Hanscom, George, Shelby pioneer, 426, 428.
Hanscom & Goodrich, 501.
Hansom, 17, see Mother Handsome.
Hardwick, —, Daily Times reporter, 388.
Hardy, David, 460.
Hardy, George Mrs., death reported, 187.
Hardy, Kate Ann, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Harford, A. B. Mrs., (Miss MacIntyre), 167.
Harger, Fannie, (Mrs. Champlin Greene), death reported, 156.
Harkness, —, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Harle, A. A., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Harlow, Byron L., supervisor, 417, 418.
Harlow, now Utica, 426.
Harper, Normal School Journal, given society, 20.
Harring, —, landlord, 442.
Harrington, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Harrington, Agnes, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Harrington, Daniel B., gave Mother Rodd's picture to society, 437, see appendix.
Harrington, Ellen, death reported, 114.
Harrington, Henry, grocer, 172.
Harrington, Jeremiah Mrs., death reported, 185.
Harris, —, Mrs. (Miss Windiate), 154.
Harris, Barbara Mrs., death reported, 185.
Harris, Burlington, death reported, 114.
Harris, Byron D., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Harris, C. H., 116.
Harris, Clark M., death reported, 146.
Harris, Della A. Miss, 124.
Harris, Frank, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Harris, George W. Rev., editor, 384, 385, 389.
Harris, Isham G., Gov. Tennessee, 496.
Harris, James, pioneer Clyde, 561.
Harris, John Elder, abolitionist, 248.
Harris, Julius, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Harris, Samuel, 631, 662, 663.
Harris, Stephen L., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Harris, Thomas, 189.
Harrison, A., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Harrison, Benjamin, 23d president U. S., 24, 28, 141, 200; campaign songs, 292.
Harrison, Samuel, death reported, 209.
Harrison, William Henry Gen. President, proclamation as governor Indiana Territory cited, 431; victory at Thames, 532.
Harrone, 430, see Alexander Harrow.
Harrow (Harrone), Alexander, deed to Cartwright, 430.
Harson, Bernardus, bought land, 422.
Harson, Jacob, bought land, 421, 422.
Hart, Hannibal, pioneer lawyer, 554, 564; address, 539-543.
Hart, Isaac, death reported, 206.
Hart, James, death reported, 185.
Hart, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Hart, Reuben, pupil Athens, 466.
Hart, Sarah, pupil Athens, 466.

Hart, Susanna Mrs., death reported, 40.
Hartford, John, first merchant Ann Arbor, 453, 462.
Hartley, Sarah A. Mrs., death reported, 42.
Hartman, John, 50.
Hartshorne, William, Quaker peace commissioner, 566, 568, 604, 628, 632, 646, 647, 659, 665.
Hartsuff, William Mrs., death reported, 185.
Hartwell, Rufus G., 49.
Hartwell, Rufus G. Mrs., (Mary Chambers), death reported, 49.
Harvey, Addison, death reported, 187.
Harwood, Edward, abolitionist, 270.
Harwood, Florilla, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Harwood, Riley, 105.
Harwood, Riley Mrs., (Luany Adgate), 105.
Harwood, William W., platted Ypsilanti, 460.
Hasbrook, Luther, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hascall, Charles C. Gen., assistant secretary Con. Con., 345.
Hascall, Herman E., editor, 383; bought Kalamazoo Telegraph, 384; committed suicide, 386.
Hascall, Jeremiah B. Dr., sketch, 183.
Hascall, Jeremiah B. Mrs., (Jane Colgrove), 183.
Hascall, Leonidas, publisher, 388.
Hascall, Volney, bought Kalamazoo Gazette, 373; Democratic editor, 291, 371-76, 382, 383, 389; nativity, 317, 389.
Haskell, S. Rev., nativity, 317.
Hasler, Nellie, rendered music, 2.
Hastings, Noah, death reported, 113.
Hatch, W. F., 453.
Hatch, William, oldest member of M. P. & H. society, 1890, 19.
Hathaway, Abram, death reported, 134.
Hathaway, Eli, justice, 561.
Hathaway, Hiram, member Con. Con., 345.
Hauviere, 437, see Riviere Delude.
Haven, Erastus Otis, D.D., LL. D., Bishop, Pres. U. of M., 315; nativity, 317.
Havens, Joseph, Quaker, 629, 660, 661.
Havens, Rebecca Mrs., death reported, 197.
Hawk, Elizabeth, death reported, 134.
Hawks, James, grand juror, 550.
Hawks, Sarah A., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hawkins, —, Col., campaign orator, 274.
Hawkins, Smith, teacher Battle Creek, 463.
Hawley, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hawley, G. G., 29.
Hawley, Joseph Major, sketch given society, 20.
Hawley, Maggie Mrs., (Miss Carter), 165.
Hay, Henry Major, son of governor, 621, 622.
Hayden, H. H., nativity, 318.
Hayes, Eliza A., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hayes, Lydia, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hayes, Mary J., death reported, 111.
Hayne, —, 296.
Haynes, Harvey, vice-president society, vii, 37; gave memorial report, 32.
Haynes, Ruth, (Mrs. L. D. Crippen), 37, 38.
Hays, Jack, explorer, 332.
Hayward, Thomas, 54.
Hazard, James, bought land in Shelby, 426.
Hazen, Ezra Mrs., 436.
Hazlit, Marie, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Head, Joseph, death reported, 133.
Health reports, 626.
Healy, Azro Mrs., death reported, 128.
Heartt, William A., vice-president of society, viii, ix, 19.
Heath, Daniel W., death reported, 146.
Heath, James M. Major, first supervisor Allegan, 561, 563.
Heath, Samuel, 54.
Heath township settled and organized, 563.
Heckewelder, John, Indian interpreter, 599, 641; narrative cited, 567; passenger on Dunmore, 638, 639.
Hecock, Hamden A., vice-president of society, viii, 19.
Hedges, Mariette, (Mrs. David Paddack), death reported, 152.
Heep, Uriah, 245.
Heisrodt, Jane M., (Mrs. J. N. Swarthout), 171.
Heisrodt, P. S. Mrs., (Miss Davenport), 173.
Hekis, —, 619, see Kekish.
Helmer, Andrew, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Helmer, John, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Hemenway, Jason, first president Deerfield, 534.
Hendershot, Caroline, death reported, 134.
Hendershot, Mike, death reported, 135.
Henderson, —, Rev., 53.
Henderson, Don C., vice-president, vii; gave memorial report, 25-28; gift of newspapers, 20.
Henderson, Thomas J., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Henderson, William S., death reported, 146, 197.

Hendrick (Aupumut, Apaumut), Capt. Stockbridge chief, Oneida Indian chief, Five Nations, 569, 581-83, 624, 637, 648, 656, 662; money sent to, 606; report, 605; sketch, 572, see appendix.
Hendricks, Jennie, 201.
Hendrix, Jeremiah, death reported, 133.
Hendryx, Horatio J., 48.
Hendryx, Josiah R. Capt., death reported, 22, 39; sketch, 47, 48.
Hendryx, J. R. Mrs., (Eveline Downs), 47.
Henica, Charlotte, death reported, 132.
Hennepin, Louis, Francisan Father, quoted, 430.
Hennequin, Alfred Mrs., death reported, 196.
Henry, —, lieutenant, 617.
Henry, Alexander, 598.
Henry Clay, lake boat, 198; description, 158, see appendix.
Henry, H. H. Mrs., death reported, 39.
Henry, James, prisoner, 590.
Herald, Daily, Kalamazoo, 388.
Hermaunus, —, Capt., intoxicated, 625.
Hermit, —, death reported, 205.
Herrick, George H., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Herring, Caroline Mrs., death reported, 186.
Herrit, John, Quaker, 629, 660.
Herrit, John Mrs., (Miss Schooley), 660.
Hersey, John, Shelby pioneer, 427.
Hesing, A. C., 380.
Heston, Z., 592.
Heulsman, William, pioneer Overisel, 562.
Hewitt, —, Miss, (Mrs. H. M. Allen), 58.
Hewitt, Eliza Jenison Mrs., 57.
Hewitt, Joseph S., 57.
Hewitt, Mira Mrs., 58.
Hewitt, O. W. Mrs., death reported, 146.
Hewitt, Phebe, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hewitt, William Fletcher, death reported, 40; sketch, 56-58.
Hewitt, W. F. Mrs., (Clara M. Day), 57.
Heydenburk, Henry Mrs., (Miss Porter), 96.
Hickey, John Mrs., death reported, 185.
Hickman, Barbara Mrs., death reported, 185.
Hicks, —, Watson pioneer, 560.
Hicks, Amos, death reported, 454.
Hicks, Elias, head of a Quaker sect, 268.
Hicks, Lusalia M., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hicks, Sulivan B., death reported, 135.
Hicks, William, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hicksite (Hixite), Quaker sect, 268.
Hicox, Calvin, 452.
Higby, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Higby, Samuel, Judge, 367.
Highinbotham, Ann Mrs., death reported, 206.
Higinbotham, Harlow, letter cited, 564.
Higgins, Jabin S., first sawyer in Allegan, 559.
Higgins, Willard, 559.
Highland, Thomas, death reported, 145.
Hill, —, Otsego pioneer, 559.
Hill, Andrew J., death reported, 145.
Hill, Benjamin, Quaker, 636, 657, 661.
Hill, Betsey Mrs., 51.
Hill, Emily G., death reported, 136.
Hill, Gertrude, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hill, Giles H., clerk, 561.
Hill, James Rev., nativity, 317.
Hill, James W., first settler Freedom, 457.
Hill, John, Quaker, 635, 661.
Hill, Lewis, reporter, 387.
Hill, Richard, (Vermont), 51; death reported, 104, 109, 110.
Hill, Rollin R., pioneer, 509; 514; land entry, 519.
Hill, Samuel Worth, death reported, 22, 39; sketch, 51, 52.
Hill, S. W. Mrs., (Susan A. Warren), assistant missionary at Soo, 53.
Hiller, L. C. Mrs., death reported, 146.
Hilliery, Richard, passenger Dunmore, 638.
Hills, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hills, Aaron, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hills, Charlotte, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hills, Henry L., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hinckley, Jonathan, pioneer Cheshire, 562.
Hinman, Abijah, at battle of Bennington, 43, 45.
Hinman, Adoniram, at Ticonderoga, 43.
Hinman, Benjamin Franklin, death reported, 22, 40; nativity, 318; sketch, 43-45.
Hinman, B. F. Mrs., (Olivia Swallow, Delia Byington), 44.
Hinman, B. F. & J. F., merchants, 44.
Hinman, Charles H., 44.
Hinman, Edward, sergeant revolutionary war, 43.
Hinman, Frank, 45, see B. F. Hinman.
Hinman, Henry T., merchant, 44.
Hinman, John F., merchant, 44; gave memorial report, 39; vice president society, vii.
Hinman, Julia Miss, 44.
Hinman, Olivia Miss, 44.
Hinman, Truman H., soldier 1814, vocalist, 44.
Hinman, Wait, at battle of Bennington, 43, 45.

Hinman, William, proprietor Benton House, 349, 350.
Hinman & Co., 44.
Hinsdale, Edwin C., committee of Historians, viii; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdale, Genevieve D., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465; teacher Battle Creek, 468.
Hinsdale, George A., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdale, Henry W., nativity, 318.
Hinsdale, John, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdale, Joseph, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdale, Myron, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdale, Norman, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hinsdill, Mitchell, Judge, 130.
Hinsman, Sally Mrs., death reported, 189.
Hinson, David, (Uncle David), 191.
Hinson, David Mrs., (Aunt Sally), death reported, 191.
Hitchcock, Homer O. Dr., nativity, 318.
Hitchcock, Linus C., death reported, 97.
Hitchings, John P., Medina pioneer, 417, 418.
History, Ann Arbor city, 462; Ann Arbor township, 454; Atlas, 413-16; Augusta township, 460; Bridgewater township, 458; Clinton county, 410-13; contemporaneous, 213; Dexter township, 452; Freedom township, 457; Lodi township, 457; Lima township, 453, 454; Manchester township, 458; Medina, 508-20; Monroe county by Wing, 215, 266; Northfield township, 451; Pittsfield township, 456; Pulaski, 416; St. Clair county, 430-39; Salem township, 450-62; schools in Michigan cited, 18; schools in Michigan fifty years ago, 462-74; Saline township, 459; Scio township, 453; Sharon township, 458; Shelby, 419; Superior township, 454, 455; Sylvan township, 452, 460; Washtenaw county, 450-62, see appendix, 460; Webster township, 451; Ypsilanti city, 460; Ypsilanti township, 455, 456.
Historical Poems, 520-28.
Historians report, 24, 25.
Hixon, Daniel, Col. first settler Bridgewater, 459.
Hixon, Henrietta, 459.
Hixsite, 369, see Hicksite.
H. L., 622; see Mrs. Jacob Lindley.
Hoag, Abel, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Hoag, Caroline, death reported, 112.
Hoag, E. A. B. Mrs., death reported, 40.
Hoag, Levi, death reported, 133.
Hoag, Mary, death reported, 134.
Hoag, Mary J., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Hoag, Sophronia, death reported, 114.
Hoagland, Israel B., death reported, 110.
Hobbs, Charlotte, (Mrs. Richard Windiate), memoir, 153.
Hobbs, Thomas L. Mrs., death reported, 42.
Hock, Johannes, death reported, 27.
Hodge, Edward Rev., salary, 515.
Hodge, Harriet B. Mrs., (Mrs. Robert Huston), 62.
Hodge, Hiram C., pioneer, 416, 418, 419; gave history Pulaski, 416; member of society, ix; read paper, 10.
Hodge, Milton H., 418.
Hodge, Sarah, 419.
Hodge, Warner I., 417-419.
Hodges, Elizabeth, death reported, 26.
Hodunk, formerly Orange Mills, 34.
Hoffmasters, —, Hopkins pioneers, 561.
Hog Island, 594, see Belle Isle.
Hogan, Edward D. aeronaut, death reported, sketch, 111, see appendix.
Hogenhost, Jacob, death reported, 26.
Hogle, Alanson J., member of society, 19.
Holcomb, Orson, pupil Battle Creek, 464, 468.
Holland, John, death reported, 113.
Hollister, Chandler, 550.
Hollister, George, petit juror, 550.
Holloway, F. M., vice-president of society, vii.
Holly, Samuel J., 260.
Holmes, Alta Miss, 125.
Holmes, Alvin, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Holmes, Benjamin, Medina pioneer, 514.
Holmes, Charles H., death reported, 42.
Holmes, George, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Holmes, James L., death reported, 114; sketch, 124, 125.
Holmes, James L. Mrs., (Henrietta Kyes, Mrs. Eunice Tompkins), 125.
Holmes, John C. Prof., 16, 28, 199.
Holmes, John Frederick, death reported, 84; sketch, 92.
Holmes, Narcissa, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Holmes, Philemon, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Holmes, Sarah Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 470-71.
Holmes, Silas M., member State central committee, 253, 254.
Holstlander, John Mrs., 84, see Mrs. John Holtslander.
Holt, Henry H., vice-president of society, viii; gave memorial report

Muskegon County, 140; gift to society, 20.
Holton, Eliza Mrs., (Mrs. John Stevenson), death reported, 107.
Holtslander, John, 90.
Holtslander (Holstlander), John Mrs., death reported, 84; sketch, 90.
Home Oracle, Kalamazoo paper, 388.
Hominy, market, 597.
Hooker, Frank A., Judge, nativity, 316.
Hooker, Samuel B., 562.
Hooker, William S., 562.
Hoorne, David, surveyor, 424.
Hopkins, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hopkins, —, Miss, (Mrs. John L. Lardner), 561.
Hopkins, Polly Mrs., "Aunt Polly," died from burns, 98.
Hopkins, William Mrs., (Miss Cornell), 34.
Hopkins township, settlement and organization, 561.
Hornbeck, Benjamin, Medina pioneer, 511, 513, 514.
Hornell, —, Rev., 233.
Horr, Roswell G., nativity, 316.
Horrington, James C., death reported, 197.
Horse, first in Martin, 560.
Horses in 1796, 431.
Horton, Benjamin, death reported, 99.
Horton, Elmer C., death reported, 206.
Hosford, —, reporter Free Press, 388.
Hosford, Oramel, superintendent public instruction, professor Olivet, 314; nativity, 315.
Hosmer, Rufus, State printer, 383, 384; whig editor, 290.
Hotel accommodations, 645; first in Allegan, 559.
Hotels, early, 331.
Hotchkiss, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hotchkiss, Cook, Deacon, 509, 511-13; blacksmith, 518; land entry, 519.
Hotchkiss, Lauren, Rev., sketch, 516.
Hotchkiss, Oliver, Deacon, 513.
Hough, Mary, death reported, 136.
Hough, Thomas, Quaker, 666.
Houghton, Douglas Dr., explorer, 332; death reported, 52.
Houghton, Mary, death reported, 110.
Houghton, Richard, death reported, 186.
House, G. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
House, Peter Mrs., death reported, 133.
House, first frame in Cananraigua, 517; in Grand Rapids, 327; in Gun Plains, 557; in Lyndon, 452; in Shelby, 425; in Tecumseh, 533; in Webster, 451; in York, 459; in Ypsilanti township, 456; none in forty miles, 662; none in seventy-five miles, 661; pioneer, 515.
Hovey, A. W., Mr. and Mrs., 152.
Hovey, Alfred, 440, 441.
Hovey, P. R. Dr., death reported, 145.
Hovey, William, nativity, 318.
Howard, Jacob M., U. S. Senator, campaign orator, 274; candidate for attorney general, 254, 264, 265; for congress, 377; nativity, 316; whig leader, 290.
Howard, John B., pioneer Shelby, 418; pupil Climax, 473.
Howard, Josephine, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Howard, Lewis T., pioneer Shelby, 418.
Howard, Lidia, death reported, 129.
Howard, Lucy, death reported, 114.
Howard, William A., campaign orator, 274, 290; nativity, 316.
Howe, George, 459.
Howe, Orrin, 457.
Howe, Simeon, justice, founded Heath, 563.
Howe, U. Tracy, Republican committee, 253.
Howe, Winslow D., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Howes, George E., 43.
Howland, Luthan, death reported, 112.
Howland, Simpson Mrs., (Sarah Berger), pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Howlett, —, 328.
Howlett, Mary Mrs., death reported, 196.
Hoy, A. M., 562, 563.
Hoyt, Elizabeth, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hoyt, Henry E., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hoyt, J. P., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Hoyt, James M. Dr., paper cited, 24.
Hoyt, James S. Rev., nativity, 316.
Hoyt, Ralph, death reported, 98.
Hoyt, Seymour, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hubbard, Chauncey, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Hubbard, Daniel, sergeant-at-arms Con. Con., 345.
Hubbard, Diodate, sergeant-at-arms pro tem. Con. Con., 345.
Hubbard, Eli, 176.
Hubbard, George, 490.
Hubbard, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Hubbard, Knowlton H., 92.
Hubbard, Olive, (Mrs. Jacob Grout), 176.
Hubbard, William R., death reported, sketch, 92.

Hubbard, William R. Mrs., (Anna Partridge), 92.
Hubbard, William R., Jr., 92.
Hubbell, Daniel, Deacon, death reported, 146; memoir, 145-56.
Hubbell, Daniel Mrs., (Caroline De Hobe Phillips), death reported, 155.
Hubbell, Stephen Mrs., death reported, 145.
Hudson, H. B., Allegan lawyer, 554.
Hudson, Hendrick, 301.
Hudson & Hart, 439.
Hudson township, first settled, 511.
Huff, Amos, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Huff, Charlotte, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Huff, Elizabeth, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Huff, James S., death reported, 207, 208.
Hughes, Catherine D., death reported, 41.
Hughes, Michael, Mr. and Mrs., 90.
Hulick, Daniel, death reported, 145.
Hull, George G., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Hull, John, death reported, 22.
Hull, Laura, music by, 12.
Hull, Mary Ellen, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hull, William Gen., governor of Michigan territory, 219, 312, 532; commissioned Knaggs Ensign, 218; nativity, 314; sketch, 313, see appendix; trial at Albany, 290.
Hume, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Hume, Alonzo S., pioneer, 514.
Humphrey, C. M., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Humphrey, F. H. Mrs., (Miss Eldridge), 93.
Humphrey, Fannie, music by, 17.
Humphrey, J. B., probate judge, 116, 554.
Humphrey, William, auditor general, bought grass, capitol lawn, 11; sketch, 11, see appendix.
Hungerford, Ellen, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Hungerford, Maria A., (Mrs. Charles Montague), 192.
Hunsberger, W. A. Rev., 36.
Hunt, Adelbert, pupil Climax, 473.
Hunt, Edward, death reported, 185.
Hunt, Harty, pupil Antwerp, 465.
Hunt, Henry W., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hunt, John and wife Rachel, Quakers, 567.
Hunt, King, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Hunt, Laurentio, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Hunt, Sarah A., pupil Antwerp, 465.
Hunt, Sarah E., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Hunter, Andrew Mrs., death reported, 135.
Hunter, James Mrs., death reported, 136.
Huntington, George, Shelby pioneer, 418.
Huntington, Nathaniel, death reported, 114.
Huntington, Sophie, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Huntley, Emons R., death reported, 132.
Huntley, Lentulus, death reported, 188.
Hurd, —, Miss, (Mrs. George Archer), 91.
Hurd, —, Miss, (Mrs. Charles Adrian), 91.
Hurd, Ansel M., death reported, 84; sketch, 91.
Hurd, Ansel M. Mrs., (Ann Elizabeth Furness), 91.
Hurd, Artemus, 91.
Hurd, Byron, landlord, 91.
Hurd, Daniel, 91.
Hurd, Emmet, 91.
Hurd, Hugh, 91.
Hurd, Jesse, death reported, 111.
Hurd, Nettie, 91.
Hurd, Philo Rev., nativity, 316.
Hurd, William R. Mrs., (Mary Jane Patton), death reported, 92.
Hurlbut, E. W., editor, 376.
Hurley, Hannah, death reported, 114.
Huron river, first bridge, 461; name changed to Clinton, 420, see appendix.
Hurricane, reports of, 636.
Hussey, Erastus, abolitionist, 248, 255, 267, 268; death reported, 22; founded Republicanism, 256; member State central committee, 253.
Husted, Henry S., death reported, 145.
Husted, Lewis H. Mrs., death reported, 145.
Huston, —, Dr., 201.
Huston, Henry B., 379.
Huston, John, 63.
Huston, Mary Mrs., 62.
Huston, Robert, death reported, 41; sketch, 62, 63.
Huston, Robert Mrs., (Mrs. Harriet B. Hodge), 62; (Emily A. Hanford), death reported, 62.
Huston, William, 62.
Hutchings, Alem J., township clerk, 417.
Hutchins, Harrison, pioneer Ganges, 561.
Hutchins, Joe, (Whisky), sheriff, 377, 378.
Hutchinson, Helen, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hutchinson, Jane W., (Mrs. Asa Paine), 166.
Hutchinson, Lewis, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Hutchinson, Philip, death reported, 187.
Hyatt, C. B. Mrs., music by, 2.
Hyde, —, Messrs., Castleton merchants, 44.

Hydenburg, —, Deacon, anti-slavery, 248.
Hydenburg, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hydenburk, Minerva W., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Hyslop, Elizabeth Mrs., Sr., death reported, 185.

Ide, Mary Mrs., (Miss Hubbard), 176.
Ihling, O., 386.
Ihling, R., 386.
Illinois Indians, 586, see Kasqueasquais.
Indian account of flood, 588; affairs, duplicity talked, 607, 608, 625, 626; American characteristics, 531; antics of, 625; character of, 298; charge against whites, 612; cheated in land, 670; civilization cited, 621; corn fields, 633; customs, 594; cradle described, 575; customs women, 614; dance described, 618; described, 575, 576, 577, 581; dress, 588, 589; expense to English, 643; food, 597, 598; funeral, 436, 437; gathering for council, 605; hater, 460, see Alanson Snow; humor, 330; ingratitude, 669; killed at Niagara Falls, 580; King, 572, see Hendrick; Mackinac, dress, 642; manners, 591; Moravians privations, 599; mounds location, 509, 510; names, 298, 299; nations and number in North America, 586-88; no use for money, 627, 628; number of, 420; promised annuity, 620; quarrels, 596; question, 615, 616; remains found, 447; ruined by liquor, 644, 647; scourged by small pox, 194; secure prisoners, 614; shot wolf on Hog Island, 595; sickness among reported, 624; signed treaty, 621; sketches, 432-39; stories of war, 220-22; total in North America, 588; trade, 594; trail, 410, 442, 443, 510; treaties made, 420, 565, 566; treatment of infidelity, 438; treatment of prisoners, 608; tribes, 586, 587; troops entered Buffalo, 481, see appendix; trouble over lands, 670; villages, 325; war among tribes reported, 606; war rumors, 611, 640, 651; wronged, 671.
Indian Village, now Olivet, 44; rich, 630.
Indiana admission to statehood, 299.
Industrial School for Boys, formerly State Reform School, name changed, 99, see appendix.
Ingalls, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Ingals, Christian, death reported, 135.
Ingersoll, John N., 179.
Ingersoll, Robert Col., 236.
Ingerson, William R., justice, 561.
Ingham county memorial report, 95.
Ingledew, John, 171.
Ingraham, Dwight Mrs., death reported, 114, 124.
Ink, invented by Calkins, 99.
Inne, —, 638, see Robert Innes.
Innes, (Inne) Robert, passenger Dunmore, 638, see appendix.
Innis, Henry, death reported, 113.
Ionia county memorial report, 104.
Ionia Standard newspaper quoted, 107, 108.
Iowa Historical Society, gift, 19.
Irham, Mariah Wells Mrs., death reported, 204.
Iroquois Indians (Six Nations), location and number, 587.
Irwin, James, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Irwin, John, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Irwin, Samuel V., death reported, 41.

Jackson, Alpha, death reported, 25.
Jackson, Andrew, president U. S., 294, 296, 313; signed land deeds, 518.
Jackson, Daniel, settled Wayland, 560.
Jackson, E. M. Mrs., (Miss Rush), 67.
Jackson, Halliday, cited, 566, 621.
Jackson, John H., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Jackson, John L., 164.
Jackson, Samuel, 664.
Jackson, Sarah Mrs., death reported, 205.
Jackson, William Dr., (Port Huron), death reported, 185.
Jackson, William, (Sandstone), death reported, 111.
Jackson, William, (Wayne county), death reported, 208.
Jackson, William, first marriage in Northfield, 451.
Jackson city, formerly Jacksonburg, 417.
Jackson county, coal mining in, 123; memorial report, 110; organization of, 416.
Jacksonburg, 417, see Jackson.
Jacobs, —, British Jew captured by Knaggs, 219.
Jager, Mary Mrs., death reported, 207.
James, —, Dr., editor, 389.
James, Isaac, 663.
James, James Y., 394.
James, John, Quaker, 663, 666.
James, Sarah, (Mrs. Joseph Smith), 48.
James, William V., Mexican soldier, death reported, 204.
Janes, John Rev., 229.
Jefferson, Thomas, president U. S., 126, 296, 298.
Jenison, Hiram, death reported, 161.
Jenison, Hiram Mrs., (Mary Bearsley), 161.
Jenison, Luman, 161.

Jenison, Lucius, 161.
Jenison, O. A., Lansing, 434.
Jennison, William, nativity, 316.
Jenks, Amy Mrs., death reported, 146.
Jenks, Luther R., death reported, 138.
Jenkins, James, death reported, 113; sketch, 123, 124.
Jenkins, Timothy, 115.
Jenkins, William, death reported, 111.
Jenner, William C., pioneer Allegan, 560; petit juror, 550.
Jenness, John J., nativity, 318.
Jennings, Edwin S., death reported, 146.
Jennings, Jane Mrs., death reported, 146.
Jennings, Stephen, death reported, 146.
Jennings, Thomas, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Jerome, David Howell, Gov., 159, 168.
Jerome, David Mrs., (Miss Peck), 159.
Jerome, George H., 399.
Jerome, William S. Rev., 160.
Jewell, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Jewell, Elizabeth, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Jewett, —, hotel keeper, 442.
Jewett, Charles, 395.
Jimmie, —, Irish, 445.
Joberson, demanded justice, 611.
John, —, Capt., Indian, 575, 576, 582, 583, 588, 605.
Johnson, Amelia, (Mrs. A. S. Lockwood), 181.
Johnson, Andrew, president U. S., 116, 496.
Johnson, Charles, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Johnson, Charles Mrs., death reported, 146.
Johnson, Charles G., banker, 214.
Johnson, Charles P. Gov., Missouri, 76.
Johnson, Collins H. Dr., 202.
Johnson, Collins H. Mrs., (Miss Sutton), 202.
Johnson, Edward, 562.
Johnson, Elizabeth (Jackson), death reported, 114.
Johnson, Elizabeth P., (Mrs. Talcott E. Wing), 214.
Johnson, George H., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Johnson, Harriet, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Johnson, Hatsuld, chairman, 424.
Johnson, Hope, 461.
Johnson, James, death reported, 188.
Johnson, James Mrs., (Miss North), 188, 191.
Johnson, Jane, 455.
Johnson, John, 486, 488; cruelty to settlers, 571, 572; sketch, 571, see appendix.
Johnson, John, Quaker, 664, 665.
Johnson, John D., lawyer, 76.
Johnson, Lysander, 514.
Johnson, Martin, death reported, 43.
Johnson, Oliver Col., 214.
Johnson, R. M. Col., vice-president, wounded at River Raisin, 223; letter quoted, 224.
Johnson, Rachel, Quaker, 665.
Johnson, William Sir, death reported, 136; home, 571; surveyor, 424.
Johnston, R. F., editor Michigan Farmer, 383, 384, 389.
Joke, early, 442.
Jones, A. S. Mrs., (Miss Wolverton), 86.
Jones, Arthur, 98.
Jones, Carrie, 98.
Jones, Cynthia Mrs., death reported, 42.
Jones, Elizabeth, (Mrs. H. L. Boorn), sketch, 80.
Jones, Ezra Rev., sketch, 97, 98.
Jones, Ezra Mrs., (Marcia Peet), 98.
Jones, Frederick, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Jones, H. Mrs., death reported, 41.
Jones, Horatio, interpreter, 626.
Jones, Horatio Mrs., death reported, 626.
Jones, M. Louise Miss., 98.
Jones, Margaret, (Mrs. Josiah Williams), sketch, 80.
Jones, Thomas, interpreter, 620, 654.
Jones, Thomas B., death reported, 112.
Jones, Whitney, 98; candidate for auditor general, 254.
Jones, William Rev., 461.
Jordan, Samuel, 511; land entry, 519.
Joscelyn, —, president Albion college, 315.
Joslin, Chauncey, first mayor Ypsilanti, judge, 462; death reported, 196; sketch, 22, see appendix.
Journal, 565, see appendix.
Journal of Lindley, 567.
Journey, length of, 632; miles made per day, 633; pioneer, 412.
Joy, James F., nativity, 317.
Jubilee college, established by Adams at Gilead, moved to Illinois, 308, 309.
Judd, Amos S., 563.
Judd, E. I., nativity, 318.
Judges, associate, sketch, 552, 553; salary, 367.
Judicial districts, Allegan, 546; Berrien, 392, see appendix, 367.
Juett, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 187.
Julia Palmer, boat fate, 343.
Julian, George W., abolitionist, 270; candidate vice-president, 253.

Kaihner, John, death reported, 205.
Kalamazoo, branch U. of M. at, 307; called Bronson, 305, 320, 370; pioneer days cited, 24; press, paper on, 12, 369-371.
Kalamazoo county, first pioneer in, 296;

largest lake, 419; memorial report, 128; newspapers, 388, 389; pioneer society, paper from, 295-310.
Kalamazoo Gazette, formerly Statesman White Pigeon, 371; given society, 20.
Kalamazoo Mail, paper, 388.
Kalamazoo Telegraph, given society, 20.
Kane, Thomas, death reported, 187.
Kanouse, J. G. Rev., first pastor Lodi, 457.
Kanouse, John, death reported, 196.
Kansas (Canses) Indians, location and number, 587.
Kansas, political troubles, 36, 37; songs, 294, 295.
Kappler, Michael, death reported, 196.
Karstaedt, Frederick, death reported, 43.
Kaskaskias (Kasqueasquias, Illinois Indians), location and number, 586.
Kasqueasquias, see Kaskaskias.
Katherine, chief's Indian wife, 644, see Katherine Abram.
Katicho, married Pe-nasche-we-quom, 436.
Kearsley, Jonathan Major, land register, 485; bought Shelby land, 427.
Keask, chief, signed by totem, 421.
Keasy, —, Capt., brother of Capt. Brant, speech, 588.
Keating, Thomas E., death reported, 196.
Keaton, Mary, death reported, 133.
Kedzie, A. S. Rev., vice-president of society, viii; gave memorial report Ottawa county, 161.
Kedzie, James T., recollections cited, 534.
Kedzie, R. C. Dr., cited, 534.
Kedzie, William, anecdote of, 536; first postmaster Deerfield, death recorded, 534; first settler Deerfield, 533, 534; purchased first land Deerfield, 534.
Keeler, B., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Keeler, Daniel, death reported, 114.
Keeler, William N. Mrs., (Miss McCall), 60.
Keif, Loren, 458.
Keif, Lucian B., death reported, 197.
Keith, —, Dr., shot by Dr. Coates, 76.
Keith, M., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Kekish, Hekis, 621.
Kellam, Lewis C., 458.
Kelley, Foster Mrs., death reported, 131.
Kelley, Libni, death reported, 133.
Kelley, Patrick J., death reported, 114.
Kelly, Cornelia M. B. Mrs., death recorded, 101.
Kelly, Edward, death reported, 146.
Kelly, William, death reported, 110.
Kellogg, A. Mrs., (Miss Oakley), 53.
Kellogg, Amelia S., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Kellogg, Francis W., campaign orator, 284.
Kellogg, John R. Judge, 553; candidate member board of education, 254.
Kellogg, Oliver, 458.
Kellogg House, Battle Creek, 64.
Kelsey, James M., death reported, 195.
Kelsey, Susan B., death reported, 112.
Kemble papers, given society, 20.
Kendall, Lucius B., editor, 386, 387, 389.
Kennedy, David, half breed, 585, 586, 605.
Kennedy, M. J. Mrs., (Miss Porter), 96.
Kent county, memorial report, 131.
Kentucky, admission to statehood, 299.
Kenyon college, Ohio, founder, 308.
Kerwin, James, death reported, 187.
Kesler, Mary J. Mrs., death reported, 42.
Ketchum, —, 328.
Ketchum, Daniel P., death reported, 146.
Ketchum, George, started first foundry, 331.
Keturah, Indian girl, 569.
Keweenaw, early Catholic mission at, 342, see appendix.
Kewney, Richard, pupil Battle Creek, 464, 469.
Kibber, —, Dr., 516.
Kidder, Hiram, first settler, Hudson, 511.
Kies, Mary Ann, death reported, 135.
Kikapous (Kickapoo), location and number, 586.
Kilborn, George Mrs., (Miss Davis), 173.
Kilbuck, John, 599.
Kimball, Colton M., first supervisor, 560.
Kimble, —, 160.
Kimble, Daniel Mrs., (Miss Chamberlin), 160.
King, —, 250.
King, Adeline, teacher Battle Creek, 468.
King Doe, Indian, 575.
King, Harvey, death reported, 204.
King, Julia, death reported, 112.
King, Mary Hull, death reported, 146.
King, Nathan Col., civil war, 402.
King of all Nations, Wyandot chief, 620; speech, 621.
King, Samuel, death, reported, 133.
King, Simon, supervisor, 417.
Kingsbury, Otis, 54.
Kingsley, James, member con. con., 345, 346.
Kingsley, Moses, 451.
Kingsnorth, Mary Jane, pupil East Le Roy, 467.

Kingsnorth, Sarah Jane, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Kingsnorth, William, pupil East Le Roy, 467.
Kinne, J. Rev., 200.
Kinne, Melinda, (Mrs. Ezra D. Lay), 200.
Kinyon, Alzina Mrs., death reported, 186.
Kinyon, John, death reported, 189; sketch, 189, 190.
Kipp, George, death reported, 489.
Kirkland, Samuel Rev., sketch, 576, see appendix.
Kitchell, H. D. Rev., nativity, 316.
Kitson, James, death reported, 207.
Klemmer, Nicholas, death reported, 185.
Knaggs, Caroline, 225.
Knaggs, Eliza, 225.
Knaggs, Elizabeth, 218.
Knaggs, George, never returned from sea, 218.
Knaggs, George, Sr., Mrs., (Rachel Sly (Nye), storekeeper, 218; acquired wealth and land grant, 223; captured by British, 222.
Knaggs, George, Jr., interpreter, son, 218, 219, 225; escaped from Indians, 220; stories of father, 221.
Knaggs, James, 9, 218; bounty offered for, 220; memoir, 217-225.
Knaggs, James Mrs., (Jemina Griffin), 218; death reported, 225; Mrs. Alice Couture nee Benson, 225; Pelagie Robert, death reported, 225.
Knaggs, James Jr., 225.
Knaggs, James W., 219, 223.
Knaggs, Jemina Mrs., 225.
Knaggs, Johnson, 223, 224, 225; letter from R. M. Johnson, 224.
Knaggs, May Stocking Mrs., 9, see appendix; gave memoir James Knaggs, 217-225.
Knaggs, Rebecca, 218; captured by British, 222, 225.
Knaggs, Robert, 225.
Knaggs, Thomas, interpreter, 218, 219; captured by British, 222.
Knaggs, Whitmore, storekeeper, interpreter, 218; captured by British, 222; moved to Detroit, 219.
Knaggs, Whitmore Jr., 225.
Knaggs, William, interpreter, 218, 219.
Knapp, —, 512, 513.
Knapp, Abigail, (Mrs. John D. Sutton), 517.
Knapp, Amos S., Medina land entry, 519; made first brick, 518.
Knapp, Andrew, 189.
Knapp, John, land entry, 519; Medina pioneer, 509, 511, 517.
Knapp, Lauren, first death in Medina, 517.
Knappen, Edward, pupil Athens, 466.
Knappen, Frank, pupil Athens, 466.
Knickerbocker, C. R., 116.
Knife, sent to Robert T. Lincoln, 279.
Knight, Calvin, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Knight, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Knight, Florence Mrs., (Miss Gridley), 115, 116.
Knight, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Knight, James, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Knight, Sophie Howard Mrs., in charge musical program, 9, 18.
Knowland, William, death reported, 204.
Knowles, Miriam, death reported, 112.
Know Nothing (American) party, 253, 273.
Knox, Jane Mrs., death reported, 146.
Knox, John Rev., 151.
Kowles, Maria, death reported, 112.
Krieriem, Adam Mrs., death reported, 103.
Kring, —, murderer, 76.
Kronemeyer, —, pioneer Fillmore, 562.
Krumbein, John, view of Allegan, 564.
Kuhemocomon (white man), 615.
Kulick, Francisca, death reported, 210.
Kyes, Henrietta, (Mrs. James L. Holmes), death reported, 125.
Kyle, James, Quaker, 631, 633, 662.
Kyle, Joseph, death reported, 146.

Labadie, Medard, at River Raisin, 223; escape from British, 219.
Lacey, Samuel S., nativity, 318.
La Fayette, Marquis de, visit to America, cited, 210.
La Framboise, —, Madam, (Indian), sketch, 326, see appendix.
L. H., letter to, 625, see Mrs. Jacob Lindley.
Laing, Abraham, Quaker, 661, 662.
Lake Erie sturgeon plentiful, 625.
Lakes, united, 609.
Laketown, settled and organized, 562.
Lamb, Calvin, 459.
Lambert, Thomas, township clerk, 417.
Lambert, William, ex-slave, death reported, 209.
Lambie, William, poem by, 201.
Lammers, Frances, death reported, 113.
Lamoreaux, —, pioneer Fillmore, 561, 562.
Lamphier Martha A., (Mrs. George S. Woolsey), sketch, 65, 66.
Lamson, Arby, 459.
Lamson, Arby Mrs., (Esther Bonner), 459.
Lamson, Nathan Mrs., (Miss Wolverton), 85, 86.
Lancaster, Dennis, 459.
Lancaster, Harriet, death reported, 134.
Land, Canadian reserved for England,

609; ceded by treaty, 320, see appendix; entry, first Grand Rapids, 326; first bought in Sylvan, 453; first purchased in Macomb, 426; first purchased in Medina, 518; first in Webster, 451; grants Indian, 420, 421; grants to railroads, 323; office at White Pigeon, 370; office moved to Kalamazoo, 370; price, 52, 421, 432, 484, 630; price paid Indians, 436; sales revenue of press, 371; system of surveys, 422, see appendix; taken from Indians, 670; townships purchased first, 450-62; warrants Mexican speculation, 322.
Lane, —, Miss, (Mrs. Michael Bowers), 632.
Lane, —, pioneer Hopkins, 561.
Lane, Adam, 629.
Lane, Cornelius, 632.
Lane, Jesse, death reported, 197.
Lane, Leland, pioneer Comstock, 130.
Lane, Marcus, lawyer, 393; pioneer Cheshire, 562.
Lang, John and family, pioneers, 418.
Lang, Rudolph, death reported, 111.
Langam, Katie, death reported, 134.
Langdon Chauncey, 44.
Lanigan, William, death reported, 114.
Lansiff, Peter, 140.
Lansing, —, Capt. sloop Schenectady, 567-69.
Lansing, Edward, 208.
Lansing, Capitol moved to, 345; early described, 349; forest, 102.
Lansing house, hotel, 350.
Lansing and Howell plank road, 99.
Lapham, —, Squire, 457.
Lapham, Abram, death reported, 146.
Lapham, Smith, 459.
Laphams, —, Quakers, 255.
Laraway, Andrew J., 61.
Laraway, Andrew J. Mrs., (Sarah McCormick), death reported, 40; sketch, 61, 62.
Laraway, David, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Laraway, Jerome, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Laraway, Marilda, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Laraway, Ransom, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Larchhead, Teressa, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Lardner, John J. Mrs., (Miss Baker), 561.
Larmour, B. Mrs., (Betsey Martin), pupil, 464.
Larned, Charles, nativity, 316; pioneer, 213.
Larned, Isa, death reported, 186.
Larzelere, Betsy, death reported, 133.
La Salle, —, Raisin settler, 222.
La Salle, Robert, Chevalier, Sieur de, explorer, 332, 430; work of, 297, 298.
La Shambre, Louis, trading-post, Ypsilanti, 460, (Romaine de Chambre), see appendix.
Lasley, William, Indian trader, 320.
Lathrop, Henry L., 54.
Latimer, Almira, death reported, 114.
Latta, P. A., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Laudiman, Mary Mrs., death reported, 185.
Laughlin, Mary, death reported, 112.
Laverty, Alexander, 453.
Lawrence, —, Miss, (Mrs. De Zang), 573.
Lawrence, Caleb, 573.
Lawrence, Edwin, Judge, 367, 394.
Lawrence, Hiram, death reported, 134.
Lawrence, Phoebe, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Lawson, James S., deputy surveyor, 429.
Lawton, U. W., 116.
Lawyer, first in Berrien county, 392.
Lawyers, characteristics, 540, 541.
Lay, Ezra D., 4, 6, 7, 8; death reported, 3, 22; gave history Washtenaw county, 450-62; gave Washtenaw memorial report, 195; obituary given society, 20; paper cited, 12; sketch, 198-201; started first nursery in Michigan, 3.
Lay, Ezra D. Mrs., (Melinda Kinne), 200.
Lay, Ezra D. Jr., death reported, 200.
Lay, F. B., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Lay, Susan M., (Mrs. William Pattison), 200.
Lay, William H., 200.
Lay, Z. K., 199.
Leaburn, —, Capt. British, 591.
Le Baron, Leander, 459, 460.
Lector, 310, see appendix.
Lee, —, came to Boston in 1748, 87.
Lee, Caroline, (Mrs. Thomas Nobles), 453.
Lee, Charles Mrs., (Miss Bradley), 176.
Lee, Eliza, death reported, 146, 205.
Lee, Elizabeth, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lee, Frank, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lee, Isaac Capt., dragoons, 218.
Lee, J. Mrs., death reported, 136.
Lee, James D., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lee, John, death reported, 209.
Lee, Luther Dr. Rev., death reported, 84; sketch, 86-90.
Lee, Mary Ann, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lee, Melissa, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lee, Mordecai, Quaker, 664.
Lee, Moses, 87.
Lee, Samuel, 87.
Lee, Thomas, 452.
Lee, township, settled and organized, 563.
Leech, G. S., Macomb representative, 428.
Leech, Payne K., Macomb representative, 428; relics, 425.
Leeds, Samuel, death reported, 136.
Leek, Horace, 452.
Leeland, Louis A., death reported, 188.

Le Fever, Nathan, pupil Climax, 473.
Leggett, Cornelia Mrs., death reported, 42.
Leggett, Daniel, settled Watson, 560.
Leggett, Edwin, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Legislative Council, 305, see appendix.
Legislature, Michigan, 320, see appendix.
Leighton, township, settlement and organization, 562.
Leland, Elizabeth, (Mrs. James McGregor), 164.
Leland, J. D. Mrs., (Miss Hascall), 183.
Leland, Miranda, first teacher in Northfield, 451.
Lemoyne, Francis J., candidate vice president, 252.
Lenawee county memorial report, 132; first settler, 533.
Lennon, Hannah, death reported, 146.
Lent, John Mrs., death reported, 163, 173, 174.
Leoni college, Michigan, 89.
Le Ray academy, origin of name, 399, see appendix.
Lester, Charles E., death reported, 207.
Lester, Facheas M., death reported, 41.
Lester, Stephen W., 63.
Lester, Z. Alton, death reported, 63.
Lester, Zaccheus Mead, Deacon, sketch, 63.
Levake, W. S., started first foundry, 331.
Levy, Abram, death reported, 111.
Lewis, —, Col., Indian, 575.
Lewis, Fred, 181, see George F.
Lewis, George, first supervisor in Leighton, 562.
Lewis, George F., death reported, 163; Saginaw editor, sketch, 179, 180, 181.
Lewis, Halsey, death reported, 133.
Lewis, John, 457.
Lewis, Samuel, abolitionist, 270; quoted, 260.
Lewis, Thomas Mrs., called Governor of Grosse Isle, 206.
Liasering, D. Mrs., death reported, 135.
Life of Sanford M. Green, 357-69.
Lilley, Amos, death reported, 128.
Lillie, Gilbert, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Lima township, history of, 453, 454.
Lincoln, Abraham, 16th president U. S., 249, 268, 269, 273, 328; campaign, 383; orator, 200, 274, 275, 278, 279, 496; vote for, 253.
Lincoln, Benjamin, Indian peace commissioner, 566, 567, 619, 622, 627-30, 632, 636, 657-59.
Lincoln, Horatio, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Lincoln, Luther, Grandville pioneer, 330.
Lincoln, Robert T., received knife, 279.
Lindley, —, Col., 631, 662.
Lindley, J. L., 608.
Lindley, Jacob, Quaker peace commissioner, 632, 636, 637, 640, 641, 660, 669, 670; account of journey, 565-632; given horse, 659, 662, 663, 666; presented sketch Niagara Falls, 606.
Lindley, Jacob Mrs., letter cited, 608; probably referred to as H. L., 622, 625.
Lindley, Mary, (Mrs. Miller), 608, 622, 625.
Lindley, Samuel Major, 633.
Lindsley, Cyrus, 562.
Lindsley, James G., first supervisor, 562.
Linsley, —, pioneer Hopkins, 561.
Linslow, Louis Mrs., (Miss Haack), 177.
Lintner & Olney, editors, 388.
Liquor, bane of Indians, 596, 600, 644, 647.
Lisle, George H., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Litchfield, —, 250.
Litle's Ferry, location, 632.
Little, —, Major, 635.
Little, Adaline, (Mrs. Hiram L. Miller), death reported, 163.
Little, Albert, 130, 131.
Little Billy, Indian chief, 634.
Little, C. D. Col., 178.
Little, Charles D., 163.
Little Duck, see Alexander Rodd.
Little, E. Porter, editor, 388.
Little, Eliza A., 164.
Little, Ellen, 130.
Little, Frank, editor, 130, 376, 389.
Little, Helen, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Little, Henry, death reported, 22, 129; memoir, 129-131; obituary given society, 20.
Little, Henry Mrs., (Ruth Fuller), death reported, 129.
Little, J. G. Mrs., (Miss Wing), 216.
Little Jonny, Shawnese chief, 619.
Little, Norman Mr., 442.
Little, Phobe Mrs., (Miss Merchant), 129.
Little, William, 129.
Little, William Henry, 130, 131.
Littlejohn, Flavius J. Judge, 141, 554; candidate for senator, 261; orator, 273, 274, 275, 278.
Littlejohn, John Col., built mill, 563.
Littlejohn, P. O., death reported, 25.
Littlejohn, Silas F., foreman grand jury, 549, 550.
Little-man, Oneida Indian, 581.
Lloyd, John, Quaker, 663.
Lloyd & Place, mill owners, 141.
Locke, George, editor, 376.
Lockwood, Nathan S., 181, 182; death reported, 163.
Lockwood, Nathan S. Mrs., (Amelia Johnson), 181.
Loder, Rhoda, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Lodge, James M., 75.
Lodge, Joseph G., sketch, 75.
Lodge, Joseph G. Mrs., (Mary S. Saitor, Kate Bertram), 76.

Lodging, price, 582.
Lodi township, history of, 457.
Lofthouse, William, death reported, 42.
Log house, first in Coldwater, 38.
Logan, William, lumberman, 562.
Lomax, Joseph, editor, 389; bought Kalamazoo Gazette, 374.
Long, W. H. Mrs., (Miss Wilson), 94.
Longyear, Ephraim, 24.
Loomis, Esther, death reported, 26.
Loomis, Levi, built first mill, 561; pioneer Ganges, 561, 562.
Loomis, Mary O., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Loomis, Russell, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Loomis, Sally A., death reported, 26.
Loper, James, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Lord, —, Kalamazoo editor, 388.
Lord, Henry W., nativity, 318.
Lorenzo, Nowlin, township clerk, Pulaski, 417.
Lossing, Benson J., historian description Frenchtown, battle, 218, 219, 222.
Lotheridge, Brewster, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Lotheridge, Orson, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Lotheridge, Harriet Mrs., death reported, 40.
Lothrop, Eliva, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Lothrop, George, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Lothrop, George Van Ness, nativity, 316; orator, 274; sketch, 282.
Louisiana admission to statehood, 299, see appendix.
Love, Rosalia, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Lovell, Cyrus, located county seat, 558; member Con. Con. 345; nativity, 316.
Lovell, Enos T., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Lovell, Fannie Z., pupil Climax, 473.
Lovell, George, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Lovell, Lafayette W., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Lovell, Louis, nativity, 316.
Lovell, Preston, pupil Climax, 473.
Lovell, Willard G., pupil Climax, 473.
Lovejoy, Elijah Parish, 247, 252, 255, 257, 268; sketch, 271, 272.
Lovejoy, Owen, abolitionist, 270.
Lowe, N. C., gave historical poem, 510, 520-28.
Lowe, Sarah, (Mrs. Thomas Faulkner), 53.
Lowell, Cyrus B., death reported, 210.
Lower Peninsula, scheme for obtaining, 312.
Lowrie, Helen Mrs., death reported, 206.
Luanenbush, —, Mrs., death reported, 135.
Lucas, Hiram, land entry, 519.
Lucas, John, justice, 562.
Lucas, Seth A., justice, 562.
Lucas, Stephen, pioneer Laketown, 562.
Luce, Cyrus G. Gov., 178, 215; letter cited, 28.
Lull, A. A. Mrs., death reported, 146.
Lumber interests at Grand Rapids, 322.
Lundy, Benjamin, Quaker orator, 247, 252; sketch, 268, 269.
Lundy, Sarah, Quaker minister, 665, 668.
Lundy, William, Quaker, 582, 635, 638, 661.
Lundy's Lane, date of battle, 393.
Lusk, Thomas, death reported, 41.
Lute, George, death reported, 133.
Luttenton, Reuben and family, pioneers, 418, 419.
Lynch, John M., death reported, 26.
Lyndon township, history of, 452.
Lyon, —, Saginaw merchant, 442.
Lyon, Chlorinda, death reported, 112.
Lyon, E. W. Major, editor, 180.
Lyon, Emerson, death reported, 111.
Lyon, George W. Dr., contributor, 389.
Lyon, Lucius U. S. Senator, 241, 557; nativity, 316; surveyor, 326.
Lyon, Theodatus T. vice president of society, viii.
Lyons, —, Grand River pioneers, 328.
Lyons, —, Lenawee county, pioneers, 509, 524.
Lyons, Cynthia E., death reported, 25.
Lyon, Ellen Mrs., death reported, 204.
Lyons, Millie M., death reported, 207.

Mabean, Charles, death reported, 186.
Mabley, —, store, 126.
McArthur, —, Col., 219.
McBride, J. Holden, editor, quoted, 376, 378; sketch, 377.
McBride, J. Holden Mrs., (Clarissa S. Patrick), 377.
McCall, Henry C., killed accidentally, 60.
McCall, John B., killed in civil war, 60.
McCall, William R., 60.
McCall, William R. Mrs., (Amanda Brown), death reported, 41; sketch, 60.
McCamly, Chauncey, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
McCamly, Henry, Battle Creek pupil, 464.
McCamley, Jane, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
McCamley, Margaret, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
McCamly, Sands, Judge, pioneer privations of, 304.
McCarty, Mary Mrs., death reported, 197, 209.

McCave, J. C., death reported, 26.
McClellan, John Mrs., (Miss Swarthout), 171.
McClellan, Robert Gov., 214, 262; member con. con., 345-349; orator, 273, 282; vote for governor, 249.
McCollum, "Bill," 280.
McColum, John Ed., death reported, 134.
McConnell, M. W. Mrs., 152.
McCormick, James W., biography, 27, 28; death reported, 26; petit-juror, 550; Manlius pioneer, 561.
McCormick, J. W. Mrs., 28.
McCormick, Magdalen Ann, (Mrs. George Young), 31.
McCormick, Sarah, (Mrs. Andrew J. Laraway), 61.
McCormick, William R., vice president of society, vii; gave memorial report, 29; quoted, 447.
McCoskey, (M'Casky, McCaskey), William Dr., 638; passenger on Dunmore, 638; with St. Clair's army, 646.
McCoy, Isaac Rev., established Thomas mission, 326.
McCray, James, started first foundry, 328, 331.
McCready, John, 462.
McCrillis, James, pioneer, 514.
McCullin, Nicholas, pioneer, 514.
McCullin, Thomas, pioneer, 514.
McCullum, A. G. Mrs., (Miss Greves), 59.
McCurdy, John, 54.
McCutcheon, James, death reported, 185.
McDonald, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 208.
McDougal, Malcomb, death reported, 197.
Macdougalville, name changed to Harlow and Utica, 426.
McDowell, —, Judge, 270.
McDowell, Agatha, (Mrs. James G. Birney), 270.
McDowell, Samuel D., 457.
McDowell, Timothy, first supervisor Casco, 562.
McDuff, Andrew, death reported, 209.
McEntee, Fannie B. Miss, 174.
McEntee, Patrick, death reported, 163; sketch, 174.
McFarlain, see McFarland.
McFarlain, Michael, pioneer, 514.
McFarlain, Patrick, pioneer, 514.
McFarland, Andrew, land entry, 514, 519.
McGaffy, N., lawyer, 393.
McGahen, Benjamin, gave solo, 18.
McGillivray, Alexander Gen., half-breed, duplicity of, 625, 626; sketch, 626, see appendix.
McGoffery, George, 189.
McGraw, John, death reported, 110.
McGregor, —, Col., captured by Knaggs, 219; liberated, 220.
McGregor, —, Miss, (Mrs. Hamilton Bartley), 164.
McGregor, Alexander, 164.
McGregor, Donald, 164.
McGregor, James, death reported, 162; sketch 164.
McGregor, James Jr., 164.
McGregor, James & Sons, 164.
McGregor, John, 164.
McGregor, Lizzie Miss, 154.
McGregor, Moses, 164.
McGregor, Thomas, 164.
McGregor & Jackson, 164.
McGuire, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 147.
McGurk, —, Mrs., death reported, 186.
McHose, B. F., 190.
McIlvaine, Charles P., Bishop of Ohio, 227.
McIlvaine, Ebenezer Judge, death reported, 397.
McIntosh, John, 176, 177.
McIntosh, John Mrs., sketch, 176, 177.
MacIntyre, —, Miss, (Mrs. C. M. Austin), 167.
McIntyre, Dougald, death reported, 162; sketch, 167.
Mack, Theodore, death reported, 39.
McKay, George R., death reported, 42.
McKee, Alexander Col. British Supt., 586, 592, 603, 604, 609, 610, 626, 648, 650, 651.
McKee, Thomas Capt., 618, 621, 655.
Macken, John Mrs., death reported, 84.
Macken, John Mrs., (Miss Hughes), sketch, 90.
McKenney, Patrick, pioneer, death reported, 514.
Mackenzie, (M'Kenzie), Alexander Sir, explorer, 598; sketch, 643, see appendix.
McKey, Anthony, Deerfield pioneer, 534, 535; postmaster, 534.
McKibben, G., music by, 10.
Mackinac (Mackinoi), 596, see Michilimackinac.
McKinney, John, candidate, 254.
McKinstry, Andrew, 456.
McKinstry Hotel, name changed, 161, see appendix; Ypsilanti, 461.
McKnight, Robert B., 168.
McLaughlin, Patrick, death reported, 186.
McLeod, William Norman, member con. con., 346, 347, 349.
McLouth, Louis Prof., 315.
McMath, J. M., paper cited, 25.
McMillan, —, shot by Indians, 224.
McMillan, A., editor Bay City Times, 224.

McMillan, Archibald, captured by Indians, 224.
McMillan, George, death reported, 205.
McMillan, George & R., grocers, 205.
McMillan, James A., supervisor Jackson county, 417.
McMullen, George H., 108.
McNair, Elizabeth, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
McNair, Eugene, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
McNair, James A., township clerk, 417.
McNair, Monroe, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
McNeff, Patrick, bought land, 441, 442.
McNeil, Annie, music by, 10-12.
McNeil, John L., 416.
McNiff, R. R., death reported, 186.
McNulty, Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Maconce (Cum e kum a now), Francis, Potawatomie chief, 10, 430, 432; death by suicide, 433; sketch, 432, 433.
Maconce, Francis Mrs., characteristics, death reported, 433.
McPherson, Ann, pupil Antwerp, 466.
McPherson, Hugh, pupil Antwerp, 466.
McPherson, Isabella, pupil Antwerp, 466.
McPherson, John Mrs., death reported, 205.
McPherson, Margaret, pupil Antwerp, 466.
McPherson, William, pupil Antwerp, 466.
McReynolds, Andrew T., 436.
McTavish, Hugh, death reported, 185.
McVarie, —, Mrs., death reported, 133.
McVarie, Hugh, death reported, 133.
McWilliams, Abner J., Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Madison, James, fourth president U. S., 223.
Mahaffey, —, Dr., at Washington, 79.
Mail, early facilities, 442, 534.
Maine admitted to statehood, 299, see appendix.
Maitland, Elizabeth, death reported, 110.
Major, William Mrs., death reported, 188.
Making Michigan, paper cited, 18.
Malcolm, George, death reported, 146.
Malcolm, Harriet, death reported, 113.
Malden, —, landlord, 442.
Malicka, Mananna, death reported, 205.
Mallett, Jennie Mrs., (Miss Wilmarth), 47.
Mallory, John, death reported, 133.
Mallory, Relief, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Mallory, Sarah, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Manchester, Caleb, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Manchester, Perry, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Manchester, Stephen, Battle Creek, 469, 470.
Manchester township, history of, 458.
Maniates, (Maniattes), Martha, death reported, 111.
Manlius, township, settlement and organization, 561.
Mann, Alfred, grand juror, 550.
Mann, Chauncey, 517.
Mann, Juliette Mrs., named town Fillmore, 562.
Mann, Loomis, 108.
Mann, Ralph R., settled Manlius, 561.
Manning, —, 512.
Manning, Randolph Judge, 24, 358.
Mansfield, Joel, death reported, 196.
Mansfield, Ward Mrs., (Miss Warner), 175.
Manson, —, Gen., 71.
Manson, A. Jr., 551.
Manson, J. R., bought Gazette, 374.
Manwaring, Joshua, vice president of M. P. & His. society, vii.
Mapes, H. H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Mapes, Julius, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Mapes, Mary M., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Maps of 1825, 510, see appendix.
Marble, William, death reported, 112.
March, Frank, 379.
March & Weeks, 379.
Markham, Asa, 460.
Marinane, Rebecka, death reported, 113.
Markie, Edward, death reported, 207.
Marks, Henry, death reported, 162, 171.
Marlett, Alice, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Marlett, George B., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Marlott, —, Mrs., death reported, 135.
Marquette, Jacques Pere, explorer, 332.
Marrel, —, Rev., 46.
Marriage, first Grand Rapids, 331; Lodi, 457, see appendix; Medina, 517; Salem, 451; Saline, 459, see Lodi; Washtenaw county, 450-62.
Marriatt, Mary Ann Mrs., death reported, 197.
Mars, Thomas, vice president society, vii.
Marsac, Daniel, Indian trader, 326.
Marsac, Emily, (Mrs. Toussaint Campau), 331.
Marsh, —, Dr., 390.
Marsh, —, Mrs., (Julia A. Goodrich), 507.
Marsh, A., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Marsh, Amasa W., death reported, 114.
Marsh, Charles, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Marsh, Eli, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Marsh, Emma, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Marsh, Fletcher, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Marsh, George, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo. 465.

Marsh, Harriet Mrs., death reported, 42.
Marsh, Hattie, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Marsh, Jane, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Marsh, Joseph, Quaker, 629, 661.
Marsh, Mattie, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Marsh, T. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Marsh, Well R., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Marshall, —, Judge, 15.
Marshall, Elvira, death reported, 136.
Marshall, Orville Dr., sketch, 100.
Marshall, Orville Mrs., (Sarah Metlin), 100.
Marshall, first brick store in, 50; gold discovered in, 56, see appendix.
Marshall House, 56; sketch, 50, see appendix.
Martin, —, 172.
Martin, Betsey, (Mrs. B. Larmour), pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Martin, Betsey Ann, Shelby pioneer, 427.
Martin, Charles H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Martin, Edward, Shelby pioneer, 427.
Martin, Ellen Mrs., death reported, 41.
Martin, Grace Miss, death reported, 208.
Martin, Nancy, (Mrs. John Van Woert), pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Martin, Patrick, death reported, 196.
Martin, Silas, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Martin, William, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Martin, settlement and organization of, 560.
Marvin, Calvin Deacon, 412; 233 see appendix.
Marvin, John Capt., store, 244.
Mary, —, Mohican Indian, 600.
Mascoutins, Indians, location and number, 587.
Mason, Hiram S., township clerk, Pulaski, 417.
Mason, Isaac Deacon, abolitionist, 248.
Mason, James, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Mason, John, —, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Mason, Lorenzo W., member Con. Con. 345.
Mason, Luther, death reported, 42.
Mason, Mary Ann, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Mason, Samuel, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Mason, Stevens Thompson, first Governor State, 241, 532, 558; aided imigration, 13.
Mason, Rathbun & Co., lumberman, 67.
Masonic, excitement, 90.
Masquenungy, kind of fish, 625.
Massacre of Lachine, account given society, 19.
Mass e nee ke zhick, (Mixed Clouds), 437.
Matches, invention of, 512.
Matchiagon, 460, see Alanson Snow.
Mather, George, 91.
Mather, Hiram F., death recorded, 397.
Mathewson, Loretta Mrs., (Miss Lee), 90.
Mathews, Mr. and Mrs., 451.
Matthews, —, 563.
Matthias, —, 418.
Maumee, James Mrs., death reported, 147.
May, Charles S., Lieut. gov. 391; contributor, 389; nativity, 316; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
May, Charles S. Jr., contributor, 389.
May, Cornelia E., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
May, Dwight, campaign orator, 274, 387; contributor, 389; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465; whig leader, 290.
May, Joseph, bought land, 421, 422.
Mayette, Olive R., death reported, 113.
Mayhew, Anthony Mrs., death reported, 186.
Mayhew, Ira, candidate supt. public instruction, 254; member Con. Con., 348.
Maynard, Ezra, 457.
Mayor, first Ann Arbor, 462.
Mays, —, connected with underground railway, 248.
May zhe ke osh, Falling Snow, 437.
M'Casky, 638, see McCoskry.
Mead, Josiah, death reported, 128.
Mead, Samuel P., member State Central Committee, 253.
Meals, price, 432.
Mears, Charles, first settler on White Lake, 142.
Medical Society, organization of, 99, see appendix.
Medina, condition in 1836, 515; first church, 515; first teacher, 515; history of, 508-20; township organized, 509.
Mehetable, Indian girl, 569.
Melcher, Sylvia Mrs., death reported, 103.
Meldrum & Park, 430.
Mellen, Harvey, vice president of society, viii.
Members, death reported, 22; list new members of society, 1890, ix, 19.
Membership, fee charged, 9.
Memoir, James Gould, 126; James Knaggs, 217-225; Talcott E. Wing, 212-217.
Memorial Day in Petoskey, gift, 20.
Memorial report Allegan county, 25-28;

Bay, 29-32; Branch, 32-39; Calhoun, 39-77; Cass, 77; Eaton, 80-84; Ingham, 95; Ionia, 104; Jackson, 110; Kalamazoo, 128; Kent, 131; Lenawee, 132; Montcalm, 138; Muskegon, 140; Oakland, 143; Saginaw, 162; St. Clair, 184; St. Joseph, 187; Shiawassee, 183; Tuscola, 189, Washtenaw, 195; Wayne, 203.
Men who made states, 301.
Me-naw-cam-egoqua, 435, see (Mrs. Riley).
Menzie, John, 460.
Merchant, Phoebe, (Mrs. William Little), 129.
Merchant, Matthew, 562.
Merchant, first in Medina, 518.
Merker, Catherine Mrs., death reported, 206.
Merrell, Henry, death reported, 186.
Merriam, A. R. Rev., nativity, 316.
Merrick, Laban, first sawmill in Medina, 516.
Merrifield, Edwin C., doorkeeper, Con. Con., 345.
Merrill, J. D., 140.
Merrill, Rollin, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Merrill & Ring, lumberman, 181.
Merrill's Horse, sketch, 57, see appendix.
Merritt, Mattison, death reported, 206.
Merritt, Paul H., death reported, 206.
Merritt, William, death reported, 206.
Merritts, —, Battle Creek, 255.
Merwin, Mindwell Mrs., death reported, 147.
Merwin, Smith C., death reported, 110.
Mesnard, René Father, explorer, 332.
Messemer, John, Dunker, 640.
Messenger, Amasa, 425.
Messenger, Jedediah, 425.
Messesaques River, Indians, location and number, 587.
Messkiass, Chief, signed by totem, 421.
Metcalf, A. Marie, teacher, 469, 471.
Metcalf, H. Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Metaw, chief, 510.
Methodist church, first in Dexter, 452; Missionary society gift to, 103; Sunday school, 88, see appendix.
Metlin, Sarah, (Mrs. Orville Marshall), 100.
Miakin, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 205.
Miakin, William, death reported, 205.
Miami Indians, location and number, 587.
Miami treaty, 627, 657.
Michael, George, pupil Goguac, 463.
Micheconakis Indians, location and number, 587.
Michigan, admission as State, 296, 532, 547; Agricultural college, first professor Mathmatics, 97; census 1880, 313; coat of arms, how obtained, 310; development of Western, 319-25; disputed boundary, 532; fertility of, 432; fever disease, 481; finances low, 443; first mission, 532; first settlement, 532; growth, 310; how settled, 480; Industrial school for boys, 99, see appendix; influence of New England, 18, 311-19; land ceded by treaty, 320, see appendix; making of, 99, 295-310; medical association organized, 99, see appendix; nativity of statesmen, 314; part in politics, 253; Pioneer & Historical Society, work commended, 1, 2; pioneer politics, 17, 238-295; population, 1829, 377; price of land, 52; Reform school for boys, see Industrial school for boys; resources and population, 532; schools, 88, see appendix; seal motto how obtained, 310, see appendix; settlement of, 416; superiority schools, 15.
Michigan Central Railroad, formerly Detroit & St. Joseph, 360, see appendix.
Michigan Christian Herald moved to Detroit, 388.
Michigan Exchange, Detroit hotel, 501.
Michigan Telegraph, Kalamazoo paper, 3.
Michigan territory discovered, 531, 532; organized, 532; under the Harrisons, 24.
Michigan Industrial School for boys, name changed 99, see appendix.
Michigan Infantry, 3 regiment, 563, see appendix.
Michilimackinac (Mackinoi, Indians, Mackinac), come to Detroit for Council, 596; dress, 642.
Michilimackinac, time of trip from Detroit, 648.
Mickel, Joseph Mrs., (Miss Van Valkenburg), 65.
Middlebury Academy, location, 500, see appendix.
Miemaks Indians number, 588.
Miles, Nancy, death reported, 113.
Millard, A. L., nativity, 316.
Millard, James Mrs., death reported, 147.
Millard, Joseph B., death reported, 129.
Miller, —, called "Buffalo," 380.
Miller, Dr., 441.
Miller, —, Mrs., (Miss Wilson), 94.
Miller, —, Col., in battle Lundy's Lane, 151.
Miller, Albert Judge, president society, 20, 433, 441; committee on nomination, 9; letter from O. C. Comstock, 212; member executive committee, viii, 1; paper by, 25, 446-49; poem, 17, 236, 351; remarks on Wing, 5, 6.

Miller, Bennett, 182.
Miller, C. C. Rev., 156.
Miller, Catherine, death reported, 26.
Miller, Charles, Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Miller, Charles E., 182.
Miller, Elizabeth, death reported, 27.
Miller, Georgia, 182.
Miller, Hannah, 632.
Miller, Henry B., editor Michigan Telegraph, 378, 379, 389; sketch, 380-82.
Miller, Henry B. Mrs., 378.
Miller, Herbert, death reported, 136.
Miller, Hezekiah, death reported, 163, 182.
Miller, Hiram L. Rev., 163; candidate member board education, 254.
Miller, Hiram L. Mrs., (Adeline Little), death reported, 162; sketch, 163, 164.
Miller, James, first settler Augusta, 460, 630.
Miller, James, attorney, nativity, 316.
Miller, James, supt. Williamsburg, farm, 630, 662.
Miller, Joe, campaign orator, 274, 281.
Miller, John, soldier war of 1812, death reported, 189; sketch, 192.
Miller, John Mrs., (Harriet Gould), 192.
Miller, John L., 192.
Miller, Joseph, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Miller, Leonard, landlord, first settler Saline, 459.
Miller, Mary Mrs., (Mary Lindley), Quaker, 608, 622, 625.
Miller, Mary, (Mrs. Luther Lee), 88; death reported, 90.
Miller, Nathan B., Shelby pioneer, 426.
Miller, Norman L., 163.
Miller, Sarah Ann, (Mrs. John Lewis), 457.
Millett, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Milliken, William, bought Kalamazoo Telegraph, 381; sold, 382.
Milliken & Torrey, bought Kalamazoo Telegraph, 380, 381.
Millington, Abel, 461.
Mills, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Mills, Benjamin F., 81.
Mills, Benjamin F. Mrs., (Lois Piper), sketch, 81.
Mills, E. T., Treasurer Kalamazoo Telegraph, 387.
Mills, Edward, pupil Antwerp, 465.
Mills, Henry, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Mills, Julia, pupil Antwerp, 465.
Mills, Lois, death reported, 80.
Mills, Luther Lafflin, eulogy of Van Arman quoted, 281.
Mills, Lyman, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Mills, Philo, death reported, 134.
Mills, Simeon Deacon, anti-slavery, 248.
Mills, description early, 456; first in Dexter, 452; Lodi, 457; Saline, 459; grist described, 516; pioneer, 328; scarcity of, 432.
Minear, (Minnier) Solomon Rev., 229, see appendix, 228.
Miner, Chester A., 560.
Miner, Joseph S., 560.
Miner, Lester, death reported, 101, 114.
Miner, Robert G., pioneer Clyde, 561.
Miner, W. S., settled Watson, 560.
Miner, W. S. Mrs., first woman in Watson, 560.
Minier, Solomon Rev., 228, see Solomon Minear.
Ministers, pioneers of Michigan, 10; reminiscences of, 226.
Minor, John S., death reported, 209.
Missinier, John, 592, 593.
Mission, early Catholic at Keweenaw, 342, see appendix; established, 326; first in Michigan, 532.
Mississippi, admitted to statehood, 299, see appendix.
Missouri, admitted to statehood, 299, see appendix; Compromise, 262, see appendix; Indians location and number, 587.
Mitchell, Curtis B., death reported, 104; sketch, 106, 107.
Mitchell, Preston, 365; nativity, 318.
Mitchell, Tyler, pioneer, 514.
Mix, E. Col., address, 537-64.
Mixed Clouds, see Mass-e-nee-ke-zhick, 437.
Moffatt, Orlando Dr., anti-slavery, 248; whig leader, 290.
Moffatt, Seth C., pupil Battle Creek, 470
Mogogam, 590, see Monguagon.
Moiles, Henry Mrs., (Miss Davenport), 173.
Monahan, John, Medina pioneer, 509, 512, 514.
Money, of no use to Indians, 627, 658; sent to Hendricks, 606.
Monford, Isaac, representative Macomb, 428.
Monguagon, (Mogogam), 590.
Monnaghan, Anna Mrs., death reported, 207.
Monro, George, 127.
Monroe, —, Miss, taught first school Ann Arbor, 462.
Monroe, James, U. S. Secretary of State, 223.
Monroe, first pastor in, 533; population, 218; sketch of city, 532, 533.
Monroe county, history by Wing, 215.
Montague, Charles, death reported, 189; sketch, 192.
Montague, Charles Mrs., (Maria A. Hungerford), death reported, 189, 192.
Montcalm county memorials, 138.
Monteith, —, Allegan pioneer, 560.
Monteith, John Rev., 534; nativity 316;

pioneer teacher, first president U. of M., 315.
Monterman, Paul, death reported, 205.
Monterey township, settlement and organization, 561.
Montgomery, —, Judge, 15, 16.
Montgomery, Augustus, death reported, 132.
Montgomery, Eliza A. Miss, death reported, 147.
Montgomery, James M., gift to society, 20.
Montgomery, Champaigne & Co., mill owners, 140, 141.
Mother Rodd, 437, see Rodd Mother.
Moody, William J. Judge, 115.
Moon, Abram, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Moon, Ann, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Moon, Hiram, death reported, 128.
Moon, John Judge, 367.
Moon, Louisa Mrs., (William), death reported, 84; sketch, 94.
Moon, Thomas, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Moon, William Dr., 94.
Moor, Armitage G., death reported, 187.
Moore, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Moore, —, Miss, (Mrs. Thomas Carey), 668.
Moore, Adelia M. Davis Mrs., death reported, 110.
Moore, Caleb, 460.
Moore, Caroline, death reported, 26.
Moore, Edward, justice, 562.
Moore, Franklin, nativity, 318.
Moore, George W., gave history Medina, 508-20; land entry, 520.
Moore, Hiram, Kalamazoo pioneer, 130, 302.
Moore, J. Wilkie, vice president society, viii, 205; gave Wayne memorial, 203; paper cited, 24; remarks on Judge Green, 9; witnessed laying corner stone territorial capitol, 210.
Moore, Jeremiah, Quaker, 636-38, 661; privations, 579, 582.
Moore, John, 130.
Moore, Joseph Rev., Quaker Peace Commissioner, 566, 567, 607, 624, 629, 670; death reported, 668; journal of, 632, 666; paper cited, 565; sketch, 666-68; visit to Falls, 580.
Moore, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 668.
Moore, Lovell, 130.
Moore, William, Medina pioneer, 512.
Moore, William, first supervisor York township, 459.
Moore, William R., pioneer Allegan county, 562.
Moorehouse, Amarette, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Moorehouse, Antha, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Moorehouse, Louisa, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Moorehouse, Warren, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Moravian Indians, 640; cruelties to, 641; thanks of, 649; troubles, 599.
Moran Charles Judge, 435, 439.
Morden, Wealthy Mrs., death reported, 42.
Morehouse, A. F., vice president of society, vii.
Morell, George, nativity, 316.
Morey, E., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Morey, H. M. Rev., 51, 201, 454.
Morgan, Marie L., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Morgan, Sarah L., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Morgan, Walter, pupil Battle Creek, 469, 471.
Morgan, William, 88; sketch, 90, see appendix.
Morganthaler, Louis, death reported, 104.
Morrall, William Rev., 55.
Morris, Andrew, death reported, 185.
Morris, Benjamin B., death reported, 147.
Morris, Hattie, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Morris, James, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Morris, Jane, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Morris, Jane Mrs., death reported, 147.
Morris, Robert, purchased Indian land, 630.
Morris, Thomas, candidate vice president, 252.
Morris Reserve, cost, 630, see appendix.
Morrisey, James, death reported, 110.
Morrison, —, Grand Rapids, 328.
Morrison, James Hamilton, 208.
Morrison, James Hamilton Mrs., death reported, 208.
Morrison, N. J., president Olivet College, 315.
Morrison, Johonnet, first tanner Allegan county, 559.
Morrison, Stephen A., first tanner Allegan county, 569.
Morrison, Zelda, death reported, 26.
Morse, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Morse, Allan, death reported, 41; sketch, 64.
Morse, D. Dr., death reported, 113.
Morse, Frank, 64.
Morse, Harriet, death reported, 135.
Morse, Henry, death reported, 132.
Morse, James, 64.
Morse House, Battle Creek, 64.
Mosely, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Mosely, Willie, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Mosher, —, president College, 315.
Mosher, Phil, death reported, 135.
Mosher, Thomas H., death reported, 196.
Moshier, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 469.

Moshier, Elmer, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Moshier, Laddie, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Moshier, Margaret, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Moshier, Martha, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Mosier, Emma, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Mosier, George, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Morton, E. G., 261.
Morton, Jonathan G., 460.
Morton, Washington, 459.
Morton hotel, 331.
Mott, Jane, pupil Goguac, 463.
Mott, Lucretia, Quakeress, sketch, 270, see appendix.
Mott, Major, pupil Goguac, 463.
Mott, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Mott, Richard, pupil Goguac, 463.
Moulton, L. V. Col., spiritualist speaker, 197.
Moulton, Reuben, hotel keeper, 44,
Mound Ancient, 530, 531; described, 578.
Mower, Horace Hon., contributor to newspaper, 389; whig leader, 246, 379.
Moyers, Gilbert, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Muck-e-ta-moosh-na (Black Kerchief), 437.
Muffley, Daniel, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Muffley, Elizabeth, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Muffley, John, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Muffley, Lydia, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Muffley, Mary H., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Muir, Andrew, 460.
Muir, James, death reported, 132.
Mulholand, William, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Mullett, James, 45.
Mullett, John Col., 45; surveyor, 326, 355.
Mullett street, how named, 326.
Mullineaux tavern, 482, 483.
Muma, George, death reported, 25.
Muncy, Quaker meeting at, 631, 662, 663.
Mundy, Edward Judge, 360.
Munger, Daniel Col., editor, 179.
Munger, Sylvester, justice, 562.
Munger & Pattison, editors, 179.
Munsey, —, Capt. British, 592, 597, 605, 648.
Munson, —, pioneer journey, 536.
Munson, Samuel C., witnessed laying corner stone territorial capitol, death reported, 210.
Murdock, Francis B., first lawyer Berrien county, 392.
Murphy, Eliza, death reported, 40; sketch, 49, 50.
Murphy, John, first sheriff Allegan, 558. 559.
Murphy, Simon, 49.
Murphy, Timothy J. Rev. Father, Flint, 90.
Murphy, W. M., 263.
Murray, Alexander, death reported, 42; sketch, 69.
Murray, Alexander Mrs., (Margaret Dines), 69.
Murray, Mary M., death reported, 197.
Muskegon county, memorial report, 140; pioneer annual report given society, 19.
Muskegon News, gift to society, 20.
Muskegon vote in 1840, 142.
Musquitoes, attack, 623; pest, 656.
Muskingum Indian treaty, 627, 657.
Muzzy, Franklin, sketch, 398, 399.

Nagle, John, rebel prisoner, death reported, 101.
Naggs, James Maj., 224, see James Knaggs.
Nancy, boat, 654; time of trip from Mackinac, 648.
Nankin, —, pioneers, 25.
Narrin,—, Mrs., (Matilda L. Goodrich), 492, 508.
Narrin, Annie E., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Narrin, Jeremiah, at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Narrin, Jeremiah Mrs., (Miss Goodrich), 195.
Narrin, John S., death reported, 147.
Nash, Abner D., death reported, 129.
Nash, George, 454.
Natches, 586, see Choctaws.
National Hotel, Grand Rapids, 331.
National, (Greenback party), 57, see appendix.
Nations, Indian in Council, 619.
Navigation perils, 328, 329.
Nearpass, Eliza, death reported, 112.
Neerken, Aaron, settled Laketown, 562.
Negus, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Nellis, —, 572.
Nelson, Ezra, nativity, 318.
Nelson, Henry L., editor, 387, 389.
Nelson, James, nativity, 318; petit-juror, 550.
Nelson, Magdalena Mrs., death reported, 41.
Nepessins Indians, location and number, 587.
Nester, Thomas, death reported, 110, 209.
Neuman, Joseph, death reported, 206.
Newberry, John S., nativity, 316.
Newberry Library Association, gift to society, 20.
Newell, Theodore, pioneer Muskegon, 142.
Newell, Theodore & Co., mill owners, 140.
Newell, William P. Mrs., death reported, 39.
New England Historical & Genealogical Society, gift to society, 20.

New England influence in Michigan, 18, 311-319.
Newman, —, passenger Dunmore, 638.
Newman, Fanny, Battle Creek, 463.
Newman, Richard, pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Newman, William, death reported, 43.
Newnham, R. L., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Newspapers, Allegan county, 559, 560; Deerfield, 535; Gun Plains, 559; politics, 241; presented to society, 20; quarrels, 382.
Newton, Sheffield Mrs., death reported, 196.
Newton, William Judge, 490.
New York Historical Society, gift of, 20.
New York politics, 249-252.
Niagara Falls described, 579, 580, 582, 635, 637; sketch given to Lindley, 606.
Nichols, —, Mrs., death reported, 134.
Nichols, Amelia, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Nichols, Benjamin, F., death reported, 147.
Nichols, Brownell, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Nichols, Cyril, first doctor Scio, 453.
Nichols, E. C., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Nichols, Elisha, Shelby pioneer, 427.
Nichols, Elizabeth, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Nichols, Emily, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Nichols, Fanny Miss, death reported, 196.
Nichols, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Nichols, J. E. Mrs., (Miss Jones), 98.
Nichols, Jacob, death reported, 40.
Nichols, John W., death reported, 42.
Nichols, Maria, death reported, 26.
Nichols, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Nichols, Volinia Mrs., death reported, 196.
Nicholson, —, letter cited, 258.
Nicholson, Anna, death reported, 147.
Nicholson, Fletcher Mrs., contributor, 389.
Nickols, Saben M., death reported, 128.
Night Hawk, Kalamazoo paper, 371.
Niles, Anthony, pioneer Clinton county, 412.
Niles, Edna L., (Mrs. Wales F. Storrs), 161.
Niles, Ezekiel, 413.
Nitchanobbies, Indian name for themselves, 298.
Noble, A., Allegan pioneer, 361.
Noble, Alonzo, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469, 471.
Noble, David A., nativity, 316.
Noble, Helen, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Noble, Nathaniel, 452.
Noble, Sylvanus, 452.
Noble, Warham, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Nobles, Thomas, first bridegroom in Lima, 453.
Nongue chief, signed by totem, 421.
Norcross, I. B. Mrs., (Miss Dunning), 175.
Norris vs Hill, 366.
Norris, Amelia Caroline, (Mrs. J. C. Frink), 71.
Norris, L. D., candidate for judge, 367.
North, A. E. Dr., 103.
North, Alma, 191.
North, Almira Mrs., death reported, 22.
North, E. D. Dr., 103
North, Frank, 191.
North, H. E., 103.
North, Henry H., 103.
North, Henry H. Mrs., (Almira Buck), sketch, 103.
North, J. S. Dr., 103.
North, J. W. Judge, 58, 59.
North, Lena, 191.
North, Louisa Mrs., (Miss Buck), 103.
North, Theron C., 103.
North, Townsend, death reported, 22, 189, 193; sketch, 190, 191.
North, Ula, 191.
North America, number of Indians in, 588.
Northern Indians, report from, 642, 643.
Northfield township, history of, 451.
Northrup, Cornelius, built road, 558.
North West, sketches cited, 24; territory survey, 422; trade, 598.
Norths, Ingham pioneers, 102.
Norton, Captain Henry Clay, 198.
Norton, Anson N., death reported, 132.
Notawasky, demanded justice, 611.
Nova Scotia, journey to on foot, 668.
Nover, John, death reported, 41.
Nowlin, —, pioneers, 419.
Nowlin, Harry and family, pioneers, 418.
Nowlin, James H., Pulaski township clerk, 417, 418.
Nowlin, Levi, Pulaski township clerk, 417.
Nowlin, Lorenzo, Pulaski township clerk, 417.
Nowlin, Michael, Pulaski township clerk, 417, 418.
Noyes, George W., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Noyes, Samuel, death reported, 147.
Nursery first in Michigan, 3.
Nye, —, 273.
Nye, Oliver, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Nye, Rachel, 218, see Rachel Sly.
Nykerk, Egbert, pioneer Overisel, 562.

Oak trees, price, 172.
Oakland county memorials, 143.
Oakley, Benjamin, 53.

Oakley, Benjamin Mrs., (Phebe G. Palmer), death reported, 40; sketch, 53.
Oakman, Walter, 456.
Obeal, 632, see Cornplanter, grandson of Serpent, 10.
Obeidig, 430; anecdote of, 438.
Obeidig, —, Mrs., Indian wife, 438.
Obeidig, —, Mrs., Indian mother, 10, 438.
O'Brian, Edward, 617.
O'Brien, E., pioneer lawyer, 554.
O'Brien, John death reported, 26.
Ocohongehelas, Delaware war chief, 618, 619.
Ocomic, 626, see Oconee.
Oconee (Ocomic), river Georgia, 626.
O,Donnell, James, nativity, 316.
Odrien, Alex, oldest member society born in Michigan, 19.
Officers army, character of, 622; first town in Salem, 450; Michigan Pioneer & Historical society, 1890, vii, viii; sketched, 17; Washtenaw county townships, 450-62.
Ogemos, 433, see Okemos.
Oglethorpe, —, Gen., 301.
O'Hara, Thomas Judge, 408, 409.
Ohio, admitted to statehood, 299, see appendix; boundary question before council, 619; disputed boundary, 532.
Ohio river, boundary trouble, 645.
Ohio settlements in Indian country, 669.
O'Keefe, George A. Judge, Chancellor, anecdote, 433.
Okemos (Ogemos), nephew Pontiac, 10, 430; sketch, 433, 434.
Okemos, —, Mrs., death recorded, 434.
Old Black Hawk, first horse in Martin, 560.
Olden, Smith, death reported, 135.
Old Fuss and Feathers, 253, See Gen. Scott.
Old Mother Rodd, Rodd Mother, 437.
Old New York Journal, gift to society, 20.
Olds, Davis Mrs., (Adeline Austin), pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Olds, Harriet, (Mrs. Emery Hunt), Battle Creek, 464.
Olds, Mary, (Mrs. N. Hunt), death reported; pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Olds, Melissa, Battle Creek pupil, 464.
Oliver, —, French, working for Spanish, 626.
Oliver, —, succeeded McGillivray, 626, see appendix.
Olive, Ann Mrs., (John), sketch, 31.
Oliver, Franklin, Clinton pioneer, 412.
Oliver, John, (Wayne county), 31; death reported, 207.
Oliver, John Mrs., (Ann Goodwin), death reported, 29; sketch, 31.
Oliver, John F., (Kalamazoo), death reported, 128.
Oliver, Simeon, death reported, 133.
Olivet college, history cited, 44.
Olivet, formerly Indian village, 44.
Olney, Edward Prof., Ypsilanti, nativity, 315.
O'Neal, Daniel, 510.
Ontario, Female Seminary, location, 163, see appendix.
Orange Mills, name changed to Hodunk, 34.
Organization towns in Washtenaw county, 450-62.
Ormsby, L., address, 528-538.
Orr, Adam, supervisor, 417.
Orr, Martha E. Mrs., (Miss Atwood), 193.
Osages Indians, location and number, 587.
Osband, Melvin D., committee on nomination, 9; paper cited, 25.
Osborn, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Osborn, Alice D., death reported, 133.
Osborn, Benjamin D., death reported, 134.
Osborn, John Mrs., (Miss Dutton), 166.
Osborne, Charles, abolitionist, 270.
Osborne, N. H., land explorer, 329.
Osterhout, Peter, death reported, 132.
Osterout & Hull, contractors, 452.
Otis, Alfred, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
O'Toole, Margaret J. Mrs., death reported, 43.
Otsego settlement, 559.
Ottahavas Indians, location and number, 587.
Ottawa county memorial report, 161.
Ottaway, schooner, 602, 625, 657.
Ouabache, 586, see Wabash.
Ouachtenons Indians, location and number, 586.
Ouisconsins, 587, see Wisconsins.
Overisel, settled and organized, 562, 563.
Owen, Abijah, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Owen, Alonzo H., gave memorial report, 183; vice president of society, viii.
Oyer, John, death reported, 112.

Packard, Alexis, Salem town clerk, 450.
Packer, Joseph, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Packer, Mary R., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Packer, Ned, broker, 280.
Packer, Viola, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Paddack, Daniel Mrs., death reported, 147.
Paddack, David Judge, 152.
Paddack, David Mrs., (Mariette Hedges), memorials, 152, 153.

Paddack, Jerome P., 152.
Paddack Mills, 153.
Paddack Woolen Factory, 152.
Paddacksville, now Pontiac, 153.
Paddoneas Indians, location and number, 587.
Padgham, J. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Padgham, Philip, (Phil), pioneer lawyer, 540, 554; address, 546-67.
Page, Ann Mrs., death reported, 196.
Page, L. P. Mrs., death reported, 40.
Page, William, death reported, 111.
Page, William Rev., formed church, 461.
Paine, Amy A., (Mrs. Palmer), 166.
Paine, Asa, death reported, 162; sketch, 166.
Paine, DeForest, 166.
Paine, George H., 166.
Paine, James L., 166.
Paine, Valorus A., 166.
Paine, Veder W., death reported, 166.
Palmer, —, Miss, (Mrs. Loren Kief), 458.
Palmer, A. B. Dr., nativity, 318.
Palmer, Amy A. Mrs., (Miss Paine), 166.
Palmer, E. M., teacher Battle Creek, 467.
Palmer, J. R., death reported, 113.
Palmer, Jane Mrs., death reported, 40.
Palmer, Lucy, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Palmer, Oscar Dr., vice president of society, vii.
Palmer, Phebe G., (Mrs. Benjamin Oakley), 53.
Palmer, R. P., death reported, 42.
Palmer, S. R., 53.
Palmer, Warren, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Palmiera, Elizabeth Mrs., death reported, 205.
Panis, The Freckled Indians, location and number, 587.
Paper, lack of, 372.
Papers, Kalamazoo county, 388.
Pardee, Ario, 460.
Park, Abiah, Indian trader, 590.
Parker, —, Miss, (Mrs. James M. Belford), 184.
Parker, A., merchant, 154.
Parker, A. Mr. and Mrs., 157.
Parker, David, death reported, 184.
Parker, David Mrs., (Sarah M. Rust), 184.
Parker, Henry, Quaker, 63.
Parker, John, sheriff, 377, 378.
Parker, Miles, 184.
Parker, Orson Rev., nativity, 316.
Parker, Russell, 453.
Parkhill, C. P. Dr., paper cited, 12.
Parkhurst, Ebenezer, grand juror, 550.
Parkhurst, J. G., nativity, 318.
Parkhurst & Brewer, built first church in Ypsilanti, 455.
Parkinson, —, remarks on Judge Gridley, 120.
Parks, Ashley Mrs., death reported, 196.
Parlin, R. M., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Parmeter, Lucretia H., death reported, 113.
Parr, Henry P., death reported, 113.
Parrish, Jasper Capt., messenger, 657; sketch 615, see appendix; reported sick, 661.
Parrish, John, Quaker peace commissioner, 566, 567, 579, 592, 593, 600, 615, 625, 626, 629, 631, 635, 638, 639, 644, 652, 656, 660-64, 666, 670; Indian name Suttekutte, plain or level, 634.
Parshall, Ezra K., 488.
Parsons, —, pioneer of Hopkins, 561.
Parsons, Chester, 459.
Parsons, Eli, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Parsons, Harriet, 457.
Parsons, Horace, 459.
Parsons, John, Dorr supervisor, 562.
Parsons, Johnson, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Parsons, Mary J. Miss, death recorded, 101.
Parsons, Orrin, 459.
Parsons, Philo, death reported, 197; nativity, 318; sketch, 197, see appendix.
Parsons, Samuel L., death reported, 41.
Parties political, 239, 247, 249.
Partridge, Anna, (Mrs. William R. Hubbard), 92.
Partridge, Asa, 425.
Partridge, Caroline, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Partridge, C. W., 92.
Partridge, John, 95.
Partridge Bros., merchants, 92.
Party platforms, 272-75.
Passengers, number on Dunmore, 638.
Pastor, first in Monroe, 533.
Patch, Benjamin, death reported, 114.
Patrick, Betsey, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Patrick, Caroline, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Patrick, Clarissa S., (Mrs. J. H. McBride), 377.
Patrick, Johnson, 376.
Patrick, Marcia, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Patrick, Thomas, 376.
Patrons, of Industry, resolutions on Mrs. Ingraham's death, 124.
Pattee, Elias Rev., 228, see appendix.
Pattison, George W., editor, 179.
Pattison, Parmelia, teacher salary, 455.
Pattison, William Dr., 200.
Pattison, William Mrs., (Susan M. Lay), 200.
Patton, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Patton, Mary Jane, (Mrs. William R. Hubbard), 92.

Pauil, Gideon, 210, see Gideon Pauli.
Paul, George, death reported, 196.
Paul, John S., established Willow Dale academy, 473.
Paul, Otho S., pupil Willow Dale Academy, 473.
Paul, Sallie, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Paul, Thomas, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Pauley, Catherine, death reported, 185.
Pauli (Pauil), Gideon, death reported, 210.
Paulin, Benjamin, Quaker, 635.
Paulin, Jesse, Quaker, 635.
Pawnee slave, death reported, 624.
Pawnees (Punins), Indian slaves, 609. 650.
Paxson, Oliver, letter, 565, 566; letter to Simpson, 669-71.
Payne, —, Detroit teacher, 315.
Peabody, John, petit-juror, 550.
Peace, arguments, 593; doctrines, 591, 592.
Peach trees, how introduced, 559.
Peacock, —, landlord, 635.
Peak, Peter M., death reported, 111.
Peak, Seneca, petit-juror, 550.
Peankeshaws The, Indian nation and number, 586.
Pearl, Island, 604, see Peche Island.
Pearl, William M., death reported, 40; sketch, 56.
Pearson, George Mrs., 124.
Pease, Rebecca Mrs., death reported, 41.
Pease, William, death reported, 40.
Peche (Pearl), Island, 604.
Pecheekee chief, signed by totem, 421.
Peck, —, Rev., (Christian), 234, 235; anecdote, 236.
Peck, A. H. Deacon, Baptist Church, 155.
Peck, Edward I., 159.
Peck, Edward W., death reported, 147; sketch, 157-60.
Peck, Egbert, death reported, 197.
Peck, Erastus, Judge, Jackson, 118, 121; remarks on Judge Gridley, 122, 123.
Peck, Ferdinand, editor, 376.
Peck, C. F., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Peck, Horace B., 564.
Peck, J. Franklin, 160.
Peck, Jesse T., Bishop, 399.
Peck, John S., 160.
Peck, Virgil, 458.
Peck, William, 158.
Peckham, —, 250.
Peer, —, Capt., 432.
Peet, Marcia, (Mrs. Ezra Jones), 98.
Pegram,—, John Gen., 71.
Pelham, Richard Mrs., death reported, 133.
Peltier, Hannah Miss, death reported, 206.
Pemberton, James, Quaker, 567, 608, 664.
Pe nasche we quom, —, Mrs., 436.
Penn, William, 301; character, 669.
Pennell, Mariah P., death reported, 114.
Pennoyer, Henry, postmaster at Muskegon, 142.
Penoyer, Lewis Mrs., (Miss Wisner), 85.
Pepin, Francis, trader Ypsilanti, 400.
Percival, James, printer, 377.
Perine, S., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Perkins, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Perkins, Lucina Mrs., death reported, 205.
Perkins, Minda, death reported, 25.
Perkins, T., pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Perkins, William, death reported, 205.
Perrin, —, Mrs., (Miss Hurd), 91.
Perrin, Calvin, house called meeting house, 227, 228.
Perry, Edward C., death reported, 147.
Perry, James, pupil Battle Creek, 467, 469.
Perry, Joab, death reported, 42; sketch, 76, 77.
Perry, Joab Mrs., (Jane Crawford), 76.
Perry, Mary, (Mrs. Addison Armstrong), 85.
Perry, Oliver H., Commodore, victory, 532.
Perry, Oliver H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Perry, Seymour, 85.
Perry (Berry), Thomas M., editor Mt. Clemens Patroit, 179.
Perrys, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Persons, Alvan, 82.
Persons, Alvan Mrs., (Lucia Allard), married Jonathan Chadwick, 82.
Peter, William, death reported, 197.
Pe tauch ne nouk, Running Brook, 437.
Peter, William, lumber merchant, 31.
Peterick, Jane Mrs., death reported, 210.
Peters, George, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Peters, Isaac, first child born in Salem, 450.
Petit, Anselm, Port Huron pioneer, 435.
Pettee, Isaac, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Pettee, Silas, pupil Battle Creek, 467, 469.
Pettis, Stephen, death reported 112.
Pettit, William Mrs., death reported, 134.
Petty, M., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Pitzel, John H. Rev., sketch, 336, see appendix.
Phelps, —, 581.
Phelps, Chester, pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Phelps, Edward, 455.
Phelps, Fitch, obituary given society, 20.
Phelps, I. E., 509, 510.

Phelps, William P. Prof., U. of M. 315.
Phelps, Dodge & Co., 179.
Phillips, Betsey Mrs., death reported, 186.
Phillips, Caroline De Hobe, (Mrs. Daniel Hubbell), 155.
Phillips, Charles W., death reported, 186.
Phillips, Harriet Mrs., death reported, 147.
Phillips, John, manufacturer, sketch, 560, see appendix.
Phillips, Olive Mrs., death reported, 196.
Phillips, W. A., gift to society, 20.
Phillips, William, 560.
Phillips, Wendell, abolitionist, 89, 255.
Piano, first in Medina, 518.
Piantias Indians, location and number, 586.
Pickering, Timothy Col., Indian Commissioner, 566, 567, 608, 620, 628, 629, 632, 633; addressed Indians, 620.
Pickett, Benjamin, death reported, 114.
Pierce, Franklin, president U. S., 180, 262, 288.
Pierce, Jane, pupil Climax, 473.
Pierce, John D. Rev., member Con. Con., 346-349; nativity, 314; one of the founders school system, 244, 245.
Pierce, John M., death reported, 25.
Pierce, Luke, pioneer Medina, 512.
Pierce, Nathan, 452.
Pierce, William, 517.
Pierce, William Mrs., (Mrs. Charles Prisbey), 517.
Pifer, Fred, death reported, 204.
Pigeons, abundant, 635, 636.
Pike, Simeon, pioneer Cheshire, 562.
Pilcher, Elijah H. Rev., 230; first pastor in Sharon, 458.
Pilkington, Levi, Quaker, 664.
Pilsbury, Parker, reformer, 255, 256.
Pinckney, Margaret, death reported, 111.
Pine, Nathan D., death reported, 110.
Pine Plains settlement, organization of, 561.
Pioneer adventures, 329, 330; Allegan county, 557-64; conditions, 151-53, 156, 158, 198, 304; doctor, 183; first in Kalamazoo, 296; homes, 512; journey, 410, 411, 440, 444, 445, 461, 481, 482, 535, 536; lawyers, 554; lake schooner, 161; life Upper Peninsula, 17, 332-345; makers of Michigan, 301; mills, 328; ministers reminiscence of, 10, 226; Nankin paper cited, 25; politics Michigan, 238-95; privations 327, 332-45, 444, 474, 475, 485, 533, 579; Shelby bought land's, 427; tribute to, 537, 538; trip of Moses Goodrich, 480-90.
Pipe, Capt. Delaware chief, 592.
Piper, Julia, (Mrs. Nelson Wood), 81.
Piper, Lois, (Mrs. Benjamin Mills), 81.
Pitezel (Pitzel), John H. Rev., early missionary, sketch, 336, see appendix.
Pitkin, William, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Pittsfield, history township, 456.
Pixley, Calvin, guide, 513.
Pixley, Orrin, guide, 513.
Place, Josiah, death reported, 104.
Plant, Mary Mrs., death reported, 185.
Platt, Adams, death reported, 206.
Platt, Alonzo Mrs. M. D., death reported, 131.
Playform, J. E., death reported, 204.
Plimpton, Emory M. Capt., civil war, 400.
Plough described, 571.
Plummer, Benjamin, 559.
Plummer, Daniel A., 547, 558.
Plumstead, Ransom Mrs., (Miss Carlisle), 210.
Plympton, Billings O. Rev., 228, see appendix.
Pocumtuck Valley, memorial given society, 20.
Poem by William Lambie, 201; by Albert Miller, 17, 351; Palmer H. Taylor, 108; historical, 520-28.
Point aux Trembles, 431, see appendix.
Political songs, 292-95.
Politics in Michigan, paper cited, 17; pioneer Michigan, 238-95.
Polk, James K., president U. S., 249, 258.
Pomeroy Bros., merchants, 94.
Pontiac, Ottawa chief, 434, 447; conspiracy cited, 623.
Pontiac, formerly Padacksville, 153.
Pontiac Gazette quoted, 160.
Pool, John R., location farm, 123.
Pope, —, Capt., 540.
Pope, D. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Pope, H. H., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Poplar, —, boarding house, 416.
Poppleton, Orrin, president of society, 1, 2, 9, 212, 228, 351; gave Oakland county memorial report, 143; remarks, 12; remarks on Wing, 4; vice president of society, viii.
Poppleton, William, 151.
Population of Michigan, 532.
Porcupine described, 580.
Pork, price, 432.
Portage loads, 606, 607.
Porteous, John, 572, 573.
Porter, August S., whig leader, 290.
Porter, E. H., 96.
Porter, George B. Gov., 392.
Porter, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Porter, J. B., 96.
Porter, Malvina, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Porter, Martha, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Porter, R. D., death reported, 208.
Porter, Seth J. Rev., death reported, 96.

Porter, Seth J. Mrs., 96.
Porter farm, 123, 389.
Port Huron, former names, 435, see appendix.
Portland, formerly Grand River, 411.
Port Lawrence, former name Toledo, 511, see appendix.
Postage, how obtained by Con. Con., 347; price, 488.
Postmaster, first at Sylvan, 452.
Post office first at Ann Arbor, 462; Blissfield, 534; Deerfield, 534; Grand Rapids, 331; Medina, 517, 518; Saline, 459.
Potash, price, 547.
Potawatomies, in Lenawee county, 510; location and number, 587; paper cited, 24.
Potter, Calvin B., soldier civil war, 403.
Potter, Caroline, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Potter, Laura A., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Potters, —, 328.
Potts, Calista, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Potts, Francis, death reported, 147.
Potts, J. L., Allegan lawyer, 554.
Poughkeepsie, 569, see appendix.
Pound, Daniel, Quaker, 660, 661.
Powell, —, esquire, 660, 661.
Powell, —, Judge, 591.
Powell, —, Major, 629.
Powell, Eunice, death reported, 113.
Powell, Milo, death reported, 188.
Powell, Robert Rev., nativity, 317.
Powers, J. E., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Powers, James, pupil Climax, 473.
Powers, John, pioneer Medina, 514; land entry, 519.
Powers, O. W., editor, 389.
Powtowatamis, 587, see Potawatomies.
Pratt, Alpheus, 511.
Pratt, Daniel L. Judge, 367; nativity, 316.
Pratt, Edna A., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Pratt, Elkanah, Salem pioneer, 450.
Pratt, Foster Dr., nativity, 318.
Pratt, Henry, shoe shop, 442.
Pratt, Louisa, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Pray, Catherine O. (Mrs. Nathan Sutton), 202.
Pray, Emily, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Preacher first in Medina, 515, see also pastor.
Prehistoric men, evidence of, 425; relics found, 646.
Prentiss, S. S., 273, 277.
President United States, 567, see George Washington.
Press, Kalamazoo described, 12, 369-91; revenues of, 370, 371; Shelby, 428.
Preston, —, Col., Kentucky campaign orator, 274-77.
Preston, A. E., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Preston, Fanny, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Preston, James, grand juror, 550.
Preston, William C., South Carolina orator, 276.
Prevost, George, Sir, Gen., 44.
Price, Aaron, death reported, 133.
Price, Adam, pioneer miller, 425.
Price, Asa, first sawmill on Clinton river, 425.
Price Laman B., Macomb representative, 429.
Price, board, 615; food, 432, 657; in 1793, 594; land, 482; lodging, 582; oak trees, 172; postage, 488; potash, 574; sugar, 613; tavern, 440.
Prince, —, Rev., 233.
Prince of Eastern Airy, demanded justice, 611.
Pringle, Eugene, 118; nativity, 316; remarks on Judge Gridley, 120.
Printers trials, 372.
Printing office, how equipped, 377.
Prisbey, Charles, 513, 517, 519; land entry, 519.
Prisbey, Charles A., first child Medina, died civil war, 517.
Prisoners, white retained by Indians, 590.
Pritchard, B. D., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Privations, pioneers, 411, 412.
Probate courts organized, 549.
Procession at Allegan Court House ceremonies, 538, 539.
Proctor, Ella C., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Proctor, Henry Gen., inhumanity 222; proclamation cited, 431; traitor, 222.
Professor, first Mathematics M. A. C., 97.
Progress worlds, 536, 537.
Progressive Age, Kalamazoo paper, 388.
Prohibition law passed in Michigan, 11.
Property taxes, 1796, 431.
Prouty, Leander S., 558; felled first tree Allegan, 559; wedding journey, 560.
Prouty, Leander S. Mrs., (Harriet Cannon), 560.
Prouty, Loretta, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Prouty, Martha, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Prouty, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Prouty, Wells, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Provisions, high prices, 657.
Pruden, Newton A., death reported, 196.
Punans Indians, location and number, 587.
Pugh, Lina, pupil Battle Creek, 473; pupil Climax, 473.
Pulaski, history of, 416-19; paper cited, 10; stone fences, 418.
Punins, 609, 650, see Pawnees.
Pupils, Battle Creek Union school, 468-71; Climax, 473; Dowagiac, 471, 472. Galesburg literary class, 474; Select

School Battle Creek, 471; South Battle Creek, 473; Sprague Neighborhood East LeRoy, 467.
Purdy, Catherine, death reported, 110.
Purdy, Henry, death reported, 114.
Purdy, Mary, death reported, 114.
Pusey, Joshua, 567.
Putman, D. C., 28.
Putman, Daniel Prof., Ypsilanti, 315.
Putman, David, death recorded, 103.
Putman, Edward J., 85.
Putman, George, pupil Athens, 466,
Putman, H. W. F., death reported. 147.
Putman, Laura, pupil Athens, 466.
Putman, Mary J. Mrs., death reported, 84.
Putman, Newton, pupil Athens, 467.
Putman, Ransom, pupil Athens, 467.
Putman, Romain Mrs., (Miss Wolverton), 86.
Putman, W. H. Sr., death reported, 85.
Putman, W. H. Mrs., (Mary J. Sawyer), sketch, 85.
Putman, W. H. Jr., 85.
Putman, Worthy, Judge, 407; sketch, 403.

Qua, Julia K., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Quakers, danger from Indians, 603; meeting collection solid, 638; meetings, 635, 636, 640, 641, 645-48, 652, 660, 661; yearly meeting, 665, 666; peace commissioners expedition to Detroit, 565-671; settlement, 34; temperance of, 590, 644, 647; visit to Detroit, 565-671.
Quaritch, Bernard, gift to society, 20.
Quebec calendar of Indian tribes and number 586-88.
Quick, Adoniram, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Quick, Alma, pupil Battle Creek, 473; East LeRoy, 467.
Quick, James, Rev., death reported, 147.
Quick Orissa, pupil Battle Creek, 473; East LeRoy, 467.
Quick, Truman, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Quick, Verona, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Quimby, Ichahod L., death reported, 131.

Railroads given land grants, 323; in Shelby, 428.
Raisin river, called Sturgeon by Indians, 219.
Ramage Press described, 371.
Ramsdale, Abram, death reported, 113.
Ramsdale, Orson, pupil Battle Creek,
Ramsdell, T. J., vice president of society, viii.
Randall, James T. Mrs., (Miss Dutton), 166.
Randall, Minnie A., pupil Galesburg, 474,
Randles, James, (one arm Randles), death reported, 397.
Randolph, Beverly Col., appointed Indian peace commissioner, 566, 567, 617, 628, 632, 664.
Randolph, Edmund U. S. attorney-general, 664.
Ranger, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Rankin, —, 268.
Ranney, —, Capt., 575.
Ransom, Antoinette, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Ransom, Epaphroditus Judge, Gov., 314, 360, 549, 553; nativity, 314, 316 sketch, 406, 552; vote for governor, 248.
Ransom, Nancy J. Mrs., death reported, 186.
Ransom, Willis C., pupil branch U. of M., 465.
Ransom, Wyllis (Wyllys), C. Maj., committee on nomination, 9, see appendix.
Raplee, Thomas, first supervisor Lee township, 563.
Rathbun, —, 250.
Rawls, Paul W. H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Rawson, Angenette, (Mrs. Lewis Wilmarth), 47.
Rawson, Charlotte, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Rawson, Edward, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Ray, Jonas, Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Ray, William, death reported, 135.
Raymond, Betsey, death reported, 196.
Raymond, David C., 457.
Raymond, Jane, death reported, 133.
Raymond, Paul, druggist, 183; land entry, 519.
Raymond, William, quoted, 250.
Reading, Asa, 461.
Reardon, Thomas, death reported, 42.
Reasoner, Ann, pupil Climax, 473.
Rebekah, Mohican Indian, 600.
Recollections, Saginaw valley, 440-446.
Recording Secretary report, 19, 20-22.
Reddin, Asa H., 460.
Red Jacket, Seneca chief, 481, 634; sick, 629.
Redpath, James, author, 391.
Reed, —, Judge, 108.
Reed, —, Mrs., (St. Joseph county), death reported, 188.
Reed, Azubel Coats Mrs., death reported, 147.
Reed, Heber, pupil Climax, 473.
Reed, Helen, pupil Climax, 473.
Reed, James (Eckford), death reported, 41.
Reed, Samuel B., 455.
Reeds, —, 328.
Reese, Mary G. Mrs., death reported, 196.

Reform School, 99, see Industrial School for Boys.
Reid, Edwy C. Mrs., (Miss Borradaile), 46.
Reid, John, adventures, 340, 341.
Relics found of battle, 574.
Reminiscences Constitutional Convention, 1850, 345-50.
Rennick, Hiram, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Renwick, George, first supervisor Salem, 450.
Renwick, John, first supervisor Northfield, 451.
Report corresponding secretary, 21, 22; historians, 24, 25; meeting 1890. 1-25; memorial committees, 1-211; recording secretary, 19, 20; treasurer, 23.
Reports, memorial, see Memorial reports.
Representatives Macomb county, 428, 429.
Republican party, birth of, 48, 252, 253; history cited, 263, 264; how named, 265, 266; origin, 254; platform, 273.
Reshore, Ida M., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Reshore, Rosalia D., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Resolutions on death of Judge Green, 368, 369; on Judge Gridley, 117, 118; patrons of industry on Mrs. Ingraham, 124.
Reuben, John S., 416.
Reynolds, —, 617; death reported, 185.
Reynolds, Catherine, (Mrs. W. H. Dildine), 108.
Reynolds, Charles E., death reported, 209.
Reynolds, Margaret, 617.
Reynolds, S. J., 165.
Reynolds, William B., pioneer Casco, 562.
Rhines, Eleanor Miss, 124.
Rhode Island Historical Society, gift to society, 20.
Rice, —, 563.
Rice, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Rice, —, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Rice, —, U. S. surveyor, 510.
Rice, B. A. Mrs., 154.
Rice, Edmund, 379.
Rice, Ellen A., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Rice, George W., 379.
Rice, Helen, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Rice, Henry M., editor, 371, 389.
Rice, Jeph, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Rice, Thomas, Quaker, 636, 661.
Rice. Versel Mrs., (widow of Dr. Rice), death reported, 185.
Rich, Hampton, nativity, 318.
Richard, Gabriel Rev. Father, 431.
Richards, Adaline, pupil Climax, 473.
Richards, Alice, pupil Climax, 473.
Richards, Chandler, nativity, 316.
Richards, J., printer, 565.
Richards, Mary A. Mrs., (Miss Davis), 173.
Richards, R., death reported, 135.
Richardson, —, Mr. and Mrs., 632.
Richardson, Origen D. Lieut. Gov., 360, 361.
Richardson, J. M., death reported, 136.
Richardson, John, pupil Athens, 466.
Richardson, Nettie, pupil Athens, 466.
Richman, —, merchant, 442.
Richmond, Arouet, death reported, 210.
Richmond, Betsey Mrs., death reported, 40.
Richmond, proposed city in Allegan Co., 561.
Richter, Joseph, Bishop, Grand Rapids diocese, 326.
Riddle, Frank, death reported, 186.
Riford, Almon B., sketch, 403.
Riker, John, death reported, 147.
Riley, —, pupil Athens, 466.
Riley, —, Mrs., 435, see Mrs. Ryley.
Riley, David, pupil Athens, 466.
Riley (Ryley), James Judge, 435.
Riley (Ryley), James, land grant, 435, 436.
Riley (Ryley), James Mrs., (Me-naw-cam-egoqua), Chippewa Indian, mentioned in treaty, 435.
Riley, James D. S., 435, see James Van Slyck Ryley.
Riley (Ryley), James Van Slyck, father of John, married Me-naw-cam-egoqua, 435.
Riley (Ryley), John, Ojibway, 10, 430; location land grant, 435, 436; sketch, 434-436.
Riley, Lydia, pupil Athens, 466.
Riley, Mary, death reported, 114.
Riley (Ryley), Nancy, (Mrs. Shaw we naw cob way), 436.
Riley (Ryley), Peter, death recorded, 436; land grant location, 435, 436.
Riley (Ryley), Peter Mrs., (Miss Delno), Mrs. Achan Roselle, 436.
Riley (Ryley), Philip, father of John Ryley, 435.
Riley, Theodore, pupil Athens, 466.
Rimes, James Mrs., death reported, 147.
Rinold, —, Miss, commissary's daughter, 635.
Riopelle, Josiah, death reported, 206.
Risdon, Orange, pioneer, 481; platted Saline, sketch cited, 459.
River Indians, 587, see Messesaques.
Rivers Saginaw Valley, 25.
Rix, Albert, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Rix, Daniel, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Rix, George, pupil Antwerp, 466.

Road territorial, 557.
Robbins, Elizabeth, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Robbins, Eveline, pupil East LeRoy, 647.
Robert, Pelagie, (Mrs. James Knaggs), death reported, 225.
Roberts, —, 631.
Roberts, Horace S., asst. secretary Con. Con., 345.
Robertson, Armenia, death reported, 186.
Robertson, William Mrs., death reported, 147.
Robey, George J., death reported, 111.
Robinson, Arzah, merchant, 47.
Robinson, Bissell, death reported, 147.
Robinson, Byron, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Robinson, C., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Robinson, David G., vice-president society, vii.
Robinson, Emily, (Mrs. B. F. Withee), 55.
Robinson, Freeman, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Robinson, George, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Robinson, John, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Robinson, Kate, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Robinson, Lydia, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Robinson, Marian S., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Robinson, N., 453.
Robinson, Phebe, death reported, 26.
Robinson, Rix, Indian trader, member of congress, 320, 325, 326.
Robinson, Stephen L., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Robinson, W. D., 54.
Robinson, Yankee, first shoemaker Medina, 518.
Robinson, Z. N., pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Roby, Henry M., Capt., death reported, 211.
Rochen, Christiana, death reported, 210.
Rockford, Catherine, death reported, 110.
Rockford, May, Mrs., death reported, 128.
Rodd, Alexander, (She she pe anee, Little Duck), murdered, 437, 438, 439.
Rodd, Antoine, 439.
Rodd, Mother Old, 10, 430, 436; grave, 439; oil portrait in museum society, 437; sketch, 437-39, see appendix, 437.
Roe, —, lawyer Detroit, 624.
Roe, —, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Roe, Ephraim, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Roe, J. E., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Roe, Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Roe, P., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Roe, William, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Rodgers, Jane Mrs., death reported, 147.
Rogers, Abigail C. and Delia, established Female college in Lansing, 101.
Rogers, —, Mrs., (Miss Wickham), 69.
Rogers, Abner, pioneer Medina, 514.
Rogers, Benjamin, 514; land entry, 519.
Rogers, Desire, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Rogers, Edward, pupil Athens, 467.
Rogers, Elisha, pupil Athens, 467.
Rogers, Elizabeth, (Mrs. Chauncey S. Dutton), 166.
Rogers, Elona, (Mrs. Alvin Cross), 455.
Rogers, Elsey, death reported, 80; pupil Athens, 466.
Rogers, Esther, pupil Athens, 466.
Rogers, Eugene, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Rogers, Jacob V., ("Jake"), pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 540, 544.
Rogers, James, pioneer Medina, 514.
Rogers, James A., land entry, 519.
Rogers, John, pupil Athens, 467.
Rogers, Joseph, petit-juror, 550.
Rogers, Orrin, 81.
Rogers, Orrin Mrs., (Elsey Beedle), sketch, 81.
Rogers, Philip, pupil Athens, 467.
Rogers, Silas, pupil Battle Creek, 469, 470.
Rolfe, Adaline, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Rolfe, Alviron, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Rolfe, John, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Rolfe, Nelson, Battle Creek, pupil, 463.
Roman Catholic Church, 601, see Catholic Church.
Rood, Delia, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Rood, Mary, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464.
Roof, —, 328.
Rooney, Mary, death reported, 111.
Roosh, 590, see Rouge river.
Root, Amy J., death reported, 110.
Root, Augustus, 455.
Root, Bennett F., first doctor, Manchester, 458.
Root, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Root, Putnam, 70; death reported, 42; sketch, 67, 68.
Root, Putnam Mrs., (Mary Jerusha Cary), 68; death reported, 42; sketch, 70.
Rosa, Aldirt, death reported, 113.
Rose, Abigail, death reported, 26.
Rose, Jesse, 452.
Rose, Minerva, (Mrs Scammon), 104.
Roselle, Achan Mrs., (Mrs. Peter (Ryley) Riley), 436.
Rosier, Emily, married Daniel Carpenter, 83.
Rosier, George Mrs., death reported, 196.

Ross, —, Ensign, British officer, 617, 619.
Ross, A. H. Rev., nativity, 316.
Ross, Leonard, Monterey pioneer, 561.
Rouge (Roosh, Rushe, Ruzche, Red), River, 590, 605; meaning of name, 641.
Rounded Headed Indians, location and number, 587.
Rounds, Jonathan O., founded Hopkins, 561.
Rounds, O. H., 560.
Rouse, John, first supervisor Laketown, 562.
Row, Gilbert, 458.
Rowe, Asa, 199.
Rowe, Martin W., grand juror, 550.
Rowell, Maria, (Mrs. C. Tracy), editor Mother's Magazine, death reported, 97.
Rowland, William D., death reported, 113.
Rowley, Huntington, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Rowley, Jane W. Mrs., death reported, 101.
Rowley, Keziah Mrs., death reported, 104.
Rowley, Manly D., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Rowse, Lyman V., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Ruchner, John, death reported, 204.
Ruddiman, George, built first boat on Muskegon lake, 141; death recorded, 140; sketch 141, 142.
Ruddiman, John, 141.
Rudle, Eliza, pupil Athens, 467.
Rue, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Ruggles, David Rev., Presbyterian minister, 233.
Ruggles, Isaac W. Rev., 233, see appendix.
Ruland, Eliphas J., Shelby pioneer, 427.
Rumery, S., Monterey pioneer, 561.
Rumsey, Elisha W., pioneer Ann Arbor, 462.
Rumsey, Henry, 454.
Rundle, Charles, pupil Athens, 466.
Rundle, Judson, pupil Athens, 466.
Rundle, Waity Ann, pupil Athens, 466.
Runnels, William, Rev., 229.
Running Brook, 437, see Pe tauch ne mouk.
Runyan, H. D., Macomb representative, 429.
Rush, Dennis, 67.
Rush, Sadie, 67.
Rush, Thomas, 67.
Rush, William, death reported, 41; sketch, 67.
Rush, William Jr., 67.
Rushe, 641, see Rouge.
Russell, Alfred, nativity, 316.
Russell, Cyrus, death reported, 60,
Russell, Cyrus, Mrs., (Amanda Brown), 60.
Russell, Daniel, 460.
Russell, H. R. Mrs., death reported, 136.
Russell, John V. Mrs., (Miss Mac Intyre), 167.
Russell, Jonathan, Gun Plains pioneer, 559.
Russell, Joseph, member of society, 19.
Rust, Sarah M., (Mrs. David Parker), 184.
Rutgers, Gurt, justice, 562.
Rutgers, James, pioneer Laketown, 562.
Rutter, Adessa, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Rutter, Anna L., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Rutter, Corwin, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Rutter, Mary L., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Rutter, Silas, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Ruzche, 605, see Rouge River.
Ryan, Hiram, death reported, 113.
Ryan, Patrick, death reported, 185.
Ryan, Thomas, death reported, 41.
Ryan, W. E., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Ryerson, Hills & Co., mill owners, 142.
Ryley, 434-436, see John Riley.

Sabin, Calista Mrs., death reported, 41.
Sabin, H., Monterey pioneer, 561.
Sabin (Sabins), Hiram, death reported, 26; grand juror, 550.
Saddler, Andrew, founded Heath, 563.
Saddler, John, founded Heath, 563.
Saddler, Jonathan, founded Heath, 563.
Saddler, Richard, founded Heath, 563.
Sage, James, interpreter, 436, 437.
Sage, Michael, death reported, 211.
Sager, George, death reported, 128.
Saginaw city, extent, 440-443; early conditions, 445; "One hundred years ago," 446-49.
Saginaw county, memorial report, 162.
Saginaw rivers, paper cited, 25.
Saginaw Valley Recollections, 12, 440-46.
Saginaw & Grand River canal abandoned, 443.
Saginaw & Northern canal, 441, see appendix.
Saginaw (Sagony), sloop, 448, 649.
Saginawian, newspaper, 179, see appendix.
Sailing, time consumed, 569.
St. Clair, Arthur Gen., governor North west territory, 646; see appendix, 312.
St. Clair county, history of, 430-39; memorial report, 184.
St. Clair (Sinclair), river, 430.
St. Johns, county seat, 413.
St. Joseph county, in Indiana, 393; memorial report, 187.
St. Joseph light house, 392.
St. Mary's hospital, 107, see appendix.
St. Patrick's first church, Northfield, 451.

Saitor, Mary S. (Mrs. Joseph G. Lodge), 76.
Sakis, Indians location and number, 587.
Salary, district attorney, 393; early, 415; guide, 513; judge, 367; ministers, 515, 516; surveyor, 423; teachers, 455; waterman, 594.
Salem, founded and organized, 563; history of, 450, 451, 459.
Salisbury, —, pioneer merchant Medina, 518, see also Levi Salsbury.
Salisbury, Ella L., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Salisbury, Franklin, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Salisbury, George, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Salisbury, Levi, land entry, 519.
Salsbury, Jacob, death reported, 188.
Salsbury, Levi, pioneer Medina, 514.
Salsbury, Lucy, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Salsbury, Sarah, pupil Dowagiac, 472
Salt, Allen Rev., 439.
Salt, early making, 577; explorations for, 320, see appendix; industries, 323; manufacture of, 181, see appendix.
Sam (Samuel), Mohican Indian, 605; death reported, 624.
Sanborn, James W., nativity, 318.
Sanborn, John P., nativity, 318.
Sanborn, Peter, death reported, 187.
Sanders, Fayette, death reported, 196.
Sanders, Josiah F., death reported, 197.
Sanders, Samuel, interpreter, 590.
Sanderson, Henry, Mrs., (Miss Moon), 94.
Sanford, Alice Goodrich, Mrs., 492, 507.
Sanford, Helen, (Mrs. J. P. Greves), 58.
Sanford, Thomas D., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Sansavaine, Edouard (Edward), sketch, 333, 334, 335.
Sargent, Winthrop, acting governor Michigan territory, 430; first governorship questioned, 312, see appendix; proclamation cited, 422.
Satterlee, William Mrs., death reported, 147.
Saugatuck, first house, 557.
Sault canal, extent traffic, 53; first school in Upper Peninsula at, 53.
Sault Ste. Marie (Suse), 650; mission by Rev. Bingham, 326; first mission in Michigan, 532.
Savage, Chester, land entry, 519.
Savage, Fannie, 203, see Mrs. John Geddes.
Savage, Juliette, (Mrs. John Geddes), death reported, 203.
Savage, Nicholas, death reported, 207.
Savery, William, Quaker peace commissioner, 566-68, 604, 626, 628, 632, 636, 638, 640-42, 646, 647, 654, 656, 657, 659, 665, 666; see appendix, 626.
Savery, William M., 665.
Sawagh-da-wunk, 619, see Carry all about and appendix.
Sawmill first in Shelby, 425.
Sawyer, Benjamin, 85.
Sawyer, Franklin, whig editor, 290.
Sawyer, Fred, pupil Climax, 473.
Sawyer, Gertrude, pupil Climax, 473.
Sawyer, Lorenzo, death reported, 197.
Sawyer, Sarah J. Mrs., (Miss Putman), 85.
Saxey, Bogey, 158.
Scalp, worn as ornament, 591.
Scammon, —, 104.
Scammon, Minerva Mrs., (Miss Rose), death recorded, 104.
Schenectady, described, 570; Union college located at, 394.
Schenectady sloop, Capt. Lansing, 567-69.
Schmid, —, Rev., first pastor Freedom, 457.
Schmiddler, Catherine Mrs., death reported, 184.
Schmitz, —, 178.
Schofield, Julia F., (Mrs. Wright), 29.
Schoolcraft, Henry R., explorer, 306, 332.
Schooley, Ada, Quaker, 629, 660, 661.
Schoolmates, A. D. P. Van Buren, 462-74.
Schoolrolls, A. D. P. Van Buren, 462-74.
Schools, early, 432; first in Blissfield, 534; Deerfield, 534; Macomb, 425; St. Clair, 432; Salem, 451; Upper Peninsula, 53; Washtenaw county, 450-62; graded of Michigan, paper cited, 18; in Michigan, 88, see appendix; Log house era cited, 24; Michigan's superiority, 15.
Schoonmaker, —, Bronson pioneer lawyer, 554.
Schorno, —, pioneer Fillmore, 562.
Schulte, Anthony, death reported, 207.
Schute, Casper, death reported, 208.
Schuyler, Philip J. Gen., 570.
Schuyler, Nelson, death reported, 148.
Schwan, Conrad, death reported, 163, 178, 179.
Schwartz, —, Mrs., (Miss Schwan), 179.
Scio township, history, 453.
Scofield, William, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Scott, Allen, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Scott, Charles, 410, 411.
Scott, David Capt., gave history Clinton county, 410-13.
Scott, David Mrs., (Eunice Forbes), 410.
Scott, David Jr., 410-13.
Scott, George M., 413.
Scott, George W., 412.
Scott, George W. Mrs., (Miss Webb), 412.
Scott, Giles Mr. and Mrs., pioneer Otsego, 557, 559.
Scott, Jane Mrs., death reported, 184.

Scott, Lamira, 410.
Scott, Lucius S., death reported, 41.
Scott, Oziel, Rev., nativity, 317.
Scott, Paul, death reported, 110.
Scott, Sally, 410.
Scott, Sophie, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Scott, Sophrona Mrs., 413.
Scott, Sylvester, 410-13; death reported, 412.
Scott, Thomas, hunter, founded Lee, 563.
Scott, Winfield Gen., ("Old Fuss and Feathers"), 11, 253.
Scoville, Daniel, death reported, 207.
Scramling, Elicia, pupil Climax, 473.
Scramling, Emma, pupil Climax, 473.
Scramling, Wilbur, pupil Climax, 473.
Scrigley, Enoch, Quaker, 636, 661.
Scudd schooner, 126.
Scump, Maria, death reported, 134.
Seamans, Marie, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Seamans, Simeon, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Searle, Addison Rev., accident to, 227, 229; sketch, 227, see appendix.
Sears, Mary Ann, 451.
Seaver, W. R. Rev., 157.
Sebering, Adam S., land entry, 519.
Seburn, W. D., death reported, 185.
Secord, Joanna, (Mrs. William Jackson), 451.
Secretary report, society, 21, 22.
Sedgwick, George, first mayor Ypsilanti, 462.
Seeley, Elsie, pupil Climax, 473.
Seely, Alexander, land entry, 519.
Seeman, Joseph, editor, 180.
Segar, Catherine Mrs., death reported, 42.
Select school pupils, Battle Creek, 471.
Self, James, pupil Athens, 466.
Self, John, pupil Athens, 466.
Self, Mary, pupil Athens, 467.
Selkrig, James Rev., Allegan pioneer, started mission, 560.
Semi-centennial, Deerfield, 528-38.
Sensiman (Sensemann, Sensemer), Gotlieb, Moravian missionary, 653; see appendix, 599.
Sermon, first in Pittsfield, 457.
Serpent, 437; see Chekinabick.
Sessions, Harriet A., (Mrs. Calvin Tracy), 97.
Sessions, Rodney, 562.
Settlements, Deerfield, 528; first in Allegan Co., 538-564; Influence of New England on Michigan, 311-319; Manlius, 561; Medina, 508; Michigan, 532; Western Michigan, 319.
Settlers, first in Ann Arbor, 203, see appendix; first in Northfield, 451; Salem, 450; Washtenaw townships, 450-62; near Monroe, 218; old from Europe, 18, 447-79.
Severance, Lovel, Pulaski township clerk, 417.
Severance, W. D., Shelby pioneer, 418, 419.
Severens, Henry F., candidate for judge, 367.
Seward, William H., candidate for president, 496.
Seymour, —, 250.
Seymour, Macon, death reported, 40.
Seymour, Ruth, (Mrs. Samuel W. Foster), 451.
Seymour house, Lansing, 350.
Shaguin, 194, see Chagrin Falls and appendix.
Shah ne schaw pe nace, Green Bird, killed Alexander Rodd, 437.
Shakespeare, Andrew J., editor Gazette, 374, 376, 384; sketch, 375.
Shakespeare, William, bought Gazette, 374.
Shandy, Elizabeth, (Mrs. G. W. Davis), 173.
Shank, Ella W. Mrs., violin solo by, 1, 2.
Shank, Garner, death reported, 26.
Shank, Joseph, 563.
Sharon township, history of, 458.
Shaw, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Shaw, —, Rev. Dr., Presbyterian, 59.
Shaw, Brackley, member of society, 19.
Shaw, Daniel L., death reported, 207.
Shaw, Henry W., death reported, 112.
Shaw, James C., clerk Pulaski township, 417.
Shaw, John L., nativity, 317.
Shaw, Phebe Chandler, death reported, 207.
Shaw, Thomas, 460.
Shaw, William, 207.
Shawnee chief, costume, 603; intoxicated, 605; report, 604.
Shawnese Indians, location and number, 587.
Shaw we naw cob way, Mrs., (Nancy Riley, 436.
Shay's rebellion cited, 312.
Shearer, J. L., sheriff, 547, 558.
Sheehan, Michael, death reported, 207.
Sheep, price, 594, 657.
Shelby, first house in, 425; history cited, 17; history of, 419-429; pioneers, 425-427.
Sheldon, —, 178.
Sheldon, Alexander J., editor, 382, 389.
Sheldon, Eli, pupil Climax, 473.
Sheldon, George, gift to society, 20.
Sheldon, Orison, Macomb representative, 428.
Sheldon, Theodore P. & Co., sketch, 178, see appendix.

Sheldon, Thomas C., land receiver, 370.
Shelp, Tryphena Mrs., death reported, 41.
Shemochteman, Big Knife, Indian name for whites, 592.
Shepard, Alfred, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Shepard, Cornelius, Col., 93.
Shepard, E. H. Col., 93.
Shepard, Eber Mrs., death reported, 41.
Shepard, Freedom, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Shepard, Ira, death reported, 41.
Shepard, Mary Louisa, (Mrs. I. N. Eldridge), 93.
Shepard, Paul Rev., salary, 515.
Shepard, Warren B., 241; 240 see appendix.
Shepardson, Lewis, Medina pioneer, 514.
Shepherd, —, 328.
Shepherd, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Shepherd, David Mrs., death reported, 186.
Shepherdson, Lewis, 517; land entry, 519.
Shepherdson, Maria, 517.
Sheridan, Phil. Gen., raid cited, 56.
Sherman, M. L. Dr., death reported, 133.
Sherman, Sallie, pupil Climax, 471.
Sherman, William Tecumseh, Gen., 71.
Sherman House, (Flint), 91.
Sherwood, A. W., 28.
Sherwood, Eber, 547, 550, 557, 559.
Sherwood, Edmund, 559.
Sherwood, Hull Sr., Otsego pioneer, 559.
Sherwood, Hull Jr., 557, 558.
Sherwood, John M., 4. see appendix.
Sherwood, Lebbeus, 549, 559.
Sherwood, Royal, 557, 559; grand juror, 550.
Sherwood, T. R., publisher, 388.
Sherwood & Co., stage proprietors, 4, see appendix.
She she pe anee, 437; see Alexander Rodd.
Shiawassee county, Ensign's history cited, 184; memorial report, 183; pioneer life paper cited, 12.
Shield, Anne Mrs., death reported, 208.
Shipp, Louisa, death reported, 26.
Shockran, John, death reported, 209.
Shoemaker, Joseph P., vice president of society, viii; gave Montcalm county memorial, 138.
Shoemaker, Michael Col., president of society, 1, 9, 212; committee on appropriation, 20; committee of historians, viii; remarks by, 2, 4, 16, 17; report, 24, 25.
Shoemaker, first in Medina, 518.
Sholes, —, Mrs., death reported, 135.
Shone, Isidore Indian interpreter, 602, see Isadore Chene.
Shook, D., merchant, 179.
Shotwell, Julia A. Mrs., death reported, 40.
Showerman, Maryette (Mrs. Theodorus D. Green), 81.
Shuart, Phebe, death reported, 112.
Shultes, Simon, death reported, 136.
Shumway, Harriet E., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Sibley, —, Grand Rapids, 328.
Sibley, Solomon Judge, entertainment, 433; nativity, 319.
Sibley, W. A. Mrs., (Miss Hubbell), 155.
Sickness in Indian camps, 624.
Signal guns, treaty signing, 621.
Silver Islet, paper cited, 24.
Silvernail, John, death reported, 136.
Simcoe, John Graves, Gov., 578, 579, 584, 608, 615, 617, 626, 637, 639; appearance, 635; attitude toward peace commissioners, 617, see appendix; gave amount Indian expenses, 643.
Simmons, Caroline, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Simmons, L. B., 454.
Simonds, D., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Simonds, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 463.
Simonds, Newton, pupil Goguac, 463.
Simonds, W. D. Rev., 43.
Simons, David Curtis, death reported, 42; sketch, 67.
Simons, Mary Mrs., death reported, 41.
Simons, S., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Simons, William, death reported, 40.
Simpson, A. B. Mrs., (Charlotte Berger), pupil, 463.
Simpson John, letter from Poxson, 566, 669-71; sketch, 669, see appendix.
Sinclair, —, Capt., 449.
Sinclair, George, pupil Climax, 473.
Sinclair, Lilie, pupil Climax, 473.
Sinclair, Patrick Gen., defeat, 670.
Sinclair river, 430, see St. Clair.
Singapore, deserted village, 141, see appendix.
Sinklater, John, death reported, 186.
Sioux Meadows Indians, location and number, 587.
Sioux of the Woods Indians, location and number, 587.
Sipley, Mae, music by, 17.
Six Nations, 587, see Iroquois.
Sizer, George, first death in Grand Rapids, 331.
Skinner, Elias M., attorney, 460.
Slade, William, Vermont congressman, 269.
Slater, Francis, 331.
Slater, George, 331.

Slater, George W., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Slater, Leonard Rev., established mission, 326; first postmaster Grand Rapids, 331.
Slater, Sarah Emily, first white child born in Grand Rapids, 331; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Slauson, Pick & Co., grocers, 59.
Slavery, prohibition of 299; trouble over question, 88, 89.
Sloat, David J., 458.
Sly (Nye), Rachel, (Mrs. George Knaggs), 218.
Small pox, epidemic among Indians, 194.
Smart, J. S. Rev., 231.
Smith, —, 87, 618.
Smith, —, British merchant, 596.
Smith, —, Capt., 579, 636.
Smith, —, Rev., donation for, 228, 229.
Smith, —, presiding elder, 365.
Smith, A. H., 328.
Smith, Abraham, 432.
Smith, Amelia W., death reported, 134.
Smith, Andrew J. Judge, sketch, 408.
Smith, Angus, 432.
Smith, Arthur, pupil Battle Creek, 478.
Smith, Asa, pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Smith, Caroline, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Smith, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Smith Charles F., 441.
Smith, Charles O., death reported, 113.
Smith, Christopher, death reported, 135.
Smith, David Rev., 517; missionary, 515.
Smith, Dexter, pioneer Medina, 509, 512.
Smith, E. J., 48.
Smith, E. Stanley, death reported, 148.
Smith, Edward, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Smith, Edward M., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Smith, Edwin S., paper cited, 24.
Smith, Elias, 460.
Smith, Elisha W. R., 462.
Smith, Elvira Mrs., death reported, 185.
Smith, Euseba, death reported, 113.
Smith, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470, 471.
Smith, Frank, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Smith, Franklin, distiller, 518.
Smith, Florence, contributor, 389.
Smith, Foster M., death reported, 128.
Smith, George N. Justice, 562.
Smith, Gerritt, reformer, 255, 258, 267, 268, 270, 272, 273, 285.
Smith, Hiram Harwood, wrote memoir of James Gould, 126.
Smith, Harry H., editor, 386, 389; journal clerk House Representatives, Washington, 384.
Smith, Humphrey Mrs., death reported, 185.
Smith, Ira, death reported, 128.
Smith, J. A., 189.
Smith, J. Morgan, nativity, 316.
Smith, James Mrs., death reported, 134.
Smith, Jerome, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469, 471.
Smith, Jesse Mrs., 452.
Smith, Joel, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Smith, John Capt., 301.
Smith, John D., death reported, 25.
Smith, John M., death reported, 114.
Smith, John T., death reported, 48.
Smith, Joseph, death reported, 25, 40, 132; sketch, 48.
Smith, Josephus, death reported, 148.
Smith, Julia, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Smith, Laban, death reported, 147.
Smith, Laura, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Smith, Lewis, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Smith, Lydia B. Mrs., death reported, 136.
Smith, M. C., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Smith, Mary, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Smith, Moses Rev., nativity, 316.
Smith, Percis, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Smith, Perrin M. Judge, 407; campaign speech, 284.
Smith, Polly Mrs., death reported, 147.
Smith, Robert, death reported, 136.
Smith, Sidney, Trowbridge pioneer, 560.
Smith, Thomas, 619, 621; death reported, 131.
Smith, Uriah Rev., Adventist, nativity, 317.
Smith, V. C., editor, 388.
Smith, W. H., pioneer Delhi, death reported, 103.
Smith, William, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Smith, William L., nativity, 318.
Smock, Myron, 443.
Smock & Little, 443.
Smoots, John, death reported, 206.
Snashall, J. Rev., 84.
Snider, Henry Mrs., (Miss Braley), 176.
Snow, Alanson, (Matchiagon), 460.
Snow, C. E., 115.
Snow, James T., death reported, 113.
Snow, William H. H., Shelby township clerk, 417.
Snow, William I. Rev., accident, 229.
Snowshoeing, 335, 336.
Snover, William H., death reported, 205.
Snyder, John, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Snyder, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 41.
Snyder, Margaret, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Snyder, Morgan, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Snyder, William, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Soap, luxury, 443 .
Soldiers from Allegan, civil war, 563, 564.
Songs, political, 292-95.
Soule, Joseph Mrs., 156.
South Battle Creek pupils, 464.

Southerne (Southron), Thomas, dramatist, 294.
Spafford, L. E. Rev., 48.
Spalding, —, Miss, (Mrs. Bisbee), 69.
Spalding, Harmon L., 69.
Spalding, Harmon L. Mrs., (Jane Fort), sketch, 69; death reported, 42.
Spalding, Mary, (Mrs. John Barter), 172.
Spanish, aid Indians, 626.
Spankey, Mary, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Sparkman, —, Detroit, 625.
Sparrow, Eva, (Mrs. B. F. Davis), sketch, 101.
Spaulding, —, Dr. 183.
Spaulding, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Spaulding, Mary, (Mrs. John Barter), 172.
Spaulding, O. L., nativity, 316.
Speakman, Townsend, 578.
Speculations, mine, 243-45.
Speedwell, sloop, 650.
Spencer, —, despoiled Indians, 612.
Spencer, Abram, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Spencer, Chester, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Cordelia, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Spencer, David E., gift to society. 20.
Spencer, Edgar, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Ephriam, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Grove, 115.
Spencer, Helen, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Spencer, Luther, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Martin, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Olive, pupil Battle Creek, 473; East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Oscar, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Spencer, Standish, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Spencer, Thankful, (Mrs. Williams), 87.
Spenser, fruit jar, 59.
Sportsman, —, 656.
Sprague, Camilla, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Edgar, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Eliot, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Florilla, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Jane, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Janette, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Jonathan, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Lydia A., pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Mabel Mrs., (Miss Atwood), 193.
Sprague, Michael, death reported, 208.
Sprague, Myron, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Rebecca, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Silas, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Sprague, Thomas S., nativity, 316.
Sprague, W. L. Mrs., death reported, 211.
Sprague, William Rev., 230.
Sprague, William pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Sprague Neighborhood school pupil, 467.
Spurr, Samuel, death reported, 112.
Squatters, 336, 337.
Squawfield, Indian dancing grounds, 510, see appendix.
Squires, Rosil W., death reported, 113.
Sraher, 563, see Michael Straher.
Stace, Mary A. Mrs., death reported, 41.
Stacey, Consider A. Judge, 24.
Stafford, Abel Mrs., death reported, 148.
Stafford, Silas, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Stage, Eliza, death reported, 111.
Stages, early, 64.
Stanbro, Ira Mr. and Mrs., death reported, 197.
Stanley, George, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Stanley, George E., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stanly, Isaac, death reported, 134.
Stanton, Benjamin, reformer, 270.
Stanwood, Henry Rev., nativity, 317.
Stark, John Gen., at battle of Bennington, 43, 45.
Starkey, Henry, editor, 391; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Starkey, Lewis C., pupil branch U. of M., 465.
Starkey, Lewis F. Dr., editor, 373.
Starkey, Richard, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Starkey, William B., death reported, 26.
Starks, William Y., death reported, 138.
Starkweather, Erastus, pioneer Plymouth, 241.
Starkweather, Leonard, (Old Stark), 241, 242.
Starkweather, Samuel, lawyer, 241.
Starkweather, Sarah, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Starr, Calvin H., gave St. Joseph memorial report, 187, 189.
Starr, John, Quaker, 664.
Starr, Moses, Quaker, 663.
State, 301, see Michigan.
State Reform School, 99, see Michigan Industrial School for Boys.
States admitted to Union, date, 299, see appendix.
Statesman The, early White Pigeon paper, 370; moved to Kalamazoo, 370; name changed.

Stead, Benjamin, sketch, 425, see appendix.
Stead, Robert, 425.
Steadman, Martha, (Mrs. W. S. Calkins), 99.
Steam sawmill, first, 331.
Steamboats, early, 331.
Stearns, Laura, death reported, 26.
Stears, Edmund, death reported, 22.
Stears, Thomas, member society, 19.
Stebbins, Cortland B., vice president of society, vii; gave memorial report, 95; nativity, 315; remarks, 11.
Stebbins, Charles, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Stebbins, Julia Miss, 201.
Steel, —, Capt., made sketch Niagara Falls, 606.
Steel, Robert M., nativity, 317.
Steele, E. D., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Steen, Mary, death reported, 114.
Stenographers, none in Courts, 366.
Stephen, Martin, Captain, death reported, 210.
Stephens, Richard, 664.
Stephenson, Marie, rendered music, 2.
Sterling, James A., 562.
Sterling, Joseph, M., vice president of society, viii.
Stevens, —, miller, 455.
Stevens, Agnes B. Mrs., (Miss Stevenson), 107.
Stevens, Alonzo, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Stevens, Charles Mrs., death reported, 133.
Stevens, F. H., 436.
Stevens, George, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Stevens, John V. Mrs., death reported, 148.
Stevens, Mark W., 490.
Stevens, Monroe, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Stevens, Peter, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stevens, Philander, death reported, 197.
Stevenson, Catherine, (Mrs. A. R. Bartlett), 108.
Stevenson, Frank W., 108.
Stevenson, George, 108.
Stevenson, John, death reported, 104; sketch, 107.
Stevenson, John Mrs., (Jean Brown), death reported, 107.
Stevenson, John, Mrs., (Mrs. Eliza Holton), 107.
Stevenson, John P., 108.
Stevenson, Thomas G. Major, 108.
Stewart, —, 273.
Stewart, —, Miss, (Mrs. Mary Abeel), 91.
Stewart, Albert Capt., 432.
Stewart, Almira, pupil Battle Creek, 464; pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Amelia, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Stewart, Aura P., 431.
Stewart, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 464; pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Daniel, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Edwin, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Stewart, Elinor, pupil Battle Creek, 464; pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Eliza, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Stewart, Elizabeth, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Stewart, Isabella, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, James, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Stewart, John Capt., 432; platted Ypsilanti, 460.
Stewart, Joseph, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Josephine, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Stewart, Lewis, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Mary, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Mary Ann, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, Nancy, pupil Battle Creek, 464, 466.
Stewart, Paul H., 91.
Stewart, Paul H. Mrs., (Adeline Mather), death reported, 84; sketch, 91.
Stewart, Phoebe, pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Stewart, Saphronia, pupil Goguac, 463.
Stewart, William A., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stigman, Charlotte Mrs., death reported, 204.
Stiles, John, Michigan emigrant, 483, 485, 487.
Stillson, Caroline, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stillson, Everard, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Stillson, Roswell H., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stillwell, William T., death reported, 128.
Stimpson, Byron, pupil Athens, 466.
Stimpson, Crum, artist, 292.
Stimpson, Edgar, pupil Athens, 466.
Stimpson, Elliot, pupil Athens, 466.
Stimpson, George, pupil Athens, 466.
Stimpson, Harley, pupil Athens, 466.
Stimson, Albert S., 96.
Stimson, Cynthia M., married Seth J. Porter, 96.
Stimson, F. D., 96.
Stimson, Homer, 96.
Stimson, Homer Mrs., (Cynthia M., Mrs. S. J. Porter), sketch, 96.
Stock, —, 28.
Stockbridge, Frank B., U. S. Senator, 316.
Stockbridge, Frank B. Mrs., (Miss Arnold), 376.
Stocking, —, Dr., editor.
Stockton, —, Mrs., 433.
Stockton, Henry P., death reported, 206.
Stockton, John Gen., 179.

Stockwell, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Stockwell, Parley, "Uncle," death reported 32; sketch, 36, 37.
Stoddard, Willard D., death reported, 111.
Stolp, William, death reported, 185.
Stone, A. B., editor, 389.
Stone, Charles, pioneer Medina, 514.
Stone, Charles S., death reported, 114.
Stone, Clement W., editor, 384, 385.
Stone, Delos, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 470.
Stone, Elias, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Stone, Fred W., 387.
Stone, Horatio H., editor, 384; death reported, 384, 385.
Stone, J. W., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Stone, James, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Stone, James A. B., Dr., Pres. Kalamazoo college; charge branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464, 465; editor, 384, 385; nativity, 317; postmaster Kalamazoo, 385.
Stone, James A. B. Mrs., (Lucinda Hindsale), newspaper correspondent, 384, 389; teacher in branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 464, 465.
Stone, James H., deputy postmaster, 385; editor, 384, 389, 391; letter quoted, 385, 386.
Stone, James R. Rev., nativity, 317.
Stone, John, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Stone, John W., Judge, 552.
Stone, Lucy, sketch, 270, see appendix.
Stone, Naham, Medina pioneer, 514.
Stone, Oliver, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Stone, Solomon, Shelby pioneer, 426.
Stone, Vernia, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Stone & Hascall, editors, 386.
Stone & Kendall, editors, 386.
Stone & Smith, editors, 384, 386.
Stones, —, Lenawee county pioneers, 524.
Stookey, Benjamin, Shelby pioneer, 418, 419.
Store, first brick in Marshall, 50.
Storey, W. F., resolution in Con. Con., 346, 347, 391.
Storm, report, 629, 630.
Storrs, Wales F., death reported, 161, 162.
Story, —, Quaker, secretary, 569.
Stowell, Joseph Mrs., death reported, 188.
Stout, Alvira Mrs., death reported, 40.
Stout, David B., 561.
Stout, Rhoda, death reported, 134.
Stoughton, —, Capt., 540.
Stoughton, H. C., pioneer lawyer, 554.
Stoughton, William L., campaign speech, 284.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher Mrs., anti-slavery work, 270.
Stowell, Lois L., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Stowell, Mary P., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Stowell, Sarah C., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Stracke, Catherine Marie, death reported, 208.
Straher (Sraher), Michael, founded Salem, 563.
Strassburg, Herman A. Prof., death reported, 209.
Stratton, —, surveyor, 410.
Stratton, John S., pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Stratton, Reuben, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Strawn, James Mrs., (Miss Rush), 67.
Street, —, 581.
Street, Jacob G., first schoolmaster on St. Clair river, 432.
Streeter, Elias, pioneer Allegan, 560; grand juror, 550.
Streeter, J. B. & Son, 564.
Streeter, Samantha, death reported, 112.
Strickfaden, Charles, 563.
Striker, Daniel, member society, ix.
Striker, Sarah E. Mrs., member of society, ix.
Stringham, Deborah Mrs., death reported, 42; sketch, 68, 69.
Stringham, John, 68, 69.
Strong, Erastus, pupil Athens, 466.
Strong, N. A., at Goodrich reunion, 508.
Stryker, —, 250.
Stuart, Bill, 379.
Stuart, Charles E., orator, 274, 282.
Stuart, Minerva, death reported, 148.
Stuart block, 70.
Stuck, J. F., pioneer lawyer Allegan, 554.
Stump speaking, lost art, 242, 247, 273.
Sturgeon, Indian name for River Raisin, 219; location, 340.
Sturgeon, plenty in Lake Erie, 625; Indian account of origin, 625.
Sturges, Elizabeth, death reported, 26.
Sturgis, Russell, nativity, 318.
Sugar making, 613; price, 613; trees (Maples), 613.
Sullivan, Clara, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Sullivan, George, pupil Dowagiac, 471.
Sullivan, James, 396.
Sullivan, Mary, death reported, 209.
Summers, Jacob, Macomb representative, 429; member territorial legislature, 428.
Sumner, John D., editor, 387.
Sunday School, 88, see appendix.
Superior township history of, 454, 455.
Supreme Court, terms, 362; conditions, 363.
Surveyors, deputy in Macomb county, 429; Gratiot turnpike, 364, see appendix.
Surveys made in Michigan, 326.
Suse, 650, see Sault Ste. Marie.
Sutfin, Aaron B., death reported, 114.
Sutfin, Charles, death reported, 110.
Sutherland, —, 431.

Sutherland, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Sutherland's Place, location, 431, see appendix.
Suttekutte (plain or level), Indian name for John Parish, 634.
Sutton, —, Calhoun county, 255.
Sutton, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Sutton vs. Tracy, 366.
Sutton, Benjamin, first settler Northfield, 451.
Sutton, George, death reported, 22; first township clerk Northfield, 451; sketch, 201, 202.
Sutton, J. D., land entry, 519.
Sutton, John D. Mrs. (Abigail Knapp), 517.
Sutton, Nathan, 202.
Sutton, Nathan Mrs., (Catherine O. Pray), 202.
Sutton, Nathan E., 202.
Swain, Isaac N. and family, Shelby, 418.
Swallow, Nahum, 44.
Swallow, Oliva, (Mrs. B. F., Hinman), 45.
Swan, White & Smith, mill owners, 141.
Swarthout, A. R. Capt., 171.
Swarthout, Arthur H., 171.
Swarthout, James N., death reported, 162; sketch, 171.
Swarthout, Mary Miss, 171.
Swarthout, William J., 171.
Swayze, Caroline M., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Swayze, Emily A., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Swears, Manly, Atlas pioneer, 489.
Sweeney, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Sweet, Leonora, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Sweet, Phoebe, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Sweezy, John, Monterey pioneer, 561.
Sweezy, John, petit-juror, 550.
Swegles, John Jr., secretary Con. Con., 345.
Swift, —, Dr., 11.
Swift, Alexander, 181.
Swift, Marcus Rev., 11, 12; nativity, 317.
Swift, Perez, held first town meeting Shelby at house of, 428.
Swift & Lockwood, lumbermen, 181.
Sylvan township history, 452, 453.

Taft, Catherine, (Mrs. John Adgate), 105; death reported, 105.
Taft, Francis, pupil Battle Creek, 470, 471.
Taft, Henry W., pupil Battle Creek, 469, 471.
Taft, Levi B. Judge, 397.
Tallman, Katie, death reported, 133.
Talty, John A., lawyer, 76.
Tamer, Tidden, death reported, 135.
Taney, Roger B., chief justice, 259.
Tanner, J. H. Rev., 60.
Tarbell, Horace S., nativity, 315.
Task, George, pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Taxes 1796, 431.
Taylor, —, death reported, 93.
Taylor, Amos, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Taylor, Andrew, death reported, 135.
Taylor, Charles B., 451.
Taylor, Charles H., Secretary State, 345.
Taylor, George W., death reported, 208.
Taylor, Henry W., whig orator, 246, 290.
Taylor, James, death reported, 188.
Taylor, Jesse, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Taylor, John, Quaker, 661.
Taylor, M. A. Mrs., (Miss Rush), 67.
Taylor, Morris, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Taylor, Nathan, 93.
Taylor, Palmer H., poem by, 108.
Taylor, Prudence Mrs., death reported, 84; sketch, 93.
Taylor, Samuel, Quaker, 661.
Taylor, Silas, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Taylor, William Rev., 534; pupil Antwerp, 466.
Taylor, William E., Mrs., (Miss Hubbell), 155.
Taylor Zachary, pres. U. S., 179, 380.
Tea, price, 432.
Teacher, first Deerfield, 534; Medina, 515; first in Washtenaw county, 450-62; salary, 455.
Tebo, Peter B., death reported, 186.
Tecumseh, Shawnese chief, at River Raisin, 223; query over death, 223; sketch, 533.
Tecumseh citizens erected boulder, 533.
Teed, John, founded Salem, 563.
Telegraph, first in Detroit, 179, see appendix.
Temperance in Shelby, 419.
Ten Eyck, Jacob, land entry, 519.
Tennant, Benjamin, death reported, 148.
Tennessee admitted to statehood, 299.
Tenney, Harriet A. Mrs., recording secretary of Society, vii, 1, 18, 20, 212, 352, 353; committee of Historians, viii.
Tenney, Jesse Eugene, Judge, member of society, ix.
Ter Bush, Alexander, death reported, 148.
Territorial road, 511, 557.
Terry, Caleb, death reported, 103.
Terry, Josh, 502.
Thayer, John, settled Casco, 562.
Thayer, Lucy Mrs., (Mrs. William S. Calkins), death reported, 99.
Thayer, Reuben, death reported, 136.
Thayer, S. B. Dr., member State Central committee, 253; whig leader, 248, 290.

The Peggy, first lumber boat on Muskegon lake, 141.
The Whig, Kalamazoo paper, 376.
Theune, Ernest, 210, see Earnest Freund.
Thew, Joseph, Allegan pioneer lawyer, 554.
Thiers, Ellen, death reported, 43.
Thiers, Isaac, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Thiers, Janette, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Thiers, William H., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Thomas,—, Capt., 619.
Thomas, Casper, death reported, 26.
Thomas, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Thomas, Henry F. Dr., 28.
Thomas, Helen, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Thomas, Ira, death reported, 40.
Thomas, John, 350.
Thomas Mission established by Rev. McCoy, 326.
Thomas, N. M. Dr., anti-slavery, 248.
Thomas, Thomas H., grand juror, 549.
Thompson, —, Judge, 435.
Thompson, Augustus, pupil Athens, 467.
Thompson, B. M. Col., editor, 180.
Thompson, Bezaleel, death reported, 113.
Thompson, C. Oscar, 108.
Thompson, Cyrenus Dr., built first house Gun Plains, 557, 559.
Thompson, Edwin Deacon, 435.
Thompson, Ellen, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Thompson, Hiram, 460.
Thompson, Isaac Capt., death reported, 162.
Thompson, J. C., (Yankee), 54.
Thompson, John, death reported, 196.
Thompson, Julia, pupil Climax, 473.
Thompson, Levi, first settler Bean Creek Valley, 511.
Thompson, O. C. Rev., nativity, 316.
Thompson, Stephen, death reported, 26.
Tompson, T. M., death reported, 25.
Thompson, W. H. Rev., benediction, 18.
Thorm, Jacob, death reported, 112.
Thorn, John and family pioneers, Pulaski, 418.
Thorn, Martha, (Mrs. William Brown), 431.
Thorn, William, 430.
Thorne, Benjamin A., death reported, 148.
Thornton, Jane, Battle Creek pupil, 464, 466.
Thornton, Lydia, (Mrs. Henry Berg), Battle Creek pupil, 464, 466.
Thornton, Samuel, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Thornton, William, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Thorp, Isaac, death reported, 113.
Thorp, William, death reported, 134.
Three Rivers, Ancient garden beds at, 529.
Threse, Abbott, (Mrs. James Abbott), death reported, 210.
Thunder, 437, see Wimekee.
Thurber, Eliza D. Mrs., death reported, 148.
Thurber, Elizabeth, (Mrs. T. E. Wing), 214.
Thurber, Elsie D., death reported, 204.
Thurber, Jefferson G., 214.
Thurston, Lucy, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Tibbits, Allen, 38.
Tibbits, Benjamin, Deerfield pioneer, 534.
Tibbitts, Allen Rev., nativity, 317.
Tichenor, A., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Ticket, Republican, 253, 254.
Tiedman, Albert S., 28.
Tiffany, Louise, death reported, 112.
Tiffin, Edward, sketch, 422, see appendix.
Tilden, Junius, 260.
Tilden, Samuel J., 251.
Tillinghast, Harry, death reported, 208.
Tillinghast, Mary Ann Mrs., death reported, 208.
Tillman, J. M., death reported, 148.
Tillotson, Edward J., death reported, 41.
Tilton, William, death reported, 133.
Timber, loss by hurricane, 636; variety reported, 635.
Time trip from Mackinac, 648.
Times Daily, Kalamazoo paper, 388.
Tingly, John, death reported, 135.
Tinholt, —, pioneer Lake town, 562.
Titus, Seymour L., pupil Climax, 473.
Toan, William, member society, 19.
Toby, Panie, slave, death reported, 656.
Todd, Caroline W., (Mrs. G. T. Gridley), 116.
Todd, Henry Mrs., death reported, 197.
Todd, Juna, gave piano solo, 2, 9.
Todd, Margaretta, death reported, 112.
Todd, William L., death reported, 111.
Toguish Plains, 481, see Tonguish Plains.
Toledo (Vistula, Port Lawrence, location), 511, see appendix.
Toll, Isaac D., vice president society, vii; gift to society, 20; quoted, 435.
Tolland's Prairie, now Galesburg, 130.
Tolle Avvine, 587, see Folle Avoines.
Tomlison, Ogden, pioneer lawyer, 554.
Tompkins, Eunice Mrs., (Mrs. James L. Holmes), 125.
Tompkins, Nathaniel, death reported, 188.
Toms, Robert P., sketch, 76, see appendix,
Tonguish (Toguish), Plains, name derivation, 481.
Toomey, Thomas, death reported, 205.

Tootwilder, Joseph, death reported, 187.
Topeka paper, given society, 20.
Topgood, A. J., 59.
Torrey, Charles Cutler Rev., 390.
Torrey, George, Sr., editor, 378; death reported, 390, 391; paper by, 12, 369-91; sketch, 389.
Torrey, George J., reporter, 387.
Torrey, Jason, petit-juror, 550.
Totem, Okemos, 434; Rodd, turtle, 438.
Tower, Samuel, death reported, 148.
Tower, Sarah E. Mrs., death recorded, 97.
Town, George F., death reported, 135.
Town, Oka, first probate judge, 547, 549, 558, 560.
Townmeeting first in Atlas, 413.
Towne, Janette H., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Towne, Nora, music by, 10, 18.
Townsend, Anna Mrs., death reported, 42.
Townsend, Calvin G., editor, 387, 388.
Townsend, Lewis, 62.
Townsend, Loren D., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Townsend, Mary, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Township, size of first in Kalamazoo, 305.
Townships, history of Washtenaw county, 450-62.
Tracy, Calvin Prof., made Tracy arithmetic, 97; sketch, 96, 97.
Tracy, Calvin Mrs., (Harriet A Sessions), 97.
Tracy, N. V., death reported, 135.
Trade, Indian, 594.
Traders, French, 825.
Trails, Indian, 529
Trainer, Patrick, Medina pioneer, 514.
Trask, Hannah L., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Trask, Luther, nativity, 318.
Traunch river, 599, see Thames.
Travel, early, 198, 303, 304, 324, 328, 329, 335, 336, 482-84, 487, 500, 501.
Travis, B. F., pioneer lawyer Allegan, 554.
Travis, William C. Mrs., (Ellen Little), death reported, 130.
Treadwell, Seymour B., candidate, 254.
Treasurers report, 23.
Treaties, agreed with Indians, 566; 1791, false to Indians, 611; first held in 1784, 620, see appendix; Fort Harmer, 620; Fort McIntosh, 627; Fort Stanwix, 612, 620, 655; Indian, 620, see appendix; Indians mentioned, 420; Saginaw, 435; Sandusky proposed, 565-671; Washington, 320, see appendix.
Tribes, Indian names and number in North America, 586-88.
Tripp, George, death reported, 32; sketch, 32, 33.
Trosley, Frank A., pupil Galesburg, 474.
Trout Run crossed forty times in journey, 663.
Trowbridge, A. C. Mrs., death reported, 148.
Trowbridge, Charles Christopher, nativity, 316.
Trowbridge, L. H., editor Kalamazoo, 388, 391.
Trowbridge, settlement, 560.
Troxler, Jacob, Dutchman, 541.
True, Charles K., Professor Wesleyan College, 88.
Trumbull, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Trumbull, David D., death reported, 112.
Tryon, Gov., 129.
Tubbs, Willard, death reported, 114.
Tuck, George, death reported, 143.
Tucker, Chester S., M. D., death reported, 32; sketch, 35.
Tucker, Chester Mrs., (Jane Cochran), 35.
Tucker, Henry, 421.
Tucker, John, land grant, 433, see appendix.
Tucker, T. W., death reported, 207.
Turck, William S., member of society, ix.
Turner, Aaron B., 253.
Turner, Azel, 452.
Turner, C. C. Dr., nativity, 318.
Turner, Henry and family, Shelby pioneers, 418.
Turner, Isabella, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Turner, James, death reported, 99.
Turner, James M., nativity, 318.
Turner, Joseph W., land entry, 519.
Turner, Josiah, nativity, 316.
Turner, Laura, death reported, 133.
Turner, Sally Mrs., death reported, 197.
Turner, William, death reported, 196.
Turners, —, 328.
Turtle, Rodd totem, 438.
Tuscola county memorial report, 189.
Tuttle, Hiram Mr. and Mrs., 455.
Twiss, J. S. Rev., 457.
Twitchell, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Twogood, Mary Mrs., death reported, 41.
Tyler, Columbus V., death reported, 22.
Tyler, George W., supervisor Shelby, 417.
Tyler, John, Quaker, 636.
Tyler, Moses Coit Prof., U. of M., 315.
Tyler, Peter, 460.
Tyler, name changed to Hamlin township, 80, 81.

"Uncle Joe," 234, see Joseph Chase.
Under ground railroad route, 248.
Under the Oaks, 252.
Underwood, Daniel K. Dr., nativity, 318.

United States generosity, 670.
Union college, N. Y., incorporated, 394.
University of Michigan Branch at Kalamazoo, 307; moved to Ann Arbor, 392, see appendix.
Upjohn, Uriah Dr., anti-slavery, 248.
Upper Creek Indians, location and number, 587.
Upper Peninsula, first school in, 53; life in paper cited, 17; pioneer life, 332-45.
Upson, Charles Judge, 367; nativity, 316.
Upton, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Upton, Eli, Medina pioneer, 514.
Upton, Nathaniel W., first settler Medina, 509.
Utica, former names of, 426.
Utley, E. H., Clinton pioneer, 412, 413.
Utley, W. H., built Clinton county offices, 413.

Vail, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Valentine, John, 459.
Valmon, 205, see Valmore.
Valmore, German S., 205.
Valmore, Gertrude Eliza, (Mrs. German S.), death reported, 205.
Van, John Rev., death reported, 206.
Van Antwerp, Francis Mrs., death reported, 206, 207.
Van Arman, John, attorney, orator, 273, 274; death recorded, sketch, 281.
Van Armon, Elizabeth File, (Mrs. F. Alexander Folsom), 29.
Van Buren, Anson De Puy, 12, 18, 20 306, 353, 357; Battle Creek pupil, 463; committee of Historians, viii; contributor, 389; papers by 17, 24, 238-95, 462-74, 538-65; principal Battle Creek High school, 467-71; pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465; remarks on Wing, 6, 7; resolutions by, 20; teacher Dowagiac, 471.
Van Buren, Belle, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Van Buren, Hattie, pupil Battle Creek, 473.
Van Buren, Henry Mrs., death reported, 188.
Van Buren, John orator, 249, 251, 252, 273, 285-89; sketch, 250.
Van Buren, Lawrence, 250.
Van Buren, Martin Capt., brother A. D. P., (Michigan), 241.
Van Buren, Martin, eighth president U. S., 241, 249-52, 259, 260, 267.
Van Buren county, pioneer days in, cited, 24.
Van Campen, Sarah Mrs., death reported, 148.
Vandeleur, —, British officer, 619.
Van Denburg, Ann, pupil Goguac, 463.
Van Denburg, Jerry, pupil Goguac, 463.
Van Denburg, Philander, pupil Goguac, 463.
Vanderhoff, Emma, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Vanderhoff, Hannah, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Van Deusen, William, death reported, 111.
Vandewalker, Lawrence, 379.
Van Doren, Francis, death reported, 136.
Van Driele, Frank Mrs., death reported, 131.
Vandyne, James J., death reported, 195.
Van Every, Peter, death reported, 148.
Van Geisen, John, death reported, 104; sketch 106.
Van Geisen, Orson, 106.
Van Hanten, Harriet R. Mrs., (Mrs. G. W. Davis), 173.
Van Hoven, Henry Mrs., death reported, 148.
Van Nocker, F., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Van Raalte, Albertus C. Rev., D.D., founded Dutch Colony, Laketown, 562.
Van Rensselaer, James, Secretary Democratic Convention, 253.
Van Rensselaer, Stephen Gen., captured Queenstown, 481.
Van Riper, Jacob J., sketch, 402, 403.
Van Schelven, Gerrett, 28.
Van Sickles, William T., death reported, 40.
Van Tine, John Mrs., (Miss Putnam), 85.
Van Tuyle, Harriet, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Van Tuyle, James, pupil East LeRoy, 467.
Van Tuyle, Laura, pupil East LeRoy. 467.
Van Valkenburg, Albert, 65.
Van Valkenburg, Leman Mrs., sketch, 41, 64, 65.
Van Volkenberg, Samantha Mrs., death reported, 186.
Van Vorhees, Abraham, 45.
Van Vorhees (Voorhees), Rachel, (Mrs. Ahram Bennett Sr.), death reported, 39; sketch, 45.
Van Vorhees, Lutitia Mrs., 45.
Van Vorhees, John C., death reported, 207.
Van Wagner, K. Mrs., death reported, 148.
Van Woert, John Mrs., (Nancy Martin), pupil Battle Creek, 464.
Vary, Abial T., death reported, 41.
Vassar, Tuscola county, founded by North, 190.
Veldhuis, Gerrit, pioneer Overisel, 562.
Vermont admitted to statehood, 299, see appendix.
Vernor, Benjamin, death reported, 204.

Vice presidents society present at meeting, 1.
Vicker, John mill, 304.
Village, Ypsilanti made city, 461.
Villages, Indian, 325; pioneer, 141.
Virtula, 511, see Vistula.
Vistula (Virtula, Port Lawrence), 511, see Toledo and appendix.
Voght, Peter H., Prof., music, death reported, 204.
Voorhorst, C. J., supervisor Overisel, 563.
Votes, Muskegon county in 1840, 142; number in 1827 at Ypsilanti, 461.
Vought, Eliza Mrs., death reported, 196.

Wabash (Ouabache), river, 586.
Wade, Benjamin, Ohio congressman, 269, 270.
Wadsworth, James W., pioneer Ganges, 561.
Wadsworth, Jane, death reported, 136.
Wagger, Phillip, death reported, 113.
Wagner, M. V. Mayor, Marshall, 50, 74, 75.
Wagner, Henry, death reported, 26.
Wagoner, John, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wagoner, Margarette, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wagoner, Sarah, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wahn go he zhe get, 438.
Wait, Benjamin, pupil Antwerp, 466.
Waite, J. G., nativity, 318.
Wakefield, David, 513.
Wakefield, Dennis, 517; land entry, 519.
Walbridge, David S., Kalamazoo, entertained Lincoln, 279; president Democratic convention, 253.
Walbridge, Daniel T. Mrs., (Miss Stewart), 91.
Walbridge, Elen, pupil Climax, 473.
Waldron, Henry, campaign orator, 284.
Wales vs. Jones, 366.
Walk in the water, first steamboat on Lake Erie, 432.
Walker, —, reformer, 255.
Walker, Alexander Capt., 402.
Walker, Charles I., nativity, 316.
Walker, De Witt Clinton, member Con. Con., 346, 347; member of society ix, 11; remarks, 4, 13, 15; sketch, 13, see appendix.
Walker, E. C., nativity, 316.
Walker, Jane Mrs., death reported, 210.
Walker, Mary Russell Mrs., death reported, 60.
Walker, Samuel S., vice president of society, vii.
Walkinshaw, David, death reported, 42.
Wallace, Lachlan W., death reported, 185.
Wallace, Samuel, Quaker, 631-33, 663; reports epidemic, 664.
Wallaster, Abby Mrs., death reported, 209.
Wallin, Alfred, pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Wallingford, Mary D. Mrs., death reported, 41.
Walls, James, death reported, 148.
Waln, Nicholas, Quaker clerk, 666.
Walter, Mark, 152.
Walworth, John Rev., first pastor in York, 459.
Walworth, William, land entry, 519.
Walworth, William E., Medina pioneer, 512, 513; Lime Creek, 516; death reported, 517.
Wampler, Joseph, surveyor, 422, 423; salary, 423, 424.
Wansey, Alvin H., adventures, 329, 330.
Wapoose, 437.
War alarms, 601, 602, 603; rumors, 614.
Ward, David, nativity, 318.
Ward, F. Z., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Ward, Isaiah B., death reported, 149.
Ward, Joseph M., 43.
Ward, Luther L. Col., Pulaski pioneer, 418; township clerk, 419.
Ward, Rebecca Mrs., death reported, 148.
Warden, Mary, death reported, 114.
Wardle, James, 460.
Wardle, William, 460.
Warham, Noble, pupil Battle Creek, 467.
Waring, Josephine, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Waring, Joshua Mrs., death reported, 136.
Warner, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Warner, Ambrose S., death reported, 149.
Warner, C. P., made first brick in Medina, 518.
Warner, Cassius, 517.
Warner, E. R., Jackson, 116.
Warner, George C. & Co., 175.
Warner, George Y., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Warner, Harvey, Coldwater pioneer, 35, 38.
Warner, Henry, death reported, 188.
Warner, Penelope, death reported, 111.
Warner, Seth, 44.
Warner, Walter, deputy surveyor, 429.
Warner, William E. Rev., child's death recorded, 517; Medina pioneer, 514; sketch, 516.
Warner, William H., death reported, 163; sketch, 174, 175.
Warner, W. H. Mrs., (Clarissa D. Barrett), 175.
Warner, W. W., Allegan pioneer lawyer, 554.
Warner & Eastman, 175.
Warren, Abel Rev., Shelby pioneer, 427; sketch, 231-233.

Warren, Joseph, editor Detroit Tribune, 265, 290.
Warren, Mary, (Mrs. R. C. Crawford), 231.
Warren, P. S., Marshall alderman, 53.
Warren, Susan Sr., (Mrs. S. W. Hill), 53.
Warren, Thomas, death reported, 135.
Warwick, Thomas, death reported, 187.
Washburn, Elihu, statesman, 268.
Washington, George Gen., first president U. S., 210, 669; address on, given society, 20; interview with Quaker peace commissioner cited, 567.
Washtenaw county atlas given socitey, 19; early settlements cited, 12; first wheat raised in, 455; history of, 450-62; memorial report, 195.
Wasson, chief Saulteaux, killed, 447.
Watchmen in Detroit, 596.
Water, bad, 603.
Waters, James, death reported, 205.
Waters, Mary, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Watha, Johanna Mrs., death reported, 206.
Watkin, L. W., death reported, 25.
Watkins, Josephine, death reported, 110.
Watling, Fannie J., death reported, 197.
Watrous, George C., 54.
Watrousville, description, 193, see appendix.
Watson, Charles, pupil branch U. of M., Kalamazoo, 465.
Watson, Edward Quaker, granted land, sketch, 639, see appendix.
Watson, Eli, pioneer Watson, 560.
Watson, George, 108.
Watson, Isabella Mrs., death reported, 208.
Watson, James, 663.
Watson, Thomas, Quaker, 639.
Watson, settlement and organization, 560.
Wattles, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Wattles, Victor, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Watts, Alfred, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Watts, Charles, pupil Battle Creek, 468, 471.
Waugh, Nelson, death reported, 183, 184.
Waugh, Ora C., 183.
Wawanosh chief, 433.
Wawiapieschenwa (Whirlpool), 606, see Blue Jacket.
War, Charles Mrs., (Miss Perry), 76.
Way, Charlotte, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Wayland, settlement, 560.
Wayne, Anthony Gen., 614, 649.
Wayne county established, extent, 420, see appendix; memorial report, 203; no townships, 305, see appendix.
W. Bates, schooner, 162.
Wead (Weed), Ira Mason Rev., Presbyterian minister, 200, 461, see appendix.
Weadock, Thomas A. E., paper by, 9, 357-69.
Weare, Richard, supervisor Trowbridge, 560.
Weather, report of, 482, 636, 637, 648, 650, 651, 653, 656, 659, 661, 665, 666.
Weaver, Elmira E., death reported, 110.
Weaver, Emmer K., death reported, 187.
Weaver, J. A., death reported, 163, 176.
Weaver, Maggie Miss, 176.
Weaver, Margarette, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Weaver, Monroe, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Weaver, Samuel H., clerk, 562.
Weaver, Sarah, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Weaver, Sarah C., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
Weaver, William, pupil Battle Creek, 466.
Webb, George, death reported, 111.
Webb, Samuel, 664.
Webb, William W. Mr. and Mrs., 412, 413.
Webber, Elijah, death reported, 110.
Webber, Jane W. Mrs., death reported, 149.
Webber, William L., attorney, 168, 169.
Webber & Wheeler, law firm, 168, 169.
Weber, A. E. Mrs., death reported, 43.
Webster, Abraham, Quaker, 661.
Webster, Daniel, 261, 296.
Webster, David, Judge, story of, 291.
Webster, J. D. Gen., 52.
Webster House, Saginaw, when built, 442.
Webster township, history of, 451.
Weed, 200, see Ira M. Wead.
Weed, Thurlow, abolitionist, 89.
Weeks, Alanson S., Allegan pioneer, 550, 559, 560.
Weeks, Cordyon, Allegan pioneer, 559.
Weeks, Ichabod, 379.
Weeks, Samuel, grand juror, 550.
Weitzman, —, Mrs., death reported, 185.
Welbank (Wellvank), George, Capt., report 611, 612, 625, 626, 651, 657.
Welch, William H., district attorney, salary, 393.
Welch, Zike, hotel location, 109.
Welland Canal, 483, see appendix.
Wellever, Michael, death reported, 187.
Wells, —, Miss, (Mrs. Boughton), 236.
Wells, Hezekiah G. Judge, Kalamazoo pioneer, 308, 389; candidate for congress, 372, 373.
Wells, J. E. Mrs., (Miss Davenport), 173.
Wells, Noah M. Rev., 236; organized first church Ann Arbor, 462.
Wells, Rufus, Shelby pioneer, 427.

Wells, William P. Mrs. (Mary Campbell), death reported, 205.
Wentworth, John, 370.
Wentz, E. L., recollections Saginaw Valley, 4, 440.
Wescott, J. Mrs., death reported, 135.
West, Elizabeth, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
West, John C., death reported, 26.
West, Mary J., pupil branch U. of M. Kalamazoo, 465.
West, T. J., pupil Battle Creek, 468.
West, T. M., settled Pine Plains, 561.
Western Banner, Kalamazoo paper, 376.
Westover, Amanda Mrs., 32; death reported, 29.
Westover, Luther, death reported, 33; nativity, 318.
Wetaney chief, signed totem, 421.
Wetmore, Fred, nativity, 318.
Whalen, John, recorder, 75.
Whaley, Wallace, death reported, 133.
Wheat, cargo, 640; first raised in Washtenaw county, 455; harvest report, 610; injured by smut, 651.
Wheaton, Lucy, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Wheaton, William W., nativity, 318.
Wheeler, —, Mrs. (Mary Eliza Brewer), 50.
Wheeler, A. R. Deacon, 460.
Wheeler, Chesley, Capt., 172.
Wheeler, Crandall Mrs., death reported, 148.
Wheeler, Daniel, death reported, 40.
Wheeler, Frank, 456.
Wheeler, Isaac P., Shelby pioneer, 417-419.
Wheeler, John J., death reported, 162; sketch, 167-170.
Wheeler, John J. Mrs., (Sarah Gay), 168.
Wheeler, William W. Col., civil war, 401.
Wheeler, McKnight & Grant, law firm, 168.
Wheelock, Charlotte, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Wheelock, Ira W., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Wheelock, Royal, first justice of the peace in Salem, 450.
Wheelock, Silas, 455.
Whelan, A. F. Dr., nativity, 318.
Whig orators, 246.
Whipple, Charles W. Judge, 433, 501, 552; sketch, 406.
Whipple, George W., death reported, 134.
Whirlpool, 606, see Blue Jacket.
Whisky, made in Medina, 518.
Whitbeck, Abram, death reported, 149.
Whitcomb, Cornelia N., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Whitcomb, James L., 43.
Whitcomb, Joel, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Whitcomb, Lucy, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Whitcomb, Luke, 379.
Whitcomb, W. W. Rev., 66.
Whitcomb, William, pupil Battle Creek, 463.
White, —, Dr. Allegan county, 560.
White, Asa, death reported, 189; soldier civil war, sketch, 193.
White, Calvin C., pioneer Gun Plains, 559.
White, Caroline N. Mrs., death reported, 131.
White, Christina, death reported, 40.
White, James Rev., nativity, 317.
White, James H., member of society, ix.
White, James M. Mrs., death reported, 131.
White, Oliver K., vice president of society, viii.
White, Orrin, first settler town Ann Arbor, 454.
White, Peter, vice president of society, viii.
White, Sam., 599.
White, Samuel, death reported, 128.
White Chip, 395, see Joseph N. Chipman.
White Indians, 587, see Blanes Barbus.
White Panis Indians, location and number, 587.
Whites, —, 328.
Whiteneck, John, death reported, 134.
Whitewood Island, 654, see Bois Blanc.
Whitford, Charles, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Whitford, Emma J., teacher Battle Creek, 469.
Whiting, Clara, (Mrs. S. K. Gates), 107.
Whitmore, Oliver, 457.
Whitney, Abel, member of society, 19.
Whitney, Charles, scheme for getting lower peninsula, 312.
Whitney, David, nativity, 318.
Whitney, George L., Whig editor, 290.
Whitney, George S., editor, 377.
Whitney, J. D., 52.
Whitney, James S., death reported, 111.
Whitney, John L. Dr., nativity, 318.
Whitney, Joseph B. Capt., death reported, 40; sketch, 56.
Whitney, L. D. Rev., 230.
Whitney, Sarah Ann, (Budlong), Mrs., member of society, 19.
Wickham, —, Capt., British, 577.
Wickham, —, Miss, (Mrs. Benton), 69.
Wickham, Clara, 69.
Wickham, Fred, 69.
Wickham, Herbert, 69.
Wickham, Nellie, 69.
Wickham, William W., death reported, 42; sketch, 69.
Wickham, William W., Mrs., (Maria Connor), 69.

Wickham, Wirt, 69.
Wickham, Adolphus, death reported, 113.
Widdifield, Henry, Quaker minister, 668.
Wier, George, death reported, 135.
Wight, Ambrose, Dr., nativity, 317.
Wigwam, description, 411.
Wilbur, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Wilbur, Francis, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wilbur, Goodel, first child born in Shelby, 418.
Wilbur, John, Shelby pioneer, 418; townmeeting held in house, 417, 418.
Wilbur, Joseph, first death in Shelby, 418.
Wilbur, Lucy, killed accidently, 418.
Wilbur, M. D., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Wilbur, Nathan, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wilbur, P., pupil Battle Creek, 469.
Wilbur, Parson E., pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wilbur, Theodore, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Wilbur, True Laura, death reported, 114.
Wilcox, Albert, death reported, 133.
Wilcox, Elias, Shelby pioneer, 427, 428.
Wilcox, Erastus, death reported, 140.
Wilcox, Gil Blas, pioneer Monterey, 561.
Wilcox, Hattie B. Mrs., (Miss North), 103.
Wilcox, Horace, mill owner, 140.
Wilcox, L., petit-juror, 550.
Wild Oat Indians, 587, see Folle Avoine.
Wilder, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Wilder, C. Miss, death reported, 136.
Wilder, Levi B., pioneer Medina, 514, 518; land entry, 519, 520.
Wilder, Oshea, located Allegan County seat, 558.
Wildey, Betsey, death reported, 112.
Wildey, Elizabeth, death reported, 110.
Wiley, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Wiley, D. W., 28.
Wiley, Thomas Rev., 230.
Wilkerson, Nancy, death reported, 111. county, 554.
Wilkes, C. R., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Wilkeson (Wilkinson), Sam, Judge, 496, see appendix.
Wilkinson, 496, see Wilkeson.
Willard, Dahartus, grand juror, 550.
Willard, George, nativity, 316; paper by, 18, 295-310.
Willard, J. W., 379.
Willard, Martha, pupil Athens school, 467.
Willett, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
William Penn, steamboat, 198, see appendix.
Williams A., pupil Battle Creek, 468, 469.
Williams, A. S. Gen., Whig editor, 290.
Williams, Albert, nativity, 316.
Williams, Allen, first settler Lodi, 457.
Williams, Alpheus, nativity, 316.
Williams, Benjamin O., Indian trader, nativity, 318.
Williams, Charles, sang solo, 18.
Williams, Charlotte, pupil Dowagiac, 472.
Williams, Elizabeth, sketch, 315, see appendix.
Williams, F. H., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
Williams, Gardner, 441.
Williams, George P., Prof. U. of M., 315.
Williams, George, Shelby pioneer, 418.
Williams, Hannah, married Samuel Lee, 87.
Williams, Harmon, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Williams, Isaac, Indian trader, 584, 585.
Williams, Jerome, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Williams, John, Webster pioneer, 451.
Williams, Josiah, death reported, 80; sketch, 81.
Williams, Josiah Mrs., (Margaret Jones), sketch, 80.
Williams, Julia D., gave recitation, 17.
Williams, Lemuel, Jr., Shelby pioneer, 427.
Williams, Margaret Mrs., see Mrs. Josiah Williams.
Williams, Nathan (N.), 601, 646; stone windmill near Grosse Pointe, 604.
Williams, Roger, 301.
Williams, S. A., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Williams, Samuel, Medina pioneer, 514; sketch, 422, see appendix.
Williams, Sarah A., death reported, 112.
Williams, Stephen, story of captivity, gift to society, 20.
Williams, Thomas, (Detroit), 315.
Williams, Thomas, Medina pioneer, 514.
Williams, William B. Judge, Allegan pioneer, 540, 554, 564; address, 543, 546.
Williams, Wolcott B. Rev., 18; offered prayer, 18; paper by, 18, 311-19.
Williamson, Charles Capt., 630-33.
Willis, George, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Willis, Henry, abolitionist, 248.
Willis, Lydia, Battle Creek pupil, 463.
Willis, Milton, pupil Battle Creek, 463, 468, 469.
Willoughby, George, death reported, 186.
Willow Dale academy, Yazoo, Miss., pupils, 473.
Willow Run, settlement, 25.
Wills, Henry, death reported, 187.
Willson, Benjamin, Quaker, 661.
Willson, Gabriel, Quaker minister, 668.

Willson, John, 663.
Willson, Sarah, death reported, 111.
Willson, William, passenger Dunmore, 638.
Wilmarth, —, Miss, (Mrs. Sophia Bissell), 47.
Wilmarth, Lewis, death reported, 39; sketch, 46, 47.
Wilmarth, Lewis Mrs., (Angenette Rawson), 47.
Wilmarth, Oscar R., 47.
Wilmarth & Son, merchants, 47.
Wilmot, David, author Wilmot proviso, 249-252, 261.
Wilson, —, 562.
Wilson, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Wilson, Benjamin, Quaker, 629, 638, 660, 661.
Wilson, Charles, near Niagara Falls, 635.
Wilson, Charles, Howell, death reported, 149.
Wilson, Daniel Numan, death reported, 32; sketch, 35, 36.
Wilson, Daniel Numan Mrs., (Aurelia Crippen), 35.
Wilson, Emily A., (Mrs. H. P. Atwood), 192, 193.
Wilson, F. A., 94.
Wilson, G. A. Mrs., (Miss Miller), 182.
Wilson, Henry, Monterey pioneer, 561, 563; quoted, 254.
Wilson, Horace, Justice of the Peace, 561.
Wilson, Horatio N., 513; land entry, 519.
Wilson, Horatio N. Mrs., (Phoebe K. Wakefield), 517.
Wilson, Lucius, 192.
Wilson, Lydia, 192.
Wilson, Mary W. Mrs., death reported, 84; sketch, 94.
Wilson, N. T., 94.
Wilson, Nahum N., death reported, 94.
Wilson, Nahum N. Mrs., see Mrs. Mary W. Wilson.
Wilson, S. J., 94.
Wilson, Simon D., "Uncle," Medina pioneer, 514; guide to settlers, 513, 515; land entry, 519.
Wilson, Thomas, death reported, 26.
Wilson, Thomas A., presented resolutions on Judge Gridley's death, 117-120.
Wilson, W. H., 94.
Wilson, William, 667.
Wimekee, (Thunder), 437.
Winans, John C., 452.
Winchester, James Gen., at River Raisin, 222.
Winchester, Myra, 458.
Windecker, —, ferryman, 629, 661.
Windiate, Charles, 154.
Windiate, Charlotte Mrs., death reported, 149.
Windiate, David, 154.
Windiate, Jesse, 154.
Windiate, R. Mrs., 154.
Windiate, Richard, 153.
Windiate, Richard Mrs., (Charlotte Hobbs), memoir, 153.
Windiate, Sarah, 154.
Windiate, Thomas, 154.
Windiate, Walter, 154.
Windmill, stone at Grosse Point, 604.
Windmills at Detroit, 639.
Wines, Harriet, 453.
Wines, William W., 196, see appendix.
Winey, —, 629.
Wing, Austin Eli, pioneer, 213; delegate for congress, 425; sketch, 214.
Wing, Austin E. Jr., 216.
Wing, Charles E., 216.
Wing, Harriet Skinner, pioneer, 213.
Wing, Jane Mrs., (Mrs. W. H. Dildine), 108.
Wing, Jefferson T., 216.
Wing, Orrisa, (Mrs. W. H. Dildine), 108.
Wing, Talcott E. Judge, 2, 223, 360; death reported, 22; eulogies of, 3-8; history Monroe cited, 266; memoir, 212-217; pockets picked, 4, 5.
Wing, Talcott E. Mrs., (Elizabeth P. Johnson), death reported, 214.
Wing, Talcott E. Mrs., (Elizabeth Thurber), 214.
Wing, Talcott J., 216.
Wing, Warner Judge, 214, 406.
Wing & Johnson, bankers, 214.
Winklereid, Arnold, reformer, 272.
Winney, —, landlord, 634.
Winney, Cornelius, Quaker, 661.
Winship, John T., editor, 387, 388.
Winslow, Damon A., paper by, 391-409, sketch, 399, 400.
Winslow, Milo, treasurer of Allegan county, 530, 547, 558.
Winslow, Philo C., death reported, 114.
Winsor, —, pioneer Dexter Colony, 328.
Winsor, Eugene, birth of 331.
Winters, —, 631.
Winters, Emma, pupil Athens, 467.
Winters, Frank, pupil Athens, 467.
Winters, Henry, pupil Athens, 467.
Winters, Sybil, pupil Athens, 467.
Winthrop, —, Saginaw pioneer, 444, 445.
Wintments, Peter, Quaker, 629.
Wirtz, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Wisconsin admitted to statehood, 300, see appendix.
Wisconsin Historical Collection cited, 224.
Wisconsin (Ouisconsins), Indians, 587.
Wise, —, 273.
Wise, Daniel, 83.

Wise, Daniel Mrs., death reported, 80; sketch, 83, 84.
Wise, Samuel L. Mrs., music by, 10.
Wisner, Chauncey W. State Senator, 85.
Wisner, Ezra G., death reported, 84; sketch, 85.
Wisner, George W., whig orator, 290.
Wisner, Moses (Mose) Gov., campaign orator, 284, 416.
Wistar, Thomas, Quaker, 665.
Withee (Withey), Benjamin F., 40; sketch, 55, 56.
Withee, Benjamin F. Mrs, (Emily Robinson), 55.
Withee, John R., 54, 56.
Withee, Polly Sha Mrs., 55.
Witherell, Benjamin F. H., member Con. Con., 346; nativity, 316.
Witherell, James Judge, 348; nativity, 316; praised landlady, 433; quoted, 224, 435.
Withey, Benjamin F., 40, see Benjamin F. Withee.
Withey, Solomon, nativity, 316.
Withington, William H. Gen., 116.
Wixon, Eli, pupil Athens, 467.
Wixon, George, pupil Athens, 467.
Wixon, Joe, pupil Athens, 467.
Wixon, Levi L., death reported, 189, 191.
Wixon, Libbie, pupil Athens, 467.
Wixon, Ozias, pupil Athens, 467.
Wolcott, Noah, 459.
Wolf, John, member society, 19.
Wolf, killed in Bellevue village, 44; shot on Hog Island, 595.
Wolfe, Ann Eliza, teacher Battle Creek, 468.
Wolfe, Sophia, pupil Battle Creek, 468.
Wollenwebber, Anthony, death reported, 209.
Wolverton, Asa, death reported, 84; sketch, 85, 86.
Wolves, danger from, 613.
Woman, taken prisoner by Indians, report 603, 604.
Women, Indian customs, 614.
Wood, Carolina D., death reported, 25.
Wood, Charles M., vice president of society, viii.
Wood, David H., death reported, 41.
Wood, Henry, pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Wood, Marmaduke, pioneer Clyde, 561.
Wood, Nelson, death reported, 80; sketch, 81.
Wood, Nelson Mrs., (Julia Piper), 81.
Wood, Rebecca Mrs., death reported, 207.
Wood, William Dr., death reported, 136.
Woodard, Julia, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Woodard, Lora M., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Woodard, Matilda, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Woodard, Samantha J., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Woodbridge, William Judge, governor, 224, 316; bought Shelby land, 427; nativity, 314, 316; whig leader, 290.
Wooden, Henry, Shelby pioneer, 418.
Woodman, Elias S., 11, 13; death reported, 345; paper by, 10, 11, 345-50; remarks on Wing, 2-4.
Woodruff, Benjamin J. Major, 455; sketch, 456.
Woodruff, Charles, 461.
Woodruff, Henry, vice president society, vii.
Woodruff, Lydia, death reported, 27.
Woodruff, Norman, death reported, 148.
Woodruff's Grove, first village started in Washtenaw county, 456; location, 203, see appendix.
Woodsum, William M., death reported, 111.
Woodward, Augustus B. Judge, platted Ypsilanti, 460.
Woodworth, Henry A., member of society, 19.
Woodworth, Lewis Mrs., death reported, 206.
Woodworth, Nelson Capt., death reported, 186.
Woodworth, Orville, Medina pioneer, 514; land entry, 519.
Woodworth, W. A., pioneer lawyer Allegan county, 554.
Woodworth, William H., nativity, 316.
Wool, price, 489, 495.
Woolcot, William Rev., first preacher in Medina, 515.
Woolsey, Edgar, 66.
Woolsey, George S., 65.
Woolsey, George S. Mrs., (Martha A. Lamphier), death reported, 42; sketch, 65, 66.
Woolsey, Mary, 66.
Woolsey, Ruthie, 66.
Worcester, —, Lenawee county pioneer, 524.
Worden, S. H. Mrs., death reported, 99.
Wormer, G. S. Gen., nativity, 318.
Worster, Margaret Mrs., death reported, 197.
Worthington, William L., member of society, ix, 19.
Wotterink, G. J., justice, 563.
Wren, Christopher Sir, motto of Michigan taken from, 310.
Wren, James, death reported, 217.
Wright, Col., nativity, 317.
Wright, —, Dr., sketch, 597, see appendix.
Wright, Ammi Willard, gift to Alma college, 30; nativity, 318.
Wright, Ebenezer J., death reported, sketch, 29.
Wright, Henry C., reformer, 255, 256.
Wright, Joseph, illness, 664.

Wright, Julia F., (Miss Schofield), 29.
Wright, Lydia C., pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Wright, Silas, Gov. N. Y., 249.
Wright, Thomas, Quaker, 664.
Wyandot chief, speech, 599, 600; interpreter, 657; Indians location and number, 587; interview with Quakers, 590, 591; join council, 626.
Wylie, Maggie, death reported, 26.

Yager, Peter, death reported, 188.
Yandal, Emma, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Yandal, H. Dr., established Willow Dale academy, 473.
Yandal, Henry, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Yandal, Susie, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Yandal, Willie, pupil Willow Dale academy, 473.
Yankee boarding house, sketch, 158, see appendix.
Yankee Springs, 329, see appendix.
Yarhams, William W., pupil Battle Creek, 470.
Yates, Andrew, 439.
Yauger, Mahala Lowell, death reported, 133.
Yauney, James, member society, 19.
Yazoo, Miss., Willow Dale academy located at, 472, 473; pupils, 473.
Yeamans, Charles C. Dr., 204.
Yeamans, Charles C. Mrs., death reported, 204.
Yeckley, Adam, 456.
Yeiter, Frederick, death reported, 99.
Yellow Fever, epidemic, 668; scourge at Philadelphia, 662.
Yeomans, —, Otsego pioneer, 559.
Yeomans, Abraham, 453.
Yocum, John, 452.
York, J. N., pioneer lawyer, Allegan county, 554.
York, history of township, 459, 460.
Yorkville, location, 130, see appendix.
Youmans & Gallager, druggists, 171.
Young, Andrew, pupil Battle Creek, 466; pupil Goguac, 463.
Young, Cassius, death reported, 113.
Young, Catherine, pupil Goguac, 463.
Young, Charles E., 31.
Young, Frank, accidently shot, death reported, 140.
Young, George H., 31; death reported, 29; sketch, 31, 32.
Young, Henry, 460.
Young, J. A. Rev., 62.
Young, Jacob, Battle Creek pupil, 463; Goguac, 463.
Young, John, pupil Battle Creek, 466; pupil Goguac, 463.
Young, Magdalen, pupil Goguac, 463.
Young, Nancy, pupil Goguac, 463.
Young, Nelson Mrs., death reported, 187.
Young, Walter D., 31.
Young, William, 31.
Yovey, Dinah, pupil Battle Creek, 471.
Ypsilanti City, history of, 460; origin of name, 460, see appendix; township history of, 455, 456.
Ypsilantian, paper, gift to society, 20.
"Yusef," 12, see Joseph Greusel.

Zeisberger, David, 599.
Zug, Samuel, death reported, 207; member State central com., 253; sketch, 207, see appendix.